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# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

*VOLUME CLVIII*

DECEMBER, 1928—MAY, 1929

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# CONTENTS OF VOLUME CLVIII

DECEMBER, 1928 — MAY, 1929

Academic Mind, The	Harold J. Laski	593	Conquest of Tuberculosis, The	Louis I. Dublin	607
Alias Walt Whitman	Harvey O'Higgins	698	With Diagram		
American Invasion of Europe, The	Charles A. Beard	470	Conspiracy. A Story	Laura Spencer Porter	580
Another Caribbean Conquest	Elmer Davis	168	Cost of Prosperity, The	James Truslow Adams	70
Apology for the Visiting Lecturer, An	John Langdon-Davies	562	Crisis on Broadway, The	Kenneth Macgowan	112
Beans for Two. A Story	John Frazier Vance	352	Cult of Unintelligibility, The	Max Eastman	632
Bigger and Better Armaments	Charles A. Beard	133	Dante of the Barns, A. A Story	Ellen Du Poise	81
"Black Man Trouble"	John W. Vandercook	602	Day With Charlie Chaplin, A	Konrad Bercovici	42
Bull Market	Charles Merz	640	Editor's Easy Chair	Edward S. Martin	
Burnt Offering	Anonymous	246	"Einstein Gets Us Guessing".....		653
Business Trip. A Story	John Frazier Vance	144	"Immortality, Internationalism, and a New Institute" .....		785
Can This Be Love? A Story	Anthony Gibbs	419	"Man's Increasing Powers".....		257
Case of Two Careers, A	Anonymous	194	"Money, Men, and Problems".....		389
Chain-Store Mind, The	Jesse Rainsford Sprague	356	"Shall Doctors Rule Us?".....		521
			"World That Is Saved, A".....		125
			Education of an American Boy, The	Anonymous	101
			Exploration of Space, The	Edwin Hubble	732
			Family Doctor Speaks His Mind, A	Wingate M. Johnson	50



## CONTENTS

Fate and the Goldfish. A Story Evelyn Gill Klahr	177	Lion's Mouth, The "Decay of Conversation, The" by Philip Wagner	387
Fathima the Cook Leland Hall	668	"Fall of the House Wedding Usher, The" by Fairfax Downey	121
Florentine Diana. A Story Vincent Sheean	301	"Fever," by Aldous Huxley	516
Fra Angelico and the Cabin Passenger Gerald Johnson	375	"Gift Horses," by Elizabeth Myers	518
George Sand: Daughter of Eve Gamaliel Bradford	202	"How to Make Household Scenes," by Frances Lester Warner	647
Germany After Ten Years Edgar Ansel Mowrer	61	"How to Preach a Sermon," by Frederick Lewis Allen	781
Girl Who Tried Everything, The A Story Susan Ertz	57	"I Always Buy Dormant Stocks," by Fred L. Smith, Jr.	779
Harvest. A Story Rose Wilder Lane	226	"In Defense of Millionaires," by Philip Curtiss	382
Hato the Pigeon Gustav Eckstein	501	"Indoor Motoring," by Richard Garwood Lewis	384
Have Women Changed Business? Anne W. Armstrong	10	"I Never Answer Letters," by Francis Hackett	251
His Sunsets. A Story Katharine Fullerton Gerould	452	"Living with a Nose," by MacGregor Jenkins	255
Hospital Night Juliet Wilbor Tompkins	212	"On Being Young," by Frances Taylor Patterson	122
How the English Middle-Class Lives Geoffrey Layman	616	"So a Man Suffers," by MacGregor Jenkins	650
Idle Hands. A Story Katharine Fullerton Gerould	18	"Swimmers, The" by John Macy	650
If Hoover Fails Elmer Davis	409	"Voice of the Sluggard, The" by Robert Palfrey Utter	119
"I'm Hunting for a Job" Paul Peters	462	"We Attend a Parents' Meeting," by Newman Levy	250
In Line for Something. A Story Margaret Culkin Banning	708	"Why I Took Up Boxing," by Parke Cummings	253
Is America a Christian Country? Charles Fiske	290	Making Trout Medicine Brendan Lee	761
Is Japan Going Democratic? Stanley High	218	Man Who Missed the Bus, The A Story Stella Benson	490
Ladies and Lawlessness Duncan Aikman	312	Meaning of the Kellogg Treaty, The Henry Cabot Lodge	32
Less Money and More Life Raymond Essen	158	Mother of a Champion, The John R. Tunis	275
		Mr. Smith and Mr. Smythe Albert Jay Nock	691
		Must Our Children Start Where We Did? Emily Newell Blair	721
		My Countryside, Then and Now Malcolm Cowley	239
		New Vision of Science, The P. W. Bridgman	443
		No-Good Coaster, The. A Story John Vandercook	740

## CONTENTS

Novel in the South, The	Ellen Glasgow	93	Teeth and Health	Louis I. Dublin	751
Our New Sub-Plutocracy	Duncan Aikman	570	These Ultraviolet Rays	E. E. Free	338
People Who Want to be Educated	Lola Jean Simpson	770	This Hard-Boiled Era	Katharine Fullerton Gerould	265
Personal and Otherwise	129, 261, 393, 525, 657, 789		Tourist Third	Mary Heaton Vorse	508
Plate, The. A Story	Henri Duvernois	687	Unsocial Christian, The	Katharine Fullerton Gerould	661
Prospects for Peace	Charles A. Beard	320	What Can We Do About It?	Elmer Davis	1
Real Meaning of Fatigue, The	H. M. Johnson	186	What Is Christianity?	Harry Emerson Fosdick	551
Return. A Story	John Frazier Vance	625	What Is Religion?	Harry Emerson Fosdick	424
Seeing Women As They Are	Floyd H. Allport	397	What Shall We Tell the Children?	Lillian Symes	529
Slaves of the Machine?	Stuart Chase	480	Where Yellow Rules White	Olive Gilbreath	367
Society, English and American	Mary Borden	435	Why Hold Back the Children?	I. A. R. Wylie	345
Still a Man's Game	Lillian Symes	678	Women in the Campaign	Anna Steese Richardson	585
Strong As a Man. A Story	Ruth Suckow	540	Young Men on the Make	Henry F. Pringle	149
Success And How It Comes.	Konrad Bercovici	331			
A Story					

## VERSE

Apparition	S. Foster Damon	311	Parting Song	Helene Mullins	731
Express Trains	MacKnight Black	217	Polite Refusal	William Harold McCreary	686
Fido	Leonora Speyer	720	Rations	Margery Mansfield	56
Harvest	Helene Magaret	677	Say That He Loved Old Ships	Daniel Whitehead Hicky	423
Hay Wagon	Witter Bynner	249	Sick Man in Spring, A	Robert Nichols	631
Island, The	Elizabeth Hollister Frost	434	Sowers, The	Witter Bynner	300
Knights Templar	Henriette de Saussure Blanding	374	Swans	Leonora Speyer	515
Laurel	Humbert Wolfe	499	Two Poems	Countee Cullen	17
Lonely Things	Helene Magaret	289	Two Sonnets	Granville Paul Smith	500
Memory of My Grandmother	Henriette de Saussure Blanding	489	Unseasonable	Margaret Emerson Bailey	760
Observatory	Henriette de Saussure Blanding	49	Webs	Carl Sandburg	111
Optimist	James Stephens	739			







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By Cecil Clark Davis

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# Harpers *Magazine*

## WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

THE CANDID MISGIVINGS OF A WET

BY ELMER DAVIS

**B**Y THE time this is printed the American people will have expressed their preference between the wet Mr. Smith and the, according to most of his expositors, dry Mr. Hoover. The election of 1928 will have proved something about prohibition; it will, in fact, have proved anything about prohibition, or any other issue, that you may want it to prove, as is the way of elections in our somewhat circuitous and irresponsible political system. But whatever Smith's fortunes in the election, he won a great victory for the principles of democracy in the campaign itself.

He brought the wet-and-dry dispute out into the open; he established the principle that for what a great many people regard as a political wrong it is legitimate to seek a political remedy; that patronizing the bootlegger is not necessarily the only answer to the Anti-Saloon League. Prohibition has been brought back into politics, despite the politicians who argued that it must not

be mentioned, because people were too keenly interested in it; and to that extent American politics has been brought back into contact with reality.

Bringing prohibition back into politics was hard work; it will be still harder, I imagine, to get it out. Nobody knows whether the majority of the American people is wet or dry; but certainly the division is too nearly equal—the minority, on whichever side, is too strong and stubborn—to permit the hope that either wet or dry victory could be final for years to come. The dries failed to end the argument by putting prohibition into the Constitution; the wets could not end it by taking it out. For this is what is known as a moral issue; in other words, an issue which most people approach emotionally, not rationally. So long as people feel intensely about it, there can never be a final settlement of the differences over liquor.

Yet moral issues can die out and be forgotten; witness free silver, which stirred people almost as hotly as prohibi-

tion. Even now there is a perceptible drift on both sides toward moderation of opinion. There are wets who would be willing to give up their present virtually unrestricted opportunity to get some kind of liquor, and submit themselves to a moderate limitation which might improve the quality both of liquor and of public morality; there are dries who have lost faith in the practical efficacy of the Volstead Act, for all its nobility of motive and its far-reaching purpose. To these moderates the modificationists, now that they at last can state their case, must appeal. They must present a program of liquor control which would suit so many people that it would have some chance of being obeyed; for surely the last nine years have proved that obedience is better than what is jocosely called enforcement. Instead of fitting public opinion to the law, we must fit the law to public opinion if we are to make any improvement over present conditions.

What sort of law might that be? What hope is there in the various concrete proposals for modification that have been offered? I confess that I do not see much.

## II

Straight across the path of any program of modification lies the Eighteenth Amendment. There it is and always will be, an impregnable fortress around which the dries can rally after every defeat. As the dries tell us, an endeavor to repeal the amendment is the direct, the candid, the honorable way to seek modification; it is also the impossible way, as of course the dries know. Thirteen state legislatures can keep the amendment in the Constitution, and it is an optimist indeed who believes that the time will ever come when the Methodist bishops and their allies cannot control thirteen state legislatures. The vindictiveness of farmers, sustained by their legalized home brew, against the wicked cities alone would be enough, one imagines, to keep thirteen states vicari-

ously dry. Al Smith's plan for amendment of the amendment would command more support, probably, than downright repeal; but it seems very doubtful if that support would ever be strong enough to carry three-fourths of the states.

The plain intent of the Eighteenth Amendment is to keep people from drinking anything with a kick in it; while that amendment stands there is no use denying that any plan to permit drinks with a kick, however feeble, is nullification. But that does not end the argument, as the dries once thought it would; the view is spreading that the Constitution was made for man, not man for the Constitution. If the preponderance of popular sentiment is ever unmistakably for modification, it cannot permanently be thwarted by a trick. The Constitution has been nullified in other portions and may be nullified in this one as well; although the cry of nullification will scare some timid souls, and will probably operate to delay revision.

Leaving the amendment out of the question, then, what can be done? The various proposals for modification have two points in common; everybody is opposed, in theory at least, to the return of the saloon, and no wet proposes to force wetness on communities that want to be dry. Most modificationists would return effective control to the states, with local option permitting communities in wet states to go dry, though communities in dry states could not go wet.

In a government which is still vestigially federal, state control is the natural remedy; history and constitutional theory alike indicate it. Practically it would only localize the present evils; it would not abolish them. The division of opinion on prohibition is not between state and state so much as between the city and the farm. New York and Massachusetts would be wet states, in which dry communities could exercise local option; but Michigan and Ohio and Illinois, perhaps Pennsylvania too,



would be dry states in which wet communities could not exercise local option. State control would end the present enforcement scandals in New York and Buffalo and Boston; but in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Detroit they would be as bad as ever. Only city and county local option anywhere would permit each community to have its own way; and I do not know of any modificationist who has been bold enough to propose that.

Statesmen and publicists, even including the otherwise candid Al Smith, proclaim themselves unalterably opposed to the return of the saloon, as if that were a menace of the future. They might as well be unalterably opposed to the invention of the automobile. The saloon returned in 1921, as soon as it was perceived that the politicians did not intend prohibition to be taken too seriously. This would be a more temperate nation if people did their drinking at home, or in restaurants; but barroom drinking is an ingrained national habit, which has not been changed by prohibition, and probably would not be changed by its repeal.

There are moderate wets, conscientious persons who prefer to be law-abiding if it does not entail too much inconvenience, who would do all their drinking at home or in restaurants if drinking there and there alone were legalized. But one important item on the bill of fare of these restaurants would certainly be our old friend the decorative and inedible sandwich; the practice of drinking only with meals, however salutary, will not become general till Nature ordains that thirst never occurs without bringing hunger with it. And even if drinking at home and in the restaurant were legalized, there would still be saloons—fewer, less respectable, and less popular than the speakeasies of to-day; but there would still be places where men could lean against the bar. Leaning against the bar is an American folkway; so, it begins to seem, is disregarding the law.

### III

The immovability of the Eighteenth Amendment may not prevent revision, but it will certainly limit the extent of revision. Mr. Volstead's definition of intoxicating liquor as anything containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol is obviously absurd; that is admitted by the regulations of the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau, which allow the manufacture of home brew that is "non-intoxicating in fact." The Supreme Court might accept a law raising the permissible alcoholic content (which, by the Supreme Court decision upholding the Volstead Act, Congress may define below an unnamed limit) to five per cent, or even ten; but it would hardly accept a law that raised it to fifty per cent so long as the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution.

So modificationists who despair of repealing the amendment would amend the enforcement law to legalize beer; or, as some of them would have it, beer and light wines. The implication, of course, is that these drinks are not intoxicating in fact. Governor Smith proposes to amend the Volstead Act to obtain a "scientific definition" of that intoxicating liquor which the Constitution prohibits. Intoxicating to whom? We all know that some men are upset by a single glass of beer; there are others to whom a pint of whisky, consumed with reasonable deliberation, is non-intoxicating in fact. Andrew Johnson's reputation was ruined, according to the latest historians, because, rising from a sick-bed, he took one drink of brandy and became drunk; Johnson in health would not have been perceptibly affected. There are even imaginative persons who show symptoms of incipient intoxication on a bottle or two of near-beer if they are led to believe that it has a kick in it.

Intoxication itself, the end product, can be defined by the scientist and recognized by the layman, though its degrees are so different as to amount almost to a difference in kind; but the alcoholic con-

tent of what a man has been drinking is only one of the factors in producing intoxication. Regarding that factor by itself, it is of course obvious that beer and wine are less likely to intoxicate. Beer contains three or four per cent of alcohol, ale five or six per cent (though I believe that valiant and indurate race, the Scotch, brew theirs rather stronger). The alcoholic content of wine runs from nine or ten per cent in clarets and Moselles (the claret you used to get at tables d'hôte before the War was less than that) to twenty or twenty-five per cent in the stronger ports and sherries. That is far below the forty or fifty per cent of gin and whisky; fewer people get drunk on wine or beer and they must drink more of it. But the only definition of liquor which is intoxicating in fact is that it, in fact, intoxicates somebody. The feeblest beer may do that.

Congress might pass, and the Supreme Court (with that weather eye on public opinion which the Court seems to keep of late years) might uphold a law permitting light wines and beer, on the theory that, drunk in moderation, they could intoxicate only persons of weak stomachs. But that would be nullification of the letter of the Constitution, and its spirit too; the Eighteenth Amendment was designed for the protection of weak stomachs and weak wills. If meat make me to offend, my brother shall eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest he make me to offend. That is the theory of prohibition.

#### IV

But suppose wine and beer could be legally obtained, would they satisfy the drinking public? I doubt it.

That is a guess, and a guess which may be wrong. I hope it is. Since personal opinion plays so large a part in any estimate of prohibition, it may be relevant to observe that they would satisfy me. If I had access to good light beer and to the wines of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Madeira (not that Madeira is so light a wine, at that) I should not care if

hard liquor disappeared from the face of the earth. But hard liquor is not going to disappear; notoriously, it has not disappeared from the United States under prohibition. What has disappeared, almost universally, is good wine; and good beer has generally disappeared too. The beer supply seems to be tolerably copious outside of New York City; but the quality is, in the phrase of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's gunmen, one of those things that you don't know till the time comes. That could be said of a good deal of the hard liquor too; but for most drinkers of hard liquor quality is secondary to kick.

There is the classic case of Norway, which in 1917 prohibited everything but light wines and beer (the permissible limit was twelve per cent of alcohol). This was ratified by a popular referendum, the Norwegians being so archaic in their political methods that they permit the people to have something to say about such matters; but after nine years' trial another referendum reversed the decision, and hard liquor is now permitted in Norway, though under strict regulation. In the interval there was a great deal of bootlegging; light wines and beer did not satisfy the Norwegians. There were special factors in that case—notably, the loss of export trade to Spain and Portugal, which had been used to taking Norwegian fish in return for wines heavier than the prohibition law allowed, so that prohibition was costing Norwegian fishermen a good deal of money. Also, Norway is a cold country, and hard liquor may help keep the inhabitants warm, though they seem to be aware of other methods.

What people drink seems to be a matter of race rather than latitude. The conquering Briton, in the tropics, drinks whisky or brandy highballs just as he does at home; and the races that have populated America brought their own drinks with them. Commonly, we are thought of as a nation addicted to hard liquor. This seems to be true mainly of the old stock, the Nordic blond Protes-



tants, the progenitors of the Klansmen and Anti-Saloon-Leaguers of to-day. Rum sustained our wise and pious ancestors in their revolt against British rule; whisky, hard and raw, fortified those virile frontiersmen, mostly of Anglo-Saxon or Scotch-Irish stock, who conquered the Continent. Then came the Germans who liked beer, the Italians and others who liked wine.

The result is rather curious. In 1850 the average American (this per capita computation includes, of course, women and children) drank about nine quarts of hard liquor (mostly whisky), a little over one quart of wine, and about six quarts of beer or ale, in the course of the year. In 1910 he consumed six quarts of hard liquor, about two and a half quarts of wine, and nearly twenty gallons of beer. The volume of the more or less intoxicating beverages consumed by your average American of 1910 was more than five times as great as that put away by his grandfather in 1850; but the total volume of alcohol was only about thirty-five per cent greater. Drunk in such dilution, that extra thirty-five per cent probably did not do him much harm. (The alcohol is estimated by allowing an average of four per cent for beer and ale, twelve per cent for wine, and for distilled liquors the fifty per cent of the proof gallon which is the Internal Revenue Bureau's unit of measurement.)

Shortly after 1910 all branches of the liquor industry began to feel the effect of the state-by-state progress of prohibition. The peak year for wine was 1911, for beer 1914; for distilled liquors 1913, until for special reasons an unusually large amount was taken out of bond in 1917, by no means all of which was consumed in that year. But the figures for the early years of this century show plainly enough the steady increase in per capita consumption of beer, the slower and intermittent, but undeniable increase in the consumption of wine, and a decrease in the average consumption of hard liquor.

Wine consumption varied more than

the others because (a fact which will probably surprise most people outside the trade) by far the largest part of the wine consumed in this country was home-grown. The peak of wine imports was in 1910—about ten million gallons; it was almost that high as long ago as 1870. The domestic production in 1910 was sixty million gallons; it varied considerably, of course, as any crop will, but all through the early nineteen hundreds it was from four to seven times as large as the import. No doubt, even in those relatively innocent days, some of it was sold under imported labels. The increase in per capita consumption of wine was beyond question mainly due to the increase of wine-drinking races in the population. "The native California wines," said the 1908 edition of Baedeker, "are better and cheaper than most of the imported varieties. Travelers should make a point of asking for them, and expressing surprise if they are not to be had." But European tourists in America were few in those days, and they expressed surprise at so many things that they probably had no great effect on the sale of California wines. The French and Italian tables d'hôte in the larger cities were spreading the gospel of table wine, but they reached only a small percentage of the people.

Beer, however, was another matter. Beyond doubt, before prohibition the people as a whole was steadily, if slowly, turning from whisky to beer. Prohibition seems to have turned us back from beer to whisky and gin.

## V

That is an opinion commonly expressed, resting on the general observation; most of us have no statistics to support it. But there is at least one detailed estimate which, though vigorously attacked by the drys, deserves serious consideration. Mr. Hugh F. Fox, in his magazine *The Periscope*, which is devoted to a somewhat unfriendly study of this great social and

economic experiment, computed a year or so ago the consumption of liquors in the fiscal year 1925-26. And he came to the conclusion that the average American in that year (this again is a per capita figure, making no allowance for the persons who drank nothing, by choice or otherwise) consumed about nine quarts of hard liquor, six quarts of wine, and rather more than eight gallons of beer—as much whisky, that is to say, as his hard-drinking ancestor of 1850, and considerably more beer and wine, though much less beer than the average American drank before prohibition. The total per capita consumption of actual alcohol was higher than ever, higher than in the wettest year before we translated our noble motives into law.

These figures seem astoundingly high, but they are not without basis; the beer estimate rests chiefly on the production of hops, which was twice as great as could be accounted for by exports and the production of non-alcoholic drinks. Mr. Fox, as secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, would naturally be inclined to find prohibition working badly; but allow as much as you like for personal feeling, what became of those hops? There is not much you can do with hops except turn them into beer.

The estimate of distilled liquors is much less securely based. Mr. Fox puts it at more than 250 million proof gallons—a hundred million more than was ever consumed in any year before prohibition. Of this amount he estimates 75 million gallons as the product of moonshine distilleries and stills, of which the prohibition agents have seized twelve or fourteen thousand annually for some years past; and another 104 million gallons as the output of the kitchen-stove stills for domestic consumption. That seems high to the city dweller, who can buy it anywhere and does not need to make it; but life on the farm needs its mitigation, and even in the cities the price is so high that some people make their own.

Smuggled liquors he estimated at twenty million gallons; this was frankly a guess. The amount of renatured alcohol put back into circulation was set at fifty million gallons. Some prohibition enforcement officials put that figure much lower; others have put it higher. The fact remains that five times as much denatured alcohol was produced in this country in the fiscal year 1925-26 as five years earlier. In the year following (the last for which the Prohibition Bureau's statistics are available) it went down a little; but it was still 95 million gallons in 1927, as against 22 million gallons in 1921. The demands of industry would not seem to account for this increase.

The most surprising of Mr. Fox's estimates, however, is a wine production of 156 million gallons—more than two and a half times as much as the United States ever produced before prohibition. But the figures are based on the grape crop; between 1919 and 1926 California's vineyard acreage increased from less than 100,000 acres to nearly 700,000; between 1920 and 1925 the shipments of grapes from California multiplied almost by three. Other states are growing more grapes, too; and no corresponding and explanatory increase in the eating of grapes has been observed. Figuring from the grape crop of the year following that on which Mr. Fox based his estimate, Mr. John T. Flynn, in a recent article in *Collier's*, computed the grape wine production for the year at 175 million gallons; to which he would add 25 million gallons more for wine made from berries and dandelions.

Even if you set aside these estimates as too high, the tremendous increase in grape production would suggest that America at last is becoming a wine-drinking nation. That conflicts with the common observation of people who get around in the cities, where what is drunk is mostly hard liquor. What is the explanation? I believe that most of this wine is manufactured either by the wine-drinking races—Italians and Slavs, in the main—who do not want anything



else, or by farmers and residents of small towns who cannot without great expense and inconvenience get anything else. For nearly all of it is home-made; the latest report of the Prohibition Bureau shows that there are still more than 400 authorized wineries in California, and upwards of a hundred in other states, but these are chiefly occupied in taking care of the sacramental needs of the devout, and the production of sacramental wine accounts for a very small percentage of the grape crop.

It must be remembered that this home-made wine is legal, under the Volstead Act and the interpretive regulations of the Prohibition Bureau; it is presumed to be non-intoxicating in fact, until it proves the opposite by actually intoxicating somebody out in the open where people can see him. Mr. Fox thinks that it runs about twelve per cent of alcohol, but a much lower figure would usually be set by people who have drunk it; for whatever you think about the quantity of this wine, there is no room for two opinions about its quality. Most of it is terrible. There are probably few Italian-American families that do not make their own wine; but the wine they make, as a rule, can be endured only by stomachs toughened by a racial experience of hardship dating back to the Punic Wars. And the wine of the Nordic Protestant, whether he ferments his own grapes or buys one of these casks of grape juice that are sold with the warning that you must not leave them open lest they turn into wine on you, is usually inferior to the most ordinary of pre-war California products.

I doubt if many people would keep on drinking it if other drinks became generally accessible; for in the cities, where other drinks are generally accessible, few people drink it now. The behavior of Frenchmen who settle in this country is instructive. At first they look for wine, and they find it. After they have tried post-Volstead wine for a few months you generally find them drinking cocktails; they would rather have passable hard

liquor than the sort of wine that prohibition has substituted for good French vintages.

## VI

Further, I believe that the demand for wine, and to a somewhat lesser extent the demand for beer, in so far as it is not racial, comes in the main from older people who have known good beer and wine. The average home-made wine of to-day, sour or sticky-sweet, the average home-brewed beer, yeasty and gaseous, is nothing to make new converts to wine and beer among the younger generation. I do not know much at first hand about the younger generation who have grown up and learned to drink since prohibition; but I see them here and there and I hear a good deal about them from people who know them, and it seems that their taste runs to hard liquor.

Who can blame them? A little wine is smuggled in—not much; when you must pay eight dollars for a bottle of good Bordeaux or Burgundy that cost a dollar and a half before prohibition not many people can afford to drink much of it. There is plenty of Canadian ale in New York and New England, a certain amount of Cuban beer in Florida, some Mexican beer along the Southwestern border; and that too comes high, for the same reason that wine does—it is bulky, hard to transport, and easy to discover. A glass of imported ale or beer in most parts of the country costs as much as, or more than, a cocktail or a highball; and it has far less kick.

So far as I can gather from my scanty observation of the younger generation, eked out with what I hear from those who know them, and what I read in the books young people write, I gather that they drink, in the main, for the kick. That is not what the beer drinker or the wine drinker is looking for. Beer is restful and wine is soothing, and they are drunk mainly by people who want to be soothed and rested. Look at the people

who are drinking wine or beer, in a restaurant where they can drink anything, and you will notice that most of the men are gray, and most of the women would be if they had not improved on Nature. Wine and beer are preferred by the elderly and the middle-aged because these are the people who, before prohibition, had a chance to get acquainted with good wine and beer at reasonable cost; but also, I suspect, because this is the generation that needs what wine and beer can give, rather than what you get from hard liquor.

That ancient euphemism for mild drunkenness, "getting an edge on," is one hundred per cent wrong as a description of the effect of wine, drunk with moderation and discrimination by one who appreciates it. The business of wine is to take the edge off; to blur and soften the sharpnesses of life and leave one gently mellowed. Somewhat the same is the effect of beer, especially when taken in conjunction with orchestral music, for which beer has as natural an affinity as has rye whisky for Italian vermouth. People who are in the thick of life and find themselves somewhat battered by it can regard it more cheerfully after a glass or two of wine and beer and go back to it next morning with a renewed optimism. They cannot face it quite so gladly if they have filled up the night before on cocktails made of renatured alcohol and juniper juice; hard liquor, I believe, is almost as bad for the spirit of the middle-aged as for their stomachs.

But I am inclined to think that the people who have grown up since the War want something else. They are less sentimental than we of the pre-war vintages; and their view of life (as I gather it from their novels) inclines them to like the immediate and violent stimulus that hard liquor gives them. This is a conjectural generalization; even if it is correct as a generalization there will be, of course, many exceptions. We who are somewhat older drink—or would like to drink—to be softened; they, ap-

parently, drink to be toughened. They might be educated in time to wine and beer if good wine and beer were available; since they are not, the younger people stick to hard liquor.

At any rate, it is the practically universal observation that in the cities, at least, and among the people of whatever race who are so thoroughly Americanized that they no longer describe themselves with a hyphen, the effect of prohibition has been to turn men back from the lighter and bulkier drinks to hard liquor. Italians and Slavs and farmers may drink their home-made wine, pre-war drinkers of good beer may take what beer they can get when they can get it; but whisky and gin are everywhere, and they are what most people are drinking. A modification of the law that legalized wine and beer and prohibited hard liquor might suit the majority of people over thirty-five, or it might not. Almost certainly it would not suit the majority of people under thirty-five; and the young people would have none of the prejudice against drinking illegally that still lingers in a good many of the bootlegger's patrons. They have had no experience of drinking legally. There would still be a demand for hard liquor; the demand would create the supply; and the supply would continue that official corruption which has now come to be a vested interest—one of the strongest interests in support of prohibition.

And another vested interest is that of the lawmakers who know that they can count on the church vote if they give lip service—not necessarily throat service—to prohibition. This was candidly admitted lately by a United States Senator who could afford to be candid because he was retiring from office—the Hon. George P. McLean of Connecticut: "The sun may rise in the west some morning, but Senators will not voluntarily enter their political graves for the sake of getting a drink of 2.75 beer, when 60 per cent white mule can be had for the asking."

Happy Connecticut! In New York



City you may ask for it in vain, unless you have 75 cents.

## VII

What sort of modification, then, would be practicable? I am not a statesman; I do not know. The simplest way to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment, of course, would be to repeal the Volstead Act and put nothing in its place. The second clause of that amendment says that "the Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation"; but it does not say that either Congress or any state must enforce it. Even if it did make enforcement mandatory, Congress could disregard it; as it has disregarded for years past the mandatory provisions of Article I, Section 3, and Amendment XIV, Section 2, for reapportionment of Congressional districts. That is a different matter, of course; reapportionment would inconvenience the members of the House of Representatives, who have never let themselves be inconvenienced by prohibition. Still, it might be managed; and that would throw the whole issue back to the states, where it rested before 1919.

But, as was observed earlier in this article, state control is only a partial solution; the state of Illinois would have no more success in making Chicago dry than the Federal government has had,

but it would try to make Chicago dry, and the endeavor would bring considerable annoyance to the citizens of Chicago, and considerable revenue to the enforcement officials. Also, I suppose dry lawyers might still challenge any state law permitting liquor on the ground that it conflicts with the Eighteenth Amendment, just as Southern suffrage laws are occasionally challenged, still, under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. That might not amount to much; the Supreme Court is proficient in the art of beating the devil around the bush when he needs beating. But state control will never end the scandals of prohibition enforcement so long as any state containing a large city is technically dry.

There is one sure solution, of course—let all citizens practice personal moderation and stop minding other people's business. That is done with fair success in most European countries, but it seems beyond the capacity of the American genius.

So perhaps, all things considered, it would be simplest to let affairs go on as they are. Under our present system the wets get liquor, the drys get moral satisfaction, and the public officials get money. It is true that prohibition as at present operative foments governmental corruption and popular hypocrisy; but there is no evidence in American history that this nation has ever regarded corruption and hypocrisy as particularly grave offenses.



## HAVE WOMEN CHANGED BUSINESS?

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

NOT many familiar with the business world will share the doubts recently expressed by Julius H. Barnes, former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, as to how far women in business may aspire. Far less will they accept, in this country at least, the denial of Lord Birkenhead that women possess any adaptability to business. Women, he avers, are permitted to do a man's work for the sole reason that they do it more cheaply. Even the least thoughtful person would find it hard to reconcile Lord Birkenhead's conclusion that women will never fill any but a small proportion of the higher posts in industry, commerce, and finance with the rapidly increasing number of women as important executives in every possible type of business enterprise.

The truth is, granting all their shortcomings, recognizing disabilities—some of which they have not, and may never, overcome—that the progress of women in business has been prodigious; and I, for one, have faith that within an appreciable period they will win their way to the highest positions which business offers.

Conceding and believing all this is, however, a vastly different matter from asserting that women have in any vital way altered or bettered the business world. What, precisely, is the social significance of woman's invasion of business measured in terms of social growth? It is easy to confuse mere numbers with lofty accomplishment; but, facing the matter squarely, what higher purpose have millions of women

thus far served in the business world than to swell its size?

I cannot myself discover the least warrant for Governor Nellie Ross's asseveration in the course of her dedicatory address at the opening of the largest retail store in the world, in Philadelphia, November, 1926, that "the entrance of women into conspicuous positions of trust . . . has been contemporary with the elevation of the ethical standards in the conduct of business." In the face of existing conditions such a statement borders on the fantastic. There have been no more unattractive chapters written in business history than those since women entered business in conspicuous numbers.

On what, may we ask, does Governor Ross base what appears less a noble hope than her actual conviction that "the more women become identified with the affairs of business, the higher we may expect the standards of business to rise"?

Governor Ross has, beyond a doubt, thrown the whole weight of her own influence upon the side of clean politics. But without going into the question of the influence women as a whole are destined to wield in the political world, where is the woman in the business world who has thrown her influence with equal openness and vigor upon the side of *clean business*? Are not business women for the most part (except for such obstacles as business has offered, and still offers, to their personal progress) pretty well satisfied with the business world as they have found it?



## II

Early leaders of our most representative organization of business women, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, had, we must admit, some idea that change in the business world would be desirable when they adopted their motto, Better Business Women for a Better Business World. One might, of course, question the interpretation they expected to be placed upon this motto if they had not amplified their aims among which we find one to:

"Elevate the standards for women in business and the professions by emphasizing the conduct of such business and professions for service to society rather than personal gain. . . ."

So late, moreover, as 1926, the voice of Olive Joy Wright, then president of the Federation, sounded at a national convention of business women what, if not a warning, might well have been one: "Let us cherish always the ideas that have inspired us from the beginning," and pronounced the plan which the Federation had formulated, to raise the standards not only of women in business, but of business conditions and business ethics, a worthy one.

But to what extent the vast majority of business women are to-day "cherishing" ideas that inspired their early and, doubtless, some of their present leaders, may best be determined by a study of business women themselves. We find them ardently concerned with club machinery, with emblems, with official state flowers; with chicken suppers in New Hampshire, watermelon feasts and barbecues in North Carolina. We find Michigan business women making merry with a relay race in water drinking, the winners receiving goblets as prizes, the losers, empty whiskey glasses; Nebraska and Colorado business women featuring black-face weddings at their official gatherings; up-State New York business women giving "Baby Parties," which members are instructed to attend

attired and deporting themselves as infants; Florida business women playing baseball against one another in white overalls or red bloomers—bloomers and overalls, with commendable enterprise, paid for by the advertisements of leading merchants which the business women bear on their backs; while an Indiana business women's evening is given, according to report, an especially "snappy" touch by the Business Woman's Whiz Bang, whatever that may be.

We find business women's organized activities ranging from business women's rummage sales to business women's minstrel shows and circuses. From end to end of the country we hear business women blowing on "gazooks" at their outings, hear them at their "Hurrah Dinners" singing with gusto, with table thumping in the best chamber of commerce manner, such inspiring ditties as "Show Me the Way to Go Home," or "Pep, Pep, the Pep's All Here."

Badged and bannered at their national conventions, we observe New Mexico business women in four-gallon hats; Oklahoma business women in headbands and feathers or full Indian regalia; Nebraska business women rigged out in yellow coats; Idaho business women as "Potatoes"; Louisiana business women as "Pelicans"; Georgia business women as "Peaches"—business women from everywhere freighted with state insignia, a Missouri mule perhaps, or a Kansas jayhawk; business women attired in all manner of childish habiliments and lugging around their toy talismans with a naïve pride that would put a Shriners' convention to shame.

We witness the spectacle at a mock Derby, with business women mounted on papier-mâché ponies, jogging about the arena while a band blares race-track music; business women of importance watch the cavorting steeds through binoculars, and mock betting is indulged in on the side. We observe them at a "Bobbed-Haired Breakfast," bobbed-haired and long-haired business women occupying opposite sides of the dining

room, vying with one another in the singing of enlivening songs; or, in more sedate mood, chanting with pious fervor the Business Women's Creed,

And may we strive to touch and to know the  
great common woman's heart of us all,  
And, oh, Lord God, let us forget not to be  
kind!

We observe business women as boosters, working enthusiastically, almost frenziedly, for larger and larger business women's clubs, for a larger and larger federation, or boosting, in true booster fashion, their respective cities and sections of the country. As go-getters of the most orthodox type, Missouri and Kansas combine to furnish a late and characteristic example with eight thousand Mo-Kan Rooters—so they style themselves—resolving to get the 1930 Convention of Business and Professional Women. We read in the "Rooters'" official organ how they are "standing with outstretched arms, pleading in unison" (with their business sisters). We listen to the Mo-Kan Convention Song, rallying the hesitant, breaking down resistance two years in advance of the proposed event, with

Come, O come to Kansas City,  
Come, O come to Kansas City,  
Come, O come to Kansas City,  
In the Heart of America.

We catch the lusty echoes of the Mo-Kan Yell:

I say I can  
You say you can  
We say we can  
In One-Nine-Three-O  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Hoo-Ray! Hoo-Ray!

These illuminating examples of the business woman's spirit should go far to dispel any fear that the diverting figure of Babbitt is passing from our national scene. Millions of feminine Babbitts are in the making among us, if not indeed completely made.

But, it may be urged, it is unfair to judge the business woman by puerilities of a sort the business man has by no means generally outgrown.

Let us examine, then, business women's organized activities of a more serious kind. We find them ranging from Business Women's Republican Clubs in the North to Business Women's Bible Classes and Business Women's Missionary Circles in the South; including such diverse projects as the irrigation of a local cemetery (in Idaho) and the promotion (in Florida) of a Better Babies Contest. All over the country we find business women's clubs, in pathetically sedulous imitation of their business brothers—of Rotary and Kiwanis, of Lions, Civitans, and what not—furnishing rooms in anti-tuberculosis sanatoria, distributing gifts to poor children at Christmas and Easter, buying milk for undernourished grade children, assisting crippled girls of past-school age, helping support children's protective homes.

But what, in heaven's name, have irrigated cemeteries and better babies, any more than Business Women's Republican Clubs and Business Women's Missionary Circles, to do with raising the standards of business conditions and business ethics? What have doles to unfortunate children, creditable as are the humane instincts from which they proceed, to do with a better business world?

Nor do we find much encouragement that Babbitt's sister may entertain broader and more enlightened views of business than Babbitt ordinarily entertains himself, when we turn from what may be regarded in a sense as the business woman's extra-curriculum activities to subjects which engage her attention when convened in regular and sober session. Here she delivers, and patiently listens to, endless reports on Membership and Publicity, Finance, Club Rooms, Business Opportunity. Here she debates, often with great spirit, changes in club constitutions and expends enormous force, in the aggregate, though not, it must be conceded, without effect, in making the wheels of her larger and smaller business women's organiza-



tions go round. Here she discusses Banking and Investments, Credits and Insurance, Newer Movements in Merchandising, Commercial Advertising, the Province of the Promoter, Secretarial Work, Office Management, Transportation—a hundred business matters.

But where in it all can be found the faintest glimmer of interest in social-economic reform? Where a hint that monopolies, such as thousands upon thousands of business women serve, are pursuing selfish profiteering careers to the detriment of their employees and the consuming public? Where is a syllable's contribution to the ever more pressing problems of wage policy and price regulation? Where, in all this business women's reporting and discussing and rushing back and forth across the continent in Business Women's Specials is the remotest recognition of industry as an organic social process, making and distributing wealth in accordance with human welfare, and, therefore, while based on voluntary action, requiring some social control? Where in all these business women's councils is the slightest repugnance shown to the doctrine that business is business? Where is the ghost of a hint that the business world as a whole is deep-bitten with greed, dubious dealing, hypocrisy? Where in it all is any reassurance whatsoever that business women are "cherishing" ideas of helping to bring about a different state of affairs? Certainly, if in 1926 business women were still being urged to hold fast to their early ideals, in 1928 there is not a whisper among them, that I can catch, of "business ethics."

### III

Are we to have, then, another sex playing the old game, for purely personal success, oblivious of larger aims?

"Ours is a rare opportunity," remarks a leader of business women in addressing recently a business women's congress.

Rare opportunity for what?

An opportunity, as women accede more and more to business positions of influence and power, to make business override life at every possible point? Are we to have women bosses—but we already have them—who work their employees like coolies, pay them as little as possible, lay them off at an hour's notice, then blandly enjoin on them co-operation and company loyalty? Are we to have women, as well as men, hiring experts to advise them how to evade their corporation taxes and how to appear to have dissolved as a trust without having done so? Will the business man's sister soon be opening price-fixing conferences with prayer; with sublime impudence be asking divine guidance on proceedings alike illegal and to the prejudice of the common interest?

In a word, instead of Better Business Women dedicated to a Better Business World, are we to have, in the not distant future, hard-boiled business women committed to a hard-boiled business world, and glorying in the fact?

I confess that I came away from a national gathering of business women a few weeks ago feeling that the outlook was none too bright. Innumerable indications had influenced me—each small, perhaps, in itself but disquieting when taken together. At one of the sessions a speaker ventured to suggest that the present situation of the army of middle-aged men and women who are seeking jobs, and seeking them in vain, might be alleviated if business were willing to give the matter the attention it deserves. Every business organization of any size, the speaker went on to say, has places into which middle-aged persons may be fitted without loss; it is largely a matter of business being willing to divest itself of one of its prejudices and to acquire a new attitude toward an old situation.

A most imposing woman sprang to her feet.

"I," she announced, in a stentorian voice and with ironic emphasis, "belong to that much abused class, the employers. Under no circumstances," she proclaimed

jocosely, but with fire, "would I employ a middle-aged person." She ridiculed the pretensions of the middle-aged to business consideration. "I want only young, fresh, *pliable* workers—" and much more in the same vein, all the old business balderdash. Never have I been aware of a more instant and arrogant resentment at the least suggestion that the business world may ever do wrong. Yet the really significant thing was the thunder of applause that broke from the assemblage of business women who had listened to her.

Arrogance on the part of business women who have been at all successful is, indeed, one of the signs that a change has come over the business woman's spirit. Perhaps it is not so much arrogance as a growing complacency. Business women have, it is true, many reasons to congratulate themselves. They have overcome many and by no means considerable obstacles to their own progress in an incredibly brief space of time. But there is great temptation for them to feel that they have accomplished even more than is the case, what with their sudden rise from complete business obscurity; with governors shaking hands with long lines of them; mayors, college presidents, and railway passenger agents competing with one another in laying tributes at their feet; newspapers making their doings first-page news; politicians assuring them that they are a potential political force of incalculable power; ministers of the gospel holding special services in their honor wherever they convene in numbers—with flattery pouring in upon them from every side. It would be a calamity, however, if business women when they have barely, as a class, emerged from their swaddling bands, should be confused by all this ballyhoo and thereby robbed of a timely opportunity for a little self-examination. Where, in truth, are they headed? It is impossible to believe that they do not *au fond* possess the strong vein of idealism which women, including themselves, exhibit in other directions. Why does

the business woman's social-mindedness stop short at the threshold of that very field wherein lies her greatest, indeed an unrivalled social opportunity? Is it possible that business women are, in general, unconscious of the fact that clean business, even more than clean politics, is a crying need of the day, or, conscious of it, have they been intimidated?

Without doubt more than one able and clear-sighted business woman has been afraid to oppose, however diplomatically, business courses which she secretly condemns. In New York some must have been deterred from using their individual influence toward clean business when one of the most gallant of their number lost her job through the stand she took against a certain, to her, intolerable policy in the metropolitan business institution with which she was connected—not only lost it, but is still blacklisted among kindred institutions. "What! Miss Lacey!" exclaimed a New York executive to whom the other day I recommended this gifted woman for a vacancy he was trying to fill. "Why, she's a Bolshevik!" In every commercial and industrial center there may be a Miss Lacey, I shall call her, who stands as a warning.

But however that may be, business women generally are perfectly aware of the fierce denunciations visited upon the Young Women's Christian Association when the association undertook to bend its efforts—the first and only real efforts that any association of women has made—toward a better business world.

The National Federation of Business Women was not a little embarrassed at its start by having prominently associated with it women who had been identified in one way and another with the Y. W. C. A. They feared their new organization might be blighted by a suspicion that it stood first and foremost for business righteousness. Such fears are by no means dead. Speaking a few months ago before a state convention of Middle-Western business women,



I exclaimed at the luxurious, very beautiful business women's club house where the meetings were held. It was, I was told, a gift from a wealthy business man of the city, given, my informant confided in an undertone, "on the condition we shall never permit the Y. W. to use it or share its privileges."

Yes, there are business women, eager to get on, who are watching their step. But in all probability, for every one whose apparent apathy toward the correctable evils of the business world is dictated by caution, there are a hundred who have been lulled into the belief that whatever is in the business world, is right. No realm—not even the purely religious—takes itself so seriously; and it is inevitable that a large proportion of business women, as of business men, should have been influenced by the bunkum which pervades it; inevitable that they should have been taken in by the doctrine that the business world, so far as its basic concepts and practices are concerned, is beyond criticism, almost beyond discussion.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that when women entered the business world in significant numbers the ideas which govern it were already predominant. It was difficult for them to preserve any independence of judgment against the mighty tide of current ideas on which they saw business floated. Especially exposed to the danger of losing their power of independent judgment were women acting as secretaries. It was the most natural thing in the world that the secretary—the more immature of the two—should acquire business views identical with those of her boss, if she did not—as I have often noticed—outdo him in resolute opposition to any change in fundamental business ideas and habits. This explains, in part at least, why we find so many leading business women allied, in their stand-pat business attitude, either militantly or unobtrusively, with the forces of social reaction; for among women enjoying business consideration to-day far

more have worked themselves up from a secretarial opening than from any other.

Over and above all this, the business woman, from my observation and rather wide acquaintance with her, reads little or nothing that challenges a business order she has more or less unconsciously accepted and helps to support. When it comes to those organs of liberal opinion that enjoy a considerable circulation even in this conservative land, and whose perusal might jolt her out of the growing smugness of her business views—well, does she so much as know of their existence? I have reason to doubt it. I have sometimes questioned if she even reads the daily news sheets.

It is amazing—I almost said appalling—how unfamiliar the average business woman appears to be with events and problems that are making the history of our day. I was breakfasting at a hotel not long ago with three refined and pleasant business women, all of whom, I have learned since, are outstanding business women in the localities to which they belong. In introducing myself I remarked jestingly that I came from the unenlightened state of Tennessee and was asked, "Why do you say unenlightened?" I explained, what I had supposed unnecessary, that I referred to Dayton. Not one of the three women could recall except in the vaguest way the Dayton trial or with what it was concerned; and when in our subsequent talk I alluded to an article in a current periodical, one of them inquired, "What magazine did you say?" "*Harpers*," I told her. "I never heard," she replied, quite simply, "of *that* magazine."

Nor is this typical of the business woman of the provinces alone. Among countless cases I could cite, one recurs of the woman manager of a well-known book service radiating from New York, who lately admitted to me that she knew nothing at all about books and thought the selections of the committee employed to choose choice reading for her patrons very "queer."

The last thing I should wish to do

would be to cast a gratuitous slur upon a class of women who are working hard to improve their standing in a field still comparatively new to them: assuredly women cannot hope to exert a shaping influence on business until they have won their business spurs. Neither do I wish to overlook, on the one hand, a sprinkling of business women whose culture is acknowledged, nor, on the other, the definite accomplishment of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, with its slogan "a high school education for every business girl," in raising the standards for women entering business. But much of the credit for the latter must, I believe, go to the *goodly* proportion of teachers and other professional women who make up the federation's ranks; and few persons who have contact with representative business women in different parts of the country will, I imagine, be disposed to deny the low cultural level that prevails among them, with the restricted vision this level implies. Herein lies, however, if the discouragement of the present, hope, perhaps, for the future.

#### IV

It was Dr. Amelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, who said, in addressing a convention of business women a few years since, "Education has always encouraged the clear-visioned professional outlook upon the tasks which women enter. . . . As I see women coming into organized business, I have a hope that their beautiful message will be the carrying of that professional spirit, the spirit of doing a service, of healing or adjusting, of rectifying or informing, into the making and distribution of merchandise, into all the businesses of the world, that they may indeed be not organizations for the accumulation of wealth in a given place, but that they shall be for the serving of men. . . ."

Women have not as yet laid a feather's

weight of distinctive influence upon the business world except in its most superficial aspects; but if, for the most part, the business women of to-day have lacked cultural opportunities that would furnish the approach to business which Dr. Reinhardt envisages, the business women of to-morrow may bring it.

Thus far the most brilliant and highly trained minds, the most compelling personalities among women, have expressed themselves in other fields. Business has not yet attracted such crusading spirits as Susan B. Anthony's, the daring imagination and creative intelligence of an Ellen Key; it has developed no woman with the gift for leadership of a Carrie Chapman Catt, no genius akin to Jane Addams'. Not even a dynamic figure such as Lady Astor's has appeared to trouble the business waters. But with women more and more entering business and remaining there, not so much through economic pressure as deliberate choice, above all, as more and more are given in advance that viewpoint which sees business, not as a religion, but in balanced relation to other human activities and interests—may we not expect among them women who shall not be content to accept unreasoningly all the traditional business concepts, to imitate slavishly the behavior of their business brothers? Will there not be business women who refuse to help perpetuate the idea that the business world is no place for the finest human instincts, and that these instincts must find expression (if they find it) at home, in public life, through philanthropic channels—anywhere at all except in business itself; women who, with courage, tolerance, humor, and the willingness to endure ridicule and dislike, shall blaze business trails of a new sort?

At all events, the time has come, it seems to me, not only to ask this question, but to consider the possibility of a negative answer.





## TWO POEMS

BY COUNTEE CULLEN

### NOTHING ENDURES

**N**OTHING endures,  
Not even love,  
Though the full heart purrs  
Of the length thereof.

Though beauty war,  
Yet shall it wane;  
Time lays a tax  
On the subtlest brain.

Let the blood riot,  
Give it its will;  
It shall grow quiet,  
It shall grow still.

Nirvana gapes  
For all things given;  
Nothing escapes,  
Love not even.

### SONG IN SPITE OF MYSELF

**N**EVER love with all your heart,  
It only ends in aching,  
And bit by bit to the smallest part  
That organ will be breaking.

Never love with all your mind,  
It only ends in fretting;  
In musing on sweet joys behind,  
Too poignant for forgetting.

Never love with all your soul;  
For such there is no ending,  
Though a mind that frets may find control,  
And a shattered heart find mending.

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed,  
Confine some under cover,  
And when Love goes bid him Godspeed,  
And find another lover.



## IDLE HANDS

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THREE o'clock in the afternoon must, probably, be blamed for Barbara Hemming's fall. A hot June day in the country (much celebrated by incurably urban poets) is both root and final flower of dullness; and three in the afternoon is the worst part of any day. All the men you know, including your father, are at their offices; your aunt has drawn her shades against a headache; Celia, your best friend, is in Europe; to seek amusement you must go out into the glare. Books do not interest, and your party dresses stick to your fingers if you look them over. If three o'clock in the morning marks the nadir of physical vitality, three in the afternoon is farthest south on the saw-toothed chart of moral fervor. It may be an inauspicious moment for the commission of crime; but probably most crimes are planned at three p.m.—the devil's hour.

Barbara Hemming was not unfortunate except for being bored. She was pretty; her home was happy; there were roses in the garden and cash in her beaded bag; there would be dancing at the Country Club that night and, if she chose, Sever Lord to take her. True, she had no car of her own—in these days a grievance. A grievance, however, has to be sharper and more immediate than that to pursue the system.

Williston, where Mr. Hemming supported his sister and daughter in comfort if not in luxury, was a city large enough for residential sections, almost for residential suburbs. Babs would have preferred a newer section, nearer

the Country Club, but even she was removed from electric cars and straight streets and shops and civic turmoil. The house was set back from the winding, shaded avenue, the verandahs were broad and well furnished, and Antonio brooded, almost with genius, among the perennials. Nothing, as you can see, could well be duller. "Gosh!" yawned Barbara for the third time. She had come to anchor in the telephone closet, having sampled hammock, victrola, and ice-box with no relief. Perhaps if she called up Misty Gleason, Misty would take her for a drive. Misty, she learned, was at the dentist's. "Gosh!" said Barbara again, and turned over the pages of the telephone-book. It was to her fourth "gosh" that the devil specifically replied. Babs began to giggle. It was a neat idea, of an unusual nature—to intrude, via the telephone, into a group where she did not belong; to mystify a few utter strangers, while remaining, herself, masked, anonymous, safe.

It must be a really suggestive and interesting name, she felt; and as her eye ran down the page she found one that suited her: Eustace Gibney. He had an office in the Commercial Trust Building and a house on Willow Road. They must be a good office and a good house. A prosperous guy, without doubt. Not one of the local magnates, or she would have heard her father mention him. New, probably, or young. Eustace was a nice name. She wouldn't call the office, of course—catch her! The house was the right place to start a mystery.



"Wyandotte 310," said Barbara's clear voice. "Is Mr. Gibney at home?" No man, she knew, would be at home at this time unless he were ill. "Oh—not at home? No—no message. Thank you."

She was still giggling when she hung up the receiver. That was a maid; she could tell from the accent. The thing to do was to wait for an hour and call again. After that, it wouldn't be safe; Mr. Eustace Gibney might come home early. Also, it would be better to call, the second time, from a pay station. Katie had left a big jug of lemonade on the porch, but a banana-marshmallow-nut sundae would be more interesting. She would go down to Cox's, fill herself with cloying coolness, and call up from there. Barbara went up to choose her freshest dress and her lightest hat. She forgot to be hot, except officially, and ceased wholly to be bored. She had now a purpose in life. Later, perhaps, she could get a line on the Gibney outfit, which would help. This thing was opening out nicely. "That was a clever idea of mine," Barbara murmured, arrogating to herself an inspiration that was none of hers.

She made Cox's, without undue effort, at four o'clock. This time she was very brief and slightly agitated. "Mr. Gibney is not at home yet? No, I don't care to speak to Mrs. Gibney. Thank you. I'll try again." She rang off quickly, for fear of being obliged to speak to Mrs. Gibney, to whom she had nothing whatever to say. Barbara, however, was so cheered and amused by her little invention that she decided, before she reached home, to let Sever Lord take her to the Club. That would please Dad and Aunt Emily. Babs, like everyone else, had often been reminded that the world is so full of a number of things that we ought all to be as happy as kings; and now, instead of screaming inwardly at such fallacious optimism, she began to see what her smiling seniors were talking about. The world *was* full of a number of things; and apparently there were no insuperable obstacles to acquiring a few

that had not been granted you. Your fingers ran down the pages of a telephone-book and suddenly clutched on groups, circles, dramas not your own.

No June day, even for Barbara, would have stared so wearily at such limp horizons if Bobby Ferrier had not been away from Williston on a business trip. Though she was not engaged to Bobby, she was not unaware that she sometime might be. If Barbara had had to work, she would have been tempted to choose Bobby Ferrier for a profession. She found him, when he was there, her most exciting occupation. You might say, indeed, that she had a real talent for Bobby. When they sent him off on business trips, she sank into the ranks of the unemployed. That the business trips were not unimportant for Bobby's future, she knew; but she was not interested in him as a citizen or a householder or a financial success—only as an activity that was usually pleasant and always successful.

Sever Lord was another matter. Older than Bobby, handsomer, established, assured. That was why Mr. and Miss Hemming liked him so much. Sever Lord did not have to go off on business trips to prove himself. When he went anywhere, it was in accordance with a decision of his own. Babs had tried, being open-minded, to attach romantic tags to Sever Lord. She had furtively circled him in her mind, with her romantic tags ready. The bull, however, had hitherto evaded the picador, and her little banderillas were left in her hands. She had endeavored in vain to see him as masterful and mysterious. The charm of maturity for the very young has perhaps been overrated. Sever was better-looking, cleverer than Bobby. . . . What was the use? The parting of his sleek hair did not interest her. Bobby's hair was not sleek, and she often rumbled the parting herself, trying to see how it would be most becoming to the child. Barbara would not have cared if Sever Lord's part had gone from his left ear to his right. She would



only have made fun of it—with Bobby, shrieking cubbishly in some dark corner. Yet Sever Lord frightened her a little. He was so darned adequate and had such good manners. She much preferred Bobby's, which were no tax at all, being nearly non-existent. Sever Lord took living up to; as in a pavane, she had to consider every step. Whereas she and Bobby were apparently each other's natural rhythm, and patterns did not have to be thought of. Disgusting of Bobby to be away! But there was the Country Club, to which Sever Lord was ready to take her, and at home there were only the stale old domestic gayeties, to be enjoyed between two ancients. Of course she chose the Club. She could not possibly telephone Wyandotte 310 before ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

If Misty had not been at the dentist's during the devil's hour, Babs would doubtless have persuaded Misty to join in the creation of the Gibney mystery. Even though Misty was not Celia, they could happily have shared the joke. Left to initiate her drama alone, Babs soon rejected the idea of admitting Misty. It was her own little refuge from dullness, and she would keep the fruits of her cleverness to eat in solitude. So many peaches on her own window sill . . . and never a bite for Misty or anyone else. Even if Bobby had been in Williston, she would not have told him—you can see for yourself that fruit of this sort is only for the female tooth. Had Misty been with her when Satan spoke, this tale would have been different. At nine that evening, when she at last saw Misty, the Gibneys had become Barbara's private show. Even then, had Bobby been present to put some meaning into the music, she might have forgotten them, and that oblivion might have lasted. As it was, she comforted herself with Wyandotte 310 for the necessity of living up, at intervals, to Sever Lord.

The evening dragged on stickily—for night had not brought coolness—and

even Babs tired early. It was wonderful—and irritating—of Sever not to be sticky; his immaculateness, the undisturbed purity of his skin and his linen, were an ideal and a reproach. There was something wrong about a man who didn't have to mop himself on a night like this. For the first time, Barbara decided that Sever Lord was faintly sinister. That her decision was mainly due to perspiration, unquenchable thirst, missing Bobby, the impossibility of continuing the Gibney game until to-morrow, the absence of any conscious attraction to Sever, and youth's natural suspicion of any phenomenon fifteen years older than itself she did not know. She considered it a "hunch." There was something queer about Sever Lord; she was afraid of him. Besides, she knew very well that he wanted to marry her; always, for a girl, a curiously alienating fact, even when approved. The lover, first of all, is faintly monstrous. At eleven, she bade Sever take her home. Everything was sticking to her—as she could have told Bobby, but couldn't tell Sever Lord. Bobby and she could have compared stickinesses, whereas the things you couldn't mention to Sever were countless, just because he had been everywhere before. The real fun is in going together for the first time and discovering superlatives in common.

"Bobby, have you ever been so hot?"

"Never, kid, never."

"Do you suppose, if I pulled my shoulder straps up for ten seconds and held them, any air would get in?"

"Gee, I don't know. Let's try. I'll hold one and you can hold the other."

"What do you do when you stick all over?"

"Never have stuck so hard. Home and a cold bath, I guess. But someone'll have to peel my things off with a fruit knife."

"Who'll peel you? I haven't got anyone to peel me. They'll be asleep."

"Same here. But—gosh, Binkie" (to Bobby alone was she "Binkie"—even Celia didn't use that name) "wouldn't it



be funny if you couldn't peel yourself, and you just had to stick?"

"Bobby Ferrier, if I didn't think that in twenty minutes I'd be lying on my back in cold water, I'd kill myself."

"You might get the saxophonist to blow and blow and blow down your neck. Your dress would all puff up and you could sort of float out of it."

"It isn't my dress, it's the rest of it. Plastered."

"What about B. V. D.'s?"

"They're not so much like your own skin as my stuff."

"Well, if your stuff underneath is as red as the skin on your face, Binkie, the dye will all run and you'll be a real scarlet woman. You can make oodles of money in the circus. I'll be your manager, and we'll never have to work."

Some such comforting conversation one might have had with Bobby Ferrier. The problem of peeling, jointly faced, would have mitigated the discomfort. Her mind, of course, had not constructed any imaginary talk with Bobby; it was merely protesting, as Sever drove her softly home, that she and Bobby could have made the heat amusing.

When Sever put out his hand to say "Good-night," she waved hers at him. "It's too hot to touch anybody." Babs wagged her fingers apart as if to fan them. "Good-night. I'll see you next Friday if it gets cooler."

"Not before, Barbara?" The monster could manage an appealing tone under the hot moon. Not all appealing, either. She felt a menace underneath. Not an intentional one—only the menace of being stronger, wiser, more patient, less flighty, than she; armed at points where she was vulnerable. You have to love a man to like his strength. Barbara felt like prey—a very special and irritating feeling.

"Certainly not before. I'm going to live in the ice-box for a week. My feet are simply roasted from your engine." She got an obscure satisfaction out of her rudeness. Bobby had a flivver whose only dignity was of an archæological nature.

"Sorry, Barbara." He smiled gently and was gone. The car started forward with surpassing grace.

Twice, the next day, Barbara called Wyandotte 310. Each time, she spoke hastily and rang off as if embarrassed. She mustn't rush this thing, she felt, and for several days after that she left Wyandotte alone. Once she made Misty drive her out Willow Road, and marked the house—a good one—with a furtive eye. Bobby's absence was prolonged; the firm sent him farther west. Then a girl came to visit Misty, and there were parties: good food and bad bridge. In the midst of talk, shrill or silvery, Barbara brooded on the Eustace Gibneys. Since she had condescended to tactics, to plans of campaign, they had become, as a diversion, more dignified in her eyes. Her own elaboration of her energies made them important, ranged them, infused into them unauthentic and invented ideas. She saw shadowy Gibneys acutely, jointly conscious of an unknown voice, and plotting, on their side, as she plotted. About once in three days, now, she called Wyandotte, and was careful to vary her words so that she should not seem what she was, a hoax. Once she said, "I am going out of town; I will try again when I get back"; and once, with irritation, "But it is very queer—will you please tell him to call Center 1302 at eight o'clock?" Center 1302 (she found from the invaluable telephone-book) was a small grocery in a lapsing residential quarter, with a pay station. It was perfectly safe to ask Mr. Eustace Gibney to call Center 1302. Besides, he wouldn't.

Some three weeks after the hot evening at the Club a post card from Bobby informed her that he must go on to Cincinnati and would be back the very day of the Fancy Dress dance at the Club. In Barbara's own silent diction, that "put the lid on." She and Bobby were to have gone together as "something"—"something," you understand, that went together: a natural pair. Now there could be no planning, no concerted ac-

tion, no delicious joint foolery. Together, they were to have astonished the natives, thought up an absolutely new joke. You couldn't think up a new joke alone; besides, the fun was to have been in the collaboration—she and Bobby shoving each other, alternately, towards the brink of inspiration. Any old costume would do for her now—that thing she had worn at Easter, when she and Celia had visited the Terhunes in Chicago. Celia was now in Europe—alas! alack!—and no one else in Williston had seen it. Babs had never liked it much—a sort of silly Apache thing that necessitated a lot of make-up and was perhaps a little vulgar when complete—but it would do for this town and their rotten Club. By the way, why didn't the Eustace Gibneys belong to the Country Club? High time he did, whoever he was, if he was as prosperous and respectable as his addresses indicated. She, Babs Hemming, didn't wish to be constantly telephoning to people who were not eligible to the Williston Country Club. (When Barbara read detective stories, she preferred the murdered person to be both rich and fashionable.) Well, if Bobby Ferrier and Celia Morse would go away and abandon her, in the hopeless summer, to the Eustace Gibneys, she must make the most of them, such as they were. Perhaps if she went and made up to Mrs. Roger Clason about her Bazaar . . . Mrs. Clason knew everything and was very easy to start going—and Mrs. Clason talked so much, about so many people that, if one didn't say anything conspicuous, oneself, she would never remember to whom she had given what information. Of course she must not make any definite promises about the Bazaar. To toil for a month under Mrs. Clason's direction might easily be too high a price for secret service.

It was easy enough to get an errand to Mrs. Clason out of Aunt Emily, who had a thousand social contacts and loved letting other people carry unimportant messages at odd times. Yes, if Babs would explain to Mrs. Clason that Miss

Hemming did not think she could take more than two tables at the Asylum Bridge in September, that would be so nice. It was a good message, for Asylum Bridges led naturally to Hospital Bazaars. After the Bazaar had been mentioned, and hints given that Barbara might sacrifice herself, the Country Club was easy.

"You know everything, Mrs. Clason: why aren't they getting more new blood in? Williston is growing so fast, Dad says; there must be a lot of people who could swell the dues and maybe do something extra. 'Course, we young fry realize it isn't *our* club, but it would be so nice if we could get that swimming-pool. I suppose you know just who's been nominated and who's been blackballed and everything, and I'm not asking any questions, you understand; but, honestly, if there were a swimming-pool, it would be a godsend. Couldn't there be a lot of new members taken in—people who'd appreciate it, and want to do something? The older people, like Dad, don't use the Club much; they're getting so they'd rather stay at home. But when you think of the big new houses and the lovely new sections—there must be a lot of people who'd be valuable. Willow Road, for example. Why, Misty and I were out there the other day, and just didn't know who some of those perfectly beautiful houses belonged to."

Mrs. Clason informed Barbara that to her certain knowledge half a dozen names had been proposed and would be favorably voted on at next week's meeting.

"Oh, Mrs. Clason, how lovely! I suppose you wouldn't tell me who? Cross my heart, I won't tell a soul."

"Well, you understand, Barbara, Mr. Clason is on the membership committee . . ."

"Oh, of course. And with that big Bazaar to run, you don't want to get in wrong with anybody. Gosh, I don't know how you manage to keep in with so many people that hate one another! You certainly ought to have been an ambassadress. And me talking about



swimming-pools . . . But of course we are awfully small-town, here in Williston."

"Don't say one word, Barbara, but I think perhaps one or two of these new people might help about the swimming-pool. Only you understand, my dear, I don't want a word said about the pool until the Bazaar is over."

"No, of course not. The Hospital comes first."

"Yes, my dear. That is only right. But—well, the John Klines have a great deal of money. They're coming in."

"At last? How delicious!"

"I don't know about the others . . ." Mrs. Clason forgot discretion in her dear love of discussing people's less obvious uses. Human beings, indeed, interested her chiefly as material for molding to unguessed and irrelevant purposes. If you gave Mrs. Clason a silk purse, she would do her best to turn it into a sow's ear. "The Flints—but they don't swim and haven't children: Peter Rowley (but he hasn't any money); the Eustace Gibneys—"

"Who are the Eustace Gibneys? I never heard of them." Which was strictly true.

"Mr. Clason told me what he does—I forget. I think it's bonds. Some New York firm. He's very attractive. She is rather stiff. I've been told, quite between ourselves, Babs, that she didn't care about the Country Club, and that it was Mr. Gibney who wanted to join. A little difficult, perhaps . . . In fact, I've been wondering just how to approach her about the Bazaar."

Barbara rose. "Well, if she's stiff, she wouldn't care about a swimming-pool."

"No. I believe she won't even dance. They say—oh, well, that's gossip, and we mustn't gossip, must we, Babs?"

"I suppose not, Mrs. Clason," Barbara agreed dewily. "But it's natural to like to know what new members are like. Anyhow, I'm glad the Klines are in at last."

"It was just as well." Mrs. Clason nodded solemnly.

"I can get on with old Ma Kline like a house afire," Barbara volunteered. "I'm likely to be away in October, but if I'm here, you stick me on a committee with her—see? Then you won't have to bother with her. I'll jolly her along."

"How dear of you, Babs! I certainly will. And you understand"—Mrs. Clason followed Barbara to the door—"there's nothing wrong with the Gibneys. Only I *have* heard people say that she was rather—er—provincial and morose—not quite of the same world as her husband, and apt to resent it a little. A very nice woman, but rather plain. *You* know. Perhaps a little older than he is. She *is* plain, but there probably is no truth in the rest of it. Don't say a word, will you, dear?"

"Not one. Ab-so-lute-ly. And I'll tell Aunt Emily she needn't take more than two tables if she doesn't want to. She's been having horrid headaches lately."

"Give her my love. I'm so sorry."

Barbara left, her errand done.

If the Gibneys were joining the Country Club and apt to be hanging about it after next week, she'd inevitably meet them before the summer was over. Therefore, it behooved her to have done with Wyandotte 310—but not until she had got more out of it than she had, as yet. What a nasty woman Mrs. Gibney must be! Not caring about the Country Club, "won't even dance," and a total loss for the swimming-pool. Probably wouldn't come to the Fancy Dress at all, though that would be the first real party after the Gibneys were in. Funny, the kind of thing perfectly good men tied themselves up to. . . . Mr. Eustace Gibney would probably love a nice little mystery—just adore having a strange woman calling him up. Make him feel as if he were in things, after all. Very likely they played cribbage after dinner, and he was just ready to chew his fingers. Still, she would have to go on calling Wyandotte in office hours; for the moment she did reach Mr. Gibney on the telephone her drama would be over.

Cogitate as she might, she had never been able to think of the perfect thing to say to him. It was the weak point of her invention that success would destroy it.

The next time she called Wyandotte 310 a servant told her that both Gibneys were in New York, to be gone a week. That rushed things. In ten days the Fancy Dress dance at the Club was coming off, and before that the Gibneys would be members. Better work things up to a climax. Anyhow, Bobby would be back then, and she would no longer need the Gibneys. Meanwhile, life was not too satisfactory. Sever Lord was obviously drifting towards a proposal; her father said that he heard Bobby had messed things in Cincinnati; Celia was staying abroad until Christmas; Mrs. Clason was holding her firmly to the Bazaar committee; there was a stupid misunderstanding on with Misty; the Apache costume, though it would "do," made her look impossible—the world was well-nigh intolerable.

She gave the Gibneys eight days to be safely back; then she set her teeth. Mr. Hemming had declared at breakfast that he would positively not send Babs to Europe this autumn to join Celia, and had commented on Bobby Ferrier's lack of backbone. She was really afraid her father was right about Bobby, though she detested him for being right. It was disgusting of Bobby to stay away half the summer and yet not do himself any good. Altogether, when she went to Cox's to call up Wyandotte, she was very willing to make someone else—especially some settled, fortunate, older person—as miserable as herself. When a different voice answered from Willow Road, and Barbara knew instantly that it must be Mrs. Gibney's, she did not blench, though she felt a sudden stab of neuralgic terror. Incomparably, absurdly innocent Barbara had been, with her horseplay, and only just now, lifting the receiver which held that thread of sound, led it tenderly to her ear like a filament, a fang, of pure poison, did she

apprehend the sort of thing she might have "started." She had never wanted to make anything but a mystery. She had never wanted to talk to either Gibney. She had liked imagining their perplexity, she had even admitted a vision of their dismay; but she had never really desired direct combat, face to face—ear to ear, rather! Still, she braced herself: she wasn't going to babble out the truth to that odious woman who didn't dance. If Mrs. Gibney had lain in wait for the utterer of those messages, let her have it! This would be the end, and it shouldn't be wholly inglorious for the inventor. Barbara braced herself comfortably against the side of the booth.

"This is Mrs. Gibney speaking," the voice repeated, a second time—Barbara herself having emitted only "ohs."

"I wanted to speak to Mr. Gibney."

"Have you been calling him up before?"

"I'll say I have!" Barbara, in her booth, was jaunty.

"He is not here. He asked me the next time to take any message."

("Woman, you're lying," whispered Barbara, her mouth well below the cup of the transmitter. "Just for that—")

"I'm afraid I can't give any message except to him. I'll try again."

"We would prefer that you wouldn't. This is getting to be an annoyance. Mr. Gibney can be reached at his office on business, but any personal message I can take."

Certainly this would be the last conversation with Wyandotte. Therefore, she would give the woman with the nasty voice something to remember.

"I'm afraid you can't take *my* message, Mrs. Gibney."

"Who is this speaking?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Who is this speaking, please?" The tone in which the words were repeated seemed to swell the filament of sound to cable size.

Honest people, asked for their names, in however unwelcome fashion, have a tendency to reply automatically with



truth, and Barbara had no experience with aliases. Only a slight fateful tickle in her throat stopped her from saying "Barbara Hemming" then and there. She was, you see, an innocent piece of youth. She began it, indeed—"Ba—*Binkie*." In the middle of her cough she clutched at that disguise, and the tickle, its mission done, departed.

"What?"

The voice was getting nastier . . . a plain woman, morose, no sport. Babs felt her anger mounting. Darn the creature!

"I said *Binkie*. And I really haven't anything to say to you. Don't bother your husband. I guess I can see him if I need to."

Barbara really hated Mrs. Eustace Gibney at that moment; she would have liked to hear choked angry tears coming over the discreet and wicked wires. But she was curiously determined not to lie: that was her little residue of honor. She *could* see the man if she needed to. Anyone could. And she wouldn't be the one to ring off.

"No doubt you can. But if you don't stop annoying this household, I shall have your calls traced. The police are there to protect us."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Gibney. I shan't call your house again, now I know you're sitting at the telephone. There are other ways." Still the truth, you see.

Mrs. Gibney hung up the receiver at her end. Of course, Barbara realized, she would try immediately to trace the call. So Barbara left the receiver off the hook, and left the booth. The clerks were all busy, and no one had noticed her entrance. She was very sorry for Eustace Gibney, but it wasn't up to her to straighten out his domestic tangles. If the woman had been a decent sort, she'd have made a joke of it with her husband. And anyhow, how could she make any real trouble for a man who had done nothing whatever—except have his name in the telephone-book? If you were married to a woman like that, she'd keep you in hot water over something all the time: that was your doom, if you'd been

fool enough to take her to the altar in the first place. Besides—Barbara was, in truth, in spite of tabloids, movies, and modern fiction, too innocent herself to think that such transcendent innocence as was Mr. Eustace Gibney's, in this matter, could fail to prove itself. If she had ever flirted with Eustace Gibney, if she had ever spoken to him, even—but she had never come within a mile of him. They were separate as pole from tropic. It is to be feared that Barbara, walking home, dwelt lovingly on her own stainless virtue.

The Gibney drama, she told herself, was now over. In point of fact, the sun of three o'clock in the afternoon had not yet fulfilled its sinister arc, but that Barbara did not know. She was tired to death of the Eustace Gibneys. Just that; for she had no fear. It takes two people to make a scandal, and she had been splendidly alone. She hadn't even told any fibs. If she had given her real name, there might have been further talk; but the tickle in her throat had saved her. Bobby was the only person who ever said "*Binkie*." Oh, yes, the Gibneys were over. Thank goodness, she had never seen either of them. If she ever met them, she could be perfectly natural. As for that Apache costume, it was really vulgar, and Misty hated it, but she wasn't going to bother. Bobby would have to go in his old Pierrot mask, and, if there were any Columbines about, the Apache lady would trip them up and pretend to knife them. Barbara was almost cheerful when she reached home. The dance was only a few days away now. Perhaps she had better put in her time practicing some of the steps she had learned in Chicago. She had carefully not described her costume to Sever Lord, for fear he should match it with his own. She didn't want Sever manhandling her in any Apache dance. He would do it only too well.

Members lingered in the first starlight, slowed their cars to inhale the bruised scents of gardens behind low barriers of box and privet, chilled them-

selves deliciously in the heavy shade of elms and beeches, took the night wind on ravished upturned faces—came late up the sweeping drive towards the lights. Barbara, refusing Misty, refusing Sever Lord, refusing Bobby, went alone, Antonio driving the family car with many grunts. She wished to be later than anyone—still with some obscure desire to punish Bobby for not getting his backbone respected. Bobby might not suffer greatly, but he would watch for her, in spite of himself. The Club was already crowded when she reached it, though everyone had dallied.

From the door, unspied, she placed Misty, all petals, the very moral of an Antoine Rivoire rose; Sever Lord, impressively Cinquecento; Bobby Ferrier, shabbiest of many Pierrots; Tom, Nancy, Spike, Suzanne, a dozen parti-colored friends. So far as she could see, in the unpruned tangle of the crowding dancers, there was no other green-red-bronze Apache girl, all raggedy, with bare skin showing through careful rents, knife in her stocking, and scarf ready to blind disreputable lovers. Everyone's make-up but her own was conventional: Watteau pinks or Spanish olive. No one else had used ashes and brown pencils and Mongol powder, and mixed her scarlet with dirt and neat blue scars . . . all but the mouth, which was clean and wicked and virgin. Plenty of poppies behind ears (would Julie Somes never get over being Carmen?) but no other knives in stockings. She'd show them!

Bud Clintock, a fresh-faced gob, recognizing her, swept her away. "Gosh, Babs, you're the limit! It's you as drugs us poor sailors in furrin ports. Don't you wipe your face on my sleeve, 'cause I'm crazy about Misty to-night, and I don't want to soil her petals. You must have dressed in the ash-can. You're a riot, woman, but me for the pure life!" And after that, her slinky silken rags flittered over the floor in one embrace after the other. Only Bobby never came near her. Other Pierrots, but not that shabby one. He seemed

to be wobbling after a Columbine she didn't recognize—perhaps a guest. Babs stooped to feel for her knife: a perfectly harmless thing, but it would do to pretend to slash a skirt with. She hoped she was rubbing Sever Lord's crimson velvet the wrong way. She didn't quite dare slit the pearls that were sewn on. Afraid of him? Yes, she was. That was too much—and she an Apache from the underworld of Paris. She shivered.

"Cold, Barbara? Want a drink?"

"Is there anything?"

"Plenty, if you'll come outside."

"No, I guess not."

"Just as well. With that costume"—he smiled courteously—"you've got to be sober."

"Sever Lord"—she nearly bit his sleeve—"did you ever see me anything else?"

"No. And I don't want to. But you could have taken care of one glass of punch, probably."

They caromed off Bobby and his Columbine, and Barbara smirked at Pierrot over her bare, golden shoulder. Bobby turned to her, kept his eyes fixed on her, until the exigencies of the crowded floor wrenched them away. That was all right. . . . The child could, apparently, forget Columbine-with-the-pointed-nose. Not that Bobby's stare had held any approval. Decent of Sever Lord not to criticize. She well knew that she reeked of dirty alleys and blind stone stairways. Yet he had not so much as lifted an Italian eyebrow when he first saw her, and he clasped her as if she wore Misty's petals. You had to hand it to him for tact. The comment on sobriety didn't count.

The jerky blare of the music stopped. The trap-drummer disappeared, to cool his throat, and violins entered. It was ritual, at the Williston Country Club, that there should be a minuet whenever the members took to fancy dress. Sever excused himself: they were going to need him. The unstately gobs and clowns and milkmaids and Carmens were out of it, and ranged themselves about the



central space to watch. Babs suddenly felt impatience as sharp as a pain. The tiny cleared arena tempted her. Fancy watching a minuet—these small-town morons! She bumped Queen Elizabeth in her haste. Over there, in the front tier of the huddle opposite, was a raggle-taggle gypsy man—Steve Corbett, a little drunk, and all the better for her purpose. She slithered across the floor and grabbed him.

"Come on, Steve, we'll show them something."

She knew him to be a good improviser, and quite shameless after a little punch. He was of the blood that will take any dare, follow up any hint, and feel no prejudice against being conspicuous. "Any old jazz," she murmured to the pianist, who was fumbling his sheets of Mozart.

"Come on, Steve," she repeated. "Dance. I'm going to knife you unless you stop me. That's all you need to know."

"Knife me? Not much, woman! I'll break your neck first."

The gathering minuet dancers, who were making their little group apart, ready for entrance, stopped and stared. So did the Queen Elizabeths and the Catherine de Medicis, the hunting squires and the Robin Hoods. So did a sour Mary, Queen of Scots in black velvet and white ruff—a Mary Stuart as John Knox would have bidden her be. Sever Lord dropped Misty's arm and stood waiting in the forefront of the rainbow crowd. His eyes were curious upon Babs and Steve.

The obedient pianist jangled out his notes, and the combat began. The saxophonists nudged each other, for here were images of guile and coarse hatred, with passion informing both. She would knife him, and he would not be knifed—that was the plot. They struggled to the music. Among the watchers mouths opened and make-up ceased to flatter.

"I'm going to throw you over my shoulder—they always do," Steve murmured with a queer, thick gayety.

"Then I'll stick you in the back," she cooed, "and I win." She had just seen, out of a slanted eye, a Pierrot crouching not six feet away—a disgusted, half-angry Pierrot.

"Not much, young lady!" Slipping, sliding, to the shocked rhythm of the music, he bent her this way and that, swayed her, tried for the knife that she lifted from her stocking. Still rhythmically, she eluded him, but it was hard work, for he was very strong. His right hand held her left, with his left he was groping for the knife that she held at the end of her curled right arm.

"The rabbit punch is barred," snickered Bud, the rumped white sailor, as she tried, in Steve's arms now, to touch the point to his neck.

Their bodies twisted, grappled, swayed, while their feet went on and on, caressing the broken music. Finally Steve gathered his strength, lifted her bodily from the floor so that the knife dropped, and her hands dangled free and harmless; flung her over his shoulder; waltzed with his captive . . . But Barbara watched her moment, and leaving herself, thigh to ankle, in his clasp, swung her slim body down, down, till she reached the knife. Her fluttering rags fell away, the rents showed the flesh of limb and body white as her bared, clenched teeth. Steve was now beyond caring and beyond dance-patterns, beyond conventions even of a stage Montmartre. Sweating heavily, all his intellect turned to physical rage, he stretched his sinews, made himself taller, wider, engulfed her wholly, so that she could not stir, could only hang against him and suffer. Then, flinging the knife away, he held her high, oblation-wise—this ragged, panting piece. The pianist let his hands fall to his sides. It had ceased to be even an Apache dance.

Sever Lord had just time to whisper to Bud Clintock, "Get my car round, will you, Bud, please?" when Bobby Ferrier's voice rose above that climax in pain. (Not so loud, but it jarred above a stertorous silence.)

"Binkie, for God's sake, come out of that!" He took a step towards them.

But Barbara forestalled him. "Put me down, Steve. *You won.*"

It needed only those words of surrender, that cue, to subdue Steve Corbett, even drunk. If he had won, it was all right, and he could go and get another drink. His physical fury ran down and stopped. Ungracefully, but effectively, he got rid of his burden.

Bobby's hand was rough on her arm. "You're going on home out of this, Binkie. See? I believe you're drunk." His voice was uneven, between a roar and a squeak.

Sever Lord watched them, waiting for his instant to interfere. Bobby and Barbara looked like a new drama, and talk was starting, but only in murmurs.

"Me, go home?" Barbara was getting her breath back, and automatically pulling her rents together where she could. "Nothing doing, Bobby Ferrier."

A sour Scottish queen stood before them. "Did I hear you address this young woman as Binkie?"

Bobby, perplexed, looked at this new figure as if the world were all mad together. He did not see Sever Lord, coming nearer by slow inches. "What if I did?" Bobby answered truculently. "Binkie's what I call her."

There was bustle now among the crowd; people were beginning to talk, to laugh, to move about, to look for more music. Yet every mind was on a leash to that group in the center, and at the least pull would be intent again. Sever Lord hardly seemed to move, but where there had been three, there were now four.

"I should very much like to know her real name."

"Don't you know Barbara Hemming yet?" Bobby asked sulkily.

"Oh, Bobby, you fool," muttered Barbara, whose tingling skin told her that her doom was upon her.

"There are some questions I should like to ask Miss Hemming."

"Well, ask away, but it's a queer time

to butt in." Bobby half turned his head.

"Is it you who have been pursuing my husband in season and out of season?"

Barbara looked for help, but no help came. She must speak, and when the woman heard her voice again . . .

"I confess I didn't expect to find you at the Club," said the dour Queen Mary. "And of course I may be mistaken. But after the performance we have just witnessed—"

"Oh, let me alone!" cried Babs.

The woman pounced. "There *is* no mistake. I recognize your voice. Perhaps you will explain. My husband is here." She crooked a summoning finger backwards, but no figure responded. The summoned gentleman was, in fact, at the far end of the room under the gallery.

"I'll explain nothing. I'm going home."

"I don't wonder that you want to go home," went on the relentless voice. "Perhaps it won't be so easy for you to slip back again. My husband says that he does not know who you are. I think I should like you to explain to him, if that is true, why you have been trying, for weeks, to get messages to him and make appointments with him."

Even in her dim agony, Barbara was aware that the woman believed herself to have been royally lied to—that nothing now would ever make her believe the truth. She could not face the woman's husband—she was tired. Why didn't Bobby take her out of this, away from this horror? She was just waiting, instant by instant, for that.

But Bobby was appalled by this mature fury, these rough hints beyond his ken; his youth was confused within him. He floundered, shook his rumpled head; no words came.

Others were bearing down upon them now, enclosing them, yet hesitating. Barbara saw a red cardinal leaning over the balustrade of the minstrel's gallery, and Mrs. Clason, a heavy, heavy shep-



herdess, approaching with a frown. But Mrs. Clason had to tuck slowly.

"Are you going to answer me, Miss—*Binkie*?" The words were low, but they drummed in Barbara's weak ears.

"It was nothing." Even now, she was too proud, too angry, to say more in that heathen crowd, though she knew, back there behind her swimming eyes and aching throat, that she was cast superbly for the gutter-cat's part. And Bobby wasn't even near enough to lean against.

"Nothing?"

Barbara swallowed. How could she explain her invention, here and now? She had not known that life could be like this, ever—*her* life. Then an arm went around her gently. She looked down on crimson velvet.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gibney, but perhaps you are not aware that this incredible demonstration of yours is seriously annoying the house committee. If you really have anything to say to Miss Hemming, you had better postpone it until she is willing to listen. In point of fact"—the arm now girdled Barbara completely, stronger far than her own weak spine—"Miss Hemming is engaged to me, and I should prefer to listen to your complaints, myself. Your husband will know my address. I am taking Miss Hemming home now. She is naturally tired after her marvellous dance."

Italy bowed to Scotland, and Barbara felt herself being carried towards the door. It was a gentle pressure, but so powerful that her tired feet had only to move lightly, without effort. The guests separated to let them through. Sever Lord picked up Barbara's tinsel knife in passing. "Part of your costume, Babs," he murmured, smiling, and tucked it back into her garter with a little pat. "Get her coat, Misty, like the angel you are," he said, a moment later, at the door; and a sagging rose uplifted itself and ran.

A darkly troubled face above a violet doublet swayed gently before Barbara's eyes as they waited for Misty. "Is

there anything I can do, Lord?" The voice was troubled, too. Barbara wondered why. She had never seen the man.

"Yes." Sever's answer was ready. "Go and take my place in the minuet and get them started. I'm going to take Miss Hemming for a drive before I take her home. Air is what she chiefly needs. You'll be dancing with Miss Gleason, by the way." He spoke curtly but smoothly, and turned immediately to Misty, who arrived just then, trailing Barbara's big coat. Before Babs could check up on her own gestures, her own motions, she was in the coat, and the high collar was pulled comfortably up about her neck and shoulders. So soft, that fox fur . . . Its gentleness against her skin almost melted her . . . The only gentle thing in the world was a dead animal's fur. The animal would have bitten, when it was alive.

Sever Lord's car, and Sever driving were grace and power themselves. Barbara's sidelong glance saw the seed pearls glint on the velvet, subdued now to ashes of roses by the moon. His puffed sleeve was huge, but his close-cropped, sleek hair was timeless, like the strong thin hand on the wheel. Back there at the Club was a shocked and rumpled Pierrot who had goggled at her like a fool, and let her down. Stupidity like that was baseness. And Sever Lord, whom she hated, had tucked her knife back into her garter. . . . She felt a snuffle coming.

"Round the lake at about thirty, Babs?" came the query.

What could you do with a man who was so damn' clever? How did he know that she didn't want to speed, that speeding drugged and released you to whatever was struggling and grovelling within?

"Yes, thanks."

The snuffle was unconcealed. Sever Lord's right arm slid round her, while his left hand intimated his desires to the wheel. "Get comfortable on my shoulder, Barbara. Better cry. It'll do you good. Here's a handkerchief."

Something large and white and soft appeared mysteriously in her hand. She cried, then; almost strangled herself, crying. That hot day in June, and the telephone-book, and now—this. She had called up Wyandotte 310 because Bobby was not there; she was here by the dim lonely lake with Sever Lord because Bobby was—not there. Not there; too young and clumsy and stupid to stay in the picture. She couldn't hate Bobby, even now; but he was useless to her. Twist him and turn him as she might, there was nothing she could do with him—dear, darling Bobby. She grew calmer, and finally the tears stopped. Lord's handkerchief was filthy from her make-up.

"I think we can get that woman to resign immediately, Barbara. Wouldn't you prefer it? You can't want to meet her. I doubt if she's the kind that apologizes."

"I suppose no one will ever forget," Barbara said dully. "They all heard her."

"Of course they will forget—especially if she isn't there to remind them."

The youth in Barbara strove for justice. "I don't know that she ought to be chucked out of a club because she's vulgar and cruel."

"It's a question of your preference. Personally, I don't give a damn whether she's in or out. But I'm not going to have her about if it makes you miserable to see her stupid face."

He did not tell her that she belonged to him now; it was as if that had been determined so long ago that reiteration, allusion even, were vain. He did not apologize for his announcement of their engagement; did not even explain it. Oh, no! he had only stated publicly a fact that she had long since known—all that was conveyed to her in his quiet manner. If he had started to propose now, she could have refused him. But he was evidently never going to propose—just take her for granted. She must explain it all to him, and then she would be free to thank him for services ren-

dered, reject their continuance, and go home.

"I'll tell you just what happened, Sever."

"Oh, no, you won't—not to-night." He rubbed his cheek gently against the outside of her collar, pushing the soft fur against her face—an indirect caress, very comforting. The little dead fox soothing her. . . . "The thing to do is to forget it now, and get a good sleep. I dare say it's an awfully funny story, but I don't feel like laughing now. Let's just be quiet."

Sure though she was of the logic of her escape—yes, the only way out was to explain—she didn't want to tell that tale now, bring back all that heat and boredom and silliness, and the last spiteful talk over the telephone.

"If there's a story you want the world to know, you can tell it to me to-morrow, and I'll tell the world. You're not to be bothered with this."

"Suppose I don't want the world to know?" She was thinking of Bobby, whom she would like to keep in eternal perplexity.

"Well, it's none of their business, and they shan't know. There's no earthly reason, Babs, why you should explain to anyone. I'm ready to brazen it out if you are. I suppose you'll have to tell your father something. But you shan't tell anyone anything you don't want to—not even me."

Should she fight? "Oh, I think I must tell you, Sever!"

"Anything you please, to-morrow. Nothing to-night." He was inexorable.

Barbara sank back against his shoulder, silent. What could she do? He was stronger, at every point, than she; and his strength led her into comfortable ways. Her whole organism craved a non-discussive quietness, the gentle motion of the car, the soft fur against her cheek, the relief of complete abdication. If Sever had made love to her, she could have roused herself. Short of that, she could but sink deeper into velvet peace, letting him manage.



"Who was your purple friend at the door who wanted to help you?" Barbara asked at last. Curiously enough, she felt that the question to some extent committed her. If she could get interested in Sever's friends, she must be well on her way to the final acquiescence. Indeed, the deeper he piled his kindness, his intelligence for her to lie back on, the farther into them she sank and the less she wanted to leave them and seek her own hard couch.

She did not see the grin which Sever, unable to repress it, turned swiftly to the roadside.

"That was Mr. Eustace Gibney." Not the faintest insinuation in his tone. "Oh."

What wouldn't Bobby have done with that situation? A giggle far within her met that ghost of Bobby's chuckle; but it was easy to keep the giggle down. She really didn't feel like laughing—most of her. Perhaps you did get over wanting to laugh for laughing's sake. Bobby never got much beyond a joke. You couldn't live forever that way. When there were Mrs. Gibneys in the world, you had to know how to meet them. She and Bobby didn't. Sever did.

"Let's go home now," she said, after a silence which Sever made no attempt to break. "I'm getting awfully sleepy."

"Right-o." He turned the car so smoothly that she barely knew it—only noticed, without pleasure, the removal of his arm. She had been more comfortable with it round her, but she would not ask him to put it back. They sped on towards home. Yes, she missed that arm; she had been absolutely comfy before he took it away—no slipping and no effort. Barbara squirmed a little.

He asked her nothing, simply looked at her and then enfolded her again. She settled down without words. She had always meant to take care of Bobby, and here was Sever Lord taking care of her. Darling Bobby! Strange Sever! But you couldn't spend your life trying to understand someone. Sometimes you had to lie back, like this, and be understood. She had got herself into this mess, and Sever had got her out. Sever would keep her out. What would happen if she ever got into another mess? Barbara admitted to herself laxly that that would probably be Sever's job, too. This was a grown-up world; terrible; full of telephone-books, pitfalls, furies. It would be dealt with, adequately, by Sever Lord. She felt a dim stir of passion towards his perfect tact . . . felt it as in a dream, confused, convincing . . . then passed into real sleep, very heavy on Sever's arm.



# THE MEANING OF THE KELLOGG TREATY

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

IT IS hard to imagine anything which affects every one of us more vitally than the question of war and peace: the horrors of the one are visited on every man, woman, and child, and the benefits of the other give life its joy for the very same persons. Yet, it is an odd contradiction that in our thought on this question we are wont to be indolent and to show none of the ordinary perspicacity and sense of self-interest which we devote to the common concerns of daily life. Everyone keenly realizes the heart-breaking sacrifices which are made when the nation is at war; but there seems to be a belief that the abolition of war can be attained merely by wishing it away.

During the last few years, for instance, there has been in this country a widespread and fairly vocal desire for continued peace. This sentiment has been so strong and so popular that the Washington government was constrained to take notice of it. It was the duty of our public servants there to interpret this sentiment for peace and give it effect in some official manner. In their attempt to do so, they have presented the world with the so-called Kellogg treaty, which the United States Senate is now called on to ratify.

What is the Kellogg treaty? It is a brief and simply worded declaration that the nations which sign it agree to "renounce war as an instrument of national policy." It is a statement of intentions, signed by fifteen nations—the United States; Great Britain and the six British dominions; France and her three allies—Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Belgium;

and Italy, Germany, and Japan. These nations have signed this statement, and it is this statement which the United States Senate is expected to ratify by a two-thirds vote. But, as will soon be shown, there are other questions connected with this treaty, having co-equal importance with it, which will never come before the Senate.

One of the best ways of understanding a thing is to go into its history, and the history of the Kellogg treaty is most enlightening. The idea of a signed international statement condemning recourse to war may be a very old one, but, as far as the present treaty is concerned, it seems to have originated with a professor at Columbia University, Mr. James T. Shotwell. He published a suggested draft treaty roughly similar to the present Kellogg one in the spring of 1927. There are many conflicting accounts of just how the idea reached official quarters; but the story most frequently heard is that through Senator Borah the Shotwell idea reached M. Briand, foreign minister of France. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, so the story goes, commended it to M. Briand's attention.

Professor Shotwell, in a letter to the writer of August 24, 1928, confirms the statement that he made the suggestion to M. Briand. He denies, however, being the originator of the plan "as it stands to-day." He states that "so long as there seemed to be any chance of modification, I criticized it," and that "it goes without saying that I have had no hand whatever in the diplomacy of the present negotiations."



But to return. It was in the early spring of 1927 when the idea for a treaty to ensure peace reached M. Briand. The time of the year is important, as will be shown, for it was at about the same time that President Coolidge had invited the powers to another naval conference at Geneva. France had just declined the invitation. Moreover, M. Poincaré, prime minister of France, was saying publicly that France was never going to pay its debt to the United States. In short, France was not especially popular in the United States at that time. Accordingly, the suggestion for a treaty commended itself to M. Briand and, with his customary tact, he made a proposal to the State Department on April 6—the tenth anniversary of the American declaration of war against Germany. He proposed a treaty between France and the United States alone, perpetually renouncing war between themselves.

The State Department did not at first take kindly to M. Briand's idea. It saw in it only an attempt on M. Briand's part to make the American public forget the French refusal to take part in the arms conference. Department officials with whom I spoke regarded it as a political "blind," having as its sole object the creation of a "good press" for France in this country.

But circumstances made it difficult for the State Department to act on its convictions. The pacifist organizations in the United States and many clergymen were, as usual, quite convinced that the proposal was prompted by only the highest motives and were making an intensely vocal campaign for its enactment into a treaty as soon as possible. The amorphous majority of unorganized citizens, as usual, either did not know such a proposal had been made, or else did not think it amounted to much, or, more likely still, did not yet know what to think. In any case, the State Department did not feel free to turn the matter down.

On the other hand, it saw from the start that such a treaty could not be

signed as between the United States and France alone. Such an agreement would put France in a preferred position among its neighbor nations where the United States was concerned. Even if the treaty promised very little, it would give France an opportunity to say that the United States regarded France with a more friendly eye than it did the other powers. In the event of trouble it would enable France to threaten her adversaries by saying that the treaty showed that France had a prior lien on that very powerful weapon—American credit. Such was the view taken by the State Department.

Yet it was felt that something should be done. Accordingly, the proposal was sent back across the Atlantic with this significant change—that, instead of having it applicable to France and the United States alone, it be made applicable to all the great Powers of the world. This idea caused some confusion in Europe, and it seemed for a time as though it might end the whole treaty proposal once and for all. It is hard to say who deserves the credit for this move. Some say that it originated in the State Department; there are still others who maintain that the idea was President Coolidge's, who suggested it in a vein of Yankee humor, knowing that while most of the European powers would gladly renounce war with the United States, they would hesitate some time before even talking of renouncing it with their immediate neighbors.

But Europe, after some long hesitations, did not discard this last proposal, to which it attached the name of Secretary Kellogg, and which forms the basis of the present treaty. Instead, it sought to please the United States by adhering to it, at the same time securing such reservations as would provide plenty of loopholes for future continental exigencies. And the making of these reservations forms one of the most interesting chapters in the creation of the present pact.

France, naturally, as the proposer of the original treaty, led the European

concert where reservations were concerned, and a long exchange of notes between Paris and Washington was the result. At first France desired the amendment of the simple draft treaty so as to make it clear in the first place that wars of "self-defense" would not be banned; secondly, that the violation of the treaty by any of the signatory powers automatically released the other signatories; and, finally, that nothing in the treaty impaired the covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno treaties, and the "treaties of neutrality"—the pacts which created the Little Entente in Central Europe.

The State Department thought that if these amendments were secured, there would be nothing left of the Kellogg proposal. A high official of the department told the writer, for instance, that if these points were even admitted the treaty would be made "ridiculous." But here is what finally happened. The treaty itself was not amended, but the French points were virtually admitted by Secretary Kellogg in his address before the American Society of International Law in Washington on April 28, 1928.

Out of it a curious state of affairs arose whereby these points actually became reservations, although they are not part of the pact itself. This is made possible by the fact that the treaty is so loosely worded as to be nothing more than a "moral" pledge and so as to mean very little in international law. Normally, reservations which are not part and parcel of a treaty and which are only to be found in a diplomatic note would have scant standing in a court of law. But in this case it was felt that the sole value of the treaty lay not in its binding effect—which admittedly is practically nil—but in the "moral" effect which the knowledge of its existence would have on public opinion—which, it was hoped, would be very great. Therefore, it was argued, the special interests of the parties concerned would be adequately cared for if they were incorporated in diplomatic

notes, provided that these notes received the same attention from the public as did the treaty itself. It thus follows that these reservations demanded by France are actually, if not legally, co-equal with the pact itself. But the Senate will not pass on them. The Senate has only the pact before it, and this is so simple and so general as to make reservations, in the old sense, impossible. The Senate can either ratify or refuse to do so. In the case of this pact, whose only significance is "moral," the Senate can pass on only a fraction—and not the most important fraction at that.

## II

These reservations, being such an important addition to the treaty, deserve more than cursory mention. Take the one excepting wars of "self-defense," for instance. France undoubtedly intended it to mean self-defense in the case of physical attack or national invasion. But the pages of history are full of wars of so-called "self-defense" when this phrase was used to promote a war of "national policy," say to satisfy the economic needs of a growing nation. Such an interpretation may very well be resorted to again when a nation is faced with a serious economic crisis. In such a case we should find a nation arming itself, invading the enemy's territory, fighting its alleged "oppressor"—all on the grounds of the "self-defense" of its economic interests. It is almost impossible to frame a satisfactory definition. Even if it were altered so as to read "self-defense against armed attack and invasion only" it could be abused and a "defensive war of aggression" be waged. Germany, it should be remembered, still maintains that French cavalry and airplanes crossed her borders in August, 1914.

Does not this reservation widen the loopholes for wars of "national policy"? Does it not give official sanction to a very dangerous half-truth? And does it not become an active source of danger when,



in the final and accepted note of M. Briand on the subject, it is put as follows:

Each nation is the sole competent authority to decide whether circumstances require it to resort to war in self-defense.

Surely, there is here justification for the view that the Kellogg treaty has been twisted into an agreement which gives its signatories the unqualified right to declare war on their own unsupported assertions that it is a war of self-defense. In the words of the *Manchester Guardian*:

Mr. Kellogg proposed a pact to renounce the use of war simply and without qualification as an instrument of national policy. What finally emerges is a pact which not only textually admits the right to go to war in self-defense, but the preliminary discussion on which gave the right of self-defense a scope and an emphasis which makes it doubtful whether the loopholes for war are not on the whole wider than before the discussions began.

Speaking at the recent Williamstown conference, Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale, a former assistant solicitor for the State Department, said:

The treaty as now qualified by the French and British reservations constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but, in fact and in law, a solemn sanction for all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications.

When, it may be asked, have nations been granted such official *carte blanche* for the pursuit of their policies as they have in this pact?

There is another French reservation which has not attracted so much attention in Europe, but which seems to be a rather dubious one for the United States to sanction. That is the reservation which, in effect, excepts from the scope of the treaty the so-called "treaties of neutrality" which France has concluded with the new countries of Central Europe and which are frequently referred to as constituting the "Little Entente."

France has agreements with Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and

Poland. They are designed to carry out a sort of "*Einkreisungspolitik*" of Germany. They aim to prevent Germany from realizing whatever expansionist ambitions she may have and, in general, to insure the maintenance of the territorial arrangements of the Versailles treaty. It is not my purpose to praise or to disparage the territorial arrangements of that treaty. The United States has no official opinion about them one way or the other. The United States Senate refused to ratify the Versailles treaty, and its refusal was vindicated at the polls in 1920. Perhaps public opinion has changed since then. Maybe the United States now desires to agree to defend the eastern frontier of Germany, the Polish Corridor, and the other territorial arrangements which Great Britain has steadfastly refused to support by arms. If public opinion desires this it can be done openly and frankly in a legal and official way.

These "treaties of neutrality" are very close to France. They are cardinal points in her foreign policy. She has virtually agreed to go to war in support of them, for on them she places her reliance that she can keep Germany down. We have no quarrel with that, but should we, even by the slightest gesture, accept French plans and policies in that direction? France, in effect, says to us, "Yes, we agree never to go to war except in those cases where we are most likely to have to go to war." Is it proper for us to give official sanction to such a statement? Does it not really "cut the heart" out of the Kellogg treaty?

I have just analyzed the two principal reservations to the Kellogg pact—that which excepts wars of "self-defense" and which makes each nation its own judge of what constitutes "self-defense" and that which excepts from the scope of the treaty all questions pertaining to the chief danger spots of the world. There are others—notably Great Britain's representation enunciating in effect a British Monroe Doctrine zone, where no interference is to be tolerated. This

adds to the exceptions to the treaty; it removes from its scope another wide area whence international complications might spring; and seems to help reduce the pact to nonentity. Moreover, there are no reservations for the zones of American interest, such as the Panama Canal. Indeed, there are no American reservations at all.

The text of the pact itself seems to be highly ambiguous. The treaty forbids recourse to war but establishes no penalties and no standard of violations. Nowhere is it stated what constitutes a war of "national policy" and nowhere is it detailed what will happen to a nation which has recourse to one. The very phrase—"wars of national policy"—seems unsatisfactory, and it is hard to see how the Senate can sanction it. From any reasonable standpoint, the War of the Revolution was a war of national policy. The Civil War certainly was. Can the Senate say that it was not? If the North had not fought it, the nation for which the Senate now speaks would no longer exist. If the South had won, we in the North should to this day be impoverished and weak. Can it be maintained that the blood shed and the treasure expended on that war were spent in vain? As President Coolidge said in his speech of July 29, 1928, at Cannon Falls, Minnesota:

Our country was all involved in a great national tragedy from which it could extricate itself only by an appalling national sacrifice. . . . The conditions which brought about the great conflict were national conditions. . . . If there was to be an extension of freedom under constitutional guarantees it had to be brought about by national action. . . . This could be accomplished only through an immeasurable sacrifice made in the tears of our women and the blood of our men.

Certainly those words would justify a description of the Civil War as one of national policy.

I have tried to show that the Kellogg treaty has no binding force, and this is admitted even by its strongest supporters; that it is so surrounded by ex-

ceptions as to be robbed of its value; and that connected with it are reservations, such as that pertaining to self-defense, which are sources of danger and provide official, international loopholes for waging wars of conquest. Why, then, is it desired?

### III

The nations of Europe seem to desire it most, in spite of the fact that their representatives in this country certainly realize the impossibility of its fulfilling its purpose. They want it because to them it means American participation in their affairs. This has been shouted from the house-tops; it has been proclaimed in many public ways; it really needs no proof. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, for instance, in one of his many dispatches on the subject says:

It cannot be overemphasized that the European nations accept the Kellogg treaty as a means to let or get the United States into the world councils. . . . They count on America to help handle and suppress conditions which might cause violation of the American-made compact.

An experienced foreign office reporter, M. Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of *Le Matin*, writes from Paris on the same subject and in the same American newspaper. M. Sauerwein has for many years been in intimate touch with the French foreign office and his writings are consequently of at least a semi-official character. He says:

The United States takes a world-wide responsibility which she shunned the risk of during the last ten years. Inasmuch as it is now agreed that all existing treaties, especially the covenant of the League, are confirmed and strengthened, and considering that the signatory nations regain liberty of action against violators of the compact, the United States government becomes the moral guardian of the Peace Treaty and subsequent treaties.

The "moral" phase of the question has, as I have said, great force. On another point this reporter is also instructive.



M. Briand (he says) in the latter part of the negotiations was very skillful in bringing the United States to recognize as valid all existing treaties. Now France and America stand as charter members of this new moral association of nations.

Is this realized in the United States? Does the Senate intend to "recognize as valid all existing treaties"? It refused to do so ten years ago. I shall quote M. Sauerwein again, for his view seems so typical of why Europe considers it to her self-interest to have us sign this treaty.

One should not exaggerate nor belittle, (he continues) the risks and entanglements which may result for the United States from this new burden she assumes in international politics. . . . One should not underestimate the responsibilities and duties which will fall on the United States. Especially the citizens of that country should avoid the illusion that risks of war can be eliminated by contagion of pacific ideals. One must indeed be optimistic not to see in different corners of Europe real possibilities of war.

After discussing in some detail Lithuania's desire to seize Vilna, Hungary's ambition to enlarge her frontiers, Germany's hope to abolish the Danzig Corridor, Italy's dream to win Tunis, Corsica, Nice, and Savoy, Jugoslavia's plan to hold Saloniki, and Bulgarian plots to secure Constantinople, he concludes:

If one adds the fact that the Bolsheviks work constantly to create conflicts, we can see what a grave thing, but what a magnificent thing, the United States has undertaken in seeking to prevent another war in Europe.

Candidly, is this understood in this country? Do Americans intend to take this role in Europe or Asia or South America or in any other corner of the globe? Would they approve of the Kellogg treaty if they saw it in this light? I think it not unreasonable to say that they would not.

The same thing has been expressed in different ways. Sir Austen Chamberlain, foreign minister of Great Britain, discussing the treaty, said in the House of Commons on July 30:

If the American nation ranges itself behind its own treaty, then indeed the signature of the treaty will be an additional and most formidable deterrent of war, and it will be in addition a most valuable security for peace.

The *New York World* on the same day uttered a similar warning:

Americans must not think that Mr. Kellogg's treaty brings us to a goal; what it brings us to is merely a good starting point.

In this editorial it explains that membership in the World Court is the logical next step.

What, if anything, has Secretary Kellogg said about this? The *New York Herald Tribune*, in an editorial on July 19th, charged that the treaty involved us in the quarrels of Europe and entailed great sacrifices on our part without bringing us anything in return. On July 21st Secretary Kellogg, in a press interview, indicated that it did no such thing, arguing that since it is without sanctions it is similarly free of legal commitments. Is this not a plain *non sequitur* in view of his belief that the importance of the treaty is not legal but moral?

The fact is that "European public opinion believes that as a consequence of the new treaty the United States will join in any League action to employ military and naval force against any nation pronounced by the League authority to be an aggressor or, at the very least, will respect the naval blockade and the financial and economic boycott which the same body may pronounce against any power. In either case we should become, legally, co-belligerents with the League powers." The above is quoted from a letter written to the *New York Times* by Mr. Frank H. Simonds on August 6th. His standing as an utterly unbiased observer of European affairs needs no comment. Mr. Simonds continues:

Thus the distinction between President Wilson's proposal and that of Secretary Kellogg would appear to lie in the fact that while the former legally bound us to share in European operations, having participated in

the discussions which led to undertaking them, the latter would bind us morally to share the similar operations which had been decided upon in our absence. As between the two, it seems hardly to be questioned that the former was the less dangerous.

President Coolidge, in his speech of August 15th to the Wisconsin department of the American Legion, raised the interesting and pertinent question of what would have happened had the Kellogg treaty been in existence in 1914. Discussing this hypothesis, he declared:

Had an agreement of this kind been in existence in 1914, there is every reason to suppose that it would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war.

Does not this tax the imagination just a little? Let us analyze the situation recalled by the President and see what would have happened. Germany would have been the first signatory power to violate the terms of the treaty. Under the terms of the Briand reservation that each nation is alone competent to judge the question of self-defense, she could have argued that both France and Russia were perfecting their armaments year by year, and that it was purely a measure of self-defense for her to start hostilities at a time when she was still strong and so could prevent her downfall a few years later at the hands of her neighbors. She could not argue this way successfully in 1914; but with the Kellogg treaty in existence, she could have made a case before the bar of public opinion which it would have been very hard to refute.

What else would have happened? As soon as hostilities were begun, all the signatory powers would have been at once freed from their obligations under the pact. In other words they would have been exactly where they actually were when the War broke out. It is hard to see how Lord Grey's course could have been changed, for instance. He would have felt bound to reflect public opinion in the United Kingdom and act accord-

ingly, even if there had been a more binding pact than the Kellogg treaty in existence. With the automatic freeing of all the Powers from their obligations under the pact, it is hard to see how his attitude would have been changed at all.

It is argued for the Kellogg treaty that its existence at the time of the last War would have resulted in the United States' entering the War sooner than she did. It is pointed out that public opinion in this country would have felt obliged, on account of the treaty, to take an active part in the hostilities of Europe. It seems debatable whether or not this would have been a good thing. It must certainly appear that a nation as large and as diverse as this one should take plenty of time to make up its mind before going into a large foreign war. But it also seems highly questionable that the pact would even have had this effect. If the pact at that time had been ten or more years old, it is surely permissible to imagine that it would have been forgotten—just as the Bryan arbitration treaties have been—and would have had no hold on public opinion. Even if it had not been a dead letter, we should have been released from it as soon as Germany violated its terms—that is, if, under the rather loose language of the pact, it could have been determined that Germany had violated its terms.

Therefore, the only difference which the Kellogg pact would probably have made might have been to place Germany on a sounder and more appealing ground from which to base her plea that her actions were based on self-defense, of which she, under the reservations to the pact, was the sole competent judge. The reader can judge for himself whether or not this would have been a good thing. It certainly seems, however, that Mr. Coolidge stretched a point in saying that the existence of the Kellogg pact in 1914 "would have saved the situation and delivered the world from all the misery which was inflicted by the great war."



## IV

So far, then, as its actual bearing on the last War is concerned, the beneficial effect of the Kellogg pact would probably have been very small, in spite of the fact that the possibility of physical involvement in European quarrels should not be entirely forgotten. It is certain, however, that if at the moment of another European crisis we refused to act we should be exposed to precisely the same storm of criticism and reprobation which attended our rejection of the peace treaties. Europe has given us clear and unmistakable proof that she regards the Kellogg treaty as obliging us to interfere and that her interpretation of it is totally different from ours. And interpretations, where so vague a pact is concerned, are of prime importance. Formally to agree to such a pact, when opinions on both sides of the water are so wholly different, is really not to agree at all, but to sow the seeds of more trouble and misunderstanding.

It is difficult to see how the Senate can disregard such clear warning. If it ratifies the treaty it justifies inevitable criticism from Europe later on—criticism which will be far more severe than any which would attend its refusal to ratify. It has been argued that Europe would be very much distressed if the Senate should refuse to ratify, and would loudly criticize us for refusing to back up "our own treaty." This cry would undoubtedly be raised if the Senate refused. But it would have only the scantest foundation in fact and so could not be persistent. The proposal was first made to us by M. Briand, foreign minister of France. Assuming that the idea did originate with an American, Professor Shotwell, that American has disclaimed the finished product and had no brief to speak for the United States in the first place. In a discussion of this sort, only official sources should be considered. Moreover, if it is recalled that M. Briand was the first official to make the proposal, does it not seem that the

phrase "Kellogg treaty," which originated in Europe, is a misnomer? Was not Secretary Kellogg quite right when, soon after the signing ceremonies in Paris, he modestly disclaimed being the sole author of the pact? If the Senate refuses to ratify, it is indeed hard to see how Europe with any justice can charge us with not backing up "our own treaty." The American Secretary of State has not and was never intended to have the same amount of power as the foreign minister of a parliamentary state, and it would do no harm to have European opinion realize this.

If the question of ratification be considered solely from the standpoint of incurring European anger, must it not be set down that it would be better to refuse to ratify it now rather than wait till later? And from the standpoint of historic American foreign policy, does not rejection seem the one intelligent course to follow? The treaty may be a good enough thing for Europe; but it cannot be repeated too often that the position of the United States in world affairs is wholly different from that of the individual European state. This statement does not seek to deny the assertion that we have an interest in what happens in Europe. But our interest is bound to be peculiar and our actions are certain to be different. We are so happily situated by geography that what happens in Asia or Oceania or South America is of nearly equal interest to us with what happens in Europe. Being so far away and so remote from strife, we can apply ourselves to improving our civilization and, perhaps, setting a real example to mankind. In any case, our influence in the affairs of others should not be fettered and predetermined. On the contrary, should we not adhere strictly to the simple rule that the United States should never agree in advance to support or oppose any Power or group of Powers?

I think it can already be shown that this Kellogg treaty would fetter us. The treaty negotiations, thanks to Secretary

Kellogg's inaction, were used as a pretext by the pacifist lobby in Washington last winter to prevent congressional action on the cruiser bill. Moreover, a forecast of what Europe may well be saying to us when the treaty is ratified, seems to be contained in the following statement, issued last summer by a member of the British cabinet, Sir William Joynson-Hicks:

We are signing this compact at your request, a compact to end war, and yet we understand that you are increasing your navy. I think we are entitled to say to America that deeds speak louder than words.

Now, our navy may be too big and it may be too small, but do we want to give other nations a right to say what size our navy ought to be? Should we listen cheerfully to the argument that because of the Kellogg treaty we must make ourselves navally impotent? Yet that is what Europe seems to expect.

## V

I have tried to show in the foregoing the dangers to world peace contained in the Kellogg treaty and the sacrifices which it would compel us to make to Europe without receiving anything in return. These are in themselves ample argument for the Senate to refuse to ratify. But there is one last argument, which seems to me more impressive than all the rest.

As I have said at the beginning, the last few years have seen a widespread interest in and deep desire for peace. It was for our public servants in Washington to take advantage of this sentiment, interpret it, and give it effect. It was a grand opportunity, with the public in a highly receptive mood, to clear up some of the misconceptions about war. In my judgment they wasted that opportunity.

They could have said, for instance, that so great a luxury as the abolition of war—and what luxury could conceivably be greater?—cannot be obtained without sacrifice. They could have pointed out in some public and impressive way that

these sacrifices must be made by those who would benefit most from the abolition of war—the rank and file of the people.

They might have suggested, for instance, that those newspapers which increase their circulation and their revenue by sensationalizing war stop doing so. They might have pointed to the ever-increasing number of business houses, which since the War have been promoting American foreign trade at the expense of such nations as Great Britain, for instance, to whom foreign trade is far more essential than it is to us. They might have made it clear that there are certain business men who, by asking the Department of Commerce for aid in promoting the foreign sale of their product, are actually building up causes of war. These very business men, to be sure, would hotly deny such a charge. They would be perfectly sincere in so doing. But in some cases at least they are making for economic pressure, and their activities are, in fact, contributing causes of war. Yet they do not realize it and neither do the most active and energetic pacifists. That is the worst of it: the chief causes of war are unconscious and unthinking; they spring from apparently peaceful pursuits. But are they not far more dangerous than the navy, which is merely an obvious symbol of the treasure to be defended? Is not the ending of war dependent on a brave and clear realization of ultimate responsibility and, truthfully, can it be said that the Kellogg treaty even contributes to such a realization?

If these and similar commercial activities were curtailed, real sacrifices in money, production, and employment would be the result. Perhaps this curtailment would not be worth doing; perhaps war is cheaper in the end. But why not face the real facts and, after facing them, make the decision? An active, growing state collides with its neighbors. The vast ferment of life and of human activity brings war on—not the neatly worded understandings of



diplomats. To have pointed this out would have been realistic and courageous.

I do not suggest that any attempt should have been made actually to cut down those activities which make for economic pressure and so often result in hostilities. Such an attempt, at this stage, would have been doomed to failure. Education is necessary, but the government could have called attention to the situation, and so have paved the way for reducing the activities of our growing nation if it saw fit to do so. Instead, they gave us the Kellogg treaty which is an attempt to get something for nothing—and that, as every child knows, is impossible.

In the meantime hundreds of newspapers are hailing the treaty as a great step towards permanent peace, and thousands of persons are being made to believe that something really has been done when, of course, nothing has or can be until a price is paid. A sense of false security is thus created and official sanction is thereby given to a most portentous misconception.

The conception of renouncing war by governmental fiat seems inherently absurd. The great forces in modern

society—and especially American society—are quite independent of the government. We are in great measure our own masters. The banks, the newspapers, the great organizations of business—that whole body of influences which affect our thoughts, our food, our clothes, and our incomes goes forging along no matter what Washington says. We, as individuals, cannot dodge the responsibility for war; we cannot put it off on a few office holders, no matter how conscientious or well-meaning they may be. That may have been possible once; it is no longer possible to-day.

It seems to me that this attempt to get something for nothing, which is actually a program to give something for nothing, entrenches war more solidly than ever. War fears truth and realism; only understanding and mutual sacrifice can end it. Is it not apparent that the Kellogg treaty, with its many textual dangers, only thickens the haze, deepens the pitfalls, and once again postpones the day when some really clear thinking is done? Is it not manifestly true that the trouble with the Kellogg treaty is not, as some of its friends have said, that it is too idealistic but that it is not nearly idealistic enough?





## A DAY WITH CHARLIE CHAPLIN

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

I ARRIVED in Hollywood one afternoon when the sun was blazing its white-hot rays upon the multi-shaped roofs of the fairylike cottages of the city of film fame. From a distance, from the heights of the Cahuenga Pass, Hollywood presented itself not like a city but like a monster exhibition of Spanish architecture. Every form and every variation was exhibited in colors grading from a glaring yellow to a shining blue that rivalled the blue of the sky. I had come by car through the Utah deserts. The sudden transition from the cold to the pleasant, almost enervating warmth made me conscious of the fine road sand which had filmed my face and body.

I drove up to the front of Chaplin's studio (having made a telegraphic appointment with the comedian whom I hadn't seen in more than a year). Half a dozen cars whose license plates showed they had come from that number of states, were parked there. In the Chaplin office, on a bench by the wall, weather-beaten, sun-browned men and women were waiting patiently for a glimpse of the great little man who had made them laugh.

"Why do you let them wait inside? And why doesn't Mr. Chaplin come out to see them? It would only take a minute," I asked one of the secretaries. She only raised her shoulders eloquently in answer.

After shaking hands with Tom—Tom Harrington, who had been Chaplin's secretary, bodyguard, valet, and protector for many years—I asked:

"Where's Charlie?"

"Haven't seen him in two days. He hasn't been down to the studio at all."

Chaplin was making one of his pictures but he could not always resist the temptation to run away and to try to forget that he was working. A hundred men and women were walking about impatiently on the "lot," all dressed up for their respective parts. The camera men had trained their apparatuses and were waiting at their posts; for no one knew when Charlie would suddenly appear and begin to work as if nothing had happened, as if he had left off just a few minutes before.

Taking possession of one of the dressing rooms, I plunged into the large swimming pool where a few mermaids were already disporting themselves—snatching a swim while the boss was away.

I had not been in the water more than a few minutes when a loud yell announced Charlie's arrival. The mermaids clambered out, leaving me alone in the pool, and rushed to the dressing rooms to get into their clothes.

Charlie, a little thinner, a little older than I had left him the year before, sat down on the edge of the pool and, taking his shoes off, began to wiggle his small, beautiful, feminine feet in the cool water. To the inevitable Tom who approached to whisper something in his ears, he motioned over his shoulders:

"That's all for the day. To-morrow at seven o'clock."

Standing up to my neck in water, we talked of this and that for a while. Then Charlie suddenly suggested:

"Let's go and see Doug."



We talked while I was dressing. I wondered what had gone out of the man. He was much quieter than usual. He was making a great effort to keep up his spirits. There was something indescribably sad in his face. His nervous fingers twitched continually.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I asked.

But I had struck the wrong note, for instantly he began to cut capers, jump, sing Jewish dialect songs, and show me a new trick he had learned to do with his hat. He was defending himself, shutting himself in. I responded to his mood. A few minutes later we were ready to go. As we were about to pass the door I remembered the waiting admirers and the automobiles in which children were broiling in the sun for a glimpse of the man they adored. The memory of the eyes of a little boy of about eight who had been looking steadily at the door, afraid if he should turn his head for a second he would miss the great chance, made me stop Charlie and say:

"I have joined the Boy Scouts."

"You?" Charlie laughed.

"Yes. And I have sworn to do a good deed every day. It's getting dark and I haven't done one yet."

"You will soon do one," Charlie said. "Traffic in Hollywood has become impossible, and you know how afraid I am to cross the street."

"Charlie," I suggested, "there are forty people waiting outside who have come thousands of miles to see you. There are little boys and little girls who could be made happy. When they return home they will tell the world—their little world—that they have seen you with their own eyes."

Charlie grew pale. "I have been away for two days because of that. There is an old man with a terrible face, and he has been camping in front of my door for a week now. I can't do it."

Knowing Chaplin's sensitiveness to faces, I understood his reactions. But I had already passed an arm around his

and was dragging him almost bodily into his office.

"Here's Mr. Chaplin!" I said to the assembly while the comedian was grinning and showing his teeth and trying to appear unconcerned. A man arose from the bench and instead of approaching Chaplin and looking at him with the same curiosity the others were doing, he called out from the door, "Come in, everybody!"

What an indescribable tumult! What cries of joy and delight during the next few moments! Chaplin had dropped his shyness and was shaking hands all around and telling everyone how glad he was they had come. He was distributing autographed photographs of himself to everybody—autographed photographs that bore no resemblance to the twitching, gesticulating, clumsy, nimble figure of the screen.

An old man, whose beady eyes danced shrewdly and whose swollen lower lip hung flabbily above a long chin, came in leaning on a knotted stick. Instantly Charlie lost his composure and gaiety. He looked at me appealingly, like a child in danger demanding protection of a stronger person. It was *the* man! He approached within a few feet of the comedian and examined him closely; as if he were looking at a new kind of potato bug. Then making a wry face, he turned around and said to the others:

"That ain't he!"

Man, woman, and child became silent. Had they been panning for gold and been told that the nuggets were only brass, they could not have been more disappointed.

"Throw him out!" Charlie cried. "Throw him out!"

But even before Tom had invited the man to leave the office, the crowd had pressed the old man out of the door, and I could see in the faces of the children how eager they were to throw things at his head.

I took the quivering comedian to his dressing room and looked out of the window to see what was going to happen.

One by one the cars were started, some going to the right and others to the left. And though they wouldn't believe what the old man had said, he had robbed them of absolute certainty. They were as willing to believe as they were willing to doubt. The old man walked away and, though he was hooted and cursed by the youngsters in the car, he shook his head and screamed at them:

"It ain't he!"

"You did your good deed?" Charlie jeered at me.

"If I did nothing else, I got rid of the old man," I rejoined.

A veil fell from the face of Chaplin. He was his old self again. He was no longer worried, no longer depressed. He looked well, his eyes were sparkling, his fingers had stopped twitching, and when he called Tom and his administrator, Reeves, his voice rang as gaily and as familiarly as of old.

When Chaplin is in a good mood he is called "Charlie" by everybody. When he is in a bad mood he is never addressed, even by his most intimate friends, otherwise than as "Mr. Chaplin." Reeves talked to him with just a tinge of reproach in his voice.

"The appearance of that old man cost me ten thousand dollars," Charlie said laughingly.

"Why didn't you tell Tom or Reeves to get rid of him?" I asked.

"Hadn't thought of that. Heavens! I hadn't thought of that!" Then turning to his employees, "Well, to-morrow, eight o'clock."

Tully, Chaplin's secretary, put in an appearance. He asked for something or other. But Charlie did not take the trouble to answer him.

We were soon at Doug's. The square mile of land was crowded with turrets and bridges and walls of Oriental design. Men and women dressed in Oriental garb were loafing singly and in couples. Seated before a piano, a charming young girl, dressed in nothing much, was pounding out Oriental melodies, creating atmosphere. Doug was in shorts.

His brown, muscled body glistened under the mellow light of the setting sun. Unconcerned with everything about him, the acrobat-actor was keeping fit physically by jumping from one spanned net into another one, doing the trick much better than a number of other actors. But when I watched more closely, I saw how the others were "pulling their punches," deliberately not doing as well as they were able, to flatter by their physical inferiority the pride of the great man. A second later the competition narrowed down to Chaplin and Douglas; and though the husband of Mary did his best, he was easily outclassed by the nimbler, lighter man. The hangers-on and yes-men turned their faces away not to see the defeat of their idol. If anyone had expected to ask a favor or a good word from Doug that evening, the opportunity was lost. A little later, while we—Doug, Mary, Charlie, and myself—were having some coffee Charlie said:

"I have been the 'old man' for him to-night. He, too, will lose two days."

While we were talking of old things, I thought of the old spontaneity in the slapstick comedy of Chaplin and the naïve heroisms of Fairbanks. No one could have hurt them more than those who told them they were artists and had made them self-conscious.

I told Charlie the old story of the centipede. Taking a morning stroll, the centipede was met by another insect who asked, "In the morning which foot do you put down first and which do you put down afterwards?" The centipede didn't know; but the following morning he couldn't walk, because *he did not know* which foot to put down first and which afterwards.

Doug was curious, Mary was pensive, Charlie was happy. He had overcome his self-consciousness for that day. When we walked out, he said:

"You were the second 'old man' to-night. I bet you a nickel Doug won't work to-morrow. Last week when he showed me the drawbridge of his castle



for the picture he is doing, I said, 'This is a nice thing to lift in the morning and take in the milk bottle.' He wasn't able to work afterwards for two days. He was angry because I had ridiculed his fantasy."

On Sunset Boulevard garish automobiles were taking home the stars of first magnitude. Less garish cars took home those of the second rank, and those who hadn't yet reached the firmament were walking on the hot pavement. Most of the men and women were still in their makeup and some even wore the costumes in which they had worked during the day. False beards. False mustaches. Wigs. Faces painted blue and red. Ladies in Louis the Fourteenth dresses walked side by side with primitive men, Indians, cowboys, and Chinese mandarins. A celebrated dog attended by two keepers was being taken home in a luxurious limousine. Soon another limousine passed. An equally celebrated canine was being whisked home to his comforts. Hollywood disputed the respective merits of these two stars and gossiped about their affairs with the same malice with which Hollywood gossips about its two-footed stars.

Seated behind a table in one of the restaurants, a number of acquaintances came to shake hands with me. To my surprise I discovered that several celebrities had never before met Chaplin officially. Ridiculous! but the rules of etiquette in Hollywood are enforced more rigidly than anywhere else. Strange that actors, who not many years ago experienced the snobbishness of Society, should now live according to the formalities which once oppressed them so!

We were soon alone.

"Spend the evening with me," Charlie suggested.

I had some business to attend to, but his voice was so appealing; the great loneliness of the man was packed into those few words. There was a look of gratitude in his eyes when I told him that I hadn't intended otherwise.

We had hardly begun to eat when the old man with the beady eyes and swollen lip appeared in the door of the coffee house. Charlie's spoon dropped out of his hand. The old man remained at the door, looked around, but his eyes rested only for a second on the comedian and then roved from one table to another. I got up and approached him.

"Tell me," I asked, "why did you say it wasn't he when you looked at Mr. Chaplin? What made you say such a thing?"

"Of course it isn't he," the old man replied. "Don't I know him? I would recognize him in a hundred."

"Him? Who?" I asked.

"My son!" the old man replied. "I have been looking for him now for five years. He disappeared from home. People told me he got into the movies. When I came here last week someone told me that Mr. Chaplin was my son. And it ain't true. Don't I know him? He was a head taller five years ago than Chaplin is now."

Charlie was trembling from head to toe when I took the old man to our table. When I told him the story he wanted to know everything. An hour later, when Charlie and I walked out, he asked:

"What is it, father love?" And then added reminiscently, "No father of mine has been looking for me so assiduously."

The inevitable Tom approached us again. Charlie whispered something. Tom ran away while we waited for him. A moment later he appeared with a cap. Charlie pulled the cap over his eyes, a little at an angle, and, his appearance changed so, he was unrecognizable. With a twist he set his tie a little aside. One of his cuffs was sticking out from his sleeves. His gait changed.

"Let's go down town to Los Angeles and look around."

"Much chance you have! You would be spotted everywhere."

"No, I won't," Charlie answered.

I turned around to look at him. What a transformation in the man! His

trousers were baggy, his shoulders were sagging, a cigarette hung from one corner of his mouth. He looked no different than a hundred other young men passing to and fro from work and loafing around the corners. We walked side by side, Charlie inventing a fantastic tale about a boss who wasn't treating him right.

"If he ain't giving me a raise next week, I am going to quit! By God, I am going to quit!" He said it several times. "And I told that Union delegate, 'It ain't fair!'"

He had worked himself up into the mood of the man whose gait and clothes and speech he was imitating. His voice vibrated with anger. We stopped at a corner to listen to a Socialist soap-box speaker. And no man shouted louder his approval of what the orator was saying than Charlie.

"Gee, that's right! Every word of it." And talking loudly to me, he attracted the attention of the others. "My boss bought two new cars inside of a month. By God, with everything going up the way it does, something's got to be done!" And he repeated the "something's got to be done" so frequently that a few people who had been noncommittal till then agreed with him, and only when everyone had repeated, "something's got to be done" did Charlie leave the place.

I wanted to laugh. It was an excellent imitation. The mood had been well sustained. But the look in Charlie's eyes! I couldn't possibly laugh about a man's misfortunes.

"It's a shame. Why is it they pay good moving-picture actors thousands of dollars a week when they wouldn't pay a good carpenter the same price? It's a shame the way them moving-picture actors get everything just because they amuse the people. And we who do the work don't get anything or hardly anything."

"Well, some of them are worth it," I said, following the mood. "Take for instance Charlie Chaplin."

"Shucks!" Charlie answered. "He ain't worth it! And besides, he is getting so much fun out of his work! What fun do I get out of mine? Gee, if I played like him I wouldn't care whether I got paid or not!"

When he had dropped out of this mood, while we were sitting in a little coffee house frequented by workmen, Charlie told me the story of how he had gone to San Francisco incognito to try to win a prize offered by a moving picture house to the man best imitating Charlie Chaplin.

"I did my best," Charlie assured me, "but couldn't even win the booby prize. The man who won the first prize was perfectly awful. If that's what I look like in other people's eyes . . ."

And he wouldn't say another word. However, when we walked out he straightened up, put the cap at a different angle, shoved the cuffs in, and was immediately recognized by the passersby who greeted him and followed us to the next corner.

I didn't know that Kono, Charlie's driver, had followed us everywhere with the car. We stepped into it as casually as if we had known it was there all the time. Speeding rapidly against all traffic rules (for Charlie's car is recognized by all policemen), we went to see a prize fight. I couldn't hold Charlie down to his seat. The people sitting in the tiers above us were continually yelling, "Sit down!" Charlie was following every movement in the ring. He had picked his favorite and so completely identified himself with him that whenever the man was hit Charlie cried out with pain. When the man was hit in the stomach Charlie bent like a jack-knife. When the man was hit in the jaw Charlie held his face with both hands. When the man was finally knocked out the little comedian literally fell into my arms.

At the door an old friend of Chaplin's said to me:

"He always picks the losers."



Chaplin looked at him with big childish eyes, watery with pain.

"Have you ever been in the ring?" Chaplin asked.

"No."

"Well, I have been. And I was always the loser. And do you know why? Because the winner had always eaten better than I had the day before." Then turning to me, he said, "Don't you ever become a successful man."

"What about yourself?" I asked.

"I am sorry," Charlie said apologetically. "But it was either that or die."

"And isn't it the same with the others?"

"It is," he assented. "But it's terrible."

Back in town we noticed a young couple looking in the show windows where complete bedrooms for \$169 were exhibited. Charlie turned around and said to me:

"Suppose I give them a check for \$169. What would happen?"

"They would probably buy the set."

"But then it will only be a bedroom set for them and not an ideal. They would not have anything to talk about. They will eventually get it. It's like my house in Beverly Hills. Now that I have it, it's like everything else."

Pulling his cap down, he began to invent another fantastic grievance. He was a street-car conductor. The pay was bad. The hours were bad. For three years he had wanted to marry but couldn't. What hope was there for a street-car conductor?

But he didn't carry this mood as well as he had carried the previous one, for he was soon talking about his next picture. He was even worrying that he wasn't recognized as frequently as he used to be.

Two young girls marched slowly in front of us as if they wished to be overtaken.

"Let's give them a good time."

The four of us stopped in front of a jewelry window. They were two working girls on a lark. It was Saturday

evening. We were soon sitting about a round table in an ice cream parlor. The two girls, playing us for easy marks, picked the most expensive things on the bill of fare. They hadn't recognized Charlie. He was boasting to them of his earnings. He told them he was a fencing master. He had taught Valentino to fence. The "wop" wasn't all he was cracked up to be.

What a look in the eyes of the girls! They didn't believe a word he said. They looked at me appealingly. Finally one girl asked of me:

"Are you a fencing master too?"

"No, I am a locksmith, a fancy locksmith."

"Why don't you lock him up?" she said. "Don't leave such a thing loose."

A red-headed, Irish, freckled miss, she appealed tremendously to Charlie's sense of humor. She was sharp, witty, and didn't let an opportunity pass without making some cutting remark. When Charlie had boasted about the tremendous sums of money he was making at his profession and the girl hadn't believed him, he plunged his hands into his rear trousers' pocket and brought out a roll of bills of large denominations.

"Gee," the other girl said, "may be all he says is true!"

But the freckled one had risen from her chair at the sight of so much money.

"Come on, Maggie, I don't want to be mixed up in any such thing. The cops may be after him any minute."

We were back in the car, driving towards Hollywood. It was close to midnight by now, yet the streets were as animated as in the daytime. There were fewer persons in costumes, but Hollywood had lost nothing of its fantastic appearance. The outlines and the shadows of the Spanish bungalows and the pagodas, and the strange colored lights that pierced through the shades of the windows made Film Town appear even less real than in daylight. Though the night was so far advanced, it seemed only like a prolonged twilight.

"I am hungry," Charlie suggested, and then said something to the driver.

He was possessed by a new mood—a mood that appeared much more real than before. The race, he said, was to the swiftest. He argued that those who were too weak to stand up, fell. He agreed thoroughly with the superman theory. Christianity had hurt the world by making the humble one and the unsuccessful one appear in a favorable light. It was all against nature, against the trend of history. In a garden one weeded out the strong to give the weak one a chance to live. Life was a stern affair. Doctors maintained the cripple and the weakling. They were against the interest and the welfare of the strong, the only ones who should be protected and encouraged. All other ideas were but sickly sentimentality. He was occasionally overcome by such sentiments, but when he came to his senses he knew better. Other men had started life with him on the same plane. Most of them had had fewer handicaps than he. He succeeded because he was stronger.

Talking like this, we entered into a rather luxurious Russian cabaret which was totally empty. We were the only guests. The waiters fell one over another in their hurry to serve us. From a side door there appeared a half-dozen Russian women dressed in gypsy costumes and three men in Cossack costume. One of the men went to the piano, the rest began to sing wild Russian songs. The voices were indifferent and there wasn't a single attractive woman in the group.

When the first song was finished, they sat down to rest but one of the women remained standing to sing a solo. When that number had come to an end one of the men rose to his feet and began to dance the Dagger Dance, throwing and fixing in the floor the points of the daggers as he turned and whirled. By the time the dragging dinner was half through, each member had done his individual turn, and the pianist had

rolled out a long sentimental Chopin ballad. I thought they were through. I felt awkward to be entertained by so numerous a troupe. The place was absolutely empty. These were Russian princes, counts, and princesses, trying to make a living. Their Slavic faces and their eager eyes were continually directed at us.

The whole thing began over again. The choir sang, the Cossack did his daggerdance, one after another the gypsy-costumed girls got up to sing their songs, and the pianist played another sentimental ballad. And still no other guest had come in. We had finished our dinner. We were anxious to go. But it wasn't polite to leave while someone was dancing or singing. And the Russians never left any space open between numbers. The echo of one song was still ringing when another song was begun.

Charlie looked at me appealingly as if I could do something. It was one o'clock in the morning. It was two o'clock in the morning. Not once was the door opened by a client. And the Cossack was dancing the dagger dance. The girls were singing gypsy songs. The pianist was playing the sentimental ballad—a continually moving circle with not a moment in between or a chance for us to leave. We couldn't possibly offend them and get up while Prince So-and-so or Countess So-and-so was doing a solo. I felt as if in a squirrel cage.

"Let's go," I said to him.

He spread out his hands appealingly as if to say, "How can we?"

A dozen pairs of eyes were fixed on us. The sword man was dancing. The pianist was pounding out another sentimental ballad. I was ready to get up and cry out in pain; ready to commit murder, when the door opened and two ladies, looking a little the worse because of the hour of the night, their white dresses crumpled and in need of the cleaners, and two men perfectly groomed, with their silk hats a little at an angle,



entered joyously. Seldom has relief come at a more needed moment.

"Welcome, welcome!" Charlie cried out, bowing low.

Before these people had sat down we dashed out. Kono was sleeping, his big dark head rested on his arms upon the steering wheel.

"What about that strength of the strong?" I mocked Charlie. "What about that relentlessness? Why did you stay longer than you wanted?"

"I am so sleepy. I am so tired." And crumpling on the seat, Charlie collapsed.

Kono took charge of him. I walked back to my hotel. On Sunset Boule-

vard, at every fifty feet or so, I met some man or woman walking in one direction or another—men and women who had come to Hollywood with great hopes and great ambitions, and who were now walking the streets because they had no lodging for the night. A little later a luxurious limousine would take the celebrated dog star out for his morning ride. I looked through the window of the Russian cabaret. The two couples were still there. The Russians were dancing and singing furiously. For a moment I thought of opening the door to save these poor wretches; but I remembered I had already done my good deed, and there was a long day ahead of me.

## OBSERVATORY

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**T**HE dome is darker than a Gothic nave.  
 Sancta Sophia pierced to frame a star  
 Would loom no vaster. No Cromagnon cave  
 Conjures cold ghosts so fearful as these are.  
 Strained eyes inured to interstellar spaces  
 Turn patiently upon the clamorous door  
 Yielding to baffled and incurious faces  
 A new sensation. "Saturn's ring's a bore,"  
 A voice declares. He'd missed a movie too.  
 "The Ford boiled over—that grade sure is hell."  
 Vacuous laughter. "Well, let's see the view."  
 And then calm words reverberant as a bell  
 Of one who spoke from lunar Caucasus,  
 "The sun is rising on Copernicus."



## A FAMILY DOCTOR SPEAKS HIS MIND

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

**I**N a recent issue of this magazine appeared an article by a doctor, himself a specialist, setting forth the great advantages of group practice in medicine. It is but one of numerous expressions of discontent with present conditions in the medical profession. Most of these have been written by laymen, however; and I felt like saying "*Et tu, Brute!*" when I read this doctor's forceful appeal to the public to abandon the individual or family doctor and to substitute a firm of specialists organized as a so-called clinic.

The arguments for group practice as set forth by this writer, and by all its other advocates, may be boiled down to the statement that the field of medicine is too big for one man to cover, and that a patient can secure a more thorough examination by a group of specialists, working as a firm or "clinic," than he could get from one man, and at a lower cost than a number of examinations by independent specialists.

The rapid increase of group practice and of specialism is a by-product of the World War. In an effort to systematize and standardize the work of its medical men the government provided short intensive courses for those men who were not already specialists. The hospital units were an embodiment of the group-practice idea. After the War was over numerous groups of physicians formed medical firms or clinics when they returned to civil life.

There is enough doubt regarding the advantages of group practice as a means of supplying the medical needs of the average family, and enough objections

to it, to make it advisable for the medical profession to thresh out the question among its own members. Remember the homely old proverb to the effect that a family does not improve its social status by washing its dirty linen in public. The medical profession might well profit by a full and free discussion of such questions in its own proper meetings before inviting laymen in to umpire its family squabbles. It is well known that the public is always eager to hear some new thing, but not always so ready to hold fast to that which is good.

Since, however, a specialist has set the example, and since the general practitioner seldom has time to defend his rights, I, for one, want to take advantage of some vacation leisure to speak in defense of my own group of medical men.

At this point let me give a brief autobiography by way of qualifying as an expert witness on behalf of the family doctor. It has been twenty years since my graduation from Jefferson Medical College. After eighteen months as interne in a general hospital, I entered practice in a rapidly growing Southern town. Ten years later I spent six months in post-graduate work in pediatrics, under the late Dr. Holt. Returning to my old field, with the intention of resuming my beloved family practice, I allowed myself to be swept off my feet by the rising tide of specialism. A number of my medical friends urged me strongly to limit my work to children, saying that I had prepared myself to qualify as a specialist and



really owed it to the profession to do so. Against my better judgment, I tried the experiment and spent the most miserable five months of my existence until, able no longer to stand the tug of my old families, I renounced my claims as a specialist and once more took up general practice.

Some years earlier I had gradually eliminated from my work all surgery except of the most minor sort; venereal diseases; anesthesia, except for my own patients; and special work in the eye, ear, nose, and throat. After beginning general practice a second time, I was soon compelled by overwork to give up obstetrics. Now my work consists chiefly of pediatrics and internal medicine, but I am still proud to be known as a family doctor. Four pediatricians have since come into the town, so I am not needed to round out that branch of medicine.

I can truthfully say that there is no element of envy or jealousy in my remarks. I gave up the life of a specialist for that of a family doctor because I wanted to. After knowing for ten years what it meant to have the love and loyalty of as fine a group of families as any doctor could covet, I could not discard them like an old suit of clothes and cultivate an entirely new clientele. There is something about treating a family as a unit, and being considered, as it were, an honorary member of it, that appeals to me as can no specialist's reward.

## II

I am perfectly willing to admit that for many patients a well-conducted clinic run by conscientious men is the place to go, and I have sent many of my patients to such places; but to argue that they should altogether replace individual practitioners is as absurd as to say that all our retail grocery and clothing stores should be replaced by ten-floor department stores.

Moreover, I am not willing to admit that in the usual clinic the average

patient can get a more thorough examination, at less expense, than he would at the hands of a well-trained, competent, conscientious general practitioner, with enough clinical experience behind him to be able to advise his patients wisely as to what special examinations are needed, and the power to evaluate properly the various findings of X-ray and laboratory experts, as well as the reports of specialists.

I am not considering the doctor who merely looks at a patient's tongue, feels his pulse, and writes out a prescription; though men of this caliber are found within the clinics as well as without. After all, a clinic is usually the extension of one man's personality, and the final results of the various special examinations are added up by one man in order to get the answer to the problem.

There are two glaring fallacies frequently set forth by those who advocate group-medicine as a substitute for the individual family doctor. The first is that all patients who consult doctors need exhaustive examinations to find out what is the matter with them. The second, that modern medical skill can solve all medical problems—that "it has taken its practice from the realm of guesswork to the realm of certainty."

While it is true that some medical problems are very complicated, it is fortunate that most of them can be solved with comparative ease by any competent, well-trained medical man. I know of no better way to prove this statement than to take up, case by case, my last full day's work before beginning a vacation.

The day's work began—not including the numerous telephone calls before I left the house—by witnessing the removal of a diseased appendix and gall-bladder from a man who had had attacks for some time, so typical that it was not necessary to have an X-ray examination to confirm the diagnosis. In the same hospital I visited a man eighty-four years old with the classical symptoms of arteriosclerosis. Not all

the clinics in America could add many years to his life.

My next three cases were children with influenza. Two were quite typical, but the third was of the intestinal variety which closely simulated appendicitis. Long clinical experience, aided by a blood count made for me gratis by a hospital technician, enabled me to recognize it.

The next patient was a young school teacher with influenza. Surely the intensive training all medical men have had in that disease since 1918 should insure its recognition without the aid of a group of diagnosticians.

At this point came an urgent call to a good friend and patient, who died suddenly of angina pectoris before I got to him. Within the past two years he had visited two of the best-known and most highly rated clinics in the country in search of a cure. They changed neither my diagnosis nor proposed treatment. Any good general practitioner in the country could duplicate this case many times.

Following this I saw a patient with influenza, then one with tuberculosis (easily diagnosed by physical examination, but confirmed by a sputum examination, done by my accommodating technician friend). She is improving under the standard treatment of rest, fresh air, and good food. If any clinic can improve on this combination, I am open to suggestion.

In another hospital I visited a man whom I am treating for a peptic ulcer—a diagnosis made clinically, but confirmed by the X-ray. In the same hospital was a woman with arthritis involving her knee and wrist. Her case has been a puzzling one, requiring the aid of the laboratory, X-ray, and an orthopedic man in consultation.

My next call was to see a baby with a fermentation diarrhea. The last patient before I went to the office was a man with a very sore mouth, due to Vincent's angina, or "trench mouth." He had been to a clinic for examination be-

fore I saw him, though I had seen and diagnosed numerous similar cases, with laboratory aid, and had treated them with some success. I admit, however, that he brought back with him an idea about treatment which was a new method of applying an old principle. This I found helpful in his case, and I expect to apply it to future cases.

In the office I saw first a woman with a deformed toe, whom I referred to an orthopedic man. Next came a young man who complained of "indigestion" and "nervousness." His appendix had been removed, eliminating the chief organic cause of indigestion, and his symptoms were very indefinite. He had recently begun a sedentary occupation after being accustomed to regular exercise. It required no clinic to tell him what to do. Then came a girl with an ingrown toe nail; a child with tonsillitis; another with *impetigo contagiosa* (an easily recognized skin infection); a woman with pain in the muscles of her back, perhaps due to obviously infected tonsils; and two children for vaccination. Three insurance examinations completed my office work for the day.

After the evening meal, besides rounds at two hospitals, my only call was to see an old lady with a small but painful tumor, whom I referred to a surgeon.

This is a faithful summary of one day's work, typical except that I rarely escape with only one evening call. By the way, our advocate of the group-medicine idea of family practice neglected to say what happened to a patient seized in the middle of the night with kidney colic or acute appendicitis. The operator at the clinic telephone would probably be off duty then, but somehow such attacks have an inconvenient way of coming at unearthly hours.

I have gone into tedious detail as the best method of showing that the usual run of cases coming to the general practitioner are not so complicated that the services of a whole corps of specialists are needed for their diagnosis and treat-



ment. With the possible exception of the young lady with the pain in her back, the process of going through the hopper of a clinic would have been an utterly needless expense for all these patients. Obscure cases which tax every resource of modern medicine are occasionally encountered; but what conscientious physician will refuse to recognize his limitations?

### III

A second fallacy held by advocates of group practice is that modern medical skill can solve all disease problems. After having seen in a number of cases the most highly-rated clinics in the country fail to reach correct conclusions, I realize afresh that Hippocrates "knew his onions" when he said "Experience is fallacious and judgment difficult."

Let me cite three cases in proof of my contention. A few years ago a good friend and patient of mine went to one of the most celebrated clinics in America for examination and treatment. In writing the director of the clinic, I told him that the patient was one of the most typical cases of cardio-vascular-renal disease (practically the same as arteriosclerosis) I had ever seen. In due time an exhaustive document came from him, recording all their findings. He regretted that he could not agree with my diagnosis, giving it as his opinion that there was no trouble with the heart or kidneys, but that the patient's sole trouble was a secondary anemia. He did not state, however, what the anemia was secondary to. After being kept in bed for a month on forced feeding, which he did not need, the patient was sent back with directions for me to continue daily hypodermatic injections of the then-favorite sodium cacodylate. Within a month I had the grim satisfaction of seeing my diagnosis confirmed by repeated fragments breaking off the walls of his circulation—one rendering him blind in one eye, and several others going to his lungs. One proved fatal.

Another case was that of a woman who, after suffering for several months with headache and frequent attacks of vomiting, had been taken to a famous clinic in a large city, where she was "studied" for two weeks. Her gall-bladder and appendix were then removed, and she was sent back home. No relief was obtained, however, so she was sent to one of our hospitals. There the discovery of a double choked disk gave the clue to a brain tumor, from which she soon died. When I wrote the surgeon who had operated on her of this finding, he replied that he was very much interested to learn of the new development in her case. This reminded me of an incident of my hospital interne days. One of our classmates, who was serving in another hospital, paid us a visit, during which he boasted of the large number of major operations he had been allowed to do. After he left, one of our number expressed the feeling of us all when he said, "I don't mind listening to his lies, but I do hate to think that he thinks I am sucker enough to believe him." I hate for this surgeon to think I believe that the tumor developed after the patient left him.

A good friend of mine, also a general practitioner, sent a patient with a history of repeated heart attacks, to a celebrated clinic. The man came back with a letter from the head man of this group, stating that he found nothing wrong with the patient's heart, and considered the attacks purely nervous—in other words, hysterical. The next day, however, the patient was so inconsiderate of the great man's reputation as to drop dead in an attack.

These cases might be multiplied but they are enough to show that no one man nor group of men has a corner on knowledge. By way of contrast to the arguments of the group-practice advocates, let me quote from an article in a recent *Journal* of the American Medical Association, by one of the greatest medical teachers in America:

The greatest difficulty confronts us in attempting to determine whether a given group of symptoms is functional or structural in origin. The symptoms and even the laboratory observations may be the same in two cases, yet one may be organic and the other functional. Every surgical clinic affords proof of the errors arising through this mimicry, and every practicing physician has regretted experiences that prove to him the fallacy of the ordinary criteria of disease. What can help us in such a doctor's dilemma? Perhaps that heaven-born gift, intuition, the subconscious psychologic insight which comes to us when we study the patient personally. It is because it tends to neglect that subtle insight that I am not favorably disposed to the hopper method of studying cases which obtains in certain clinics. Such a method precludes the utilization of the sixth sense.

Another objection to the clinic method of handling patients is the loss of the sympathetic bond between patient and doctor. To the clinic doctor the patient is only a problem; and the scientific attitude toward him is apt to be developed to such a point that his emotional side is forgotten. I once knew of a good woman who went to one of the greatest clinics in the country for relief from intolerable headaches. In her youth she had been married to a dissipated wretch who died in a few years. A blood test showed that she was infected with syphilis—a legacy from her husband. It had attacked her nervous system and was responsible for the headaches. The chief of the clinic—whose name is a household word in America—told her, with frankness unbelievably brutal, the exact nature of her trouble. He told her, furthermore, that her only chance of recovery was by the intravenous injection of salvarsan, that even so she would probably not live long and might become insane before she died.

It would have been far more merciful to shoot her dead. The poor woman, as innocent of wrongdoing as a newborn babe, when she heard the name of her disease felt that her soul as well as her body was doomed. Almost im-

mediately she lost her reason, refused to eat, and soon died, crying pitiably to those who came about her, "Don't touch me. I am unclean, unclean!"

Any worthwhile practitioner should have been competent to have had the blood test made—and surely a tactful, kindly man could have given her the necessary treatment without letting her know what it was all about.

Still another argument against the group idea is that there is great danger that in the multitude of counsellors there will not be any one man to feel actual responsibility for the patient as will the individual doctor.

#### IV

To any intelligent reader who has kept up with our magazines and best sellers for the past few years in even the most desultory fashion it must be evident that the medical profession has been getting more than its share of criticism. This is partly due, no doubt, to the general restlessness, discontent, and irreverence prevalent since the War. The keynote of most post-war literature has been dissatisfaction with things as they are. Our profession, of course, cannot expect immunity from the universal virus of skepticism and iconoclasm. Indeed, no one rejoices in the lifting of the veil of mystery that for centuries has hung over the healing art more than the honest doctor, for he has no trade secrets. The whole world is welcome to any aid and comfort he can give it.

It seems, though, that the doctor has been the target for more attacks than anyone else. There must be some reason for the almost sudden change in the attitude of the people toward the natural guardians of their health. I cannot help but feel that the rapid multiplication of specialists, real and self-styled, and the commercialization of medicine by group practice are at least partly to blame. The change may be for the best interests of all concerned



—but there are many who are not convinced that it is. It is true that the present fashion is to emphasize the importance of the specialist and to minimize the general practitioner. The specialists complacently accept this arrangement, and so do many practitioners. But why should they? Does it not require just as much brain power to minister to the whole body as to treat a section of it? And does it not require as much personality to keep a family satisfied as to use the magic word “specialist” as an aid to confidence? It is true that close and continued application to one part of the body or to one branch of medicine brings increased skill therein, but it also tends to give a distorted view of the whole organism.

Many thoughtful observers believe that the wave of specialism has passed its crest, and there are signs that the general practitioner is coming back into his own. The highest possible authority on the subject, the Committee on Medical Education of the A. M. A., estimates that a good general practitioner is capable of handling from eighty to ninety per cent of the illness for which patients seek medical advice.

If I have left the impression from what I have written that I do not believe in the necessity for specialists, let me correct it immediately. I doubt if there is a doctor in our city who refers more patients to specialists than I do. Undoubtedly, there are many individuals who need services that can be rendered only by one or more specialists. I do not pretend to know how to correct an error of refraction in an individual; I do, however, crave the privilege of first seeing my own patient, taking a complete history, and making as thorough examination as I am able. Then, if the case is obscure, or if the evidence points to the seat of the trouble in a specialist's realm, I am glad either to call him in consultation or refer my patient directly to the appropriate one.

Let me emphasize once more that what I have written is not in an attitude

of sour grapes. I have chosen the life of a family doctor because I feel that it enables me best to serve humanity. The specialists have not encroached upon my practice to an appreciable extent. I have all the work I want to do, frequently more than can be done without taxing my endurance, and think that I have the hearty support of as many families as I can well care for.

So much is being written and said about the passing of the family doctor, however, that a general practitioner who is not well balanced is in danger of developing that most dangerous condition, an inferiority complex. Long recognized as the foundation of the medical profession, there is apparent danger that he will be crushed by the weight of the structure which has been reared upon him. Nearly all the developments of the past quarter of a century have taken heavy toll of his work.

The rapid rise of specialism and its spectacular appeal to the public have caused many patients to diagnose their own cases rather than go to their family physician for a general examination and let him decide what special work is needed. A recent writer in this magazine charged that his father was murdered by the most celebrated throat specialist of his day, “who killed my father by telling him to get up and go about his business because there was nothing the matter with his throat. Actually he was suffering from a heart rendered temporarily weak by erysipelas and dropped dead at his bedside immediately after the specialist had left the room.”

A throat specialist was getting decidedly out of his territory when he undertook to treat an acute heart condition. A competent general practitioner would have known better than to have ordered such a patient out of bed. As long, however, as laymen will diagnose their own ailments so far as to ignore men capable of viewing the body as a whole, and themselves decide upon the specialists they think they need, they

should be willing to take the consequences.

If people could know how loyalty on their part begets loyalty on the part of the doctor, the overwhelming majority of families would continue to recognize one individual doctor as their own medical adviser, and let him know that he is depended upon as their guide, philosopher, and friend in all matters medical; and that he is expected to call in a specialist whenever he may think necessary. The families that adopt this course would never in an emergency or an epidemic flounder around frantically and vainly for help. One special point I wish to make is the wisdom of going once or twice a year for a thor-

ough examination whether one feels sick or well. Most modern garages stress the advantages of monthly "general inspections" of automobiles. Surely the human machine is entitled to at least an annual "general inspection." A general practitioner who is not capable of making a periodical examination does not deserve to be called a family doctor.

I do not mean to belittle the specialist, but rather to magnify the family doctor. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, the family physician must be the bulwark of defense against the ills of the average family. Since this is true, why should he be relegated to the rear ranks of the medical army?

## RATIONS

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

*AT seven-twenty I awake  
To get my day's dole of the sun;  
For forty minutes the gold square  
Of light moves on across the dun  
Of bedroom walls,  
Because the sun for forty minutes crawls  
Across the triangle of sky  
That I can see from where I lie.*

*The sun's a milkman, selling golden milk,  
The sun's a draper, measuring out pale silk.  
He lifts his kindly head above court walls,  
He looks at me and calls,  
"Come get your sunlight, here's your piece of sun,  
I'm sorry it's so small a one,  
But see, I splash the gold on thick  
And pattern it as fair  
As for a larger square,  
Laying the shadows intricate, and then,  
I snatch it down again,  
And go upon my way.  
(We carry large and smaller squares—for every purse.) Good-day!"*





# THE GIRL WHO TRIED EVERYTHING

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

THE English Visitor met her first on the tennis court. There was only one on which one could play without tripping over the tape, or on which the Riviera sun did not blaze down upon the head, and it was in great demand. The English Visitor deplored the recent but immense enthusiasm of the French for a game that had once been uniquely English, and played when he could. He played well enough, and the three Frenchmen who daily invited him to make a fourth found him competent. But they never could play two sets running, for always, just outside the court, there waited the Girl from St. Rafael. She waited patiently, racket in hand, a white cotton dress slipped on over her bathing suit. She looked on stolidly until the set was finished, then at once, with an expectant smile on her face, stepped upon the court. Chivalry is chivalry, and there was no gainsaying her. Everyone knew she walked four miles every day from St. Rafael—she had a room there in some inferior hotel—to play tennis and bathe at the Hotel of the Pines, and talk to the visitors if they would talk to her. Some people said she was half-witted. She was a big girl, with a fine strong frame and firm white skin that refused to darken like other people's. Her arms and legs were big but shapely, her face stolid but handsome, her closely cropped hair polished and shining. Certainly there was something lacking there, some sensitive nerve was wanting, some necessary consciousness of self had remained undeveloped.

She played tennis abominably and without shame, but they gave her the worst player as partner, and it was soon over. When they told her to run, she smiled and remained where she was, making awkward passes at the ball. All she had was strength, and when she hit the ball at all she hit, as one of the Frenchmen said, "like a kicking horse." She looked at everyone out of large, meaningless blue eyes and smiled woodenly.

There was an athletic instructor at the Hotel of the Pines, a pleasant, muscular young man who gave swimming lessons and held Swedish drill classes for children and adults. He could stand on his head with hardly a quiver for ten minutes. The Girl would stand and watch him, utterly unself-conscious in her one-piece bathing suit. One day she too knelt down and put her head on the ground.

"Up with your feet!" cried the instructor. She tried, but flopped over. He helped her, and the English Visitor who was watching thought he saw a look of satisfaction on her upside-down countenance when, for a second or two, she stood alone. She tried again and again, she was always trying, and in the end someone always came to her aid and held her feet up. Then she was satisfied.

One day they put steps on the raft, and the instructor gave an exhibition of fancy diving. The Girl, who couldn't swim, paddled out to the raft in a canoe and looked on. Then she tied the canoe to the raft and walked majestically up

the steps. She stood on the very top, her fine body a target for many pairs of eyes. The instructor, who had just dived, was in the water.

"No! No!" he shouted. "You will hurt yourself."

Without a word she turned her back and flung herself off. As a backward dive it was signally unsuccessful; as a piece of cool courage it was immense. And great was the splash thereof. The instructor helped her, gasping, back to the raft. Three times she did this, then got into the canoe again and, with a look of mild satisfaction on her face, paddled back to the beach. She was never seen on the raft again. Some deep-seated and obscure honor seemed satisfied. She contented herself with standing waist-deep in the water, trying to swim. Before dinner, her handsome, stolid face flushed from the day's exertions, it was her habit to sit in the bathing pavilion until someone offered her an *apéritif*—as someone always did—and she would sip it contentedly. A little later she would be seen trudging off to St. Rafael.

There were a number of artists, and an art dealer, among the people at the Hotel of the Pines and the cottages round about. The former were hard at work, the latter was resting. One day, however, he suggested holding an auction sale of pictures at the hotel, one-half of the proceeds to go to permanently disabled soldiers, the other half to the artists themselves. The idea was approved. All the artists agreed to send at least one picture, all the visitors promised to bid. The dealer was a good-humored little man who ran, very successfully, an art gallery in Paris for modern paintings, and he knew the artists, and they liked him.

The English Visitor was interested in painting and talked to the dealer a good deal. One hot day, a week before the sale, they were sitting out under the trees when the Girl came and joined them. She went straight to the dealer.

"I would like to paint a picture for the sale," she said, without preamble.

"You, mademoiselle? But do you paint?"

"No. But I would like to paint a picture for the auction sale."

"Have you ever painted anything?"

"No, I have never painted anything at all."

The dealer smiled delightedly.

"Very well, mademoiselle, all the same you shall paint a picture for the sale."

"What shall I paint?" she asked, fixing him with her expressionless blue eyes.

The dealer threw a humorous look at the English Visitor.

"What shall you paint? Let me see. You shall paint two lemons on a plate with a knife beside them."

"And a table for them to rest upon?"

"But certainly, a table for them to rest upon."

"And tell me how to paint them."

The dealer squirmed with enjoyment.

"Paint the lemons very bright yellow, with a bright red line all around them. Paint the plate gray-white, the knife gray, and the table brown."

"Yes. And how big shall I paint it?"

The dealer outlined a picture with his hands.

"So big."

"And will you hang it for me?"

"But certainly, mademoiselle."

She turned to go.

"I will bring it in two days, monsieur," she said and walked away.

The dealer turned eyes that bulged with amazement upon the English Visitor.

"But it is immense! It is exquisite! It is formidable! You heard? That unfortunate young girl is—" He tapped his forehead.

"Don't you know who she is," the English Visitor asked, "or anything about her?"

The dealer made a gesture with his hands.

"They say she is a mannequin in some shop in Paris. You see for yourself, the figure is elegant—but for the brain, I do not know."

Two days later the English Visitor and



the art dealer were again talking under the pines when the Girl approached, holding something gingerly in her outstretched hands.

"*Voilà, monsieur.*" She presented him with a canvas upon which the paint was not yet dry.

Eagerly the English Visitor leaned forward to look. The Girl had done exactly what she had agreed to do. Upon a distorted brown oblong there rested a lop-sided gray plate without shadows or high-lights. Upon the plate were two voluptuous, lemonlike shapes painted in bright, pure yellow and outlined, with extreme neatness, by a broad red line. Beside the plate there lay, innocent of perspective, a long gray object that was quite obviously a knife. The Girl stood at the dealer's elbow, regarding the canvas as a cow might look at her first calf.

From a little distance the art dealer's small son perceived that something was going on of which he knew nothing and with a rush precipitated himself towards his father. Failing to stop in time, he dashed into the chair, and the picture flew out of the dealer's hands and fell, paint down, in the gravel.

There was a cry from the girl—a cry from the heart. She picked up the canvas, looked at it, and tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Oh, but it is too bad, it is too bad!" she cried, unable to control her sobs. "Look, monsieur!"

The art dealer turned from the child he was scolding and took the picture.

"But it is not so bad, mademoiselle," he assured her, kindly. "See, it will soon be all right."

With infinite care he removed with the point of his knife the particles that adhered to the canvas. Where the paint was scraped off he replaced it, as one replaces a bit of turf on the links. She had laid the paint on generously.

"There, mademoiselle, it is as good as new."

She inspected it and smiled, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

"It is perfect again," she said. All was well.

"You will come to the auction sale, of course, mademoiselle?"

"But, certainly, monsieur."

"If you leave the picture with me I will take care of it and see that it is well hung."

Her face fell.

"But—"

He understood.

"You would perhaps like to keep it yourself until the day?"

"If monsieur would be so kind."

A little later the English Visitor saw her showing it to the athletic instructor, and all and sundry who were on the beach at that time.

On the evening of the sale she walked in from St. Rafael, wearing a simple white dress embellished with fine drawn-work. Her large and stately head was wrapped, turbanlike, in a bright silk scarf—a fashion with ladies on the Riviera that summer. She went at once to her painting, which occupied a commanding place on the wall and, without glancing at the others, sat down as near her handiwork as possible. People smiled discreetly. The art dealer had told them all about the picture. They were prepared to have a little fun. Everyone meant to bid. The girl was poor—and it would be a good joke.

As the poet began to read his poems three newcomers came out of the dining room and sat in the front row. They had come by motor, had dined late, and had not changed their clothes. The English Visitor said to himself when he saw them, "The Midlands—probably Manchester. This place is getting too well known by English people. It's a pity." They were father, mother, and son. Father and son looked dull and bored, but the mother was alert, stout, be-spectacled. She had that eager, confident, craning look of one who fears to miss anything, and so misses everything. The father and son stared, with half-open mouths, at the poet and the singer, while the mother looked devastatingly

comprehending without understanding a word. Then the actor began to auction off the pictures after a graceful little speech. One by one they were taken down from the wall and brought to his desk. Ten, perhaps, had gone, before the Girl's was brought up. There was a general craning forward, and a rustle and buzz that was not lost upon the woman from Manchester. She put up another pair of glasses and examined the painting.

"Good Lord!" said her husband, "Looks like some kind of disease."

"Sshhh!" said his wife. "It's that very modern French school. It's very clever. See how interested everyone is. These things fetch enormous prices now. I wish you'd bid something, Henry."

"Twenty francs," said that gentleman, aloud, with a devil-may-care look. What did it matter? They didn't know anybody, and nobody knew them. He had to get some fun out of this somehow.

"An English gentleman has bid twenty francs for this excellent picture. That is already a beginning."

"Forty," said someone. "Fifty," said the English Visitor. He was sorry for the Girl. A hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred, three hundred, the bidding went.

"Five 'undred," said the man from Manchester, after a nudge from his wife.

"Keep on," she whispered. "See how interested they all are. I shouldn't be surprised if it was by that man Braque."

The bidding went up to a thousand.

"Two thousand, five 'undred," said the man from Manchester. The English Visitor watched, amazed. A jumped-up shopkeeper, he thought. But why? The Girl sat unmoved, looking straight in front of her. Three thousand, four thousand—the art dealer was in it now, he had sized up the situation.

"That's only about thirty pounds at the present rate of exchange," the woman from Manchester whispered. "Keep on. If these French people bid like this, it means something."

"Surely this remarkable painting will

not go for a mere four thousand francs," said the actor. No, they were off again. Four thousand five hundred; five thousand—"Five thousand five hundred," said the art dealer, who felt that in any case, the joke was worth it. The man from Manchester began to be both impressed and annoyed. These French people were always talking poverty, but there seemed to be plenty of money about. He'd show them there was money in England too. "Six thousand." The dealer ran him up to eight thousand and decided it was time to let him have it. The picture was knocked down to the man from Manchester for eight thousand francs. The stir and excitement was tremendous. People even cheered and clapped. Later, when the woman from Manchester saw her husband part with eight large thousand-franc notes she was still convinced she had done right.

The Girl, four thousand francs the richer, was preparing to walk back to St. Rafael. The art dealer took her hand and congratulated her, his eyes beaming with enjoyment.

"It is a pity, monsieur, that it did not go to ten thousand francs," she said, as she wrapped a shawl about her.

He searched her face for a hint of understanding, but in vain.

"Still, I hope you are pleased, mademoiselle. None of the other pictures fetched as much."

"That may be so. I will paint another for you next year."

"I shall remind you of that, mademoiselle. Good-night."

"Good-night, monsieur."

The English Visitor, watching, saw her with an impassive countenance stuff the francs into her bag. Then she set out, unaccompanied, for St. Rafael.

The art dealer, mopping his hot face, watched her go.

"My God! It is formidable," he said, staring after her, his eyes bulging with amazement.

The English Visitor felt he couldn't improve on that.

"It is indeed," he said, "formidable."





## GERMANY AFTER TEN YEARS

BY EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

**A**NALYSIS of a contemporary political body is about as satisfactory as learning anatomy by watching a gymnasium class, and as accurate as the diagnosis of actual maladies whose possessors insist on breathing and walking about. If they would only die, a proper post-mortem would perhaps reveal what had really been the matter with them. Since they insist on living they must be satisfied with guesses.

Ten years ago this November there occurred east of the Rhine what historians call a "revolution." But it must not be envisaged as resembling the French or the Russian Revolutions. It was essentially the act of a people that instinctively and by education prefers "quiet and order" to political freedom and the right to play the piano after ten p.m. Generally speaking, few persons were hurt: there was no *Thermidor*, no guillotine, no Marat or Robespierre or Lenin. It was a German revolution, a respectable, orderly, self-controlled, decent, middle-class revolution. Yet it accomplished one thing. Out of a federal Empire of twenty-five sovereign states under the hegemony of the strongest of them, Prussia, it ejected the twenty-five sovereigns and patted the residuum into a federal Republic. The sovereigns had to go, but no one dreamed of calling them to stern account for the fearful mess they had recently made of the *res publica* committed to their charge. That mess the vast majority of Germans still ignore or deny.

All of this merely by way of illustrating how essentially unrevolutionary

the German Revolution was, and to explain why the succeeding Republic is still cluttered up with time-honored junk left from the *ancien régime*.

Yet this Republic, exhausted by the worst of all wars, laden by history with a somber heritage, liked by few and hated by many, the push-ball of the successful Allies, automatically squeezed of any prosperity in the form of reparations, has not only lasted ten years, but has grown into mind and muscle until to-day even the malcontents are ruefully admitting that the "child" has outgrown its puerperal dangers and will live.

That it has done so is due in part to the historical moment (unpropitious to monarchies) but much more to the stubborn good sense of the people. Middle-class, unrevolutionary, self-satisfied they are; but they knew what they wanted and substantially they got it.

Beneath Prussian militarism and the uniforms of former rococo royalty there had always existed a living German tradition of sturdy, commercial, middle-class independence—the spirit of the Hansa Bund and the free imperial cities. Even under the late Empire, places like Hamburg and Bremen took pride in their "republican independence."

This spirit did not cause the Revolution: it did not want the Revolution. But it appropriated the Republic. The "general" in a spiked helmet gave place to the "general manager" in a frock coat.

Middle-class Germany, assisted by those German masses whom nothing but the most benign of socialist creeds dis-

tinguishes from the other burghers, saved the Republic from four serious dangers.

The first was perhaps the most immediate and vivid. It was the danger of succumbing to the tiger caresses of the nearby Russians and "going bolshevist." The German extremists—personally highly gifted—hoped to make, not a shoddy shift, but a first-class, all-wool revolution. As their symbol they chose Spartacus, the gladiator rebel of ancient Rome! But Miss Germania succeeded not only in escaping him, but in persuading the socialists who still possessed the real power—Ebert, Noske, Scheidemann—to accept the responsibility for using the battered old army in hunting Spartacus down. Once recreated, the army could be depended upon to defend the hand that fed it. It has done so. The communists polled in the May election of this year about one-ninth of the total votes—which suits the middle class exactly. Nothing is so efficacious as a strong communist party in keeping the moderate social democrats pliable and conservative.

But the German leaders weathered a second danger. Ready as they were to utilize the reactionary army and the emblems of the late God-graced Empire against obstreperous workers, the "general managers" had not the tiniest intention of restoring the former fauna of court and barracks to its unapproachable eminence. In former days even a Herr Privy Commercial Councillor was a kind of second-class subject whose daughter could not intelligibly aspire to honorable matrimony with the littlest *Herr Leutnant* of the Guards. Under the new regime, Frau Major's Widow So-and-so would be only too happy to be courted by the chief heir to the West German Coal Mines or by the senior manager of the United Bath Mat Manufacturers, G. m. b. H.

Therefore, when a certain Herr Kapp made an armed attempt to restore the cheery old atmosphere of Potsdam, the middle-class leaders were not sorry to see

the working classes paralyze the movement by one of the most extraordinary efforts known to history. Later, when former Quartermaster General Erich Ludendorff repeated the attempt as a prelude to the extirpation of the Jews, the Free Masons, the Christian religion and general culture from Germany, the "general managers" and their delegates, the cabinet ministers, actually scotched that little mutiny by the threat of meeting the participants with the stony-faced Reichswehr.

Restoration in its gold-laced monarchical pomp, or even in Ludendorff's Bavarian breeches, did not seem to chime with the general need for international peace, commercial understanding, and foreign credits.

That the Republic survived the inflation famine and the epidemic of psychopathic arithmetic which accompanied it is, however, a token of incredibly sound nerves. The inflation may, as some experts aver, have cost the nation little or nothing as such\*; but it involved a capital shift of a most painful type and, as its residuum, left the educated professional class—generally considered a nation's finest—completely pauperized. As a strain on a people already fearfully debilitated by the pernicious anemia of war losses and underfeeding, it was without equal. As a test of national stamina it has never been duplicated.

It is true that to the reigning "general managers" inflation often brought no loss and, in some cases, concrete advantages. There is evidence for the belief that some at least of the commercial and industrial leaders saw both where inflation was going and how it might be stopped, but preferred to let it take its course rather than submit to French demands and pay reparations. The breakdown of passive resistance in the Ruhr and the offer of the Dawes Plan coincided with the total deliquescences of the currency. The leaders met in council, promoted a few simple laws, announced

\* See Robert Crozier Long: *The Mythology of Reparations*.



that a new currency had been created, waved their hands three times—and the entire people accepted the miracle. No nation with less patience and unreasoning faith could have survived so magnificently.

But the greatest triumph of the Republic was in the mastery of its own emotions. To those familiar with the world situation during and immediately after the War there is nothing surprising in a remarkably heroic but hopelessly beaten nation resolving to bow its head and make the best of a bad job. But this condition does not take into consideration a people animated by a passionate self righteousness.

The Germans entered the War more enthusiastically than the Allies. Almost to the end they were heartened by tales of unbroken victory. When the break came they were entirely unprepared for it. Their leaders saw the opportunity popular ignorance offered and invented the "stab-in-the-back legend" in order to protect themselves. Worse, this people had been nourished for generations on a supposed superiority. In submitting to the victorious Allies, "the land of *Kultur*" was bowing down to "inferiors," who for some inexplicable reason were in a position to dictate terms to "unbeaten Germany."

Time and time again during the last decade, various hotheads were on the point of leading the Republic into some new adventure which would almost certainly have sealed the national ruin. At the time of the Russian invasion of Poland, during the Ruhr occupation, it took a steady head to prevent passionate demagogues from leading a misinformed and desperate people against the "hereditary enemy." That the wiser councils of Stresemann and the business leaders prevailed proves both the sagacity and docility of the German masses.

And so, in four different ways, the Republic has withstood danger that might have been mortal.

But Germany has gone farther: it has entirely recovered its political equilib-

rium, and most of its political independence. France and Britain already seem half willing to discuss a premature evacuation of the Rhineland; in any case, the occupation ceases automatically in 1935. And although unarmed, the Republic has a foreign policy of its own, which, within limits, it can choose for itself. Though Western Europe is still somewhat suspicious, the United States seems to place unlimited trust in the sister Republic. And such trust is no mere abstract gift.

Industrial production rises like molten lava in a volcano. Working along American lines, the German manufacturers are turning the wares out faster than ever before—almost faster than the world will buy them. And although the dominant few are exploiting a peculiar economic situation and extracting the utmost in high profits from their own propertyless fellow-citizens, the standard of living, except for a portion of the former propertied middle class, is hardly lower than before the War and, for many types of worker, considerably higher. The shop-owning class flounces in motor cars and furs.

The quality of this fact emerges from the thought that since 1924 Germany has been paying reparations at a rate rising this autumn to six hundred twenty-five million dollars annually, and transforming her machinery with money borrowed at exorbitant interest. Yet despite this, it is the opinion of many experts that, while Germany could pay the sums foreseen in the Dawes Plan, an opportunity for reducing them will be granted before long. And in the meantime, despite expenditures for new plants, over and above reparations, not counting all money borrowed, the nation saved in 1927 a sum not much less than two billion dollars. No such example of economic rebound has ever been chronicled before.

For all these reasons, and aided by time, the Republic has gradually won the confidence of the vast majority of its citizens. It is doubtful if, in 1923, half

the Germans were convinced republicans. To-day I imagine not less than eighty per cent would express a preference for the present form of government. The remaining fifth are anything but a united team. On one side are the communists, shouting for the dictatorship of the proletariat. As bass to their treble are the super-patriots and fascisti, who bark their hunger for a "dictator" into the stiller political interludes. While apart, sulky and mysterious, defiant, irritable, are the dissatisfied government officials and educators—the chief representatives of the oligarchy that has irretrievably fallen from power. The army and navy cannot stomach the loss of prestige, the civil servants the loss of power, the professors the loss of pomp and social eminence which the Revolution caused. Yet little by little, as the years go by and William lingers in Holland, they too forget and silently fall into line. A high-school teacher who last August 11th neglected to celebrate Constitution Day with fitting reverence was solemnly rebuked by his students. . . .

For these and other reasons I think it a foregone conclusion that the German Republic will stand.

## II

All the same, it will not remain the same in structure and content as it is to-day. Only seldom do Germans voluntarily agree about anything important; but nearly all of them believe that something ought to be done about the German Constitution. The difficulty is merely, to decide in which direction it should be changed.

The German political system was borrowed and pieced out from the American, the British, the French, and the Swiss forms of government. These systems are all "democratic," and there the resemblance ends. As the adage runs: in America the President rules, in England the Cabinet, in France the Chamber of Deputies, and in Switzerland the people. Now in Germany the people

elect a president for a French term of seven years, who has all but American powers, but whose ministers are responsible to the Reichstag in a truly British fashion, and whose decisions can be overriden by popular referenda on Swiss lines. And here disagreement begins.

The old officials who formerly ruled the country in a rather irresponsible fashion consider that the Reichstag, consisting of a single elected House, has too much power, and the President too little. They would like to see the President name the Cabinet regardless of parliamentary approval—that is, they would so long as Hindenburg remains President. They made no such suggestion in the time of his predecessor, the socialist saddler, Friedrich Ebert.

A few democrats would like to see the President stripped of the powers vested in him under Article 48 of the Constitution, namely the right to rule without legislative acts in case of danger to "public safety and order" until the Reichstag is able to meet and expressly command him to stop.

On the other hand, the business men would like to have the present Economic Advisory Board (*Reichswirtschaftsrat*) transformed into a real legislative body whose members would have even more complete sympathy with the requirements of big business.

Doubtless, there is much to be said for all these reforms. But, since there is no serious move to carry through any of them, matters go on, more or less satisfactorily, as they are. Underneath, the distrust of parliamentary methods grows and grows.

And it is not much better with the administrative system. The German Republic is a federation composed of eighteen states, many of which still send diplomats to represent them in the others. Some of them, like Bavaria, are aggressively sovereign on all occasions, and from time to time have to be brought to their senses by threats of economic boycott. Others are weary of their loneliness and seek incorporation with Prussia.



For Prussia is nearly fifty per cent larger than all of the rest of them together. No one knows just where the rights of the central government—the *Reich*—begin and where those of the several states—the *Laender*. The *Reich*, excepting for the hundred thousand strong Reichswehr, has no sufficient executive. Yet the *Reich* levies and collects nearly all the taxes, and the *Laender* receive them to spend, not on a proportional basis, but according to the political pressure they can bring to bear on Berlin—which is nice for the *Laender* but makes administration expensive, as Agent General Seymour Parker Gilbert has not failed to proclaim. And so there are many plans about financial and administrative simplification, a process which some people like ex-chancellor Hans Luther would like to begin by annihilating republican Prussia for the benefit of reactionary Bavaria and Wuerttemberg; while others would do away with all the hereditary States and Statelets in favor of a centralized system like modern France. Once again there is no cause for haste.

The meatiest bone of contention is, however, the electoral system. It is much too complicated to describe in short compass, but you can take it from those who know that it is *the* perfect system—entirely just, so far as human ingenuity can make it, and so contrived that only party units or residues of less than sixty thousand votes fail to count in the apportioning of seats in the Reichstag. In other words, in Germany the majority of voters rule. That is, they would rule if there were any majority. There isn't. The German voters are no more united than the German philosophers or the German students or the German reformers. In this year's election to the Reichstag thirty-three or thirty-four parties were in the field, and about fourteen managed to elect one or more deputies. Out of about 490 legislators, the most numerous party, which is that of the social democrats, numbers 154, and the smallest party has 2 members. It would take all of the three

strongest parties to form a workable majority and of course these parties, representing major currents, cannot possibly unite. Most working majorities have at least five or six parties behind them. Keeping them together is like collecting live guinea pigs on an unfenced lawn.

It is a perfect system on paper. But it creates a party machine at least as impregnable as any in the United States, prevents any real contact between voter and legislator (the former votes for a list, not for a candidate) and enables any strong group of malcontents, cranks, or reformers to elect just enough representatives to keep the others from doing anything against the wishes of the self-same malcontents, cranks, and reformers. Compared with the parliamentary position of the present German Reichstag, that of the American Senate, with a few insurgents holding the balance between the two parties, is efficiency personified.

Most Germans believe the law ought to be changed. But how can you expect the representatives who, under any other system, would almost certainly lose their jobs, to vote to change it?

### III

From the outside the German Republic looks like a capitalistic republic similar on the whole to France or the United States. But the closer you look, the less striking is the resemblance. Close examination shows the German Republic to be essentially a compromise between the old empire and the Western democracies. The voice is the voice of Stresemann, but the hands are the hands of President Field Marshal von Hindenburg.

Germany of to-day, under Western forms, embodies any number of traditions and conceptions that have carried over from the past. The former caste system still exists. It is visible in the docility of the masses, their almost hysterical respect for "quiet and order," and their inferiority feeling in the pres-

ence of the former aristocracy of title, military rank, or recognized learning. The industrial leaders that came to the fore under the old system naturally modelled their outlook and conduct upon the feudal *Kultur* aristocracy into whose company they had, through riches, forced their way. There still prevails in factories and forges a distinct class feeling which the very conscious "class struggle" has registered but by no means created. I know German bank partners who, on principle, would not dream of associating outside the office with their own managers.

Hand in hand with the caste system went political absolutism and an hypostasis of the State over and above the people. The State was a kind of huge umbrella protecting the "subjects," ordering and shaping their several wills and purposes according to a wisdom revealed only to a small group of natural rulers—politicians, philosophers, and policemen—who held the umbrella stick.

This paternalism has been slow to vanish before the constitutional pens of Weimar. It is obvious in the financial support of religion by the State, in the rather inordinate police power, and in the wish on the part of millions to be saved from political responsibility by a "Dictator."

From the State everyone expects protection and the healing of moral and material ills. No one cries out when the State furthers aggressive commercial monopolies, subsidizes "national utilities" in private hands, rescues financially embarrassed firms, acts as guarantor for the foreign clients of other firms, *viz.*, for Soviet Russia, allows business interests to participate directly in official decisions likely to interest them, calls upon the National Economic Council for advice, and permits what look to foreigners as exploitative practices, with benevolent complacency.

Yet this benevolence to capital is more than offset by corresponding protection accorded to labor. Except in the matter of taxation, where the German masses

bear almost inhuman burdens, the workers' position is amazingly advanced.

Under the Republic, the German worker benefits by (1) compulsory health insurance; (2) old age and accident insurance; (3) unemployment insurance. Numerous laws prevent abuses—the employment of children, the use of women and minors in types of labor beyond their strength, excessive working hours, lack of reasonable protection against accident. Collective bargaining is a recognized feature: practically speaking, there is not an open shop in Germany. Moreover, provision is made for governmental arbitration in all wages differences, with a definite procedure that allows the strike and the lockout only as a matter of last resort. And finally, there is the Shop Councils' Law which provides that two seats on every board of directors in the land must be elected by the employees. This gives labor access to the books; that the actual results have been meager is the fault of the workers themselves; they were not prepared for authority. To-day there are in Saxony alone seventy schools where young workers are taught to be efficient "directors." In time their power will be felt.

Furthermore, the *Reich*, the Federal States, and the several cities are almost all in business on their own account. A complete list of such holdings is hard to obtain, but they include power plants, railways, traction companies, mines, farms, aluminum factories, china factories, and banks. The general form is a company whose stock is entirely owned by the State or municipality; or again, mixed administrations in which the State holds only the majority of the stock, the remainder being in private hands. Direct ownership and administration is, I believe, limited to a few model farms, etc.

And finally, the *Reich* keeps the coal, potash, and nitrogen industries under permanent control, fixes the prices, and influences production and distribution.

Here is small place for individual *laissez-faire* and, as a result, practically



every group of industrialists or merchants in the entire country is united into a price or production cartel (there are more than two thousand) whose purpose is the creation and exploitation of a monopoly. Thanks to these monopolies, the cost of living in Germany is outrageously high in proportion to incomes.

But free competition is not more abhorred by the owners than by the workers. Development along American lines, so far as it affects organization and mentality, is almost necessarily excluded: the trade unions oppose it as bitterly as the National Association of German Industry.

In considering the future of Germany this hostility to individualism must be permanently kept in mind.

But there are other factors:

Within Germany there is a strong communist party and just across Lithuania lies Germany's ally, Soviet Russia, the only communistic state in the world. The German problem is to remain on good terms with Russia while keeping domestic communism within limits. And on this account the present Republic undoubtedly tends to be more conservative than one might otherwise have expected. The rulers at any moment can be deterred from radical reform by the specter of communism.

On the other side, one finds the new Reichswehr (combined army and navy) acting in insolent indifference to the civil government, which is too weak to call the officers to account (especially now, when they enjoy the protection of President von Hindenburg); a body of higher judges and state attorneys whose political bias reminds one of the Governor of Massachusetts; a solid phalanx of civil servants whose notion of procedure is inherent from pre-war days when an official was not responsible to the Reichstag or the public; and a few hundred thousand youths highly organized in "patriotic associations" whose avowed purpose is the changing of the Constitution in a reactionary sense.

The German Republic is to-day a can-

vas within a marvellous frame. On top it is limited by the intangible privileges of capital, at bottom framed by the meticulously written rights of labor, at the left by the menace of communism and at the right by that of super-patriotic revolt. Somehow or other, all practical developments have to be kept within these bounds—to say nothing of those other bounds fixed by the Allies at Versailles.

Germany is not even free—a portion of the territory is occupied by foreign soldiers, one of its frontiers is "permanently" disarmed, the opposite frontier is declared "unacceptable." The country is pledged to pay tribute for an undefined period of years, still struggles under a fantastic shortage of capital, and is extremely vulnerable to foreign disapproval.

Is it any wonder that most of the public life seems empty agitation, a Penelope-like weaving and unweaving?

#### IV

Synthetic material about expected developments is extremely slight. Very eminent novelists like Thomas Mann limit themselves to an apostolic credo expressing "belief in their country" (it would take a brave man to say anything else). Of critical material there is an abundance. Between Ludendorff and the disciples of Moscow you can find anything you like. But it rarely comes down to nails. An exception is a recent book, *Politische Prognose für Deutschland*, by the learned doctor, Willy Hellpach, politician and savant, physician and one-time democratic presidential candidate. In seventy entirely fascinating essays, Doctor Hellpach examines nearly every phase of German political and social structure, from the role of the Jews to the foreign policy of the future. His mind is shrewd, his emotions less trustworthy, since he suffers acutely from the romantic patriotism common to the generation that reached maturity before the War. Hellpach seems chiefly

animated by the wish that post-war Germany shall, so far as is possible, carry on the tradition which prevailed before. The revolution is to be, not a chasm separating past and present, but a bridge leading back to essentially venerable tradition. On this account he considers the change in the national banner an error, but the privileged position of the army, the civil servants, the plutocracy, and the churches, entirely normal, and only advocates reform from a "parliamentary" to a more "direct" democracy. He considers heroes the socialists who in 1918-1919 betrayed their doctrine to preserve order. He hardly conceals his contempt for the Poles, dislikes and secretly admires the French, looks up to the English, considers that Germany's foreign policy ought to be based upon a pivotal friendship with the United States and with Russia. In short, his extremely challenging work is a very shrewd defense of just what has occurred.

Now, were the Republic a kind of isolated Land of Oz, approachable only by people carried thither by cyclones, the internal development might go speedily forward, and what look like super-saturate political solutions would begin to crystallize. But Germany is in *Mittel Europa* and cannot even dispose of her own taxes as she likes, to say nothing of her army and navy. For this reason, incipient conflicts will be slow to erupt; and a cautious observer can at most only indicate some of the points where explosion is liable to occur.

In the first place, there is a struggle between politics and economics. Though the old State blatantly placed its power behind private business, it never for an instant relaxed control. As the State (meaning the Umbrella Holders) was above parties, so it planed above the factories and department stores. Pre-war Germany was not a plutocracy. But when the old oligarchy was dethroned, the men of machines and money were not slow in seeing the advantages of emancipation. Germany is one im-

mense workshop; over sixty per cent of the population are employed in industry and manufacture. Therefore, the new leaders proclaimed that the "era of politics" had given place to the "era of economics," and that what was wanted was government of business men, by business men, for business men. Certain of the more imaginative leaders are already dreaming of a world spanned and controlled by a network of purely trade organizations, a vast interlocking corporation "managed" by men in a tower, who usually turn out to be strikingly like the dreamers. In other words, they foresee a development which envisages, first, the gradual overcoming of the national state, then, perhaps, the creation of the "European Industrial Territories, Ltd.," and finally, business control of the world.

In numbers such men are few. In money, imagination, and courage they must not be underestimated. It is just possible that they possess prophetic gifts. But woe to a world which they might rule!

On the side of economics we find also the mass of workingmen. At the last election forty-two per cent of all votes were cast for socialism or communism—for the butter on the bread. It is safe to say that at least half of Germany stands for a new order in which purely economic, materialistic interests will be permitted to organize society. Only, to the *internationale* of capitalists in towers, the workers prefer the "real *internationale*" of party secretaries and People's Commissioners.

Bitter is the opposition to this "economic" conception of the State. On the whole, the dispossessed oligarchy, the army and navy, the civil service, the professional classes, the impoverished bourgeoisie, and the big land-owners, with such peasants as they can attract to their standards, unite in hating the privileged positions reached by self-conscious capital and organized labor. It is they who call out for the strengthening of the presidential office, they who



desire the Reichstag prerogatives limited, in the hope of thereby strengthening their own position as mere consumers and men of mind. Here is the seed-bed of reaction. Those rich employers who subsidize the patriotic organizations do so with the idea of using them against labor. In their hearts they want no "Dictator." For, confessed or not, the ideal of both capital and labor is becoming international. As the years pass both labor and capital grow stronger and, with them, the "economic conception" of the State. But they still pay tribute to the "patriots."

United as they are against the middle class and the peasant, between themselves labor and capital sway back and forth in a mighty conflict. Labor strives for wages, for shorter hours, for lower taxes, for a bigger share of the national budget in the way of social improvements and, in last analysis, for the control of industry and the State. Capital on its side, already fairly influential in State control, seeks to win back the ground it has already lost to the workers and widen its zone of influence by international agreement. Neither side imagines for a moment that the era of "free competition" will ever return. As the editor of the best business weekly wrote a short time ago, the *choice in Germany is not between economic liberalism and State intervention, but between State control and the State in business*—two forms of activity that already exist. This means that (1) either the owners will admit the right of the State to control prices, etc., as the price of permitting monopoly, or (2) the State will itself compete against the monopoly or perhaps expropriate it. On the other hand, State assistance to labor may well be purchased at the cost of relinquishing the freedom to strike. It is just possible that on this new basis the "political"

and the "economic" school can get together. For the moment I predict a concrete gain for labor in the form of wage increase or tax reduction, or both.

And, finally, there exists in the very brain of the Republic a neurosis of a most serious kind. Here again we find the conflict between old and new. At this point alone the chances of the old are still bright. For in spiritual matters alone can aristocracy successfully resist the claws of the democratic *Zeitgeist*.

Bismarck's Empire was born in violence, thrived on social oppression, and died as it was born. That many Germans should be anxious to forget it as a political phenomenon is a healthy sign. But on its inner side, despite its successful efforts to twist the free mind to its material ends, it coincided with a marvellous flowering of the spirit. It is this spirit that many so-called reactionaries are seeking to preserve against the invading utilitarian philosophy.

To-day the amount of energy available in the Republic is largely taken up in getting a living, paying reparations, borrowing money, and trying to slip the shackles riveted at Versailles. On this account development of a fundamental type will, in my humble opinion, be slow. For several years, reforms are likely to be postponed and main issues avoided as sedulously as in an American presidential campaign. The oppositions will remain, they will sharpen, and each side will maneuver for position. Yet the longer the Republic stands, the more it will, in my opinion, be drawn into the Western European currents, and the outcome of the eventual struggles may very largely depend on the development of France and Great Britain. For the first time in its existence Europe has become too small for nationalism—and Europe is beginning to know it.



## THE COST OF PROSPERITY

ARE YOU AND I BETTER OFF THAN WE WERE?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

NOT long ago a despatch from Washington announced that "the highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world was reached last year [1926] by the American people," and gave as basis for the statement the government's figure for the income of our population, which income was set at ninety billion dollars. The "high standard" thus indicated is unhesitatingly accepted by almost everyone; but even if we do accept as a fact the ability of all persons to spend more and to buy more things than ever before, it may be worth while to consider what some of the by-products of the processes involved have been. Overwhelmed by the material advance made in the past five decades or so and by the vast amount of Pollyanna literature with which we are flooded by politicians and business executives with axes to grind, we are apt to lose sight of the law of compensation and to think of all change as unalloyed improvement.

Change may or may not be "progress," but whether it is or not it is bound to involve compensatory losses. Man may have advanced far from his ancestor which lived in the primeval slime, but that lowly progenitor could breathe either in air or water and if he lost a leg could grow another. To-day man can make his voice heard three thousand miles away, but he dies if you hold his nose in a water basin and is a cripple for life when he loses a foot. What he gains in one direction he drops in another, unpopular as Nature or anyone

else may be when they tell him so. One is not necessarily a pessimist, therefore, when one chooses to consider what losses may have been entailed by attaining to the present "highest standard of living."

Two points are notable in the popular belief as to that standard. One is that all classes in the community are supposed somehow to share in its beneficences, and the other is that the measuring rod used is material and economic. The leaders in the "marvellous advance" are automobiles, radios, vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, telephones, etc. It is assumed that spiritual and intellectual progress will somehow come also from the mere accumulation of "things," and this assumption has become a sort of American religion with all the psychological implications of religious dogma. In business circles, mass production, on which our present prosperity is based, is not considered merely as a transient and possibly an unsound economic phase, but as the creator of "the highest standard of living ever attained," and, as such, as little to be doubted or questioned as God the Creator before Darwin. At any rate, mass production is so closely linked to the ninety billion dollars that the two may be considered as the heads and tails of the same coin, and the by-products of one those of the other.

It may be noted that, although ninety billion dollars is a staggering sum to contemplate, we receive something of a shock when we read farther that the



average income of all persons "gainfully employed" was \$2210 a year. When we turn to another statistical source and find that nearly ten thousand persons paid taxes on incomes of from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 a year each, two hundred and twenty-eight on incomes over \$1,000,000, and fourteen on incomes of over \$5,000,000 each, we begin to wonder whether the masses are getting quite their share of the benefits of mass-production. It is evident that however great the "national" wealth may be, there is something very queer about its distribution, and that the gulf between the average man and the rich man has widened with appalling rapidity.

In this article we are not concerned primarily with that point nor with the average person "gainfully employed," whose income is evidently not much above \$2000, but we may glance a moment at the condition of the latter in order to get some standard of income measurement. In 1917 the street railway employees in Seattle submitted a minimum budget for living in a dispute with their company over wages. They figured that \$1917.88 annually for a family of five would allow, among other things, \$12 for the education of the children, \$30 for reading matter of all kinds, and \$120 each for insurance and old-age savings. The company was able to reduce this to \$1505.60 by eliminating all reading matter, including newspapers, reducing education from \$12 to \$11, old-age savings from \$120 to \$100, and insurance from \$120 to \$30. Carfare was reduced to \$35.70 annually, with the somewhat ironical result that the members of the families of the men engaged in running the street cars were allowed only enough to use a car themselves on an average of once every six days! As \$5 a year per person was allowed for "recreation" and \$4 for all "miscellaneous," we need not linger over the average man in our total population who is "gainfully employed" when considering for the moment the high standard of living. We are here concerned with the persons

between those and the ultra wealthy—the persons who both suffer from and enjoy factors in that standard.

One of the outstanding features of life to-day is its frightful and steadily increasing cost. Apart from taxation, it is much higher in the United States than in any of the other seven countries in which I have spent longer or shorter periods in the past few years. This is in part due to the intentionally prohibitive tariff, in part to the terrific increase in wages, and in part to the increase in the kind and number of things we are supposed to have in order to be happy.

Those who defend the present wage schedules are forever telling us that they do not increase the cost of living because of the increased output per man and the increased savings in cost due to new machinery and mass production. Much of this, of course, is sheer bunkum. For the housekeeper who pays a cook anywhere from \$65 to \$100 as compared with \$25 to \$30 fifteen years ago there is a clear loss in the family budget with no increased output whatever. The cook gets the full benefit of all the labor-saving devices, and the mistress pays for these and the advanced wages as well. When the other day I had some bookshelves put up and paid two of the stupidest workmen it has ever been my luck to encounter \$12 a day each there was no compensating advantage whatever. I am told I might have got it done for less had I taken the trouble to find a "scab" workman out of work. In the first place I do not know where to find one and in the second place it would not have been necessary fifteen years ago. I could then have gone to any union shop and had the job done reasonably. No, a factory may increase wages and lower costs, but the ordinary householder cannot do so in all that affects the running of his home and family. The increase of wages, in many cases to prohibitive levels, is the heaviest single burden, except rent, to the man of moderate means to-day.

But to a great extent the increase in

living cost is due also to the increase in the number of things. We live so fast and heedlessly that we seldom consider how much of our present annual expense is made up of costs incurred for things that few of us used fifteen or twenty years ago. Of course the automobile bulks largest in this respect as a single item. In the well-to-do New York suburb where I lived for some years before the War comparatively few people had cars. Most of the commuters of the class then spending \$8000 to \$10,000 a year—the equivalent of \$15,000 to \$20,000 to-day—always walked to and from the station, taking a hack in bad weather. To-day there are over twenty million cars in the country, or about one to every family. If one examines the real-estate advertisements one finds that now a small modern house will have its vacuum cleaner, its washing machine, elaborate wiring with outlets all over the place, its cedar closets, electric refrigerator, radio, automatic heat regulator, its several bathrooms, and a garage for one, and not seldom two cars, to mention some of what are considered essentials. I do not question the comfort and convenience of at least most of these things, but their steady multiplication adds heavily to the burden of the man who has to pay for them in order to maintain his family according to the "American standard." For all with incomes of from \$5000 to \$50,000 the burden is almost equally felt, for standards of expense are in proportion to income and annually mounting.

## II

The demand for luxury even in the transaction of ordinary business is adding tremendously to the overhead expense of doing it and so to the cost of goods or services. A railway station must be as magnificent as a Roman bath. Our shops must be housed in Renaissance palaces on expensive streets. We are told that expensive office furniture is the safest investment in the world. A

"front," whether of clothes, furnishing, building, or location must always be put up so as to indicate wealth back of it all or the business may not be considered sound, profitable, and "up-to-date." Salesmanship has become increasingly expensive. I was recently talking with a woman who has an excellent salary (forming, of course, part of the overhead of her department), in one of the supposedly less extravagant shops. She complained of the expense she was under because of the high standard of salesmanship demanded by her customers. Fifteen years ago, she said, if she had dared to appear in the costly clothes the house now *makes* her wear, she would have been promptly discharged. She has to go to the theaters, know the latest plays and books, and be able to chat with her customers, not about her goods, but socially by the half hour. Her sales are splendid—with prices according.

Fifteen years ago almost every physician, dentist, or oculist had his office in a room in his own home and rarely had an assistant. Now almost without exception they have to take an office in some apartment house at rents of from \$1200 to \$3000 a year, and employ at least one uniformed nurse in attendance—expenses which, of course, are borne by the patients. To a considerable extent this is the fault of the patients themselves. There is an instinctive tendency to feel if a doctor still has his office in his home with only a maid to answer the bell that he is either not up-to-date in knowledge or is unsuccessful for some reason. I know of one very able medical man who has deliberately done so and who has tried to keep down his professional expense for the benefit of his patients, but several of these patients have more than hinted to him that they would prefer to have a more expensive car standing at their door when he makes his call!

To an incredible degree we have most of us unthinkingly adopted the cost standard as the value standard. Some time ago a prosperous and practical in-



ventor disclosed some of his adventures with popular psychology. He had invented a small article which, with fair sales, could make a large profit when retailed at ten cents. He sent out a number of street hawkers to sell the article, half of them with the thing priced at ten cents and the other half with a twenty-five cent price. The latter sold immediately whereas few were sold at the lower price.

Often the influence of this false standard is more insidious and disastrous. I was discussing the matter the other day with an internationally known scientist. He was at one time—but is no longer—a professor in one of our leading universities. He said that when his first child was born he was getting a salary of \$2500 a year. The leading obstetrician in the town charged \$500 for a “baby case”—one-fifth of my friend’s annual income. When the financial situation was explained the doctor told him that his assistant was just as able a medical man as himself and would charge only \$100, and that he himself would be on the telephone ready to come in a moment if anything went wrong. My friend, after wrestling in his mind for some time, decided to have the assistant, but he told me that he hoped never again to go through such hell as he endured during the hours of birth, when he thought that if anything went wrong with his wife he would feel all his life that he had sacrificed her for the four hundred dollars’ difference. Yet I consider that this man has the sanest and most balanced mind of all the men I know.

The situation outlined is a very real and, both financially and psychologically, a serious one. When anyone we love is ill we feel impelled to have the best attention for him, a half dozen specialists if necessary; and the standard of the best, more subtly than we realize, is the cost standard. We have become hypersensitive, and this sensitiveness is terrifically costly. I myself was born in New York of a well-to-do family. My mother’s father was rich as things then went.

Yet it could not have cost at most \$100 to bring me into the world. There were no graduate nurses, no maternity hospitals, few, if any, specialists. The ordinary family physician, at \$2 a house visit, and two women such as we call practical nurses did everything, in the home. To-day, what with doctors, nurses, and the hospital charge, the cost would run to about \$1500 for a family of the same social grade, or fifteen times the old cost, whereas the ordinary income has less than trebled.

### III

The increased cost of living from these and other causes is having marked effects. It is, for one thing, largely destroying the old idea of thrift and saving in the classes with which this article deals. In the first place, there is the natural human desire to possess many of the new things available for their own sakes, and often because Mrs. Jones has them, and they belong to the new standard. But there are more insidious forces at work. Mass production requires an enormous and steady output to be profitable. There is a saturation point for nearly every article. Fresh vegetables are eaten up in a day or two, but clothes or cars may last several years. There is no reason why many of the mechanical contrivances we buy should not in themselves last many years. From the standpoint of the producer there is always the danger that the public may have enough of any particular article unless he is made to want more. This is accomplished in several ways in the technic which has been developed by psychologically trained sales experts. The consumer is cleverly induced to want an article that he had thought he could do without or could not afford. If he has already owned one, as an automobile, the slogan becomes that every self-respecting family should have two. The model is changed every year and social vanity is played upon; or an appeal is made to the powerful motives of fear, shame, and pride. In selling many of the mechanical con-

trivances a more brutal method is employed. Manufacturers stop making essential parts so as to require the owner to buy an entirely new and perhaps only slightly altered model. When other methods fail and you really have no money, the advantages of the partial payment plan are glowingly placed before you.

Again, we are told by leaders of the world of mass production that thrift is out of date. One of the greatest manufacturers in the country recently wrote that "use" not "saving" should govern our ideas with respect to our national and other resources. Another leader writes that "one reason for America's prosperity and one reason, in my opinion, why that prosperity will continue, is that we have committed ourselves to a standard of living far beyond our wildest pre-war dreams. . . . We cannot make good except by producing more wealth, and always a little ahead of us is advertising with its alluring images of still other good things that work will buy. Americans have passed out of the period where they care about petty economies. They want convenience. They want action. They want comfort and style. It is impossible to call Americans back to petty thrift, and I personally am glad of it. . . . I live now in New York where everybody expects to be overcharged and where nobody counts the dimes, much less the pennies. . . . We have ceased to count our pennies in America, and I certainly hope we never return to the days of the most graceless of all virtues, a niggardly and penny pinching thrift."

One wonders just what spiritual joy there should be in being overcharged. Also, most of us have still to count the dimes. The other day I wanted a mere bite of luncheon in a hurry. Going into the only business men's restaurant in sight, I paid one dime to have my hat checked, another to the boy who insisted on handing me a towel in the washroom, and another for the cover charge; and I wondered what, over the old days, was

the advantage in paying at the rate of a hundred hard earned dollars a year for an ordinary snack of lunch without getting anything to eat.

There are other factors at work to make thrift appear hopeless and so to destroy the average man's peace of mind as he contemplates old age or possible long incapacity from illness. One is the fact that savings do not seem to go anywhere when made from a modest income. Although the cost of living has easily tripled in thirty years, the income from most sound investments has not gone up at all. When one saves a thousand dollars and contemplates the \$50 or even \$60 a year that that will bring in income, and thinks how many fifties or sixties it will take to support him and his family, he wonders whether it is worth while to pinch for so meager a result. Moreover, owing to advancing costs and the changing scale of living, there is no telling what the cost of living may be not merely in one's old age but even ten years hence.

Before the pace of living started on its now annually accelerated speed, a man could forecast with reasonable certainty what income would enable him to maintain his relative position in his stratum of society for the fifteen or twenty years of life that might be left to him when he retired. Now, apart from other factors, an invention one year means a luxury on the market in another two or three, and that luxury becomes a necessity, like the automobile, in another three or four. In a recent study of the income and expenses of nearly a hundred families of the members of the faculty of the University of California it is shown that the average savings per family including life insurance are \$360. The annual cost of medical service alone among them is \$325. A New York professional man who considered this article, when read to him, unduly pessimistic, admitted that although he lives on a scale indicated by his rent of \$2500 a year he is unable to save anything. The surprising extent to which the hope and even the thought



of providing for old age has gone from the mind of the moderately well-to-do was still further shown by this man's comment that life insurance was the equivalent of savings. Life insurance is excellent and essential, but only in its more expensive forms does it permit the insurer himself to enjoy the benefits of it, and straight life policies are no protection for one's own old age. Even if one insures against accident, sickness, and death, there are many emergencies in life which can be met only from one's own saved money. Is it any wonder that there has been a rush in the last decade for common stocks and speculation when the newspapers continually tell of stupendous profits (an advance in "values" of nearly two and a half billions in August alone), when business leaders decry thrift, and the cost of living gives us a kick from behind? I know many men who have large salaries and many who have accumulated fortunes but I do not know a single one who has accumulated more than the merest competency except from gift, inheritance, or advances in stocks. For some years the stock market may have been an ever-present help in time of need to many, but stocks cannot continue to the end of our lives to climb an endless escalator; and as one looks forward to an eternal making of money to buy an endless succession of new things, or even merely of new "models," one wonders whether the "highest standard ever attained" is really worth all it costs and whether if Wordsworth could to-day see the richest nation in the world he would not be more than ever convinced that "Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers." Yet still the high-powered sales forces urge "buy, buy, buy and make yourselves and everybody prosperous by it." We are hearing a good deal about prosperity without profit. We may soon be giving consideration to prosperity without peace of mind. It is a fact not without its significance, perhaps, for social trends and tendencies that in these past few weeks since the dis-

aster in Florida and Porto Rico, less than one person in a thousand in the richest city in our country, a country formerly quick to respond to the call for help, has contributed even one of those dimes we are told are so unconsidered in New York.

#### IV

Let us turn to some of the other social effects of this high standard. It is obvious that with a national income of even ninety billions, a hundred and twenty million people cannot buy everything. Some things have to go if we are to have new things constantly and pay double or treble for the old. We are electing, in many cases perforce, to let go the home. This is due partly to the cost of housing and partly to that of servants as well as general costs. In the urban centers, at least, gild the pill as we may, the people who fifteen years ago had comfortable homes are by no means as comfortable to-day. The New York papers advertise "beautiful one-room homes" consisting of a room eleven by fourteen with a bath, a bed that folds up into the wall, and a cooking shelf in a dark closet. The one I have in mind costs as much in yearly rent as twenty-five years ago the dignified three-story eleven-room house on one of the finest streets in town cost my father—that is, \$1200. Even if one succeeds in finding a five- to seven-room apartment, with one or two of the rooms of good size, at \$2000 (which is by no means easy to do), one has only half the space at about double the cost of two decades back, and nothing like the dignity, quiet, or privacy. Moreover, the maid service, when it can be afforded, is at two to three times the former cost.

In the pre-war days a good neighborhood was usually sufficiently large to permit of extensive walks in it. To-day in New York even a very expensive neighborhood is as frequently as not an oasis of a block or two, or even an apartment house or two, in the midst of a desert of dreary and depressing slums. The rookery quarters of a medieval city

may be picturesque. The slums of New York are merely drab and sordid. To those accustomed to a house or even to the spaciousness of a better-class Paris apartment the usual New York apartment seems hopelessly cramped and lacking in all character and dignity. The rooms seem almost to open into one another and the family to be always on top of one another, whether taking their baths or entertaining guests. And guests are infinitely more of a problem than they ever were. Overnight guests are out of the question for most people of moderate means. It is hard enough to get an apartment which affords decent living for the family, much less a guest room. The lack of service, the dependence upon one maid, when any, instead of upon the invariable cook and waitress of even the modest families of twenty years back, has made entertaining a genuine and not seldom an insolvable problem for families living on such incomes as before the War would have made hospitality merely an easy and gracious function of the household life.

Moreover, within the family itself, the close quarters of the modern apartment afford infinitely more opportunity for friction of tempers and temperaments than the old homes. A third-story front bedroom as an escape from the family sitting room two stories below had almost the aloofness of a mountain peak. The unsatisfactory character of the new homes, or the unsatisfied natures of their tenants, is proved beyond dispute by the restlessness engendered. This October in New York alone a hundred thousand families, involving at the lowest estimate three hundred thousand people, moved from one apartment to another. What memories can cluster about his "childhood home" for a child who is thus annually dragged from one to another by parents in search of cheaper rents or the latest installations in the way of electric ice-boxes or garbage incinerators? Perhaps sunshine, air, quiet, spaciousness, decency of neighborhood, dignity, privacy

are aristocratic requirements, vestiges of a now lost mode of comely and gracious living. At any rate, they are now the most expensive "things" to acquire, when they can be acquired at all, in a great modern city. Yet two decades ago even in New York and Brooklyn they were readily obtainable on such modest incomes as \$3000 or \$4000 a year.

## V

What has been the effect on the professional and intellectual classes? Of course where they have linked themselves to big business or made their work fit into mass production they have weathered the storm of the high standard very well. No one need worry about the general counsel of a motor-car company, the artists who draw the syndicated comic strips, or the movie stars. But there are whole classes who do not or cannot thus fit in. A nationally known trust company officer recently wrote that most of those who disliked the present situation and who were given to dire comment or prophecy were merely those who had had comfortable incomes before the present high standard hit us and who had been unable to adjust themselves to it, that is, make *large* incomes. But according to the present modes of dividing the national income, how *can* these classes thus adjust themselves except by abandoning their work and going into business?

Our glance at the minimum wage budget prepared by the street railway men has shown us what can be done on \$1900 a year: \$12 a year for education, \$30 for all reading matter (one-third of which would be consumed by one daily paper), and \$12.20 for tobacco and all recreation. The average pay of all clergymen throughout the United States is \$735 a year. How are they to adjust themselves? To attain even to the minimum budget of the street railway worker they would have nearly to treble their income, that is, to give one-third of their time to the work of their ministry



and two-thirds to making money solely. Even if they could do so, what would they get as their share of the "high standard"? We have seen that even the street railway company had to cut out all reading matter, even newspapers, from the homes of its men if they were to live on \$1505. Yet under the high standard the country allows its clergy half that sum and complains that the church is failing in leadership.

Let us turn to another class, which is great numerically and should be great in influence. The average pay of teachers throughout the country districts of the Middle Atlantic States, including that manufactory of millionaires, Pennsylvania, is \$870 a year; in the villages it is \$1244. Let us bear in mind the bleak budget of \$1900 of the street railway men and remember also that the conductor of a railway freight train gets about \$3750 a year and the engineer about \$4700. What are the opportunities and prospects for a man of scholarly tastes, attainments, and pursuits? Summing up the results of the investigation of ninety-seven members of the University of California faculty already alluded to, the investigator says that "it seems safe to say that a young man entering a university faculty after three to five years' apprenticeship as a teaching fellow or a candidate for a higher degree, can command a salary of less than \$2000 for the first two years; \$2000 to \$3000 for the next three years; \$3000 to \$4000 after six to fifteen years of service. . . . Fourteen years of service are necessary to bring two-thirds of the faculty to security of tenure and a salary of between \$4000 and \$5000." Including the necessary undergraduate college course and the apprentice years, this means in all twenty-two to twenty-five years of preparatory service, at the end of which there is one chance in ten of getting a salary of from \$5000 to \$7000. How are these men to adjust themselves? Most of them do extra work to earn money as, in forty per cent of the cases, do the wives also. In the days before the

"high standard" a vacation was a vacation, a period in which the professor, fagged from nine months' drilling of immature minds, could rest and catch up on his professional reading, get fresh points of view and prepare for the next nine months' bout with inquiring or resisting youth. Now, we read, one-third of the faculty could take no vacation at all; 40 per cent took less than two weeks, and 60 per cent less than four weeks; yet yesterday the men in the building trades in New York laid down their demand for every Saturday off on full pay, equivalent to six and a half weeks' vacation from purely physical work requiring practically no mental preparation or recuperation. Is it any wonder that a professor at Berkeley on \$3000 a year goes into business at \$20,000 a year, that a professor from an Eastern university on about \$6000 a year becomes president of a business company with \$75,000 a year drawing account, and that another turns from teaching history to writing advertisements, to mention the three who occur first to me?

Let us glance at writing under the high standard. Big incomes can be earned by anything adapted for mass production, such as best-selling novels (with possible movie rights), articles for the mass-circulation magazines, certain sorts of "syndicated stuff," and so on; but that sort of writing is not the most valuable for our national culture as a rule. The cost of living is certainly from 200 to 250 per cent of what it was in the decade before the War. "Index figures" are misleading. It is of little importance to the average man whether pig lead is up 25 or 50 per cent. It is of prime importance to him that, as I can show by my check-book, a cook who cost \$30 a month then costs \$75 now, that a suit of clothes which cost \$28 then costs at the same store \$74 now, and so on; to say nothing of all the new things to be bought. Of course, the changes in wage schedules would differ from newspaper to newspaper but in one which gave me the figures for before the War and now I find that editorial salaries

have advanced 50 per cent, junior reporters and book reviewers the same, poets 25 per cent, whereas, rather oddly, space writers get actually 10 per cent less than before. I am told that writers for the high-grade magazines get about double. Comparing the flat price paid for scholarly volumes in two similar works twenty years ago and now, I found that the scholars working to-day were paid no more than before the War. On a royalty basis, owing to higher book prices and larger sales, authors probably fare better than fifteen years ago, though strict comparison for many reasons is difficult. On the whole, taking the ordinary man of letters who lives by his output and who writes books, articles, reviews, and does the other various literary jobs, it would seem that in order to maintain himself in the same relative position in the social and economic scale he would have to increase his output materially.

This would seem to be borne out by the "case method." Let me note a few cases. A. Lectures two and a half hours daily; writes all the afternoon; in the evenings writes the lectures to be delivered next morning. B. Works on a literary job every week-day and four evenings; writes Sundays. C. Has succumbed and gone into business because his wife could not do all the housework, bring up three children, and have any energy left. D. Husband and wife, both known for their valuable writings on important subjects. Have given up their home out of town because they could get no servant, and wife could not do all the housework, bring up the one child, and do her writing. E. Books and articles always in demand by publishers. Can sell all he can write. Works all day, many evenings and Sundays. G. Brilliant man of letters, died in his forties from overwork. H. A scholar and important cultural influence, died of a stroke caused by overwork.

These are or were all people who have done work of the best grade and who have national and, in several cases,

international reputations. There has been no question of aspiring to compete with the incomes of business executives, merely an effort to provide to some extent for the future and to live with something approaching the decency easily open to them before the high standard hit the country.

Business rewards are greater than ever for those who are successful, but granted the social value of the business man's services and granted also the "dignity of labor," it may well be asked whether a standard of living is really intrinsically high which thus places additional burdens on the shoulders of whole classes of the country's spiritual and intellectual leadership, its clergymen, its teachers, and writers, in order to lighten the load of the carpenters, cooks, and chambermaids? It may be truly said that Society has always expected the intellectual classes to content themselves to a great extent with rewards that are not pecuniary. That is so, but the tremendous advance in the standard of living and the tremendously increased gulf between the man of large income and the man of a moderate one has served to depress these classes in the comparative scale far below the point of two decades ago. I have every sympathy with labor, but its increased share of the national income should come from the accumulating surplus, the location of which is very clearly indicated from the income tax lists, and not from mulcting the professional and clerical classes scarcely a step now in the economic scale above labor itself. I cannot see that the standard of life for the community as a whole is going to be made higher by taking a vacation and a cook away from the college professor and giving them to the conductor or the bricklayer, while the rich business men get incredibly richer.

Before we leave this phase of the question, let us glance at some of the office workers under the new standard. What mass production methods have done in the way of deadening routine for the factory workers is too well known for



repetition, but what is going on in office work may be less generally understood. The new idea of the relations between employer and employee in mass production is that the employer buys "production," that is, "output," from the employee. Thus we read in a book on office technic how improvement was made in an up-to-date office. Motion pictures were taken of the clerks opening the morning mail. As a result of a study of these pictures, the motions of the clerks were "reduced from thirteen to six and the output increased from 100 pieces an hour to 200 an hour. A further refinement in the manner of arranging the opened and unopened letters on the table brought the rate to 250 an hour. Output was still further increased by the use of a 'motion studied table' to 300 an hour."

Stenographers, of course, have been included in this speeding-up process. We read that "in measuring production of this kind several systems are in use. One is that of measuring production by the square inch, with a transparent celluloid, but in most cases a cyclometer is used, which is attached to the machine and records the number of strokes." Production is counted by "points," each "point" being equal to a certain number of strokes, and pay is given accordingly. 250 strokes are deducted for an ordinary error and 1275 strokes for an error on the envelope. 10,000 strokes are added for "a perfect desk," that is one on which, every minute of the week, every implement is so placed as to permit of the greatest speed. Medals and vacation allowances are given for records, and contests are held—though, as to these last, the expert admits that "as a general rule, office contests are not to be recommended. Spurts of speed of any kind are bound to have their reactions and the contest is *often succeeded by a certain amount of lethargy after the goal has been won.* [Italics mine.] But for clearing out an accumulation of work or to rouse the office force they may be very effective." One rubs one's eyes and wonders

whether he is reading about America under the highest standard of living ever attained or England at the beginning of the industrial revolution. Stenographers share in the high standard to the extent of from \$1250 to \$1800 a year.

## VI

It would be possible to go on almost indefinitely listing our by-products. For example, having everything from furniture to buildings always of the latest is doing away with a whole range of human emotions. When I was at Yale in 1898 I lived in a new dormitory then one year old. Twenty years later when I went back to see what memories the old place might bring to me, I found that the dormitory had been torn down and replaced by a "modern" building. Our schools and their furnishings, altered or rebuilt every few years, make an Eton or a Harrow look painfully shabby perhaps and "unprogressive"; but the boy who sits at the same desk where Shelley or Byron or Chatham or Gladstone or Wellington sat, or lives in their rooms, will dream dreams and gain an inspiration never afforded by the latest efficient furniture from Michigan. It is the law of compensation at work, and what is gained is not always better than what is lost. So far, what has been gained under the high standard is mostly material and what has been lost is mostly spiritual.

It might be thought that with a really high standard, the extra nerve strain of life would be compensated for by extra opportunity for rest, leisure, and quiet, but exactly the reverse is the case. There is less leisure, except perhaps for the old poor and the new very rich, than there was twenty years ago. It is also infinitely harder than it was to find any quiet spot in the country at possible cost to which one can retire to rest one's tired mind and soul. The automobile offers an instructive example of how an end can be defeated by its apparent means. When there were few cars they afforded people a chance to get

away into the peace of the country, but now their very numbers have ruined the quiet of the countryside. People motor out of the big cities for quiet, only to find that they themselves, multiplied by thousands, have killed the very thing they sought. Last week I inquired of a surgeon who had gone to his house in the country a hundred miles from New York if he had come back rested. He replied emphatically that he had not, and that his place was ruined by people who raced their motor boats with engines unmuffled and made it noisier than even his house in town. As to what will be the condition when aeroplanes become really common, one shudders to think.

Is it any wonder that as other by-products the statisticians tell us that the age of marriage is steadily being postponed, with all that that implies physiologically and psychologically, that the birth rate is falling, that heart disease, divorce, and insanity are all increasing? As we contemplate these and other by-products we may well ask, what makes a high standard of life rather than of living? Granted that we now have billionaires where even millionaires were relatively scarce a generation ago, that labor has risen a little farther above the subsistence level, and that science has given us innumerable toys and conveniences, has not the gulf in comfort widened infinitely between rich and poor? Is the great mass of professional and intellectual workers and of moderate-salaried people as well off in the things that really count as they were a generation ago? For the common fund of our civilization has the advance, such as it is, in the condition of the laboring class offset the comparative decline in the great and almost forgotten middle-class? Has the nation as a whole gained or lost in contentment, peace of mind, assurance of the future, rational enjoyment, and spiritual as well as material comfort? Is it worth while to be continually driven to meet the rent, life insurance, the installments on one's purchases, in order

that big business may declare its billions in stock dividends?

There are evidences that a great change may be in prospect. Mass production requires a steady and enormous flow of sales. On the one hand, the jaded buyers are showing signs of restiveness and of becoming tired of wasting their lives in buying, buying, buying, and paying, paying, paying. They have to be whipped into it by more and more expensive salesmanship. On the other hand, office and sales forces are getting tired of being speeded up as they compare their share in the high standard with that of the men above them, and have to be whipped by the most improved technical methods into greater and greater activity. And all for what? That mass production shall not falter or fail. The overhead costs of distribution have become staggering. If the public begins to economize and does not buy, then we are told that mass production will fall down and in the crash to follow no one will have money with which to buy anything. Better than that, we are told, is to buy what we do not really want or cannot afford.

There is no rest from the effort to make money in ever larger and larger amounts. There is no prospect of comfortable retirement in old age. For many who never thought of it in the old days there is the ever-present specter of illness or incapacity. As has been said, our prosperity can be maintained only by making people want more, and work more, all the time. Those, and they are many, who believe that our recent prosperity has been mainly caused by the phenomenal expansion of the automobile business tell us that it will soon be necessary to find some other article which will similarly take the public fancy and create billions of sales—and billions of expense to men already tired of doing nothing but meeting new expenses.

"The highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world?"





# A DANTE OF THE BARNS

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POISE

**M**IKE'S neighbors loitered clumsily about his beloved barn, so neat and silent under the blue and gold arch of a June morning, so tragic now with that distorted secret dangling at the heart of it. It was an awkward business trying to realize what had taken place behind that brightly hinged door, locked now against morbid intrusion. Words failed them, and their hands were useless. Then, too, Mike's barn was no longer just a barn. What had happened in it had put an aloof curse upon it. It defied them now with all the strength of its horribly acquired dignity, a haunted dignity that hushed their voices and turned their wonder into fear.

How could a thing like that have happened under a roof so obviously blessed by the golden weather of God? But it had. They had but to walk up the path between the currant bushes to the yellow cottage on the knoll and they would have the gruesome proof of it. And they did clump up, unmindful of the pink petals ruffling the grass and the larks skimming in melodious circles over their heads. They wiped their feet with ceremonious care on Mike's doormat and shuffled in to gaze at Mike himself, lying in waxen serenity in his unused parlor behind the stiff green shade, carefully lowered to keep out the sun he had loved so well.

They resumed their murmurings in the clean, pebbled yard. Why had Mike done it, he who so suddenly had every-

thing to live for? There it was: farm paid for, crops flourishing, that tough sister of his back with her mother in Wisconsin, that awful baby dead . . . to say nothing of the indisputable fact that he had barely three days before become the lawfully wedded husband of one of the prettiest girls in the county. That, as Ephraim Seeley, Mike's former employer, put it was the "crowner." Everybody seemed at sea except Heppy Yarrow, the crabbed old witch who had kept house for Mike; and her explanation simply darkened the matter more than ever. "I've seen folks go dotty with happiness before in my time," she muttered, but nobody wanted to pay attention to her.

But they all agreed about one thing, and that was that very suddenly at the age of forty Mike had everything to live for. Why had he construed it as everything to die for? Would things, even the thing his wife knew and that his neighbors would never suspect, have been different had Mike not tried to express the Celtic warmth of a twentieth-century idyl in the thirteenth-century verse of another lover and a mystic at that? In other words, a golden head troubled Mike even as it had troubled that other fellow in Florence six hundred years before, and he, too, tried to ring it with the untouchable stars. This was the part of Mike's story that was heights above the seemingly all-encompassing wonder of his puzzled neighbors, and even of his young wife herself; and it is the whole story and here it is.

For twenty years Mike Tobin clerked in his father's stuffy little grocery in Manowoc, Wisconsin. He hated it but stuck to it out of sheer pity for his father. His mother was the reason. Mrs. Tobin was gaunt and wiry and ageless. Her tongue was like a series of clashing knives, and she relentlessly managed everything both in the store and out of it. She held her husband and son in joint scorn, mainly because she was a good Catholic and they weren't "anything." An Irishman who wasn't a Catholic never was anything.

Then there was Belle. Belle was Mike's gay, plump sister and she cared for nothing but bright ribbons and men. Sometimes the mother scolded the daughter shrilly for laughing too loudly and intimately with the drummers who came to the store, but it did no good. Nothing, Mike reasoned, ever did any good; and the shriller one was about certain, inevitable things the less space there was in the air for the little melodious things that ought to have a chance.

One Sunday morning Mr. Tobin took Mike aside and said, "I'm goin' away, son. I can't stand another minute o' this."

Mike stared. "Where you going, father?" he finally asked.

"You'll know in good time, son, an' I have an idea that sometime later we'll meet, but afore that I want you should have a bit o' life with this," and he counted thirty one-hundred dollar bills into Mike's hand.

And Mike wondered as he went from his father why the possession of the money over his heart should make him so uneasy and sad. That was in the morning. At noon Mike found his father in the locked store, his head pillowed on the counter, a bullet through his head. Mike stood there and looked at him a long time before he called his mother. He had gone a long way, but what was left looked so peaceful. . . .

Mrs. Tobin threw aggrieved hysterics. If he had been a good Catholic he would never have dared do it, even in a fit of

temporary insanity. Belle sobbed and tried the effect of black ribbons in her burnished hair. After the funeral Mrs. Tobin discovered the loss of the three thousand dollars and trebled her temper to make up for it. Mike kept silent about the money and bent his red head under her vitriol, but the bending worried him. His discontent darkened and deepened into a desperate resolve.

And so one spring morning when the fields outside Manowoc were clovering out to the glitter of bees, and the green hills arched the horizon like an invitation, Mike took a walk. He walked through what was left of Wisconsin and straight across Iowa to where Dakota stretched, tawny and flat like a sea to be adventured over. And Mike, tramping the plains, often thought of the sea. He had never seen it, but it must be like this prairie, this rippling, dipping prairie with its feathery sweep right up to the horizon and the clean winds blowing up from a pink froth of dawn and settling into the wide red depths of sunset. The slender black chimneys miles apart emitting thin, gray smoke might have been the static funnels of waiting ships. Yes, this land was a kind of sea, and Mike drew the acrid air in and out of his lungs, fancying salt in it.

He chopped wood from one farm to another and more often than not slept under the stars. It never occurred to Mike to use a penny of what his father had given him. That should be used, if used at all, for some high and mighty purpose. Besides, this freedom was all he wanted. The miles flowed behind him, and every morning a newer and brighter sun gilded the grass undulating before him.

Then Mike became conscious of something sprouting within him, something like a sensitive plant putting out tender, tentative leaves. "I must be growing a brain," he would mutter uneasily to himself, "and something ought to be done about it." He began gathering up old newspapers and almanacs and stray leaves from abandoned



books. He pored over them during long, sunny afternoons, his head pillowed against the fragrant comfort of a haystack. He memorized stray quotations from Shakespeare and Tennyson. He discovered Joan of Arc, a girl who commanded an army from a horse and got burned for her trouble in an unpronounceable town in France. An octopus was a kind of eight-footed fish, and the amber stem of his pipe was once a yellow mass floating in the Baltic Sea.

And so it went until September. Then Mike began to feel uneasy. There were frosty warnings in the air, and the shorn fields reminded him that granaries were full and that the fields were empty. Time to look out for a haven. He began eying the farms as he passed and several times he caught himself eying one as if he were the owner of it. Why not? His father would be glad to have him spend the money that way. Mike felt elated. He would push on to Crittenden, one of the most prosperous of Dakota towns, and look around. But ten miles this side of it, he was stopped by Miss Beatrice O'Brien.

It was a yellow afternoon in September. The sun rained down from a cloudless sky, puddling the clipped land and showering the roofs with honey-tinted radiance. The road was warm under the glittering dust. Then out from the shadow of a weatherbeaten wall rode Miss O'Brien. She rode like a young Joan who had forgotten her destiny and was content to be just charming. And how charming she was, mounted high on a sorrel horse, her lithe legs emerging from a short skirt of brown corduroy, her breast curving under a blouse of bronze silk, her amber eyes sparkling under brown brows, and her shining hair shadowed by the tip-tilted cockiness of a brown hat! A troop of untidy school children clamored after her, and at her side dangled a coil of new rope, rope which glistened knowingly in the slanting sun, as if it shared a subtle secret with the gleaming girl who had hung it there.

Mike lost his breath but recovered enough of it to follow her down the shimmering road. As he tramped along behind her he mused about her in terms of those romantic clippings he had pored over during the past weeks. She was Rosalind . . . the Lady of Shalott . . . Joan . . . a Russian princess who had dipped amber from the Baltic Sea. . . . Now, Mike had seen other girls astride horses, pretty ones too, but they had never affected him beyond a temporary marveling at their soft way of being pretty. Why did this particular one affect him this way? Was it because she had in the most sudden and perfect way possible climaxed a summer that had unshackled his body and put a luminous promise upon his soul? Perhaps. At any rate, Mike lived a thousand rosy hours in one as he followed Beatrice O'Brien along that cooling road and through the Seeley gate.

She was there when he entered, motionless on her bright horse, absently fingering that pale coil of rope. When she saw him she leaped lightly to the ground and deftly slipped the bridle rein over his arm.

"You're the new hired man, I guess?" she said.

"I guess so," answered Mike, uncertainly, wishing he could run and leave his voice there alone with her.

She laughed, and as she laughed Mike felt relieved. Angels could talk, but he had never heard of one laughing. He breathed more easily as he led his divinity's horse toward the barn. He emerged twenty minutes later, the Seeley's hired man.

The Seeleys were one of the most prosperous couples in the county. Ephraim was big and hairy and honest, with one of the loudest voices ever given by God to a man. Martha, his straight, starched wife, dwindled into meek silence under the impact of it. Not that Martha was the meek type. Hadn't she dreamed and brought all but one of her dreams to pass? As a girl in a little village in Ohio, she had

dreamed of marrying a stalwart, god-fearing husband, the two of them pushing forward into some new country where she could have a large white house with a veranda around it and two or three children on which she could tie pink and blue ribbons. Everything had materialized except the children, but, curiously enough, this unsatisfied longing did not embitter her. It kept her hopeful and sympathetic and enabled her to tolerate Ephraim's noise with maternal apathy.

This particular September evening Martha was slipping a pan of her famous biscuits into the oven when Ephraim blustered in with Mike in tow. Mike stood in the settling twilight of the wide kitchen, his red hair making a tangled aureole around his head. His blue eyes were shining shyly, and every feature of his gently contoured face seemed to sharpen eagerly with the desire to measure up to this estimable couple's expectations.

"Well, Marthy, here he is!" boomed Ephraim. "His name's Mike and he'll stay the winter if you feed him right."

"Where'd you find him?" asked Mrs. Seeley, fussing with an apron string.

"He followed the school ma'am home, and I nabbed him."

Martha Seeley smiled up at her husband's newly acquired hired man. His timidity, coupled with his sensitive mouth and his easily clouded eyes, appealed to the maternal in her. "I'll show you your room," she said simply and beckoned him upward.

Mike made a violent toilet that evening in the little room under the eaves. He stood in front of the wavy mirror a full hour, shaving and sopping water on his rebellious hair to make it stay down. He re-knotted the purple satin tie around the collar of his gray flannel shirt and polished his shoes with an old piece of rag carpet. And he tried to keep his mind off the angel he would have to face across the supper table down there in that terrifyingly intimate kitchen. It took Mike a

decade to descend the stairs, and another passed before he dared raise his eyes above the white flutter of a sleeve across a forest of blue china.

"Will you please pass the cream?"

Mike slowly and painfully became aware of a blue cream jug under his nose and of five extended fingers. He pushed the jug and was rewarded by seeing two of the five fingers close around the handle. Just as her laugh had reassured him in the barnyard, so the functioning of those two fingers reassured him now. He looked up only to lose his breath again. She was being absolutely unearthly in creamy silk, and about her neck swung a large heart-shaped topaz on a golden chain.

"School going any better?" asked Martha Seeley politely.

"It's worse," answered Miss O'Brien, wearily crumbling gingerbread.

"Do have some of these preserves," suggested Mrs. Seeley, turning to Mike. "They're made of little yellow tomatoes."

Mike ate them because their color was that of the stone swinging at the white throat of Miss O'Brien.

"Chore time, Mike," announced Ephraim finally, wiping his mouth on the back of one hairy hand.

"Mi-ke . . . (Ah, the tinkling audacity of that drawling voice!) I think *Mike's* a perfectly lovely name. It's so Irish. Papa's Irish too, but my mother was a Canadian. Oh, Mr. Seeley," she cried, switching the amber battery of her eyes from Mike to Mike's employer, "mayn't Mike have Prince as part of his chores? I think they'd get along fine together."

"All right with me," agreed Mr. Seeley pushing back his chair.

"There's another thing, Mike . . . that rope. Don't let it get down in the mud or anything. I use it to picket Prince while I'm teaching."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled Mike and managed another look at her. A protective pity welled up in him. Teaching must be awful for a creature as delicate as that.



Now Beatrice O'Brien wasn't an angel. She was simply the pretty daughter of a Crittenden lawyer. But Mr. O'Brien had invested too much money in sterile Dakota land, and if Beatrice wanted to wear silk on week days and dangle topazes about her slim neck, she must earn them herself. . . . Here she was doing the only thing she could do, which was teach school, and in the country at that. It was dull. The Seeleys where she boarded were nice but dull too. Now here was this new hired man, this Irishman with his tall, broadly shouldered body and his sensitive face under the bold red waves of hair and something in his eyes that made her think of a word she had come across in a book once—troubadour. It might be fun.

But there was no fun. For five months there was nothing warmer between them than the steaming dishes on the supper table and a hastily tossed bridle rein. And it was Mike's fault, for he met every attempt of hers to lessen the constraint between them with a speechlessness which was pure worship. He would stand in the barn with her tawny wreath of rope over his arm and dream. And thus it was that there was five months of dawn that reminded him of her faintly flushed purity; five months of sun that he faced reverently because it was the color of her hair; five months of stars, two of which lived in her eyes.

Then came that complicated Saturday in March when that other poet entered into it. It was raining. The Seeleys had driven Beatrice into town and had stayed there to do the marketing. Mike was sitting in the kitchen reading a book which he had filched from the parlor. It was a bulky treatise on etiquette, and as Mike read he sighed. The road a gentleman traveled was an intricate one. A gentleman jumped to his feet when a lady entered the room. He pulled out chairs for her. It was all so beyond him that he dropped the book and relaxed into somnolence.

He felt better floating off into a high, white place where chairs were unnecessary and where one could adore one's lady on a pedestal.

He was aroused by a violent knocking at the door. In reply to his shouted "Come in!" it opened, and a black-coated, genteel-looking little man entered. He seemed to drip hair and water. Both trickled down from under his rusty derby hat and rivuleted across the stiff bosom of his smudged shirt.

"Wife home?" he asked, blinking his weak eyes at Mike.

"I'm the hired man," explained Mike. "Folks are in town."

"I see," drawled the stranger thoughtfully. "I see."

"Bad day," volunteered Mike, pushing a chair toward his visitor.

"Yes," he answered, taking the edge of the chair as if contamination lurked in the back of it. "It's hard on my business." He paused and coughed importantly.

"Lightning rods?" hazarded Mike.

The little man's sandy hair bristled, and his beard twitched. He wagged an indignant finger in Mike's face. "It's only the ignorant who sell lightning rods. My line, my dear sir, is books," and he drew a large volume bound in black leather from a green cloth bag and laid it reverently on Mike's knees. *Gems from the World's Best Literature* marched across the cover in heavy gilt. The agent tapped it knowingly. "When you've read that, my dear sir, you've read something from everything."

Mike turned the thin leaves gingerly. It looked too complete. He was about to hand it back when this caught his eye: "*When first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes, even she who was called Beatrice . . .*"

"How . . . how much?" stuttered Mike, trying not to tremble.

"Ten dollars," answered the little man slyly.

Mike thrust a ten-dollar bill into the hands of the agent, who faded from

sight as precipitately as possible. He left Mike sitting with his finger pressed ecstatically against a name. When he grew calmer he read around it. It seemed that one May day along about 1274 an Italian named Dante Alighieri met a certain Beatrice Portinari at a party in Florence. He worshipped her on the spot and when he got home he began writing a piece which he called "The New Life." It was marvellous stuff. Just think, in Italy, over six hundred years ago, this Dante had been up against the same thing as he, Mike Tobin, was up against on this Dakota farm right now! Only Dante had been able to express his feelings. Mike couldn't express his, but there would be no harm in allowing this poet to do it for him, and didn't the girls have the same name, that rare, lovely name, which Dante said meant "*she who confers blessing*"? And how true they were, these splendid almost unsayable things that Dante seemed so easily to say!

*No sooner do I lift mine eyes to look  
Than the blood seems as shaken from my heart  
And all my pulses beat at once and stop.*

Mike read this over and over, and each time it wrenched him with wonder. Dante had said it all in about two dozen simple words—said it forever. And it clarified things even if it did make Beatrice O'Brien more of a golden blur than ever. She was pinnacles above him, and it was up to him to allow her to stay there. And when Monday evening came, and he saw her once more under the flickering lamplight, a pale wisp in a fragile frock, gently buttering one of Martha Seeley's flaky biscuits, he thanked God for making a poet who could sing like that. It made things so much easier for the inarticulate fellows who came after him.

But one Sunday afternoon in May something happened. Mike was sitting under a cottonwood tree in the yard with

propped up on his knees, dozing over Dante. He was awakened by a tickling sensation across the back of his neck and a tinkling laugh. It was Beatrice O'Brien playfully threatening him with a handful of long, fringed grasses.

"Oh," he groaned, going flame down into his very boots, "I was asleep, I guess."

"I guess you were, with your nose in a book too. What were you reading?" and she knelt down beside him to look.

He made an attempt to cover the page with his hands, but she took the volume and bent over it. "What drivel," she scoffed; "it must be terrible to be as crazy about a girl as Dante was."

"Yes," admitted Mike in a muffled voice, "it is."

"She had the same name as mine," elucidated Beatrice, tossing her brown hat from the glory of her hair.

"Yes, I know," stuttered Mike, wishing she weren't so near him.

"And I know something, too," she lisped, pirouetting before him on one foot, "something you don't know. You don't know, Mike, how funny you are!" And she sped houseward to the tune of her rippling laughter.

Mike stumbled down to the gate where she had left Prince and took him blindly to the barn. Why had she laughed? Dante wasn't funny. It must be his—a mere hired man's knowledge of him—that was funny. Mike, forking hay down to her horse in the barn, afterward tried to reason himself back into his old serenity. Who was he that he should resent her altitude? And didn't she have the right to lean down if she wanted to and laugh a little?

The following week Beatrice's school was out. Ephraim Seeley was boisterously relieved. He had not liked the teacher's fool notions. Martha was sorry for she had mothered Bee, as she had learned to call her, and Bee had liked it. Mike, seeing her go, books and baggage, one Saturday morning in June, felt numb. There were the endless



miles between the Seeley barnyard and her father's lawn in Crittenden, and every one of them was closed to him.

Now that Beatrice was gone, Mike's original idea about buying a farm revived. And so one evening when Ephraim Seeley looked up over one of his wife's steaming suppers and casually remarked that the Biddle farm was for sale, Mike, just as casually, remarked that he meant to buy it. They both stared.

"It . . . it joins yours," stuttered Mike, "and I want to invest that money of my father's."

"What'll you do, Mike, all alone in that six-room house?" quavered Martha.

"I'll bet," bellowed her husband, pouring syrup over a slice of bread and folding it over with his knife, "that Mike has a girl up his sleeve."

"I haven't," answered Mike quietly. "I'm going to batch it."

"Speaking of girls," said Martha, "reminds me that I saw Bee O'Brien in town to-day. She's engaged to Dudley Watson, that nice-looking cashier in the bank. He's lucky. She's the dearest . . . sweetest . . ."

"A stuck-up piece," grunted Ephraim, reaching for more syrup.

"Guess I'd better be getting out to the chores," choked Mike and bolted, leaving a large slice of angel food cake untouched on his plate.

Mike walked drunkenly past the barn and out on the road which cut through the dew-soaked fields and, as he walked, he pressed his cold fingers against his burning eyes. He was trying to keep a picture at bay—Beatrice O'Brien, being kissed, perhaps that very moment, under the large summer stars.

That night he returned to something in Dante which almost calmed him. Beatrice Portinari had married Simone de' Bardi, and the poet had kept on with his worship and his verses. After all, perhaps it was better so. Well, there was this much about it, the halo that he, Mike Tobin, had put around her little head could not be disarranged by a mere

husband, and yet something had smirched the tip of one white wing.

A week later Mike purchased the Biddle farm. One hundred and sixty acres of Dakota now belonged to him. They were his, those yellow, fragrant acres, topped by a knoll on which a neat yellow cottage faced the sun. There was a barn too, a wide, red barn whose roof seemed to bulge over the packed pungency of hay and whose clean, white stalls seemed destined to shelter generations of contented cows. Mike had never felt nearer peace in his life. The very dust that powdered the blue air was his, and Beatrice O'Brien was safe up there on her glittering cloud, and Dante would keep her there.

Then Mike had a letter from Belle, his red-cheeked, dancing sister in Manowoc, Wisconsin. She wanted to come and keep house for him. She came. Mike was puzzled by her changed appearance. Her lips and cheeks weren't red, and she seemed heavily unaware that such a thing as a dance ever existed. Not only that, she refused to mix with the neighbors. She even refused to answer the door the two afternoons Mrs. Seeley attempted to call. Martha spoke to Mike about it, but he couldn't explain Belle's sudden aversion for society, and somehow he couldn't bring himself to reproach his sister. She was a faithful, if not a neat housekeeper, and her cooking was better than his. And so things went tranquilly enough until that terrible, hair-raising night in November when Belle, sobbing with shame and trembling with pain, awakened him with a confession that sent him flying, half-dressed, across the frozen fields to the Seeleys for help.

The next day the whole neighborhood knew that that queer sister of Mike Tobin's had had a baby. That explained why she had avoided them. It was awful for a hussy like that to dump herself on a nice, hustling brother who was trying to make a start in life. How would he take it?

The way Mike took it was known

only to himself. The shame he felt was the silent kind that ate under his surfaces like dark poison. As for Belle, she soon recovered all her old insolence. The baby was a girl and she named her Milicent. She hated the mite and begged Mike to allow her to put it in a "home" so she could return to her dancing and a probable husband in Wisconsin. Mike shook his head. She had had Milicent and she should continue to have her. "But she's so homely!" wailed Belle, "just look at her." She wasn't prepossessing, a weak, sickly little thing, all bones and colorless hair, who whined interminably. But she was helpless and innocent and ought, therefore, to have a chance.

Then one midday Mike returned from his fields to the yellow house on the knoll only to find it empty. Not quite empty, for on his bed there was a bundle, which turned out to be Milicent, and pinned to her blanket was a note which informed him that Belle was taking the first train to Manowoc, where no one knew what had happened to her.

Mike tightened his lips, and his eyes darkened. He picked up Milicent and carried her to the window. He stood there a full hour, trying to accustom himself to the role he felt he ought to play. And then it was that a ray of sun struck the light fuzz on the baby's head. It actually shone a little. Mike held her closer. She might grow up and have hair not unlike that which glorified the head of one Beatrice. . . .

The neighbors applauded him to his face for his philanthropic temerity, and those of them who had eyed the Tobin menage askance while Belle was there, now pointed with pride to the yellow cottage where a lone bachelor was doing his duty by the forsaken child of a flighty sister. Martha Seeley adored him for it in her shy, angular way, and Ephraim teased him about it with affectionate roughness.

Mike had a difficult time. Martha repeatedly offered to take Milicent off his hands, but he refused. Then one

day she sent Heppy Yarrow over. Heppy Yarrow was one of those handy old derelicts who work from one farm to another. She had wound up at the Seeleys, and Martha had told her about Mike, and she had chuckled and gone over. She liked to nose around, and this queer menage just suited her, but Mike would not trust her with Milicent. He still continued to do everything for the child but wash for her.

Then came a day in April. Mike was plowing and wincing a little as he was forced now and then to turn under a clump of prairie violets. Every now and then he would stroll over and peer down at Milicent, who was asleep on a pile of straw in the back of the wagon. It made Mike feel destined for something more luminous than plowing to look at Milicent's hair under the warm purity of the sun and be reminded of Beatrice, whose head must have been covered with flaxen tendrils like that once. And then late in the afternoon he looked up and thought he saw a sorrel horse cantering along through the slanting sunlight and on its back a small erect figure. It couldn't be she. She was in Crittenden getting ready to be married to that godlike young cashier. But it was, willowy and transparent as ever in her brown clothes. Then something snapped Mike's intoxication in mid-air. It was the thought of Milicent. How would Beatrice react to Milicent? Of course the child was innocent, but her origin was black mystery. It would besmirch Beatrice even so much as to wonder . . .

"Good evening," she called, and leaned toward him over the black furrow.

"Good evening," answered Mike, everything, even his fear, whipping madly into tune at the sound of her voice.

"I hadn't seen Aunt Martha for ages, so I rode out. She told me you were over here, so I rode by to say hello," and she tried to give him the shining gift of her eyes.

"It's a nice evening," he observed, refusing the gift. (If only she would ride on before Milicent woke up!)



"I adore evenings like this," she said, flicking the serpentine coil of rope with her whip.

Just then a thin, penetrating wail cut the softness of the air. Beatrice stared, then rode over and peered down into the wagon.

"My stars, Mike, if there isn't that famous baby! I've been dying to see it. She . . . she has pretty hair," she added turning to Mike with sympathetic dubiousness.

Mike lowered his head while he silently turned to flame.

"I suppose you feed her and everything. Aunt Martha says you won't let Heppy Yarrow touch her. Pretty soon you'll have to learn to crochet so she can have the last word in petticoats," and her laughter trickled through the graying air like melodious water. She rode slowly back to him, her face still dimpling with amusement, then leaned over and put her hand softly on his shoulder.

"I think you're wonderful, Mike . . . just wonderful," and she rode off through shadows that seemed to withdraw at her bright approach.

Mike had never felt so uplifted. Even her laughter had lifted him, and he owed the benediction of her hand on his shoulder to that grotesque mite sucking her misshapen thumb on a heap of straw in the wagon!

The following week two people died. The first to go was Milicent, who succumbed to one of Heppy Yarrow's remedies for croup. Three days later Lawyer O'Brien dropped dead of heart disease. Milicent's going threw Mike into a state which was neither spiritual loneliness nor a sense of physical loss, but a chaos composed of both. In some indefinable way he felt that a tangible part of Beatrice herself had been buried with that wisp of a child, and the feeling left him more isolated than ever up among those tragic clouds of his. Heppy Yarrow was no help about anything but housework. "Good thing it died," she said, but it didn't comfort him.

Mr. O'Brien's exit affected him too. He saw Beatrice now filmy and remote behind the bright pathos of her tears.

Then one morning in June Martha Seeley cut across the fields and dropped on the scrubbed steps of Mike's porch and waited for him as he came up from the barn. "Mike," she announced solemnly, "Bee's back."

Mike put down his pails and stared at her.

"Yes," continued Martha, "she's staying with me until she decides what to do. It's terrible for a girl like her to be left like that. Her father didn't leave her a thing that wasn't mortgaged up to the hilt."

"I . . . I thought," stammered Mike, drawing a worn knife from his pocket and starting to whittle a willow stick, "I thought she . . . she was engaged."

"Oh, I guess that's all off! Dudley's got a job in a bank in Chicago, and I guess Bee realized even before that that he wasn't manly enough for her. No, it's not Dudley Watson being in Chicago that makes Bee look so white and peaked. It's her father's death and his leaving her the way he did. Mike," she added desperately, peering up at him through her glasses, "I don't think it's right for folks to be left alone. It isn't right for Bee and it isn't right for you."

"I have Heppy."

Martha snorted. "What company is she of an evening, I'd like to know? It's evenings that are hard for folks who are left alone. Bee cries herself to sleep every night. I hear her."

"Well . . ." choked Mike, breaking out all over in something like guilty perspiration.

"Well, I think you might do something about it," replied Martha, fanning her hot, confused face with her sunbonnet; for she was one of those rare women who find matchmaking an embarrassing business.

Mike cut his finger. Cut it purposely. It steadied him to see the blood oozing from the wound in little drops.

"She likes you, I happen to know," continued Martha smoothly. "Her experience with that spineless Dudley has taught her to appreciate a real man when she sees one."

"I'm . . . I'm not fit for her," said Mike, going very white under his tan.

"Why, I'd like to know?" she flared.

"There's the way Belle acted and . . ."

"Oh, pshaw! The way *you* acted would make any girl proud to know you. It made Bee proud. Remember that day she saw Milicent in the wagon? She told me about that. She thought you were wonderful. Bee's always liked you, only you always acted scared to death of her. Now, Mike," she coaxed, laying her hand maternally on one of Mike's trembling knees, "just get together a little gumption and ask her."

"I'll . . . I'll think it over," muttered Mike, "and let you know."

After Martha Seeley had gone, Mike went down to the barn and threw himself on a pile of hay and tried to think. So Beatrice liked him—liked him well enough to . . . It couldn't, simply couldn't be true. Martha was mistaken. Her affection for both of them had blinded her. But what if she wasn't mistaken?

Mike lay there and allowed this possibility to descend and enfold him like a golden cloud. He would be more blessed than Dante. . . . Then another thing assailed him. How could he ever so much as touch her white forehead with his lips? Her mere physical perfection alone was enough to paralyze his lips and hands. Perhaps it had paralyzed Dudley Watson's and that was why he had taken refuge in that bank in Chicago. He looked down at his own hands, coarse, brown, fumbling things. Oh, it was impossible . . . impossible. He wouldn't dare. . . .

As the days went on Mike tried to keep his mind off Beatrice by thinking of his wheat, but their combined gold was too much for him. One night he

saw her in a dream, standing in the doorway of his yellow house, her arms full of sheaves.

The next morning as he came up from the barn he saw Prince champing his bit by the gate, and up on the porch there was a golden head silhouetted against the dark green of the vines. His first impulse was to leap on the back of that dancing horse and gallop westward across the shielding mountains and into the cool oblivion of the sea.

"Lady out in front to see ye," announced Heppy Yarrow, as he slunk around to the back door with his pails.

He stumbled around to the vine-hung porch. They looked at each other, his dazed glance searching hers under the blinding halo of her hair, and her large eyes staring upward from the thin pallor of her face. Then she began to cry. She cried softly through her fingers, on one of which gleamed a topaz like a drop of imprisoned sunlight.

"Oh . . ." groaned Mike, helplessly. "Oh . . ."

"I'm . . . I'm terribly lonely since Papa died," she whispered and managed a smile. Mike made a little movement toward her and was stopped by the whiteness of her skin as it emerged from the bronze silk of her blouse. She was expecting something, something besides his groaned sympathy. It menaced the air between them like a sparkling storm.

"Have a drink," he said finally. "The water in the well is very nice."

She shook the tears from the corners of her eyes, and they strolled over to the well behind the willows. He held the dipper while she drank, and the sounds she made as the water bubbled between her lips were so much like kisses that the dipper fell from his hand, spattering them both with gemlike drops. She smoothed her skirt and tilted her face toward his. Mike's fingers burned and his heart churned. Would he never have done with this paralysis before the white-and-gold perfection of her body?



"Oh, Mike," she breathed, very close to him now, "why are you so afraid of me when you are so good and I like you so much?"

He took her proffered hands between his, and his lips worshipped hers without touching them.

"Oh," she cried, rosy relief tingeing her white anxious cheeks, "let's go right over and tell Aunt Martha. We'll walk and lead Prince."

They were married the next day. "Why wait?" asked Beatrice tremulously. "Why, indeed?" echoed Martha, who with Ephraim drove with them to the Methodist parsonage in Crittenden.

Mike didn't speak and scarcely breathed through the ceremony. Everything closed down around him like a fragile golden bell which a word of his might shatter. Even the circlet which he slipped on Beatrice's finger had no substance. The wedding supper, which Martha cooked for them afterward, might have been manna straight from Heaven for all the savor it had. He was conscious of but one thing—the triangular whiteness of her face under the weary gold of her hair.

"Be good to her, Mike," whispered Martha, as she bade them good-night on the dark steps. "She's been through so much and she's so tired."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled Mike, "and thank you kindly for everything."

A half hour later Mike turned the key in the yellow door of his house and stepped shyly aside so that Beatrice could enter. He lighted a small lamp and led her past the door behind which Heppy Yarrow was snoring gently and stopped at the door of the spare room.

"I . . . I thought," explained Mike, "that after so much, you'd rather be alone," and he put the lamp down on the bureau top between them.

A spasm not unlike fear twitched at her mouth and shadowed her eyes. He saw it.

"I'll . . . be in the next room if you should want anything," he explained.

She smiled wryly, and her hand fluttered for a moment near one of his. He went over to the window and looked out into the warm, starry evening. He had been dreading this awkward moment, and it was over. Her smile told him she understood—understood that he worshipped her so much that his hands and lips must learn their way toward hers. He breathed for the first time since that moment yesterday by the well.

Then a sharp cry sent him stumbling to her. She lay crumpled on the floor before an open drawer of the bureau, and in her hand was one of the tiny shirts Milicent had worn. Mike strode over and gathered her up, wondering as he did so how a person as ethereal looking as Beatrice could weigh so much.

"Oh, oh," moaned Beatrice as he placed her tenderly on the bed, "I . . . I can't bear the sight of those . . . those clothes . . . because . . . because . . ."

"I know," soothed Mike, mentally cursing Heppy Yarrow for leaving Milicent's things in that drawer, "I know . . ."

"You don't, you don't," she sobbed, wiping her streaming eyes on the clutched shirt as if it were a handkerchief, "you don't . . ."

"But I do. I do," Mike almost sobbed back, cursing Belle now and all her works.

"You don't," contradicted Beatrice, relaxing her hold on the shirt and gripping his hand in both of hers. "You don't because you're so good, and I can't bear it a minute longer without telling you."

And she told him, clinging hard to his hand as if it were the only thing to cling to in the dark waters that had all but closed over her. And then, little by little, her hold on his hand loosened, and her sobs grew fainter as she slipped into the haven of a cleared conscience; and finally her own hand went up and she pillowed her pale cheek on it and

succumbed to sleep, at peace now on the broad bosom of a charity which had not failed his sister and would even more completely not fail her.

Mike stood there, stricken to stone, and listened until she and her cleared conscience slipped off together in sleep. Then he staggered out into the warm, merciful darkness. He walked all night—around and around his acres asleep under the stars, sentence after sentence of her confession haunting his ears like the relentless clanging of some ghastly bell. It couldn't be possible. Belle did such things but not worshipped-to-Heaven creatures like Beatrice; and yet it was from her own pure lips that that impure confession had sprung.

He strode up and down, wishing he could rage, but he couldn't. He was too near the end of everything for that. Ah, yes, she could have his roof under which to dream of Dudley Watson while she waited for his child . . . have the protection of his name, but she couldn't have his soul. He thought of his father. Yes, his father had been right that sunny June morning three years ago. There was no such thing as happiness . . . only peace and only one way to get that. . . .

He was back now at the door of his barn. A shaft of sun speared out from a pink mass of cloud and struck the coil of rope hanging on a hook outside. There it was, *her rope*, the symbol of a slavery he had once thought was poetic freedom. How often he had imagined the harsh silk of it voluptuously tightening him into a circle which vibrated with her pulsing gold. He reached up and took it down, looping it carefully over his arm.

Then he paused and faced the sun—

the sun that was warming his fields and splashing his face like wine and matching the guilty gold of her hair. And then it was that the words of Dante echoed once more:

*No sooner do I lift mine eyes to look  
Than the blood seems as shaken from my heart  
And all my pulses beat at once and stop . . .*

*And stop.* That was right. Stop them for good and trust to God or something else to shimmer for him on the other side.

He closed the door, locking it against Beatrice and the sun.

Mike's neighbors clumped up his path between the currant bushes and they clumped down again, but not one of them knew why he did it, he who so suddenly had everything to live for. Ephraim Seeley scratching his shaggy head in Mike's pebbled yard and Martha weeping silently in her wide sunny kitchen didn't know. And Heppy Yarrow, for all her witchy wisdom about folks she had known who had gone plumb dotty with happiness, didn't know either. Not even Beatrice knew, that shallow, pretty Beatrice, so cradled in her own cleared conscience, so at peace on the broad bosom of Mike's charity, until Heppy Yarrow burst in upon her with the gruesome announcement, but prostrated now with the shame of having a husband who would do such a thing after one night of marriage and with her rope at that.

Not one of them knew, but there was one who could have enlightened them, but he, too, was in Paradise, waiting, as he had waited for six hundred years, for a certain angel called Beatrice to appear.





## THE NOVEL IN THE SOUTH

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

EARLY in the dashing but decorous eighteen eighties John Esten Cooke published his *Virginia: A History of the People*, an important and delightful little volume which proved that the sword was more prolific than the pen in the old South. Slipped in among more serious considerations—for war, not letters, is the proper business of the historian—we find a few brief discussions of Virginia authors; and toward the end of the book a modest chapter is devoted to “Virginia Literature in the Nineteenth Century.” After what he appears to regard as a consoling rather than an encouraging view, Mr. Cooke, who was a distinguished Southern novelist of his day, prudently decides to bury, not to praise, his Cæsar.

“If no great original genius,” he concludes, “has arisen to put the lion’s paw on Virginia letters, many writers of admirable attainments and solid merit have produced works which have instructed and improved their generation; and to instruct and improve is better than to amuse. Whatever may be the true rank of the literature, it possesses a distinct character. It may be said of it with truth that it is notable for its respect for good morals and manners; that it is nowhere offensive to delicacy or piety; or endeavors to instill a belief in what ought not to be believed. It is a very great deal to say of the literature of any country in the nineteenth century.”

That he lingers not to inquire but to moralize is sufficient proof, were one needed, of Mr. Cooke’s sterling piety and settled convictions. For it was a

period when historians, like novelists, asked few questions and were able to believe, without prodigious effort, anything that was necessary. Speculation, when it flowed at all in the South, ran smoothly in the safest and narrowest of channels. Novelists, especially when they were historians also, were required to instruct and invited to please; but they were not allowed to interrogate. Why old Virginia, with a mode of living as gay, as gallant, as picturesque, and as uncomfortable as the life of England in the eighteenth century, created, not a minor *Tom Jones*, the crown of English fiction, but merely *Cavaliers of Virginia* and *Knights of the Horseshoe*?—this is a question which no Southern gentleman, however Georgian his morals or Victorian his manners, would have dignified with an answer. A minor Fielding would have been, no doubt, too much to expect. But it would seem to the cold modern mind that almost any readers who devoured them so voraciously might have produced a native variety of Mrs. Radcliffe, of Miss Jane Porter, or even of Mrs. Charlotte Smith. All these authors were with us in their solid bodies of masculine calf or modest feminine cloth. If our jovial grandfathers chuckled for a generation over *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, our sentimental grandmothers shivered over *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and wept or trembled over the misfortunes of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. Yet, while sentiment effervesced as easily as soda water, the stream of creative energy flowed, as thin and blue as skimmed milk, into the novel that was “notable for its respect for good

morals and manners." With the long inheritance of English tradition and culture behind it, why did the old South (and this is especially true of Virginia) provide almost every mortal dwelling except a retreat for the imagination of man?

It soon becomes clear that there are more answers than one to this question, and that each answer contains at least a germ of the truth. From the beginning of its history the South had suffered less from a scarcity of literature than from a superabundance of living. Soil, scenery, all the color and animation of the external world, tempted a convivial race to an endless festival of the seasons. If there was little in nature to inspire terror, there was still less in human lot to awaken pity in the hearts of oak. Life, for the ruling class at least, was genial, urbane, and amusing; but it was deficient in those violent contrasts which enkindle the emotions while they subdue the natural pomposity of man. Even slavery, a depressing spectacle at best, was a slight impediment to the faith that had been trained to enjoy the fruits rather than to examine the character of peculiar institutions. Though in certain periods there was disseminated a piquant flavor of skepticism, it was a flavor that lingered pleasantly on the tongue instead of lubricating the mind. Over the greater part of the old South (and this applies forcibly to Virginia, where the plantation group was firmly united) a top-heavy patriarchal system was adjusting itself with difficulty to unusual conditions. While this industrial process required men of active intelligence, it offered little hospitality to the brooding spirit of letters. It is true that in the latter years of the eighteenth century much able writing in politics began to appear. Jefferson, who touched with charm and usually with wisdom upon almost every subject that has engaged the mind of man, created not only the political thought but the greater part of the Southern literature of his period. After

his death, however, and particularly with the approach of the Civil War, political sagacity withered beneath a thick increment of prejudice. Philosophy, like heresy, was either suspected or prohibited. Even those Southerners (and there were many of these in Virginia) who regarded slavery as an anachronism rather than an iniquity, and looked ahead reluctantly to a doomed social order, lacked either the courage or the genius that rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. Before approaching disaster pleasure became not merely a diversion but a way of escape. In the midst of a changing world all immaterial aspects were condensed for the Southern planter into an incomparable heartiness and relish of life.

For what distinguished the Southerner, and particularly the Virginian, from his severer neighbors to the north, was his ineradicable belief that pleasure is worth more than toil, that it is worth more even than profit. Though the difference between the Virginian and the far Southerner was greater than the distance between Virginia and Massachusetts, a congenial hedonism had established in the gregarious South a confederacy of the spirit. Yet in this agreeable social order, so benevolent to the pleasure-seeker and so hostile alike to the thinker and the artist, what encouragement, what opportunity, awaited the serious writer? What freedom was there for the literature either of protest or of escape? Here, as elsewhere, expression belonged to the articulate, and the articulate was supremely satisfied with his own fortunate lot as well as with the less enviable lots of others. Only the slave, the "poor white," or the woman who had forgotten her modesty may have felt inclined to protest; and these negligible minorities were as dumb and sterile as the profession of letters. And even if they had protested who would have listened? Even if they had escaped, either in fiction or in fact, where could they have gone? Complacency, self-satisfac-



tion, a blind contentment with things as they are and a deaf aversion from things as they might be: all these cheerful swarms, which stifle both the truth of literature and the truth of life, had settled like a cloud of honey bees over the creative faculties of the race. For the airy inquisitiveness that frolicked so gracefully over the surface of thought questioned the Everlasting Purpose as seldom as it invaded the barren field of prose fiction. Religion, which made so much trouble in New England, had softened in a milder climate to a healthful moral exercise and a comfortable sense of divine favor. A sublime certainty that he was the image of his Maker imparted dignity to the Southern gentleman while it confirmed his faith in the wisdom of his Creator. Although the venom of intolerance had been extracted but imperfectly, the Protestant Episcopal Church was charitable toward almost every weakness except the dangerous practice of thinking. Moreover, the civilization of the old South was one in which every member, white or black, respected the unwritten obligation to be amusing when it was possible and agreeable in any circumstances. Generous manners imposed a severe, if mute, restraint upon morals; but generous manners exacted that the artist should be more gregarious than sedentary. It is true that "Poe passed his early life in Virginia." Nevertheless, Mr. Cooke reminds us sadly that "this great and somber genius was rather a cosmopolite than a citizen of any particular State."

## II

After the Civil War, pursued by the dark furies of Reconstruction, the mind of the South was afflicted with a bitter nostalgia. From this homesickness for the past there flowered, as luxuriantly as fireweed in burned places, a mournful literature of commemoration. A prosperous and pleasure-loving race had been thrust back suddenly into the

primitive struggle for life; and physical resistance had settled slowly into mental repression. Already those desperate political remedies which, according to the philosopher, begin in fear and end in folly, were welding the Southern States into a defense and a danger. Out of political expediency there emerged a moral superstition. What had begun as an emergency measure had matured into a sacred and infallible doctrine. And among these stagnant ideas the romantic memories of the South ripened and mellowed and at last began to decay. That benevolent hardness of heart so necessary to the creative artist dissolved—if it had ever existed—into the simple faith which makes novels even less successfully than it moves mountains. To defend the lost became the solitary purpose and the supreme obligation of the Southern novelist, while a living tradition decayed with the passage of years into a sentimental infirmity. Graceful, delicate, and tenderly reminiscent, the novels of this period possess that unusual merit, the virtue of quality. Yet charming as they are in manner, they lack creative passion and the courage to offend which is the essential note of great fiction. The emotions with which they deal are formal, trite, deficient in blood and irony, and as untrue to experience as they are true to an attitude of evasive idealism. In the end this writing failed to survive because, though faithful to a moment in history, it was false to human behavior.

Yet, even with this serious defect, the first sustained literary movement in the South cannot be dismissed as undeserving of criticism. Had it been addressed to a race as self-sufficing both in literature and in the sphere of abstract ideas as the people of New England, much that is charming, if not vital, might have endured. But the new South, like the old, is self-sufficing only in the twilight region of sentiment. Always it has remained invulnerable alike to the written word and to the abstract idea. Though it gave its life for a cause, it was wanting in the subjective vision

which remolds a tragic destiny in the serene temper of art. Not the word that stands, but the conversation that ripples has been always the favorite art of the Southerner. Never has his preference varied from the vocal sound to the printed letter. Content to borrow both his literature and his opinion of literature, he has clung through all his courageous history to the tender sentiments or vehement prejudices which are miscalled convictions. For instead of cherishing its own after the provident habit of New England, the South has hesitated to approach Southern writers until they also could be safely borrowed from that alien world in which all accredited Southern reputations are won. With diminishing fortunes, books became the first prohibited luxury; with increasing wealth, they have remained the last acknowledged necessity. "I am not really extravagant," remarked a Southern lady, with a virtuous air, "I never buy books."

Yet, in spite of this natural impediment to literature, the South in the nineteenth century was able to produce the incomparable folk-lore of *Uncle Remus*; and nothing better or truer than *Uncle Remus* has appeared in the whole field of American prose fiction. It is not without significance, perhaps, that whenever the Southern writer escaped from beneath the paw of the stuffed lion into the consciousness of a different race or class, he lost both his cloying sentiment and his pose of moral superiority. Some literary magic worked as soon as the Southern novelist forgot that he had been born, by the grace of God, a Southern gentleman. The early dialect stories of Thomas Nelson Page are still firm and round and as fragrant as dried rose-leaves; the humorous mountain folk of Charles Egbert Craddock are perennially fresh and delightful; the simpler persons, portrayed without august idealism, of James Lane Allen, are vital and interesting; the youthful romantic tales of Amélie Rives have exuberant vitality. A little later, in the historical pageant of

American fiction, Mary Johnston appeared to wear her fancy dress with a difference. She also had grace, charm, quality, and the delicate touch upon manner as distinguished from manners. Moreover, as her books soon proved, Miss Johnston is endowed with the courage of her philosophy and the mystic rather than the romantic vision. Like Margaret Prescott Montague, another sincere artist, she has steadfastly refused to compromise with reality.

Long and steep is the journey from John Esten Cooke in his happy valley to James Branch Cabell in his ivory tower. Every step of the way has been won by a struggle; every struggle has widened, however imperceptibly, the boundaries of American fiction. To those of us who are and have been always in accord with the artistic impulse we are pleased to call Modernism it is a relief to find that the horizon even of the American novel is fluid, not fixed, and that there is a way of escape from the artificial limitations of material and method. It is fortunate for Mr. Cabell that he came not too far ahead of his time. It is fortunate that he is allied in his maturity with the general revolt against the novel of sterile posture and sentimental evasion. This fresh literary impulse in the South—which is merely a single curve in the broad modern movement toward freedom in art—has broken not only with its own formal tradition but with the well-established American twin conventions of prudery and platitude. For Mr. Cabell, spinning his perfect rhythms from iridescent illusions, is still in harmony with the natural patterns of life. Though he remains in the modern world and not of it, his genius is rooted deep below the concrete pavements of Richmond in the dark and fertile soil of Virginia's history. A long tradition and a thick deposit of human hopes and fears have flowered again in the serene and mellow disenchantment of his philosophy. Even the austere perfection of his art, with its allegorical remoteness and that strangely



hollow ring which echoes the natural human tones of pity and passion, could have sprung only from a past that has softened and receded into the eternal outline of legend. Certainly it is an art which belongs by inheritance to the South, though it appears to contain no element that we may narrowly define as Southern except, perhaps, the romantic richness of its texture and the gaiety and gallantry of its pessimism. But its roots are firmly embedded, though they may draw nourishment from nothing more substantial than fable. For even with a novelist of philosophy rather than of life there must be a fourth dimension in every fiction that attempts to interpret reality. There must be a downward seeking into the stillness of vision as well as an upward springing into the animation of the external world.

And because this is true of every Southern novelist, and especially of those Southern novelists who are still to come, it is well to remind ourselves that, if the art of the South is to be independent, not derivative, if it is to be adequate, compact, original, it must absorb heat and light from the central radiance of its own nature. The old South, genial, objective, and a little ridiculous—as the fashions of the past are always a little ridiculous to the present—has vanished from the world of fact to reappear in the permanent realm of fable. This much we have already conceded. What we are in danger of forgetting is that few possessions are more precious than a fable that can no longer be compared with a fact. The race that inherits a heroic legend must have accumulated an inexhaustible resource of joy, beauty, love, laughter, and tragic passion. To discard this rich inheritance in the pursuit of a standard utilitarian style is, for the Southern novelist, pure folly. Never should it be overlooked that the artist in the South will attain his full stature, not by conforming to the accepted American pattern, but by preserving his individual distinction. Sincerely as he may admire the flat and vig-

orous novel of the Middle West, he can never hope to subdue his hand to the monotonous soil of the prairies. That impressive literary movement has as little kinship with the Southern scene as with the stark poetic outlines which express so perfectly the frozen landscapes of New England. But in the vivid profusion of Mr. Cabell's art we find a genuine revelation of the beauty which, however neglected and debased, is indigenous to the mind and heart of the South.

It is easy to remind ourselves that this artistic inheritance was lost upon a race that has persistently confused emotions with ideas and mistaken tradition for truth. It is easy to remind ourselves that a logical point of view is almost as essential in art as it is in philosophy. But, like most other reminders, these are not only offensive but futile. After all, what the South has known and remembered was a lavish, vital, and distinctive society which, for want of a better phrase, we may consent to call an archaic civilization. Imperfect, it is true. For as long as the human race remains virtually, and perhaps essentially, barbarian, all the social orders invented by man will be merely the mirrors of his favorite imperfections. Nevertheless, there are arts, and the novel is one of them, which appear to thrive more vigorously upon human imperfection than upon machine-made excellence. Commercial activity and industrial development have their uses, no doubt, in any well-established society; but genius has been in even the most civilized periods a vagabond. And, with or without genius, the novel is more vital and certainly more interesting when it declines to become the servant either of sentimental tradition or patriotic materialism.

### III

Every observant mind in the South to-day must be aware of what we may call, without too much enthusiasm, an

awakening interest in ideas; and a few observant minds may have perceived in the rising generation an almost pathetic confusion of purpose. In the temper of youth we feel the quiver of expectancy and an eagerness to forsake the familiar paths and adventure into the wilderness. But where shall it begin? For what is it searching? Adaptable by nature, and eager, except in moments of passion, to conciliate rather than to offend, the modern South is in immediate peril less of revolution than of losing its individual soul in the national Babel. After sixty years of mournful seclusion, the South is at last beginning to look about and to coquet with alien ideas. With an almost disdainful air, the Southern mind is turning from commemoration to achievement. Noise, numbers, size, quantity, all are exerting their lively or sinister influence. Sentiment no longer suffices. To be Southern, even to be solid, is not enough; for the ambition of the new South is not to be self-sufficing, but to be more Western than the West and more American than the whole of America. Uniformity, once despised and rejected, has become the established ideal. Satisfied for so long to leave the miscellaneous product "Americanism" to the rest of the country, the South is at last reaching out for its neglected inheritance.

At this point it may be wise for the prudent essayist to pause and approach his subject with caution. The recently invented noun "Americanism," which appears so mild and harmless in print, reveals itself to the touch as a dangerous appellation. No other word in our language arouses so easily the fierce possessive instinct of criticism. So sensitive, indeed, are the emotions aroused by this label that when I attempted to treat it lightly in a thin vein of satire, I was taken to task by a literal-minded lady who has still to learn that words are double-edged and not necessarily as flat as the paper on which they are written. Gravely she

charged me with harboring what seems to be an "un-American" prejudice against a confusion of tongues. Yet nothing could be, in sober fact, more remote from my thought. On the contrary, I believe that America, if not the didactic term "Americanism," is big enough to include the diverse qualities in all the novels ever written by American novelists at home or abroad. Since the appearance of *Giants in the Earth*, I am disposed to add all the novels ever written by American novelists in any language; for Mr. Rølvaag has written a great and beautiful American novel in the Norwegian tongue. I am told that excellent American novels are written in Yiddish; and, for all I know, excellent American novels may be written in Greek or even in Latin. Certainly, I see no reason why American novels, excellent or otherwise, should not be written in the English, or near-English, which, though incorrectly spoken, is still the native tongue of the South. But they will be written, it is safe to prophesy, by those Southern novelists who are concerned with the quality of excellence rather than with the characteristic of "Americanism."

For the Americanism so prevalent in the South to-day belongs to that major variety which, by reducing life to a level of comfortable mediocrity, has contributed more than a name to the novel of protest. After breaking away from a petrified past overgrown by a funereal tradition, an important group of Southern novelists has recoiled from the uniform concrete surface of an industrialized and democratized South. For the first time in its history the South is producing, by some subtle process of reaction, a literature of revolt. Consciously or unconsciously, the æsthetic sense that surrendered to the romantic life of the past, and even to the more picturesque aspects of slavery, is rejecting the standards of utility in art and fundamentalism in ideas. For, even though it is true that there has been an advance in the South of what the world has



agreed to call education, there is a corresponding decrease in that art of living which excels in the amiable aspects of charm rather than in the severe features of dogmatism. If flexibility of mind has settled into earnest conviction, grace of manner has apparently hardened into a confirmed habit of argument. A new class has risen to the surface if not to the top. New prophets are creating new vices and denouncing the old ones. It is this menace, not only to freedom of thought, but to beauty and pleasure and picturesque living, which is forcing the intelligence and the æsthetic emotions of the South into revolt. And it is this revolution of ideas that must inevitably produce the Southern novelists of the future.

Already a little band of writers, inspired by no motive more material than artistic integrity, is attempting a revaluation of both the past and the present, and subjecting the raw material of life to the fearless scrutiny and the spacious treatment of art. In the midst of a noisy civilization these writers are quietly evolving a standard for the confused mind of youth; and it is worthy of remark that in a higher degree than almost any other group of American artists they have retained a poetic quality of style in dealing with the pedestrian prose of experience. Du Bose Heyward is writing with beauty and truth of a vanishing South. Julia Peterkin is interpreting an alien race with beauty and truth and that something more which pierces deeper than even beauty or truth. Paul Green is exploring a forgotten corner of life. Burton Rascoe, a novelist by temperament, is illuminating the tragi-comedy of civilization. James Boyd is infusing the precious quality of verisimilitude into the older historical patterns. Frances Newman is evolving from her brilliant gifts a fresh and vivid criticism of life. Edith Summers Kelley is depicting with power and insight the "poor white class" of the South. Julian Green is translating his early repressions into vivid French novels.

Conrad Aiken is drifting in his foreign technic among the sea islands of consciousness. Laurence Stallings is revolting in forms of art from the hypocrisy and the cruelty of an embattled idealism. T. S. Stribling is applying a modern realistic treatment to that romantic melodrama so dear to the backward heart of the South. Isa Glenn and Emily Clark are flavoring severe studies of manners with a delicate mint sauce of satire. Eleanor Mercein Kelly is seeking an appropriate background for the most ancient illusion. Dorothy Scarborough is blending the old sentiments with the newer psychology. Eleanor Carroll Chilton is pursuing the mystery of dreams through a forest of shadows. Among the later arrivals in the trampled field of prose fiction, we may discern unusual promise in such writers as Donald Corley, who was born in Georgia but inhabits the airy Kingdom of Magic, and in Berry Fleming, who has steeped his first novel in the strong and mellow wine of adventure. Even the "complete plunge" into consciousness, that immersion in the rhythm and change of being which remains the greatest contribution of modernism, has extended the horizon without lessening the sense of form in several Southern novelists.

Though it may be unfair to include Elizabeth Madox Roberts in this group of writers, it is not difficult to detect a Southern warmth and exuberance beneath the voracious Middle Western method of *The Time of Man* and *My Heart and My Flesh*. In the latest work of Miss Roberts', if we look below a superficial "modernist" manner, we find all the depth of color and softness of texture which, either by virtue or by courtesy, we have assigned to the South. For whatever her position or her alignment may be in American letters, her books are saturated with that native essence of blood and tears, of vehement living, which exists in modern America merely as the effluvia of a decaying romantic tradition. But the essence of blood and tears, like some thwarted

romantic yearning at the heart of reality, flows from the provincial into the universal experience.

#### IV

And so it would seem that the qualities which will unite to make great Southern novels are the elemental properties which make great novels wherever they are written in any part of the world: power, passion, pity, ecstasy and anguish, hope and despair. For it is as true in literature as in war that with the imponderables lies the real force. The universal approach to the novel is not without but within; and the way to greatness leads beyond manner, beyond method, beyond movements, to some ultimate dominion of spirit. Even style, the essence of all great literature, is not a manufactured film but a vital fluid.

And what does this mean, after all, except that the South must look to inward inspiration rather than to outward example? It is well to have an American outlook; it may be better to have what is called an "international attitude of mind"; but the truth remains that great novels are not composed of either an outlook or an attitude. Even to demand a return to æsthetic values in fiction will not help unless we have values more genuine and profound than purely æsthetic ones. And what will it profit a writer to look within if he has not accumulated an abundance of vital resources? It has become a habit in both English and American criticism to remark that the South contains a wealth of unused material for prose fiction, which means only that a sense of tragedy and heartbreak still lingers beneath the vociferous modern "program of progress." Wherever humanity has taken root there has been created, it is needless to point out, the stuff of great novels; and this is true of the South in the exact measure that it is true of every other buried past upon

earth. But it is even truer that wherever the predestined artist is born his material is found awaiting his eye and his hand. All that is required, indeed, for the novel would appear to be a scene that is large enough to hold three characters, two passions, and one point of view.

In the Southern novelists of the past there has been an absence not of characters, not of passions, but of a detached and steadfast point of view. What the novel lacked was not only clearness of vision but firmness of outline. For even the treasure of the inward approach may be wasted upon a writer who does not possess the practical advantage of the outward eye; and it is essential that the look within should be that of the artist, not of the lover. If the Southern novelist of the commemoration period was submerged in the stuff of life and incapable, therefore, of seeing his subject steadily and whole, the fault was not in the material, but in the novelist's inevitable loss of perspective. To be too near, it appears, is more fatal in literature than to be too far away; for it is better that the creative writer should resort to imagination than that he should be overwhelmed by emotion. And so it is only since the romantic charm and the lover's sentiment have both passed away from the South that the Southern novelist has been able to separate the subject from the object in the act of creation. It is only with the loss of this charm and the ebbing of this sentiment that he has been able to rest apart and brood over the fragmentary world he has called into being. For this is the only way, it would seem, in conclusion, that great novels, in the South or elsewhere, will ever be written. This was the way of Fielding with English life; it was the way of Hawthorne with the past of New England; it was the way of Proust with his world; it was the way of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky with his universe.





# THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN BOY

ANONYMOUS

AS the father of an average American boy, I have come to the conclusion that the answer to the question so much asked these days, "What is the matter with our educational system?" is that we are depending entirely too much on the system to educate our children and too little on ourselves. I believe we parents of young children must be their real life-teachers, and I believe many of us are shirking our responsibility—leaving it entirely to the school and the Sunday-school.

I am not a very strong believer in mere book education; I think true education is more a matter of exposure to ideas and experiences and personalities. I do not mean by this that I am not anxious for my son John to make a good showing in school, and to go to college and graduate with all the honors he can hope to achieve. But I do mean that I do not expect very much from his school or college education in preparing him for the job life has in store for him—whatever it may be. I believe his real education as a boy is more or less up to his mother and me; and we have given and are giving considerable thought to it.

My son John is what I should term a normal boy, ten years of age. As a student he does not rise above the average in his marks. He does not shine at sports. He is not particularly gifted socially. He does not exhibit a special genius of any sort such as some children seem to inherit. Our job is to shape the boy we have into a confident, useful citizen, capable of taking a worthwhile place in the world when he grows up.

At the age of ten the world suddenly broadens for a boy. He begins to sense and to see things which up to this time he has looked at or experienced without conscious appreciation. At ten he is ready for some very practical education and, if he is a normal boy, eager for it. How shall it begin? What should be the aim of it?

Speaking for myself and for my ideal for my son, my first aim is to make John an upstanding, self-reliant young man, with sufficient poise to meet the world and its ways without being too greatly surprised at any turn of events, and to be ready to do his share of lifting wherever lifting is needed.

Because the making of a living is the first problem that confronts a boy when he leaves home, and is the most constant problem that every man faces throughout his life, I shall deal first with the so-called practical side of John's education.

I do not want John to be money-grasping, nor to place undue importance on the value or power of money; but I do want him to have the ability to acquire enough money to live an efficient and self-respecting life and to pay his way fully all along the line; and, particularly, I do want him to understand that money—gold—is just one of the metals, a certain amount of which is necessary, but which is really valuable only when it is doing useful work for the world in the facilitation of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as our forefathers so quaintly expressed it.

I do not want John to wait until he bumps into the problems of business, perhaps with a wife dependent on him

for support, to learn what money is and how to keep it working. I want him to understand about money and credit and capital turnover and the like before ever he realizes that he will need such knowledge, or that he has it. And so I am beginning to teach him at the age of ten. I am using the "exposure" method. I am making it part of his daily play.

Before going into the method, I should like to explain a hobby of mine about toys for boys. I do not believe in cheap playthings. Nor am I particularly keen for the so-called "educational" toys that are so labeled. I believe in taking away a boy's breath by giving him, on gift occasions, the nearest equivalent to a man's-size article a boy can be expected to use and to care for. As an illustration, two years ago John expressed a desire for a new set of tools. He had a little set composed of a cheap screw-driver, hammer, pincers, and a tool handle; but they were all the worse for wear and neglect due to loss of interest in them. So when Christmas came around we gave him a big, substantial manual training bench ("bigger than the ones we have at manual!" as he characterized it excitedly on Christmas morning) and a set of real tools—a big brace with an assortment of bits, several chisels of good steel (and *sharp*), a good saw, a drill press with an assortment of drills, and so on.

That bench has accomplished what so many parents consciously but so often unsuccessfully try to accomplish: it has made his own home more interesting to John than any other boy's home. It has attracted his boy friends, so that for afternoons on end, for more than a year, boys have come home with John, drawn by his work bench (and a barrel full of odd lengths and sizes of pieces of wood secured at a local saw-mill) and its opportunities to make things.

And now I come to a point which I think we all as parents are prone to overlook. Last winter that work bench

began to lose its "pull." It was still used and was still respected; but John did not hurry home to make things, nor did the boys come home with him as they used to.

At first John's mother and I felt disappointed over this and a little nettled. And then it came over us that it is a grown-up idea that any toy should last indefinitely as a center of active interest; that a growing boy demands change—progress.

It was then we decided upon another "toy" that should make John's eyes sparkle. The work bench had taught him to make things, to shape and invent and experiment with his hands. Now for something that should do the same for his head.

And so last Christmas we gave John a printing outfit. Not just a tiny little toy with a case or two of fancy type, but a substantial hand-press and some really fine faces of type from the big type foundry, and regular printers' type cases with their mysterious age-old alphabetical layouts, and the equipment for doing as good printing within the limits of the outfit as that done in a regular printing office.

How his eyes did sparkle! And with what satisfaction did he don the little ticking apron his grandmother made for him and enter the fascinating realm of printers' ink! And how interested his boy friends were!

It was not until several days after Christmas that I came to realize that here was the means I had been seeking for several months to begin to teach John some practical lessons in business: the true meaning of money, the use of capital, and the nature of profits.

This was how it came to me: John's printing outfit was scattered all over the house, and I was just on the verge late one afternoon of scolding him for not keeping it properly segregated in his room when it struck me that the fault was mine, not his. I had provided him with a printing outfit, but I had not furnished the proper cabinets and racks



in which to keep it. They cost money. I did not want to spend so much on the boy because I am averse to overloading a child with expensive gifts.

"Why not own it yourself?" I asked myself. "Why not go into the printing business with John? Money can be earned with a printing press—"

I interrupted my own thoughts to call John. "Bring me the catalogue of printing equipment, John. You and I are going into business together. I am going to invest as much money in the business as your outfit represents, and we're going to be partners."

So John and I are now in business together. He has seventy dollars invested in the business and so have I.

In order to give our business reality, and to teach John the meaning of invested capital, and working capital, and earnings, and profits, and bills payable, and bills receivable, we are setting up a real enterprise and issuing capital stock.

We drew up a simple form of certificate representing capital stock, at a par value of ten dollars per share. This I had John set up and print on our press—just twenty-five copies, representing two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of capital stock.

Seven shares of this have been issued to John representing his investment in the plant. Seven have been issued to me covering my investment. The rest is being held in the "treasury," to be issued to him or to me if and when we invest any more money in the business.

Already we are finding little jobs of printing to do at fifty cents to two dollars, and for each a record is kept showing the cost of materials and the profit. A bill is made out for each job, and when the money is received it is deposited in our account, and bills for paper, ink, etc., are paid out of that account.

Every six months we shall figure up to see if we can pay any dividends on our capital stock, and if not, why. If we have to invest any more capital and issue any more of the treasury stock, it will be impressed on John that this

means more stock on which dividends have to be paid if the stockholders are to be kept happy.

On the other hand, if we need money in an emergency to finance a "large" order for paper or materials that we are merely converting into printed merchandise, I explain to John that this does not mean a capital investment, but merely that we need money temporarily to facilitate the operation of our business, and that this is what banks loan money for, whereas they do not like to loan it for capital investment, which should be covered by issuing stock or bonds.

We borrow the necessary money for ten or twenty or thirty days, at the normal rate of interest, I being the banker. John has to explain why we are borrowing and when and how we are going to pay it back before I will make the loan. And I demand a note with the usual interest.

I want John not to be a bit afraid to borrow money. When he grows up I want him to be able to go to a banker and ask for a loan in the most matter-of-fact way—and expect to get it. But I want him to understand that one should only borrow money to facilitate business or investment operations, not to pay debts that are the result of careless spending, or to make purchases that are in the nature of capital expenditures.

Already John is manifesting a lively interest in this enterprise, and is developing a real understanding of this capital investment idea, as differentiated from borrowing to facilitate capital turnover. To be sure, the banking and bookkeeping terms are a little beyond him, but the principle of the thing is clear in his young mind, and it is the principle of the thing, not the terminology, that is important.

Within a year John will have been exposed, in a practical way, on a miniature scale well within his comprehension, to enough of the fundamental principles of finance and business operation to start him with a better understanding of

the proper use of money than most men acquire until they have been in business for some time and have bumped into bankers and banking principles, often under exceedingly embarrassing circumstances.

So convinced am I of the practicability of teaching a boy of ten or twelve the rudiments of finance that, were a printing press out of the question, as it would be in many homes, I should work out some other scheme for going into business with my son. Perhaps it would be an errand service, involving the use and maintenance of a bicycle; or a newspaper route, involving daily or weekly capital turnover; or a gardening job in the back yard, involving daily or hourly wages and the purchase of garden tools; or a postage-stamp business, or some other form of business which presents an opportunity for barter and sale and involves the use of capital. I want my son to think of money as something to be used, not merely as something to spend.

What applies to money applies also to bankers. I believe a boy should become accustomed to doing banking and meeting bankers before he is out of short trousers. John has a Treasury Certificate coming due soon, representing the War Savings Stamps that were bought for him as a baby. When the Government check arrives he is going to be sent to the bank with it by himself to interview the president as to how he had best "invest" the money. I rather imagine (though I do not know) that after some solemn hemming and hawing, the president will advise him to deposit it in his savings account. The real point of his call on the president will be to accustom John to dealing with the president of a bank before he learns that a bank president is a man of whom one should stand in awe.

But enough of finance. While the knowledge of how to make and use money is an important part of a boy's education, it is only one small part of a well-rounded education for life.

## II

America has become great through business, but at a price: we have all become entirely too business-minded; needlessly so, I believe. There is no good reason why business should be so all-absorbing as it has come to be in this country. Some sentences on business in a letter I received several weeks since from a successful man of broad cultural background set me thinking upon business and its place in life as I had never done before, and they are exerting a definite influence on my plans for the education of my son. Because I believe these sentences will prove thought-provoking to other parents I take the liberty of quoting them: "The technicalities of business are comparatively simple and are easily mastered. I found that out a few years ago when, without any special business experience, I reorganized a business and did not have much trouble doing it, though it involved dealing with stockholders, bankers, and lawyers, and the solving of myriad business problems. . . . Why try to bring up a boy as a conventional successful business man? By the time he grows up perhaps that type of man will not be wanted."

There is in that last statement an arresting idea that should serve to waken all of us. Are we raising our sons to worship a God of Business from which the gold leaf will have peeled fifteen or twenty years hence? Are we lulling ourselves into educational lethargy with the assumption that life is going to stay put, and that values in life will be the same when our children grow up as they are to-day?

They will not be. Our grandfathers—yes, even many of our parents—accepted twelve to fourteen hours of hard physical labor as inevitable—as absolutely necessary to the maintenance of life. We of this generation do not; we have harnessed certain principles of physics and chemistry and developed machines and processes for doing the



hard labor and cutting down the hours of our application. We of to-day accept the wear and tear of business as inevitable, as absolutely necessary to the earning of a living. And yet, could we but get a perspective, we should see that in this generation we are learning to harness certain principles of mental operation, and to substitute mechanical principles for others, in such a way that the next generation will be freed from much of the grind of business. Five or six hours a day should be sufficient two decades from now for a man to earn his living in business. Already the five-day week is in the air, and the step from that to a five-hour day will not be a long one.

Does it not behoove us, then, to educate our children in the use of the leisure that will be theirs? If we do not, shall we not have made a hopeless failure of their education?

Fundamentally, I believe that the enjoyment of leisure is a matter of perspective. The reason the busy business man of to-day cannot enjoy leisure—and he cannot—is that he is so close to business that when he steps out of his job his nearsightedness prevents him from seeing the great world of interests which lies beyond, just out of his range of vision, and he goes back to his close-up work again and breathes a sigh of relief; he is back in the old grind, and the strain of adjustment is off.

By 1950 the man who, with the knowledge and facilities which will be available by that time, cannot make a living in five or six hours a day of conventional application to business will not be quite bright.

And so I want my son John trained early in the simple principles of business and finance so that he will not have to waste that wonderful period between twenty and thirty learning things that will be merely the mechanics of earning, not the art of living.

But if I should spend these formative years in nothing but an education in mechanics I should be remiss; I am quite as concerned to have John culti-

vate his mind for the enjoyment of leisure. That can be done most effectually, it seems to me, by the development of perspective.

There are two kinds of perspective: the perspective of time and the perspective of place: the calendar and the map. Granting that it is nearsightedness which unfits business men for leisure, I am determined that my son John shall not be nearsighted: he shall have perspective and, incidentally, he will be a better business man for having perspective. For the best business man is the man who can anticipate the future, and anticipating the future is largely a matter of knowing the past and knowing the world: having time-perspective and place-perspective. If a man can step back a hundred or five hundred or a thousand years, he can get a better perspective on next year, or ten years, or twenty years from now; for in a fundamental sense history repeats. And if he can step off to a different continent he can get a better perspective on his own, and see the changes that are taking place.

But it is not merely for business reasons that I am so exceedingly anxious to make history and geography living subjects to John. I want him to learn to be interested in the life of all peoples and all times; there is no surer antidote for boredom—and to me being bored is the Unpardonable Sin which unhappily curses too many Americans.

It may seem like a large order to start a boy of ten with a hundred-year or a thousand-year perspective, but it is not. It is a matter of putting certain books in his way, and of taking him to certain places, and occasionally directing his attention to the historical aspect of something in the day's news or happenings. Also, it is a matter of using his school work as a point of departure. Recently John began talking about Philadelphia and Ben Franklin. He had "struck" Philadelphia at school. I had been waiting for this, indeed, watching for it. So at dinner one evening I

announced, "Friday you and mother and I are going to Philadelphia."

John was delighted. We visited not only the historical spots in the Quaker City, but the plant of a great publishing company where John could see words and pictures being multiplied by machinery at a furious speed, which in itself is mind-stretching; and the Navy Yard where we came upon the *Olympia*, Admiral Dewey's flagship during the Spanish War, now hopelessly antiquated as a fighting machine.

There I had a fine opportunity for a lesson in perspective. Sitting down on the wharf with John, I told him that when I was exactly his age the ship before us was the last word in warships, but that it was hopelessly outranged now by the *West Virginia* and the other battleships he had seen in the Hudson, and that those battleships would be as hopelessly outranged in another ten years, perhaps not by guns but by men's imaginations; either there would be fighting machines of a different type, or, more hopefully, a different attitude toward war. The point is, I did not take John to the Navy Yard to worship armored steel vessels; I took him there to increase his perspective—backward and forward. Mentally he has already consigned our most modern 32,600-ton *West Virginia* to the scrap heap and is wondering: Why battleships, anyhow? More broadly still, already from the vantage point of Philadelphia he has begun to get a perspective on to-morrow from yesterday.

We have taken John to Boston and to Washington on similar errands. I plan to take John into the past as often as I can, to develop a liking in his mind for exploring its fascinating realms, so that later on when he has leisure he will always know some interesting place to go for further acquaintance, and also to teach him to relate the past to the present and the future.

The past is static unless it is peopled with characters and stories. Happily, there is quite a supply of these to draw

upon. I want John to be on intimate terms with the characters of the stories of the past, both fiction and real, for they will be fine company for him and they, too, will give him perspective.

Having had only a limited education myself, and no home direction at all when I was young, I missed many of the fine old books, and until a year or two ago I bemoaned my ignorance of the classics. Then, one day it came to me that there was something I could do about it; I could read these old literary treasures with John. This I am doing, without interfering with John's reading of modern boys' books, which of course he should read. We spend from fifteen to forty-five minutes almost every day reading together. One old book after another we are exploring in company, and John looks forward to this reading time—as do I. It is planting the love for good literature in John's mind while it moves him back hundreds of years for purposes of perspective; and as for me, I am gaining a fresh capacity for the enjoyment of leisure myself. All in an average of thirty minutes a day, which any parent can spare if he will but plan a little.

Thus are we taking care of the perspective of time and also of place to the extent that the literature we are following carries us around the world. But I want to do better than this by John in the matter of geographical perspective. I am not anxious for John to do too much long-distance traveling until he gets well into his teens; for that thrill should be saved until one is old enough to appreciate it, without taking things so much as a matter of course as do the sophisticated children I see on the transatlantic liners. But I hope before John enters college to have taken him around the world. Not all in one trip—perhaps in three or four; but I should like him to visit all or most of the principal countries of the world.

I feel that to have been around the world in the late teens is a greater education than any college could ever offer;



certainly it would be a marvelous foundation for a college course, for everything a boy studied would mean so much more to him in the light of a first-hand knowledge of the world. I believe it was James O'Donnell Bennett who said, "Travel, if men use it shrewdly, is a book in action." I want John to know how to "use it shrewdly."

I shall not try to force education on John on these trips that I hope to make with him. I shall merely expose him to the world and let him drink it in. I am not strong for rushing about sight-seeing. I have two travel rules: First, I try to get the point of view of the country I happen to be in, and while I am there to live as nearly as is feasible like its people. Second, I let the country "come to me," rather than rush around with a guide-book and a watch and the worried look of a tourist fearing the Louvre will close for the day before he gets there.

This philosophy of travel I hope to instill into John. I want him to travel with his head, not his feet; to observe and feel and understand. Then I know he will be getting true perspective.

Before leaving the subject of travel, I should like to observe that I am amazed at the extent to which American parents rob their children of educational opportunities at every step when they travel with them. They plunge ahead, doing and thinking for their children, instead of standing back and watching for ways to steer them against the world in a way that will educate them for life.

I try never to think for John if it can be avoided. For instance, when John and his mother and I travel, we rely on him to take care of most of the mechanics of the trip. He buys tickets, takes care of the hotel-room key, tips porters, watches for cars and trains, and the like. I have always regarded travel as one of the greatest of all schools, for in traveling one meets new problems and must make adjustments at every turn. The sooner a boy becomes accustomed to this, the better for him.

### III

What am I going to teach my son John about religion?

I think that problem stumps more conscientious parents than almost any other. I am frank to say, it bothers me not a little. But I have finally arrived at some definite ideas on the subject, which I set down here for what they are worth. But before I do, let me say that my first conviction is that a parent should instruct his child in what he believes to be the truth about religion, and let the rest of the child's life-contacts work any changes that may adapt his ultimate religious beliefs to his own particular temperament and needs.

Were I a Catholic, I should certainly strive to make my child a good Catholic. Were I a follower of the Swedenborgian faith, I should teach my son the tenets of that faith. Were I a Jew, my aim would be to bring up my son in the Jewish faith. But whatever my own faith, I should not try to force upon my child parts of that faith which I had become convinced were merely folklore or fable. I consider that dishonest. Let the church or the Sunday-school or the parochial school teach what it will, and let the child accept what he will from them. But at home I believe honest convictions should be the test of the teaching.

Not as suggesting what any other parent should teach his child, but as illustrating what I mean by teaching as dictated by one's honest convictions, and meeting the responsibilities of this none too religious age, I am perfectly willing to outline my own ideas and methods.

I was raised in a Methodist home on *Jonah and the Whale*—straight. Personally I no longer believe in *Jonah and the Whale*. I no longer believe in the *Virgin Birth*. I no longer believe in the physical resurrection. I will not mouth the *Apostles' Creed* at church because I cannot do it honestly. I am not very sure what I believe about God.

But—I think there must be a God, and

I think the man or woman who is not seeking God and living with a sense of reverence and a reaching up to a Higher Being for guidance and spiritual companionship and stimulus is going to fall short of the richness of life that might be his.

And so I want John to see God, not through ancient forms or Old World fables, but as a living reality of the current year.

John is sent to a Sunday-school where, with the best of intentions in the world, and to the best light of the modern Sunday-school teacher, he is filled with a somewhat modernized version of the old stuff. I do not think it is doing him any harm; but neither do I think it is relieving his parents of the responsibility of his religious education. I am simply marking time, watching for some means or occasion to come along to teach him how to search for God, as the printing press is teaching him some of the principles of finance. He does not particularly need God yet, so I am not fretting my spirit. But I am watching for signs.

In a general way this is what I aim to teach John about religion when the right time comes: that history teaches us that men have always needed a God to look up to and emulate, to turn to with their troubles—and their joys. That the peoples of different countries of this world have needed different kinds of Gods because the physical and climatic conditions under which they live, and the temperaments with which they are born, have made their problems and their cravings different; and so they have pictured and handed down to their children God-ideas that helped them to live and that eased some of the pain and suffering of their lives.

In order to make these God-ideas more real, most peoples have required a symbol in the form of a person. Hence, Buddha and Mohammed and Christ. When studied with an open mind, the lives of all of these characters, and the ideals they represented, have much to

commend them, much that is fine and noble and inspiring. But comparing one with the other, and against the needs of a world prone to troubles and heart hungerings, Christ seems to me to stand above the rest in the spirit and practicality of His teachings, and in the fineness and wholesomeness and helpfulness of His life. His religion is worth trying to, even if it be true, as many claim, that He was not divine, and even if the miracles were not as miraculous as the Gospels make them out to be. The God He preached is a Father-God worthy of our love and respect, a wonderful partner to have in one's life. No matter what one's neighbors across the street or on the other side of the world think, or whom they worship, a God that warms the heart and makes one want to give one's best is a pretty safe God to whom to tie.

This is what I aim to teach my son John about religion. The opportunity will develop as John develops. Meanwhile, I am not salving my own conscience or dodging the responsibility or the inevitability of the situation by leaving it entirely to the Sunday-school.

#### IV

As for æsthetics and the social graces, John's mother is seeing to it that he regularly attends a good dancing class. He hates it, but no excuses go with his mother. She realizes that this is the time he can learn most easily and with the least embarrassment, and learn he must.

Bridge is another thing we are teaching John in homeopathic doses. After playing some of his games with him of an evening, his mother or I sometimes suggest that he play a hand or two of bridge with us. In that way John is already getting some of the simplest fundamentals of bridge stored away in his youthful head without any special effort and without realizing that he is learning something that may be very useful to him in his contacts ten or



fifteen years hence. We want John to be well grounded at least in some of the simple social requisites before he has any consciousness of needing them.

For two seasons John has been taken to the children's symphony concerts on Saturday mornings, where he has been exposed to some of the world's best music. Were he so far from New York that he could not attend these concerts, and yet within the New York radio zone, he could still have heard them, for they are broadcast.

John likes museums—in moderate doses. We try never to give him museum indigestion. If he begins to talk about something at school that we know would lead to an interesting hour in a museum of art or natural history we take him and make vital both his study and the museum by relating them to each other. But we never keep him in a museum so long that he comes away with a hopeless jumble of impressions; we want him to bring away some clear picture that will hang in his mind for years, representing that visit to the museum.

Nature, John gets at camp in the summer, though we augment his summer training as much as possible in our own yard, and by driving to near-by zoos and botanical gardens as often as occasions can be made. And occasion can be made more easily and more often than most parents think, if they will do a little planning.

I am not going in for science with John on a theoretical basis. He will get that later in his high school and college work. But I am giving considerable attention to the practical application of scientific principles. This is another of my educational hobbies. If John asks how a thing works I never explain if I can help it. I ask him how he thinks it works. After four years of this kind of training I find that he can nearly always think out a pretty intelligent theory. Then we talk it over or look into the subject in a practical way.

I often go so far as to tell John to take

things apart—things like the front-door lock, a worn-out radio B battery, an electric switch, parts of the vacuum cleaner—in answer to his question as to how they work or what they are like inside. His face always shows a flash of pleased surprise at my "Take it apart and see" in answer to some question. He will hurry upstairs for a screw-driver or a pair of pincers or a hammer, little realizing that he is going to school to study a principle of physics or chemistry, or that he is developing logic and reasoning power which he never could get out of books.

I am now beginning to take John to factories of all kinds, whenever occasion offers. I want him to know how things are made—to expose him to the principles of production and the problems of mechanics and of management. No need to preach or teach: a ten-year-old boy's eyes see for themselves. And a ten-year-old mind stores up the things it sees.

Recently a local department store had an exhibition of working models showing the various mechanical principles, from the ancient tread-mill to a complete modern automobile engine cut away so that its operation might be observed. I hurried right in with John to see that. He will never forget it. The principles are photographed on his sensitive young mind, and all the rest of his life, looking at things, he will better understand how they operate. And I am convinced that understanding how things work in this world is the truest kind of education, for to understand is to have a sense of control or mastery, which is one of life's most valuable assets, whether one goes in for business or a profession.

## V

Concerning the more conventional phases of John's education—the school part of it, with which nearly every child needs some help occasionally—John's mother and I have some very definite policies and methods. We do not try to

"keep up" with John's studies. I do not know what he is studying from day to day. But I do watch his report cards closely, and his mother keeps in touch with his teachers. If we find that he is slipping in some subject, it comes in for very definite attention. We do not nag him if, for instance, his arithmetic is "off." It is no use to scold a child and tell him that he *must* get better marks and *must* work harder. Generally there is some specific cause for the trouble. Either there is something he does not understand, or something that he fears, or something with which he has never really come to grips. It is useless to do or say anything until you find out just what that something is.

In John's case, at one time his marks in arithmetic began to be consistently low. For several days I kept his arithmetic papers, and then one evening I went over them carefully. I found that everything went back to mistakes in multiplication. John simply had never properly learned the multiplication table.

For two weeks I had him write the complete multiplication table up to twelve times twelve twice a day. Then every morning I had him dress in the bathroom while I shaved, and I would call for tables unexpectedly—"Give me the table of nine—quickly." "What is nine times seven?" "How many eights in seventy-two?"

In less than a month John had a solid grounding in the good old multiplication table that has never left him—and never will. His marks came right up.

Recently he began to slip again in arithmetic. It took several days of investigation to find out the basic cause, and I repeat, until you know the cause all effort and urging are vain. It developed finally that John had not grasped the principle of cubic measure. He was floundering.

The evening I discovered this there happened to be a pasteboard box on the living-room table in which a radio tube had been packed. Taking a lead pencil, I drew off inch squares on all four sides

and the two ends of the box, and we counted the cubic inches. John's face suddenly burst into a smile as he caught, not merely the answer to the problem, but the underlying principle of cubic measure. For the first time he saw cubic measure as a reality rather than as an academic theory.

What applies to arithmetic applies also to geography, grammar, and other subjects (with the exception of spelling, for which I have so far found no "specific" except writing and re-writing the words): find the basic trouble and clear that up, and the subject clears up. And it has been my experience that a visual demonstration of a principle will generally accomplish more in three minutes than will three hours of academic explanation.

## VI

Finally, we are trying to teach John to finish what he starts. The world has millions of starters, but only a few finishers—only a handful who can be depended upon to produce a result. And it is only the result that counts, in school or in business or professional or social life. And so I have little praise for effort, and no hearty commendation for a good "try."

"Did you finish it, John? Did you get the right answer? Did you come through?" I ask.

That is the only thing the world rewards, and even though the training seems a bit harsh at times, I am determined that when my son gets out into the world he shall not be surprised to find that there is a wide gap between the home standard and the outside world's rigid standard of results, on which it bases its commendation and its compensation. After all, of what use is education if it is not education for life? And of what profit the plastic years of a child's home life if the standards there are less stimulating than the standards set by the world? They are the standards that afford a thrill in the very achieving!



All this may sound like stiff tutoring for a ten-year-old boy. It is not. John has not the slightest notion that he is being educated. He thinks he goes to school for that purpose—and takes his formal education with a perfectly normal boy's reaction that the whole process of depriving him of so much play time is "a big gyp."

But when he puts on his apron and gets smeared with printers' ink, and triumphantly produces a sheet of paper that says it is one share of capital stock in the John Press; or when he follows the fortunes of Francis of Assisi or Ulysses or one of Dickens's heroes with me; or when he gets a wrench and takes the lawn-mower to pieces and puts it together again with Dad's permission; or

when we pick up a pasteboard box and draw squares on it and discover that they turn into cubic measure; or when he finds himself in some great plant trying to figure out how a traveling crane can travel in two directions and lift in a third, all at the same time; or when (later on) he finds that God is a source of strength in any enterprise or activity of life—he will realize that he got some very valuable education at home. At present, it is all part of the great adventure of being a ten-year-old boy and making discoveries.

That, in a nutshell, is the basis of the education of my son John, an average American boy for whom I confidently expect better than an average place in life.

## WEBS

BY CARL SANDBURG

**E**VERY man spins a web of light circles  
 And hangs this web in the sky  
 Or finds it hanging, already hung for him,  
 Written as a path for him to travel.  
 The white spiders know how this geography goes.  
 Their feet tell them when to spin,  
 How to weave in a criss-cross  
 Among elms and maples, among radishes and buttonweeds,  
 Among cellar timbers and old shanty doors.  
 Not only the white spiders, also the yellow and blue,  
 Also the black and purple spiders  
 Listen when their feet tell them to spin one.  
 And while every spider spins a web of light circles  
 Or finds one already hung for him,  
 So does every man born under the sky.



# THE CRISIS ON BROADWAY

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

IT IS possible to be not a little proud of the American theater—without risking complacency. Thanks to the Theatre Guild, Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, Gilbert Miller, and their like, Broadway displays each year a technical perfection, and has shown in the past decade a list of distinguished plays which have made New York easily the capital of the theatrical world west of Germany and Russia. America's hinterland—left to its own devices—has organized an amateur and local theater with a promptitude, a thoroughness, and a two-thousand-mile sweep unique in the history of the stage. That is not all. The American theater has accomplished this double feat in the face of extraordinary competition from other forms of amusement, and in spite of a mad and tottering economic system more harmful to theatrical art than any outside England.

This is a particularly good moment for studying that system. For the system itself is facing a crisis in over-production, and the competition which it has weathered is about to be increased. Broadway met the challenge of the vaudeville boom and the automobile before the War. It has borne up through fifteen years of furious conflict with the hordes of the motion picture industry. For three or four seasons it has held its audiences together despite the radio's gift of solitary pleasures almost as free as the air which is its stage. And now, in the talking movies, it must meet a competition closer to its own art than any before, a competition fostered by an industry of huge organized wealth.

The economic eccentricities of the American theater run far back of the twentieth century. Contrast them with the well-ordered, stable routine which has fostered the Continental playhouse, and you may wonder by what miracle our theatrical art has got anywhere at all.

## II

The economic development of the European theater has been a slow and steady growth. The same pattern repeated itself in each country for generations. The theater of England and France has always been centralized in the capitals: London given over to long-run theaters, the provinces to touring companies; Paris and provincial France mitigating the evil with a few state and municipal playhouses. The rest of Europe has happily depended upon local and self-contained repertory theaters ever since the great monarchs and the little ones founded their court companies of players. The only change of late years has been an epidemic of long-run theaters in Berlin since the War, but the virus can hardly infect the score of lesser cities which do so much to shape German theatrical life. The stability of the European theater has rested, of course, on a stable and well-developed social life; it has suffered little from moving-picture competition, just as Europe has done little to develop the moving picture as an industry.

America, on the other hand, has been in a state of social and economic flux all through its short life, and the theater has changed and developed with the country.



The conquering of a continent, the proliferating of cities, the founding of great industrial power and wealth have dictated a peculiar and rapidly changing theater. First came the local acting companies imported direct from Europe to coastal cities like Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Then American stock companies, created in these cities and in towns farther west. Next "stars" who outgrew local companies and traveled from one to another supported by the local players. After that a slow decay of the stock companies while the traveling stars brought two or more players with them. Soon the stars were taking complete troupes on tour and appearing in their own repertories over what was practically a circuit of river and railroad cities. As New York grew larger and more powerful, Broadway stars and even Broadway plays *sans* stars found it profitable to tour the country. By the nineties the old stock companies were no more as serious artistic undertakings, and—with the advent of the booking syndicate in 1896—the long-run system of Broadway and the touring system of the Road became the fixed economic form of the American theater.

This system has endured through a quarter of the twentieth century, but it has modified itself and waxed and waned. The prosperity of Broadway and the Road has moved in cycles. The competition of the movies and increased costs of railroad travel began to make the Road less profitable about 1910, and an attempt to economize in the quality of the acting companies rapidly promoted bad business in the smaller cities. The movies took over more and more of the legitimate theaters and quite annihilated the popular-priced circuits where melodramas like "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" and moth-eaten Broadway successes like "The Old Homestead" had flourished. Soon even cities as large as Cleveland, Galveston, and New Orleans were left with very little first-rate entertainment.

The Middle West, the Far West, and such parts of the South as wanted drama found that they had to build up their own theater if they cared for anything better than occasional third-rate touring companies. Economic and artistic necessity called the amateur "little theaters" into being. Hundreds of these wabbling but often excellent organizations arose after 1911 when Thomas H. Dickinson and Zona Gale founded the Wisconsin Players at Madison; and some two hundred now lead a more or less steady and artistically profitable existence. To-day the Road, outside half a dozen cities, is definitely "done" as a touring ground for any attraction except some of the old-line stars; while commercial stock companies, noting the success of the little theaters, are cropping up again to the tune of a couple of hundred, some of them in circuits. America's hearty appetite for spoken drama, in the face of the movies, the cheap automobile, and the radio, is amply evidenced in even the most out-of-the-way places where chautauqua and lyceum circuits sport traveling stock companies, and a hundred and fifty tent shows carry their own stages into empty lots.

While the Road has waned, Broadway has waxed—no matter how fierce the competition of movie palaces. The professional periodical *The Billboard* has estimated that the number of legitimate theaters in the country open and doing business with some degree of regularity fell from 1520 in 1910 to 634 in 1925. New York City shows the opposite tendency. In 1900 there were 16 first-class playhouses, in 1910 there were 30, and in 1925 there were 61.

There is something Aladdinlike in the springing up of theaters along Broadway during the first quarter of the twentieth century. From 1800 to 1825 less than a dozen new playhouses were built in New York in spite of the fact that this was a period when the American theater was getting its first growth. Between 1843 and the Civil War six new playhouses

were opened; during the War one house was built; and between 1865 and 1875, four more were added. From 1900 to 1925 no less than 55 houses were built for plays and musical comedies, while many, many more—most of them gigantic—were opened to lure playgoers into the movies.

The same picture of the decline of the Road and the burgeoning of Broadway appears when we study the plays on tour and the plays produced in New York. Alfred L. Bernheim, preparing a survey of the theatrical business for the Actors Equity Association—a survey soon to be published in book form—has drawn a table of touring companies from the lists printed in the now defunct weekly, *The Dramatic Mirror*; and I parallel it with a list of the number of new plays and musical shows produced on Broadway.

	Average No. of Plays on Tour Each Year	Average No. of New Plays in New York Each Year*
1900-1904 . . . . .	308	72
1905-1909 . . . . .	298	102
1910-1914 . . . . .	198	130
1915-1919 . . . . .	72	124
1920-1924 . . . . .	64	166
1925-1927 . . . . .	68	208

\* Approximately accurate figures including both musical and dramatic entertainments but no revivals.

### III

If these statistics told the whole story, the economics of the American theater would be simple enough. But, just as stars, stock companies, and tent shows have emerged again on the Road, Broadway has had its cycles. Prosperity smiled till 1914. Then came a time of mediocre business and a decided increase in costs of production. With 1918 a war-boom arrived. The town and its visitors were amusement-mad. The price of seats went up from two dollars to three dollars and a half for the more popular plays and to five dollars for one or two big musical hits—this without figuring what the ticket speculators charged.

On the surface, this increase in box office prices is merely a part of the

general price inflation, a reflection of the sixty-cent dollar. Beef, bread, and broadcloth show as marked advances. Books have gone even higher; novels that used to be published at \$1.35 are now \$2, and biographies that would once have been issued at \$2 now list at \$3.50 and even \$5. But there is a trick in the theater-ticket price scale, or, rather, two tricks. First, there are more seats priced at the top of the scale than there used to be, and cheap seats have really vanished with the passing of the second balcony. Theaters that used to be able to squeeze in no more than \$10,000 a week at a two-dollar top and a fifty-cent bottom now bring in \$20,000 a week if the mythical S. R. O. sign is out. Revues now take in thirty, forty, and even fifty thousand. Second, the ticket speculators have added another large advance. It is an advance far larger than they ever won in the days when the late James Metcalf plastered his dramatic department in *Life* week after week with the catch-line, "A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside."

If you count even a third of these gigantic weekly incomes as profits for the producer—we can ignore the theater-owner for the moment—you can see a gambling machine in operation that makes Monte Carlo seem trivial. To win prizes like these the producer is ready to bid furiously for any service of actor, stage director, or scenic studio that seems likely to aid in bringing success.

Cost of production soared under war-time prosperity and continues to soar. Where plays had once been mounted for \$2000 or \$3000, and closed with a loss of \$5000 to \$10,000, they soon were costing \$10,000 to \$20,000 to open, and anywhere from \$15,000 to \$50,000 to close. I doubt if more than a thousand dollars went into the original production of "Shenandoah" on which Charles Frohman's fortune was founded. Even at the tiny Provincetown Playhouse when Eugene O'Neill, Robert Edmond Jones,



and I were enlisting all manner of aid at far below the market rate, we were paying out \$1500 to see the curtain rise on "S. S. Glencairn." At the somewhat larger Greenwich Village Theatre "Outside Looking In" cost us a little over \$7000 to produce, and "Desire Under the Elms," \$6000. Before he has passed the dress rehearsal the average Broadway producer expects to put \$10,000 into a play with only two or three modern settings. Then he gives it its first performance somewhere out of town, and, if the script or the performance needs fixing, he must pay the railroad fares and the losses each week—there are almost always losses on new plays—until he feels his property is ready for Broadway. "Excess Baggage," which cost Lester Bryant \$17,000 to open on the Road, came into New York last season with a "nut" or initial investment of \$17,000 more as the result of bad weeks in various cities. When we consider elaborate productions or costume plays like "Lulu Belle," "The Road to Rome," or "The Dove," we are up where the initial outlay is twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars. And beyond that lie spectacles and musical productions.

#### IV

Until two years ago the risks of production were still heavier because of the demands of the theater-owner. Not content with yearly profits of twenty per cent on a very solid investment in New York real estate and fairly permanent brick, he found that furious competition for the use of his stage allowed him to demand guarantees of profits. Ordinarily the producer of a play agrees to give the owner of a theater half of the first \$5000 taken in at the box office each week, and forty per cent of the rest, and for this he gets not only the theater but its permanent staff, a certain number of stage hands, and a certain amount of money towards the advertising. During the War and until about two years ago,

theaters were in such demand, and the profits from even reasonably good plays so great that the theater-manager was able to make the producer guarantee that the theater's share of the weekly gross income should not fall below an arbitrary figure, such as four or five thousand a week. At this figure the theater could cover the fixed charges and running expenses, and even show a profit. It was a policy of "heads I win, tails you lose." When I produced "God Loves Us" for the Actors Theatre, our contract with Maxine Elliott's Theatre had a clause guaranteeing the house \$4500 a week; and the fact that the play never drew even the forty-five hundred into the box office meant a loss of \$14,000 to add to an investment of \$17,000.

Perhaps an itemization of the cost of production to-day, even under the strictest economy, and a comparison of what these items once came to will best show the upward trend. Let me take such a play as "The Saint" by Stark Young. The scenery cost \$2349 for two settings that would have come to no more than \$1000 before the War. Properties—almost all of which would once have been taken from storage or borrowed—cost \$293. Lights—an unknown item in the days when the stock equipment of foots and border lights in every theater would do for every play—came to \$487, a figure half as large as most producers would have spent. Costumes—another item that would have meant only a negligible rental before the War—entailed an expense of \$1584. For an attraction like this there are additional expenses of \$1000 to \$1500 for cartage and preliminary advertising, publicity, and photographs, easily double the amount that used to be spent. If the author had not himself directed this production, a fee of \$2000 would have had to be charged in, besides one per cent of the gross intake each week as director's royalty; this might have been covered by \$600 in earlier days. Under the union scale, the scene designer—if Robert Edmond

Jones had not been a salaried member of the staff—would have received \$750 for his sketches and supervision, and perhaps as much again for his costume drawings. Here we have a total of close to \$10,000 as the cost of producing "The Saint" to-day, against perhaps \$2500 fifteen or twenty years ago.

## V

Unless the cost of typewriting is going up, the playwright gambles least of all. Yet consider what it costs the men who write plays if we merely figure what they spend to get their scripts in presentable shape, quite apart from what they invest in time and energy. John W. Rumsey, president of the largest of half a dozen major play agencies, receives 3000 new scripts a year, and handles and sells some forty. Managers receive from 1000 to 3000, and accept five to ten. Probably 12,000 unacceptable plays are written each year against 250 produced. At a typing cost of \$30 per script, the playwrights gamble a third of a million on stenography alone.

Next comes the actor's gamble. It is large in itself, and it seems to be growing steadily larger. At the bottom of the trouble is the fact that the American manager employs his actors on a very unsound and unsatisfactory and extravagant basis, which in itself makes for high salaries. Very few American actors—only a handful of stars—enjoy season contracts. They cannot, like most Continental players, look forward to a year or more of steady work in one theater at a fixed salary. Practically all of them outside the stock companies depend for their livelihoods on the success of the individual plays they appear in. They rehearse for four weeks without pay. They are guaranteed—through the efforts of their strong and excellent union, the Actors' Equity Association—two weeks' employment. At the end of that time, they may be looking for another opportunity to rehearse. Some find two or three engagements of two or three

weeks each per season. Some rehearse half a dozen parts and get twenty to thirty weeks of work. A few land in successes and draw their salaries for the bulk of the year, as they endlessly whirl the squirrel-cage wheel of the same monotonous lines night after night. With such a gamble to face, the actor must ask a working salary which will be a kind of insurance policy against unemployment. Instead of getting fifty dollars a week for a season of forty weeks, even the most ordinary actor must ask for a hundred. If he strikes a success, he must save half his salary against the next year's luck.

This system has been in force since the time when the old stock companies, with Daly's and Wallack's at their head, went out of business. Even in the days of Charles Frohman the salaries of actors had to be high if the actors were to live and eat between engagements, and salaries have increased since then as rapidly as production costs. About fifteen years ago a prominent manager wrote an article, which he published anonymously, explaining how plays were cast and what the salaries of actors amounted to. At that time he was able to allow an average of one hundred dollars a week per role—\$1000 for a play with ten people, \$600 for a play with six, \$1200 for a play with twelve. For the leading part, if he had to have an actor as good as John Barrymore, he would be compelled to pay, say, \$500 a week, and two or three more would run over the average. But he could hire many of his cast at about \$100 a week, and he could fill the smaller parts at decidedly less. Nowadays these figures have got to be multiplied by two. Young men and women who have been "featured" in some play—but not starred—ask and get \$500 a week. Rather ordinary character actors cost \$200. And so on down the line, with the top of the boom not yet in sight. The salaries of the better actors are steadily increasing as more and more plays are put on to try to fill empty theaters. And now the advent of the



talking movies will add more competition still for the services of players who, unlike the Hollywood variety, have been learning to use their voices.

Even if salaries had not doubled in the past fifteen years, it would be obvious enough that the casual-employment system on which actors are engaged promotes reckless gambling on the producer's part. He is not running a more or less stable business, operating week in and week out with a permanent staff of actors engaged as soundly and economically as possible. The producer is merely placing a sudden bet on a particular play—perhaps only one play or two plays a season, perhaps more. He doesn't want to take the responsibility of keeping a certain group of employees at work. He wants to have them off his hands if his bet goes wrong. And of course he has to pay for that privilege. He has to gamble heavily on success, and take the consequences of failure.

Now, with costs of production mounting and the salaries of actors inflated by this gambling system, what are the chances of success? They may be judged from the following table of the various kinds of entertainments produced during the season of 1927-1928 and the number that succeeded. The basis of estimating the successes lets in some plays which have done little more than pay for themselves.

	<i>No. Pro- duced</i>	<i>No. of Successes</i>	<i>Per cent of Successes</i>
Plays.....	156	35	23%
Musical Comedies. 32	20		63%
Revues..... 14	7		50%
Revivals..... 16	5		31%
<hr/>			
TOTAL.....	218*	67	31%

\*This table omits a few productions, some of them from abroad, which cannot be easily classified. These would not raise the percentages of successes.

The gamble that the theater-owner now indulges in—since the days of guaranteed receipts and profits have passed—is almost as great. Seventeen Broadway theaters of about 1000 seats each, which are mainly engaged in showing plays, are assessed at a valuation of

\$10,362,000. The average is over \$600,000. A typical 1000-seat theater costs its lessee about \$80,000 in rent, taxes, and insurance, or \$2000 a week on a forty-week average. To this he must add about \$1500 a week for operating expenses. To break even, after sharing with the play, he must count \$7000 in the box office each week.

## VI

What can we expect in the way of good mob entertainment from such a gambling machine? Not very much if we do not add some kind of mitigation. The fact that the New York theater has made such an excellent artistic record for itself since the War is almost wholly due to the fact that good plays of somewhat limited appeal have had a form of endowment.

Half of the really worthwhile plays each year are produced by the unusual acumen and personal resources of men like Arthur Hopkins and Winthrop Ames, and these plays have that remarkable and enduring theatric appeal which can go but seldom with literary merit. The other half—usually lacking this big mob appeal—are produced, or in past seasons have been produced, by organizations like the Theatre Guild, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Actors Theatre, the Provincetown Players, the Civic Repertory Theatre, or the Greenwich Village Theatre. Every one of those theaters enjoys or did enjoy some form of financial endowment. I know, because I have helped to raise more than \$100,000 for this purpose. All but the Theatre Guild have had direct financial endowment from men and women of wealth like Otto H. Kahn, Ralph Jonas, the former Mrs. Willard Straight, the Misses Lewisohn, William Hamlin Childs, John H. Love, and Henry D. Walbridge, who have met deficits incurred by failures. The total of this subvention has not run less than \$170,000 a year during a good part of the past ten years. Every one of these theaters has

had even a larger endowment from the acting profession. For these managements the actors have worked at something close to half salaries in most of the plays. The saving to each theater has ranged from \$500 to \$1500 a week. The total was close to \$200,000 a year when five of these organizations were working.

The Theatre Guild has had less of this sort of endowment during the last two years when fortune has smiled most warmly upon it. Since the actors have worked on a guarantee and a percentage, they have reaped good salaries with the Guild's success. But here again a form of endowment—a very legitimate and, I might say, Continental form of endowment—has come in. This is the huge organized audience of subscribers—20,000 to 25,000 strong—which has made it all but impossible for the Guild to lose money. In assembling that audience—which was done by shrewd choice of plays, the aid of actors working at low salaries, and excellent executive and promotion work—the Guild has done a tremendous amount to correct the faulty economics of our American theater and to show us a way to success with good plays. It has done more, of course, in seizing the opportunity of its growing success to launch a permanent company of actors, and to present them in something like an alternating repertory of plays. It is only through such a company that the art of the actor and the art of the stage director can grow. It is only through repertory that such a group of actors can be given consistent exercise on good plays. And it is only through a permanent company and a repertory—coupled with a permanent audience—that the art of the American theater can be developed past the limits of the long-run ballyhoo. For you must mark that what the Theatre Guild has not done directly to

improve the American theater by its own productions, it has notably succeeded by its example and its competition.

## VII

The notable success of the Theatre Guild leaves less room for regret than one might otherwise feel over the decay or the collapse of all but one of the other subsidized theaters. Yet, optimistic as the wise playgoer may be over the present state of things, he must recognize the danger that lurks in the economic inflation of Broadway. There are limits to even such a mob art as the theater. Its essence must be an appeal to many thousands; but, if economic conditions force it or tempt it to appeal to millions as the price of existence, then its art will suffer; it will drift closer and closer to the coliseum and the bull ring. I don't believe that the theatrical effectiveness—let alone the truth or beauty—of our stage can be heightened by stepping up the costs of production and bidding for a larger and more extravagant audience. Even as matters stand, there is something a little ominous in the thought that a play costs five to ten times as much as a book to manufacture and sell, and that a play must appeal to a quarter of a million people in a season while a book can live on 2500 purchasers spread over a couple of years. If we cared anything for literature we would feel disquieted over a publishing business that had to make Harold Bell Wright its staple, to pray for an occasional *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and to turn a cold shoulder to Zona Gale and Lord Dunsany. If we push the costliness of our theater too high, we must arrive at a situation that dooms plays like "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Great God Brown" and leaves only a "What Price Glory" now and then to challenge "Abie's Irish Rose."



## The Lion's Mouth



### THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

**I**T COULD never have been the moralist who sent the sluggard to the ant, or if it were, he did it with his usual lack of perspicacity. I cannot imagine an experience better calculated to confirm the sluggard in a career of studied indolence of body and agility of brain than to watch the mindless energy of an ant for an hour.

I speak from the fullness of experience. The hour was that of the noon siesta. I was lying in the sun on the top of a tablelike boulder in the midst of the torrential flow of Alkali Creek (than which no water of my experience could more completely belie its name). On the rock with me was an ant the size of a grain of rice, with the energy of a locomotive. She was acting as motor to the carcass of a bee. My first speculation was to wonder how the two had come on the desert island where I met them. Next I began to wonder to what extent the ant could increase her speed by eating the bee, thereby gaining energy and lightening her burden, and whether, if so increased, the speed would defeat its own end by increasing the rate of attrition of the carcass on the rough surface of the rock, and if so—but where was the ant going, anyway? She had come to the edge of the table rock, and was starting down toward the racing water. She went down a foot or so, then with an infinity of labor came up

again and fetched another long tack across the flat top. After ten minutes or ten weeks (I really do not remember which) of prodigious effort, she reached another edge of the rock, went down eighteen inches toward the torrent, and spent a month or two reascending. I cannot say whether it was three weeks or seven years I spent watching the creature, but by the end of the hour my pipe was out and the ant was still going strong. I strolled down the trail, wondering what the ant would say to me if she found me dragging the carcass of a horse up and down the vertical face of Half Dome or El Capitan, and never taking a bite out of it—out of the horse, I mean.

If before I met the ant I fancied myself as a sluggard, since the encounter my self-esteem amounts to a disease. I have gone to the ant, I have considered her ways, and I am wise—I mean, I am wise to her ways; and I give you my word, I shall never work again. If I do, I shall lose my self-esteem, for since attending that performance, hard work to me spells lack of intelligence; I simply cannot see one without thinking of the other. In vain do I read the encyclopedia and learn from the biologist that ants are highly intelligent. Perhaps they are; with their obvious lack of vision, physical or other, it is clever of them to get along so well as they do. But that is nothing to the purpose. The real question is, when the sluggard goes to the ant, what does he see? My answer is to tell you what I saw: boundless energy, infinite work, with no result whatsoever, not so much as an ant's bite out of a dead bee. Work—work almost beyond the grasp of the human imagination to measure, for an infinity of time, at the end of which all is as

it was at the beginning. Can you imagine a greater inspiration to the sluggard to keep on slugging? If the moralist wished to put an end to it what a fool he was to send the sluggard to the ant! To see anything work so hard and use so little imagination inspires me to put forth as much imagination as the ant shows energy. If I could do it I should have the world at my feet without lifting a finger.

Of course, no one but a sluggard could understand an ant. Perhaps, then, the moralist of the Book of Proverbs is calling on the sluggard for information unobtainable from the biologist. Probably both are themselves ants—my observation tells me that most people are ants—so, obviously, they would never understand “the ant.” Children never understand “the child.” Being ants themselves, they would “appreciate” the ant, a complete bar to understanding, for they would take her quite seriously, just like mathematics, or stewed prunes; and there aren’t many things you can take so seriously as that without indigestion. This is conspicuously true of scholarship and ants. If I, for example, were to take ants seriously, I should be proving in a folio, with notes and appendix, that the author of the Book of Proverbs was an ant and a woman—mark ye the feminine pronoun in the line which gives me my text, and further evidence in Chapter XXXI. She was one of these—here-now good housekeepers, smirkingly setting an example to her “shiftless” neighbors.

Ants! I see them everywhere from Wall Street to Market Street, with Main Street all the way between. Ants! What are traffic policemen but a sluggardly attempt at ant control? Quite unsuccessful: in spite of all we can do, they come and go,

Armies and emperors and kings,

All carrying different kinds of things.

They would! It is the unintelligent nature of the beast. Mergers, options and dead bees, conferences and larvæ—

take a dead horse on your back, get a proposition on your mind, and gallop up and down. Remember that “to travel hopefully is better than to arrive,” and that to travel desperately is best of all.

The farther I look into it, the more I am inclined to think that the whole Book of Proverbs is ant-propaganda, put forth by the Rotary Clubs and Ant Lions of its day. The ant, it tells us, “is little upon the earth, but exceeding wise.” Little, I grant you; intelligent (within limits) if you will; but wise? Not if I know what wisdom is. And then, note the complete character of her below disguised as the portrait of a “good” woman. Good for what? Why, to keep house, to be sure—“she keepeth her house with diligence”—yes, yes, just as bookkeepers keep books, books that are no possible good to anyone, kept so that no one could possibly get any good out of them. “Her children call her blessed”—I, for one, should like to hear from them. “Her husband praiseth her.” Doubtless—patient man; I have often met him at the Club when the dust was flying at home. Then turn the page to the Book of Ecclesiastes, and he asks (of course it was the husband of the ant who wrote it), “What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?” Clever of him, I say, to get his counterblast to the ant-propaganda bound right next to it in the same volume! Now I know what you’re going to say: look at the conclusion he reaches—all vanity, yes, and no anodyne for it but work. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—” Very well, but you needn’t have any vain illusions about it; and there is no prejudice against using intelligence and imagination.

Perhaps, after all, my main complaint of ants is that their manners lack repose. It is egregiously ill-bred of them to work so hard. If there were any sensitive ants, it might make them uncomfortable to see it. As I have perhaps hinted, the sight is a great comfort to sluggards. I think, too, I have



heard them speak disparagingly of other forms of wild life, both fauna and flora. I never heard an ant speak a good word for a lobster, a lemon, or a clam. I have never sat with a lobster at his own hearth, but as I have met him at table (under what might be to him trying circumstances) I have nothing but commendation for him. The lemon sets a good example to any ant by turning his sunny cheek to the world and keeping his acidity to himself; if you force it out of him you can't blame him, can you? As for the clam, he is the slug-gard's beau ideal. He doesn't rush insanely about if he gets a sea-anemone on his back. He is a byword for his sunny disposition. It's none of your Pollyanna stuff, either. When things come his way, he is on the broad grin. When fortune is against him he shuts his lips—pry them open if you can. Go to the clam, thou ant; observe his ways, and get wise.



### THE FALL OF THE HOUSE WEDDING USHER

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

**T**HE ambulance clanged up, and the policeman helped in a handsome but haggard chap in a cut-away, top hat, gray gloves, and spats.

"I picked up this cuckoo in the park," growled the representative of the law to the ambulance surgeon. "'Friend or relative of the bride or groom?' he sez to me, offerin' me his arrum and tryin' to lead me to a bench. It's crazy intirely he is."

As the ambulance sped away the patient began to protest piteously. "I'm really very sorry," he moaned, "but the pews off the center aisle are all full."

"There, there," the surgeon calmed him. "I know. That'll be all right. Just try not to talk."

"Ah, but I must talk!" cried the poor, pale young man.

Humored by the surgeon, he swiftly told this story, as the ambulance dodged through the traffic on its way to the hospital.

"In me," he declared, "you see one of the most accomplished wedding ushers in the profession, for profession it is. House weddings are my specialty. Church weddings, where one revels in space and seats, are to me, if I may use the expression, so much pie. Need I say that my friends recognized my talents, and I was in constant demand? As proof I can produce seven dozen silver pencils, one gross of near-gold cuff links, fifteen canes, and a whole haberdashery of wing collars, cravats, spats, and gloves. I have kissed what I estimate to be five miles of bridesmaids and I have found my way through a Scotch mist in which lesser men have been lost for days.

"As I said, house weddings are my specialty. To fit myself for my career, I made an intensive study of the technic of sardine-packing and observed the efficient methods of subway guards. This preparation, sweetened by politeness and diplomacy, has endeared me to many who have chosen to be married in the old homestead or the new apartment, with only a legion or so of friends of the families invited.

"One of the chief dangers at a house wedding is, as you know, that a large lady who has some hold on one of the families involved will insist on singing. There has seemed to be no way of preventing her rendering 'Oh, Promise Me' or something. Appealed to by desperate bridegrooms on whom the affair was already a severe strain, I, and I alone, found a way to silence the lady singer. My stratagem was simple but perfect. I would lead the lady to a preliminary showing of the wedding supper and there stuff her so full of chicken salad, ice cream, and cakes that she was unable to utter a note for hours.

"It was an ultra modern wedding which just has proved my downfall and destruction.

"I should have been warned by the signs. I recal now as ominous the bridegroom's relation to me of his courtship. A whirlwind affair, it was—love at first sight. He knew little of the girl's family and had never met her father. Nothing daunted, he proposed. I remember his telling me what a sweet old-fashioned girl she was, for she told him he would have to ask her father.

"Expecting to find that gentleman in the library, he was informed by the girl that he was divorced and lived five floors up in the same apartment, but was out of town at the time. The bridegroom wired him, 'May I marry your daughter?' and received a wire in reply asking, 'Daughter by which marriage?' He specified and the consent was given.

"The family complications came to a crisis at the wedding itself, a fashionable affair at which I occupied the post of chief usher, as was my right.

"All went merrily as the proverbial marriage bell at first. On the right I seated the relatives and friends of the bridegroom's father, but I craftily placed across the aisle, with the relatives of the bride's mother, the kith and kin of the bridegroom's divorced mother. With equal tact, I put the contingent with the bride's divorced father on the bridegroom's side of the hall. I seated the separated older sister of the bride successfully. I was tried but did not fail when the estranged cousins of the bridegroom appeared. And then, five seconds before the Wedding March, with every seat in the house full, a magnificent and imperious lady stepped up to me. Her words caused my hard-built reputation to crash about my head like a pack of wedding cards!"

The unhappy creature in the ambulance tore at his neat'y brushed hair. The surgeon was forced to quiet him with a hypodermic and put him in a strait-jacket. Still he insisted on talk-

ing with the persistence of an Ancient Mariner.

"Tell me what the lady said," the surgeon soothed him.

"She demanded to be ushered to a very good seat," the patient babbled.

"I," she announced, 'am Mrs. Ferdinand Wedmore, who was the second wife of the bride's grandfather and the third wife of the bridegroom's uncle. My divorce from the bridegroom's best man's father is pending and I am engaged to the father-in-law of the bride!'"

The unhappy head usher sank back on the stretcher. "I don't know what happened after that," he groaned.

As the ambulance stopped and they unloaded him and carried him down the aisle of the hospital ward, he whispered in wild yet touching tones:

"I am neither a friend nor a relative of the bride or bridegroom. A cot in the gallery will do."



### ON BEING YOUNG

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

THE divine right of youth has replaced that of kings. To-day youth has everything, does everything, is everything. I know a father who is constantly lamenting because when he was a child children were nothing, and now that he is a parent parents are nothing. He has lost out on both counts. But, personally, I think that this business of being young is greatly overestimated. You don't really enjoy being young because you don't know you *are* young—until you are old. Most of this talk about how wonderful youth is comes from the very aged.

But the old are wily, too. Although they praise youth, they are not going to let you have things all your own way. They are not going to let you forget that,



although youth may have a future, old age has a past. And here they have a decided advantage, because the past is actual and definite, whereas the future is still vague. You can't point out to them the glories they are going to miss because you don't yet know yourself what those glories are. You tell them that the future will be splendid. They say, "Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. Most likely won't." Meantime, the past *was* splendid. Oh, no doubt about that at all. Nowadays all the fascinating people are dead. Nothing is what once it was. The world has become standardized, mechanized, demoralized. You can't even distinguish yourself by going to the dogs any more. You're at the dogs. Everyone is at the dogs. There's no place to go. You can't go to Hell because Hell has been padlocked by the atheists; it's no longer functioning. Swearing isn't what it used to be; lack of religion has robbed it of all its point. The strong, vivid phrases have all become obsolete.

No, nothing is what once it was, according to my antique friends. You tell one of them, for instance, that you are going to hear Jeritza. "Oh, but my dear, you should have heard Nordica." Or you say you saw Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac." "Oh, but you should have seen Coquelin." You say, well, anyway, you saw Bernhardt before she died. "Oh, but my dear, you should have seen her before she lost her leg."

It's simply hopeless. They overwhelm you with names like Ada Rehan and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. They talk about Terrace Garden and Daly's old theater down on Broadway. They rave about tandems and horse cars. You can thank your lucky stars that you got in on the ragged edge of saloons.

And it isn't just New York you've missed out on. Heavens, no! It's everywhere. Post-war travel, they say, is like post-war liquor, bootleg stuff. Without flavor, without bouquet. You

might as well stay at home. Europe isn't the same any more. Ladies wear clothes in the South Seas. The Parisians have evacuated Paris. London has been taken over by the American Express, and Oxford is all Rhodes Scholars. Tourists no longer coach through the Lake Country or bicycle over the moors. They are conveyed thither in trucks. In the Basque country the shepherds, if any, have given up walking on stilts. Hans Brinker goes by Ford. The town crier has a loud speaker. The only brigands in Sicily are those behind the hotel desks. There's no more sparkling Burgundy in France. There's no more *Weiss Bier und Himbeersaft* in Berlin.

They never let you alone, these people who "knew it when." If you unearth a nice little skull and are diverting yourself with it, one of them is sure to grab it out of your hand and say, "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well." You didn't know him well; you didn't know him at all. You can't have the skull.

I must confess that I found all this very trying, and terribly inconsistent with their constant assertion that youth is so wonderful. Then one day I woke up to the fact that it is *their* youth which is so wonderful, not yours. They have no use at all for the flapper's good times. They are thinking about coasting and ducking for apples. Of course when I realized that, I got the brilliant idea that now is the acceptable time to lay up ammunition for the day when I am old. So I have my line all ready for the flappers of 1968:

"Never ridden in a ferryboat? Oh, you poor dear! Those vehicular tunnels are so terribly matter of fact and prosaic. There's no poetry in them at all. You should have had the tremendous adventure of going to Weehawken on the ferry. You came over from Paris yesterday by aeroplane? How dull! Now in the old days we used to go on big ocean liners that took five whole days to cross. They were awfully exciting, those long voyages. You

think our present forms of it have about run their course and are heading towards dissolution. But people who have actually got something valuable out of Christianity as it now functions do not accept that conclusion. Men look for a better understanding and application of what we have.

There are statistics about it. Our government does not undertake a census of souls saved or even of characters visibly improved, but the Department of Commerce (lately in charge of Mr. Herbert Hoover) reports that between 1916 and 1926 the churches of the United States gained thirteen million members, and that the value of church edifices in 1926 more than doubled what it was ten years earlier. That does not look as though religion were going into a serious decline. The churches at least seem prosperous, but their prosperity is not quite the same thing as that of religion. A lot of fault is found with some of them because of activities which are denounced as un-Christian and politically dangerous. It is of no importance to have more churches and more people in them unless they are getting sound religion that makes them good.

A great many observers in our present world, some very intelligent, others fanciful, are waiting for something to drop. They feel that society, national and international, is in a very chaotic state; that too many of the big problems left by the War are still unsettled; that there is a vast amount of new knowledge constantly driving in, affecting old beliefs and standards and the behavior of men. The hope of the world is considerably in new knowledge, but the assimilation of it is quite apt to be disturbing.

There is the stock market, resisting all forecasts, running bank-full and strong, and not a little to the astonishment of even the most astute. Bull markets are unlike Tennyson's Brook in that they do not go on forever. What will check ours is not yet expounded to us, nor when the check will happen, but that it will be checked is matter of course.

Some lines of business are good, others bad. Banks and motor car companies and many other departments of activity are prosperous. Coal miners, textile operatives and operators, and farmers are not happy in their economic condition. They might perhaps have been helped in some degree by governmental interposition, and efforts should and doubtless will be made to help them in that way; but it is not so much politics that is the matter with them as the too gradual adjustment to great changes in habits of life, the drastic change in fashions for women, the increased use of machinery, mass production, and too slow absorption of over-production stimulated by the War. The fact that there are millions of people in trouble about the means of supporting life makes the election at this writing uncertain and leaves very serious problems to be handled by the next administration.

And that brings one to realize that, however the election has gone, all responsible and thoughtful people of whatever party should unite to solve the great problems which the country has to meet. One great subject that now after election calls for prayerful consideration is the Foreign Debts. The present administration, so far as it is concerned, has been mainly concerned to collect them. It is true they have been abated, but it seems also true that no final solution of the problem that they constitute has been reached. Our bankers lend money to Europe to pay the interest on what Europe owes us. That looks very much more like a temporary expedient than it does like a solution. Mr. Mellon once said that good trade relations with Europe were worth to us more than all the debts. That expresses the right attitude on that subject, but power to make that attitude effective has not been given to Mr. Mellon or anyone else. A sufficient jar in the world of which we are a part would dissolve the present debt agreements; but it is not a good plan to wait for Judgment Day before beginning to be good.



OUR Presidential campaign may be likened to a flurry of wind and wave that has agitated a ship that is navigating on a great current. The sailors, of course, have been mainly taken up with the details of navigation. There has been the question of who should be captain on the next trip and arguments about what sails to spread and what port to try to make; but the biggest question of all has not had, and could not have, much attention, and that is, where the current is carrying us and with how much power. In what direction is human life proceeding and what progress is it making? Are we wiser than we have been or are we, especially in these States, merely richer? Are we gaining or losing in true religion? Are we on the way to abolish war, or are there still ahead of us periods of severe discipline before we reach a solution of that vast and anxious problem?

Mr. Kellogg, with the backing of the President, has done what he could to put obstacles in the path of future wars, and what he has done is generally approved so far as its aim goes, though its efficacy, of course, is questioned. It is curious that while wars between nations are so earnestly deprecated and so much is done or attempted to prevent them, human life seems to be held cheaper than it has been in many generations. Destruction by motor car stalks from noonday till night and from night to noonday, the toll of life by machinery is very heavy, and airplanes do their modest bit. Homicide and robberies by violence abound in this country as never before. All that does not seem very pacific. Still, all the casualties of private life are a bagatelle compared with the systematic slaughter which went on day in and day out for the four years beginning with 1914. Our country is not really in danger of being depopulated by machines. It looks so, but the population readily increases if there is need. In this country, certainly, population will continue to increase in spite of machines, poisoned rum, grade-crossings, gunmen, floods,

and the other factors of destruction. Disease is far better controlled than it was and disease has been a much more serious obstacle than violence to continuance of life. The great question for us is a very old one—how are we going to be good enough to keep on living? How is our country going to be good enough to avoid the destruction that waits on demoralization? How shall we learn to bear with one another sufficiently to live and work together?

What is it all about, anyway, this human life at which we practice for a while, coming we know not whence, departing with or without notice we know not whither? If we had better understanding of life should we make a better job of living it? No doubt we should; precisely that. No doubt the thing of all others that the world needs most is understanding of life. As we gain in that we gain in comprehending whither the great current is carrying our ship.

But is understanding of life increasing? Certainly it seems to be. What we call Science gains knowledge all the time, and when the accumulation becomes great enough it seems to run on and over into religion. Religion that can only flourish in the midst of ignorance is no better than a transient support, but religion that strengthens with the increase of knowledge has really in it the promise of effectual help. As for our religion, Heaven knows there are tares enough in the wheat, but there is wheat enough to sustain soul and body.

There is a story about Owen Young of the General Electric Company (it may be true or may not) that, questioned about the future profitableness of that very going concern, he said it depended on the things not discovered yet. This was so true and so sensible that it may be he did say it. So it is with our world. When we are discouraged about it and think its inhabitants are too densely stupid, too prejudiced, opinionated, reactionary, and selfish ever to make the rough-hewn sphere they dwell on really

habitable, we can renew our hopes by basing them somewhat on things not yet discovered.

Feel as you will about man, he is really a remarkable creature. Give him elbow room, omit for a while to shoot or hang him or put him in jail because he thinks, and he will probably solve the problems of life. Not only is his knowledge increased and his power amplified by that, but there is a great deal more to him than has been generally suspected. He is still comparatively undeveloped; full of latent, unsuspected powers.


We can appreciate how far ahead of the savage is the civilized man who knows his chemistry and his physics and can use the great tools that his civilization has given him, but think of him as no more than a beginner. Think of the man of even a hundred years from now—what will he know; what will he be able to do? Will his predecessor of our time seem unskilled and ignorant beside him? In a way he may. And then in another thousand years, if only the road can be kept open, what will men know, the knowing ones?

Man's powers are in their infancy. His knowledge is hardly more than of the alphabet. Everything is coming to him if only he can learn to be good, but of course that's no small job. So far indeed as appears, it is the great job of all Creation, or, anyhow, of human life. Teachers and law-givers of all time have had processes guaranteed to accomplish it: rules mostly, compulsions, devices to constrain the wayward to righteousness. They have been palliatives of barbarism perhaps, but not real cures. The cure must come from the inside. The Kingdom of God is within us, and it is there that we must search for it. The hope of making the world happier, freer, and less disorderly rests on the increase in the proportion of its inhabitants who have

sufficient understanding of life to know good from evil and prefer good.

A LADY raised in the Methodist persuasion and with a record of activity in some of its undertakings, being asked what she had been doing to save the world, replied without a moment's hesitation, "Nothing! It *is* saved." That seemed an incomparable answer. Here it is December, Christmas coming on, vast preparation in the making to keep it, great activities in the shops impending, crowded streets ahead hereabouts, candles to be burning in the churches, and preachers telling us what it is we celebrate. The Methodist lady put her Christmas sermon in four words. It is true the world is saved, and all that is left to do is to get us people who live on it to comprehend and accept salvation. Christ had understanding of life. To those who could understand him he showed what mankind must do to be saved. By being saved one does not necessarily mean merely to escape Hell. It means in these times very considerably to escape war, quarrels, strikes, national and international jealousies, everything that works to get people by the ears. The late War was awful, but on the generations that lived through it it made a very deep impression to effect that our world could not go on on the basis on which its great affairs were conducted up to and in 1914. It was a terrific exhortation to mankind to be good, and mankind has not yet forgotten that sermon. It turns with great reluctance to the Sermon on the Mount and wonders if the way of life is there truly taught. Amid the din of pleasure-seekers and of money-getters that consideration goes on. So it did after the Napoleonic wars, and doubtless will go on in and out of season, until the Methodist lady's assertion is realized.





## Personal and Otherwise



CONSIDERING how many millions of words have been written upon prohibition, there has been astonishingly little temperate analysis of the possible alternatives to the Volstead Act. The militant drys have argued violently against all change; the militant wets have argued equally violently against the Volstead Act as if almost any change would solve the problem. It is refreshing, therefore, to have *Elmer Davis* clear the ground for a rational discussion of the specific proposals for modification, and particularly of the proposal for light wines and beers. Mr. Davis writes as a wet who nevertheless respects the objectives of the moderate drys. A native of Indiana, a one-time Rhodes Scholar, and later a reporter for the *New York Times*, he has written several novels, including the recently published *Giant Killer*, and has contributed to HARPER's "Portrait of a Cleric," a study of Boston, a portrait of Mayor Thompson, and other articles and stories.

*Anne W. Armstrong* (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong) is in a strong position from which to speak her mind upon the contribution of business women to the business world. As a former executive of the National City Company and the Eastman Kodak Company she has had important practical experience in that world. She was the first woman ever invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and the Harvard Business School. In recent years she has been living in Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems. HARPER readers will recall her articles on "Seven Deadly Sins of Women in Business" and "Fear in Business Life."

The name of *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* appears so frequently in HARPER's that it seems almost superfluous to identify her; yet the Magazine is attracting each month new

readers who may be unaware that she is the author of *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, and other distinguished novels and volumes of short stories; and that she is also one of the foremost American essayists, and has written recently for HARPER's upon subjects ranging from the first Dempsey-Tunney fight to the nature of culture and the changing conceptions of the terms "gentleman" and "lady." In the November issue she was represented by a discussion of "Our Passion for Law-making." Mrs. Gerould lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

The late Senator Lodge was one of the chief American critics of the Versailles Treaty; now his grandson, whose name is also *Henry Cabot Lodge*, raises some awkward questions about another treaty which is expected to go before the Senate this month. We take no editorial position upon matters such as the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty, but it seems clear that questions such as Mr. Lodge's must be satisfactorily answered if the Treaty is to have American opinion solidly behind it. Mr. Lodge became a reporter for the Boston *Evening Transcript* on his graduation from Harvard, later joined the Washington staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and now is on an expedition to Nicaragua and the Philippines as a special correspondent for the *Herald-Tribune*.

*Konrad Bercovici*, Roumanian by birth, came to the United States in 1916 at the age of thirty-four. Since then he has become one of the best-known short-story writers in the country. We published his story, "There's Money in Poetry," in our September issue. This month he leaves fiction for fact in a study of his intimate friend, Charlie Chaplin, in action.

*Doctor Wingate M. Johnson*, general practitioner of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, requires little identification beyond

what he gives us in his article championing the family doctor.

Our second story of the month comes from *Susan Ertz*, the English novelist, whose books (*Madame Claire*, *Nina*, *After Noon*, etc.) have won a deserved popularity in this country as well as in her own.

Ten years after the Armistice, *Edgar Ansel Mowrer*, chief of the *Chicago Daily News Bureau* in Berlin, makes clear to us the present position of Germany and how she has reached it. Mr. Mowrer contributed another article called "Germany Comes Back" a little over a year ago. His brother, Paul Scott Mowrer, is also well known as a foreign correspondent.

This, we are told, is a time of extraordinary prosperity for the United States. But is it a time of prosperity for the average middle-class family, for the professional man's family? *James Truslow Adams* thinks that we have lost as well as gained, and many a pocketbook will probably agree with him. Mr. Adams wrote the leading article of our November issue, "The Mucker Pose"; his *Founding of New England and Revolutionary New England, 1671-1776*, have given him a place among the leading American historians.

We have had two other stories by *Ellen Du Poise*, written under the name of Ellen Du Pois Taylor (as was her novel, *One Crystal and a Mother*). The stories were "Nostalgia" (February, 1927) and "Shades of George Sand!" (March, 1927). Miss Du Poise is a South Dakotan who for a time did newspaper work in Chicago and is now living in France.

No one has added more than *Ellen Glasgow* herself to the quality of present-day Southern novel-writing: witness, for example, *Barren Ground* and *The Romantic Comedians*. Miss Glasgow lives in Richmond, Virginia.

Much is written nowadays about what parents can do for the education of their children besides sending them to school, but seldom do we find such varied and explicit suggestions as are embodied by *Anonymous* in his account of the education of his son John.

After collaborating with Doctor Hamilton upon "Marriage and Love Affairs" and

"Marriage and Money," *Kenneth Macgowan* returns to his native element, the theater. Mr. Macgowan has been dramatic critic for several newspapers, has written *The Theatre of Tomorrow* and *Masks and Demons*, and has served as director in turn of the Provincetown Players, the Greenwich Village Theatre, and the Actors Theatre. The man who produced "Fashion," "All God's Chillun Got Wings," and "Desire Under the Elms" may be counted on to give a true picture of the critical predicament of the theatrical business to-day.

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The poets are *Countee Cullen*, leader among the younger colored writers and author of *Color* and *Copper Sun*, who is now in France as a Guggenheim Fellow; *Henriette de Saussure Blanding* (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a Californian and a frequent contributor; *Margery Mansfield*, a newcomer to HARPER'S who receives her rations of sunlight in a New York apartment; and *Carl Sandburg*, author not only of some of the most vigorous and original verse of our day but also of *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*.

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An old friend of the Magazine, *Robert Palfrey Utter*, professor of English at the University of California, contributes to the Lion's Mouth along with two writers new to HARPER'S: *Frances Taylor Patterson* of New York, and *Fairfax Downey*, author of *Father's First Two Years*, *Young Enough to Know Better*, and a parody of A. A. Milne entitled *When We Were Rather Older*.

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The frontispiece of this issue reproduces a painting by *Cecil Clark Davis*. Mrs. Davis is a member of the Chicago Society of Artists and the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors; among her honors has been the winning of the gold medal at the Rio de Janeiro Salon in 1920.

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In a letter to the Editor written shortly before his death, Sir Theodore Cook—long



a leading figure in British sport—commented on Mr. Tunis's article on the Olympic Games in our August issue, praising Mr. Tunis's fairness but pointing out that the original Olympic Games were held in Elis, not in "western Sparta," and taking issue with the accuracy of Mr. Tunis's account of the 400-meter race of 1908. According to Mr. Tunis, who based his statement upon the American report of what happened, the British thought that Halswelle, a British contestant, was pocketed by American runners, and after the race had been won by Carpenter, an American, the British "protested over the decision" and the British judges sustained the protest and ordered the race re-run. According to Sir Theodore Cook, the British did not "protest over the decision." Apparently his contention is that there was no "decision" to be protested; that the only decision of the judges was that the race be re-run. We record this version of the incident out of respect for Sir Theodore Cook's memory, and because he was very anxious that we should set the record straight; but the question of which version is correct seems to us of minor importance in view of the fact that Mr. Tunis used the incident simply to show that such occurrences make for international discord rather than international good feeling. Sir Theodore Cook concluded his letter, "Now the American teams set an example to the whole world; and I should not have written these few lines had I not been able to say so."

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A request from a reader in Atlanta, who found our October issue "especially noteworthy":

Why, oh why, will you publish a thing so fine, so logical, so fascinating as "The Penny and the Gingerbread" as "Anonymous," giving your readers no opportunity to follow up this gentleman's writings, to watch for other stories or articles by . . . and there you strike that stone wall: "Anonymous."

A man who can prove so conclusively that you can eat your cake and have it too should come from his hiding place.

Suppose he writes something else for you: am I to expect to find it as I found this story—under "Anonymous"? This will not be so bad if you

will but be fair and not use this evasive term for others. All I ask is that you urge him to write something else for HARPER'S. I shall be on the lookout from now on for "Anonymous."

We, too, hope that the author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" will write for us again. It is not safe, however, to assume that future papers signed "Anonymous" are by him. For instance, "The Education of an American Boy" in this issue is by quite a different person. But for the benefit of our Atlanta correspondent and others we promise to identify the author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" as such if he again writes anonymously—unless, of course, the combined evidence in the papers might reveal who he is.

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The trouble with the "Extra Ladies" described by Margaret Culkin Banning is not that they are extra but that they are idle, according to this comment from Los Angeles:

DEAR HARPER'S:

It is impossible for any woman past first youth to read Mrs. Banning's article in your October issue without interest and approbation. I should like to suggest, however, that she errs at one point in her analysis. Divorce has nothing to do with the matter. Statistics are, of course, not available, but it is at least highly questionable that widows, grass or sod, make up even fifty per cent of the patrons of beauty culture. Fully as large is the class of women whose sole concern in life is the struggle to hang on to a recalcitrant husband or who are prematurely widowed by business or golf.

The idle woman, married or not, in every time and clime, has been superfluous. Smaller families, smaller living quarters, the increase of wealth in certain classes of our people, have bereft some women of their former tasks—not divorce. In fact, if marriage is what prevents them from fitting themselves for, or holding, jobs, then marriage is what makes them "extra." It is idleness and not manlessness that is the pity of their plight.

Very sincerely yours,

JULIA N. BUDLONG.

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Along with a basketful of letters of warm praise for Mr. Villard's article on "The Blue Menace," we have received a number of reproofs. We give the floor to Mrs. Benjamin L. Robinson, president of the Massa-

chusetts Public Interests League, to which Mr. Villard devoted considerable space:

*To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:*

May I express through your columns my warm appreciation of Mr. Oswald Villard's tribute to me in his article "The Blue Menace" in your October issue? After holding up to ridicule the Massachusetts Public Interests League of which I am president he says, "In justice to Mrs. Robinson it must be added that she, of course, does not seek to make money out of her campaign." I value this testimony greatly, not as a tribute to my character—who cares for anything so Victorian as "character" to-day?—but to my intelligence! I should certainly belong to the submoron class if, desiring to make money by propaganda work, I enlisted on the side of the anti-communists, when on the other side every shade of radical from pink to crimson with even the most modest allowance of brains seems able to make a fat living. Our magazines are full of articles of such mediocre quality that twenty-five years ago a first-class editor would have voted them food for the wastebasket. But if they are only destructive of something the past has cherished—it doesn't make much difference what—the radical editor avidly accepts them and the radical reviewers hail them as masterpieces. . . .

A foreign agitator now in Boston said at a recent meeting that all patriotic organizations in the United States were to be destroyed. The campaign of the radicals directed to this end has been strongly in evidence for a year or two. Their three most effective weapons are intimidation, financial ruin, and ridicule—and the greatest of these, probably, is ridicule. Mr. Villard makes that his "Big Bertha" against the D. A. R. He finds it very laughable that they should think the American Revolution which freed our country from foreign domination is clearly to be differentiated from a revolution which would seek to destroy our government to-day, as the communists declare it their intention to do. It seems to him extremely funny that they, or I, should see anything to fear from the enemies of our country. We, on the other hand, can see nothing in the least funny (and I do not think this wholly due to the lack of a sense of humor) in Mr. Villard's so misusing his position and his influence as to tell the readers of HARPER'S (p. 540) how foolish it is to be alarmed when we have not even a liberal party, "unless the Socialists are to be so ranked—in the field in this Presidential election." If Mr. Villard's radical stand-

ards are such that he hesitates to class even socialists as "liberal," surely the communists must be able to pass his test, whatever it may be. At this writing the communists, according to the press, have already qualified as a third party in sixteen states, the last being Texas, and they expect to increase the number to thirty before election.

MARGARET C. ROBINSON.

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Norman Hapgood, in his Weekly Letter, takes comfort from Mr. Joad's paper on "The Future of Man":

When we are worrying about poor old mankind, nothing helps more than perspective. Wells handled the trick well in his *Outline of History*, and it is revived, with less vividness, but in an energetic article, in the September number of HARPER'S, one of the few American magazines that have any mental vigor.

In the HARPER'S article it is estimated that there has been life on the globe for 1,200,000,000 years, and human life for 1,000,000, of which the civilized part is only a few thousand years. On an estimate of the globe's remaining habitable for ten thousand times as long as there has been any life or — times as long as there has been human life (figure it yourself), not to compute the number of times as long as there has been civilization, there is room for at least a few experiments; especially as man's power over the hidden forces of nature is only about a hundred and fifty years old. For those who are worried about time there came along, only a few days ago, the assertion of Professor Millikan, certainly as distinguished a physicist as we have—winner of the Nobel prize—that there is nothing in the prevailing idea that life will cease to be when the stars grow cold. On the contrary, he says, the cosmic forces are creating heat with the same persistence with which they are destroying it. So take it by and large we may look forward with equanimity to man (or his superiors) having an opportunity to work out his ideals, if any.

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The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: To meet the demand for this issue we are printing 166,000 copies, as against 154,000 in December, 1927. This is the largest edition required since the Magazine began its present steady advance in 1925.







Frank W. Benson

# MALLARDS AT EVENING

By Frank W. Benson

Courtesy of The Kennel Gallery





# Harpers *Magazine*

## BIGGER AND BETTER ARMAMENTS

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

**A** SOLEMN hush fell over the assembly as the spokesmen of powerful nations affixed their signatures to the historic document renouncing war." In correct reportorial language, at space rates, American journalism spreads on wood pulp the news that another peace treaty is signed in Paris, August 27, 1928, by the representatives of nine governments, besides the autonomous members of the British Empire. "The hush" is always "solemn" and the document is always "historic."

Those whose trade it is to study, compile, arrange, and market words can repeat in their sleep the adjectives, adverbs, nouns, prepositions, and verbs appropriate to such a political ceremonial. Twenty minutes spent with newspaper accounts of the transaction in Paris last summer produces the following modest list of the "yes" and "but" symbols actually employed in respect of that imposing international party:

Great pleasure and satisfaction  
Noble conception  
Great forward step  
Historic occasion

Milestone in the history of civilization

[Coolidge]

Testimony to the ties of brotherhood

Deepest aspiration of the human conscience

—peace

New spirit

Dawn of the new day

Tranquillity of all mankind

Swords and plowshares

Dream of the ages

Parliament of man [refurbished]

Pledge of friendship

Overture

Precursor

Prelude

Concord of mankind

After the affirmative words comes the "stop loss" verbiage, designed to cover possible retreat and avoid the charge of "foolish optimism":

Reservations demanded by national interest  
and honor

Right of national defense not infringed

Our army and navy only for defense

Need of preparedness unchanged

Preparedness still the best guarantee of peace

Honor remains above arbitration

Our pacific intentions

Righteous wars fought by this nation

Human nature still the same  
Hence continued necessity for standard army  
and navy appropriations  
Pledge only forbids wars of aggression  
Our wars always defensive

While the newspapers were reporting the locutions of circumspection, President Coolidge, with his usual terseness, said all that was necessary in this line. According to a statement issued on August 10, 1928, through the official spokesman (who though dead yet liveth), "President Coolidge does not anticipate any reduction in the army and navy by reason of the Kellogg multilateral treaty to outlaw war. He views the army and the navy as purely defensive weapons, moderate in size, never maintained for aggression and, therefore, cannot see why a treaty whose primary purpose is to prevent attack can be concerned with the matter of national defense."

Indeed, to make sure of the bridges in the rear, the parties to the Paris renunciation and reconciliation, by interpretative notes, have covered all the troublesome issues. Under the terms of the new peace preservation pact nothing "restrains or compromises in any manner whatsoever the right of self-defense." The resort to war by one party "would automatically release the other parties from their obligation to the treaty-breaking state." All agreements to resort to arms under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties stand unimpaired. The belligerent implications of the "neutrality" contracts made by France with Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Jugoslavia are "compatible" with the new convention. Supplementing the French reservations are the declarations of the British authorities. For the government in London, the renunciation of war is good, except in "certain regions of the world which constitute a special interest for our peace and safety. . . . Interference with those regions cannot be suffered." Thus Great Britain may still employ war in areas which hold a special interest for her; has she ever

waged war anywhere else? And the Monroe Doctrine stands intact, unimpaired; the government of the United States may carry on public and private wars in Latin America. What about the suppression of uprisings among peoples that would like to remove the burden from the White Man's shoulders? Apparently those are not wars. Mr. Coolidge might well exclaim, in the language employed by the late Mr. Harding with reference to the Washington Conference: "Nothing in any of these treaties commits the United States or any other power to any kind of alliance, entanglement or involvement." Speaking legally, we are as we were. Exactly. All of us.

Then what was the purpose of the grand renunciation? A hundred years from now, when the archives may be open, our great-grandchildren may know. According to outward signs, France tried to get the United States into a contract that would leave her free to work her will on the Continent, assured of American neutrality at all costs. In their enthusiasm for peace, many American citizens were prepared to have their government take this false and fatal step, thus making a renunciation that would have crippled us and emancipated France for war. But fortunately the State Department was too far-sighted to commit any such folly. It simply outwitted the suave M. Briand. If peace is a good thing for France and America, then let us make it general—with reservations. And it was made. Pacific statesmen were delighted, overjoyed, and nobody was committed to any "entanglements or involvements."

A few months before the "solemn hush" fell over the assembled statesmen in Paris in August, 1928, the League of Nations published a thick volume of more than a thousand pages, bearing the title *Armaments Year-Book: General and Statistical Information*. In this encyclopædia of Mars may be discovered the military and naval strength of the powers that have just renounced war and



their current outlays for the defensive rights which remain unimpaired. By comparing the figures thus presented with those available on the eve of the World War, the progress of peace may be statistically gauged. Of course exactness is difficult, perhaps impossible, owing to the price changes, currency inflations, and the shadowy character of indirect military expenditures, that is, those which may serve military purposes, when, as, and if.

But one generalization seems safe: if we exclude Germany and the other countries forcibly disarmed, the world is spending more money for preparedness in 1928 than in 1912; more men are under arms; military equipment is more extensive; war vessels, if lower in tonnage, are made more terrible by an enormous increase in submarines; novel deadly devices are added to those already known in 1912; more chafing officers await their "Day." In other words, to put it shortly, at the very moment when war as an instrument of national policy (with reservations) is solemnly renounced, the civilized world, comparatively speaking, has ready for death and destruction bigger and better armaments than ever in its history. Cynics will grin, of course, but those who love peace as a source of the good life or fear war as a menace to such civilization as we now endure will prefer to hold their breath and look around at the headlands and lights by which we must steer our way.

## II

Now one of the headlands almost disappearing over the horizon is the Hague Conference of 1899, then so enthusiastically greeted as "the dawn of a new day." The graybeards will recall the occasion. Suddenly out of a clear sky the Tzar of Russia issued a call to the powers of the world to take part in a convention held in the interest of peace. It cited "the longings for general pacification . . . especially pronounced in the consciences of civilized nations," and called attention

to the fact that "the preservation of peace has been put forward as the object of international policy." It then referred to the staggering burdens of armaments and the economic crises induced by such wasteful expenditures. Hence the necessity and desirability of a conference—which "would be, by the help of God, a happy presage of the century which is about to open."

The convention assembled. Hopeful editors, either because they liked it or thought their readers enjoyed it, poured out reams of words on the dawn, the prelude, the dream, and the parliament of man. Officially the governments involved encouraged the optimists, especially in France, England, and the United States. German editors were less cheerful; many laughed, some called it all sheer hypocrisy. The conference went on; it ground out documents; relying on their navies, England and the United States favored the reduction of land armies; relying on her armies, Germany refused to consider "weakening that branch of national defense." Still there was promise in this dawn—a promise shattered by the disaster of 1914.

About the peace conference of 1899 we know more than we did in our youth. The revolutions in Russia and Germany, which tore open the secret archives, and the memoirs of participants have lifted the curtain. The proposal for the conference originated in the Russian war department, apparently with General Kuropatkin, after a survey of the beautiful new artillery equipment which Germany had completed with a view to overcoming by weight of metal the superiority of Russia and France in man power. Staggered by Germany's achievement and aware that Austria-Hungary would soon follow the example, the Russian General faced a dilemma: a common reduction in armaments or an enormous expenditure to bring his country up to the new level of machine efficiency. With the peasants already bowed to earth under oppressive taxation which took away almost half their income, the

additional drain on the treasury might make trouble—even though France would help with generous loans. In such circumstances, a reduction of armaments seemed the correct hope, especially because Russia could still count on outnumbering Germany and with every reduction in artillery and machine equipment could feel all the more secure for eventualities.

Let us go behind the scenes with the aid of the secret archives. The Tzar's call was officially issued. The German ambassador in Russia sent a copy home with a mantle note. The Kaiser fairly exploded. He wrote on the margins of the papers dealing with the project that the idea of reducing armament expenditures was "utopian," that the Tzar had put weapons of agitation into the hands of German Democrats and Socialists, that the English ministers would have "a colossal laugh" over it, that the idea was simply naïve, that the English, having no army, would be glad to see reductions in that sphere, and that, generally speaking, the whole business was sheer nonsense. When His Majesty read in one of the documents that Germany ought to be careful not to strain relations with the United States by warlike talk and that the American people were praying every Sunday in their churches for a successful outcome of the Peace Conference, he exclaimed, "May Heaven forgive these hypocritical Pharisees," remembering, perhaps, the cheers of the same people over the Spanish American War and the war for civilization then being waged in the Philippines.

While the Kaiser was pouring his scorn on the American and English "hypocrites" he fixed up a fine bit of hypocrisy on his own account. Although he saw in the Tzar's proposal, besides dangerous nonsense, a sneaking plan for weakening Germany, William wrote sweetly to "dear Nicky." He told the Tzar that the peace suggestion "once more places in a vivid light the pure and lofty motives by which your counsels are ruled." There will be difficulties in the way of ac-

complishment, but "the main point is the love of mankind which fills your warm heart. . . . Honor will henceforth be lavished upon you by the whole world. My government shall give the matter its most serious attention." After writing this letter the Kaiser threw his whole weight against the accomplishment of anything important at the Conference, even mild arbitration projects saving national honor.

From the German and other documents, we know that English statesmen, for private purposes, ridiculed the "frivolity," "nonsense," and "deceit" shown by the Russians. Delcassé, the clever French diplomat, then engaged in forwarding the maneuvers which were to make the World War inevitable, quietly told the German Ambassador that France and Germany had the same interest in balking the Peace Conference, that neither of them had any intention of weakening her armed forces or discussing any such proposition, that they could not approve any limitations on the complete independence of nations, and that they might possibly make some little concessions respecting arbitration, just to save "Nicky's" face. Then the cynical French diplomat added, "Besides the Tzar, we must be careful about public opinion in Europe, for it has been stirred up by this thoughtless step of the Russians."

Did the governments which participated in the first Hague Conference really believe that anything significant was being done for the "cause" or the "dawn"? If we take private, as distinguished from public papers, we find it difficult to discover any traces of an affirmative conviction on this score. Disarmament was deliberately blocked, the Germans, owing to their bluntness, receiving most of the popular blame for the misadventure; poison gas was saved for civilization by the timely intervention of the American naval expert, Mahan, whose work for peace was celebrated at home. But bells were rung, prayers of thanksgiving went up to Heaven, the



prelude was greeted with rejoicing, and orators declaimed to admiring throngs. The only pacific result was that dangerous outcome feared by Delcassé, the agitation of public opinion.

### III

Did anyone present or absent smile when the "solemn hush" fell over the assembled statesmen in Paris, in August, 1928? What did Herr Stresemann, former annexionist, nationalist, and monarchist, really think as he steamed away for Berlin? What did M. Poincaré imagine as he recalled the ingenious operations in which he, too, had helped to make inevitable the World War that sent more than ten million boys to their graves? And M. Briand, adept in carrying capitalism on one shoulder and socialism on the other? And Mr. Chamberlain, so cautious with his reservations? And Mr. Kellogg, who was careful, in his silence, to pour no mush over the parchment? And Signor Mussolini, who awaits Italy's Day with confidence and the prospect, on his own reckoning, of five million soldiers? What did they suppose they were doing when they gave their official support to the adventure? Did they know what they were doing? Is there anything in the present state of Europe that makes the intellectual climate of 1928 any different from that of 1899? Let us see.

If we look closely into the causes of the World War listed in the books of the historians, we find high on the calendar of responsibility the commercial and imperial rivalry of the great powers, especially England, Germany, and France, for world markets in which to sell their manufactures. The observations of the historians are confirmed by the diplomatic revelations of recent years. Underneath all the questions of prestige and national honor lurks the merciless pressure of expanding capitalism for commodity outlets and for new sources of raw materials. It makes no difference whether it is the Morocco affair, the

Straits affair, or the *revanche* business, markets and raw materials enter into all calculations. To secure these industrial necessities, treaties and understandings are made, conversations are held, battle-ships are built, armies are equipped, and endless espionage carried on around the world, spreading distrust and hatred, with the "benefits of civilization."

Among the chief complaints made against Germany before 1914 was the contention that her government aided in the formation of trading corporations, maintained an army of commercial agents scattered all over the earth, and backed them up by diplomacy and force whenever there was a chance to sell a yard of cotton or a pound of steel. This practice, it was said, with some untruth, in the propaganda sheets, was contrary to the free, fair, and individualistic methods of the Anglo Saxon; it put the challenge of the German state behind every sales-agent and increased the intensity of the German menace. In fact, attacks upon the former business methods of Germany fill a ten-foot shelf of French and English books. For example, there are *L'Impérialisme économique allemand* by Lichtenberger and Petit and *La Bataille Économique de Demain* by Victor Boret. *Made in Germany* is still a specter in England.

Shocked, they alleged, by German economic practices, the English and the French, later aided by the Americans, struck fiercely at the "unholy alliance between business and government" in Berlin. Under the Carthaginian peace manufactured at Paris nothing was left undone in the effort to sink Germany's economic machine into the bottomless pit. Colonies were wrested from her (though in sacred trust for mankind), rich mineral lands were torn away, ships seized, banks and other property sequestered, patents confiscated, and strategic trading centers smashed. Now, it was thought—or said—the ghost is laid.

Ten years after this drastic spoliation what do the ledgers and registers say? In spite of all handicaps, Germany has

almost recovered the overseas trading and shipping power which caused an English writer in the *Saturday Review* to exclaim in 1898: "*Germaniam esse delendam!*" Her dye, textile, and electrical industries rise in productivity; in 1927 her export trade, measured in gold marks, was three-fourths that of 1913. New ships from Hamburg and Bremen cover the seven seas; notwithstanding the seizures and the constructions for reparations accounts, her registered tonnage is now above three-fifths the figure of 1914. Even reparations collected in kind do damage to French and British manufacturers; for example, in Japan, German dyes handed over in liquidation of the War for Democracy spread consternation among competitors. Except during the occupation of the Ruhr, unemployment has been less in Germany than in England, and production on a scale relatively higher than that in France. Aided by foreign capital, especially American resources, Germany rises like an economic giant ready for the race.

And the old alliance between government and industry is not broken. Far from it. The decimation of the landed aristocracy during the War has increased the power of the industrialists and socialists—two ostensible foes that can co-operate in uniting the state with business. In fact, Dr. Schmalenbach, the distinguished economic expert, declared last summer that German industry is now in rapid transition to a system of huge monopolistic corporations under strict state supervision and direction, equipped to handle their foreign and domestic business on an efficiency basis. Discussions of the colonial question have revived; although public opinion is sharply divided, colonial societies continue their work and one school of economists insists on "the necessity for territorial expansion." "*En Allemagne,*" grumbles René Lote, "*plus les noms changent, et plus c'est la même chose.*"

Indeed, after surveying Germany since the War, this perturbed writer finds

the economic enemy unbeaten—alas, for Paris! German propaganda against competitors is renewed—is strengthened now by historical films, "with their silent eloquence and false air of scientific objectivity." German trade journals spread Germanism around the world: *Latein-Amerika*, in four editions and four languages; *Import und Export* in five languages, the *Heraldo de Hamburgo*, in Spanish, edited by the hidalgos of that city; the *Gaceta de Munich* to unite the land of Carmencita with that of beer; and then *The American Daily*.

"All propaganda," the Frenchman thinks, and says.

German trade rises at Antwerp and in Holland; a great number of German professors, mathematicians, doctors, and philosophers attend conferences in Spain on invitations from universities and private societies. More propaganda, groans Lote. Barcelona, in spite of its sympathy for France, is a center of German science. "*Dans cette vaste propagande, la musique allemande faisait aussi sa partie.*" Still worse, Germanism in America recovers its aplomb; a campaign of "propaganda" has re-established the teaching of German in the public schools. From Mexico to Patagonia, there is hardly a country that does not have its German colonies and societies, schools, institutes, hospitals, and journals. If we may take the French story at face value, the German economic menace is worse than in 1914, because it is instructed by experience, sharpened into diabolical cleverness.

In the meantime what about the other great industrial powers? Have they withdrawn government support from capitalism and imperialism? The question is answered in the asking. The very French books which condemn the methods of the Germans call upon the French government to outmaneuver them. French tariff policies run against free trade in the direction of a closed colonial system. French diplomatic backing for business enterprise is not less stiff than that of Germany or the United States. French



bankers and industrialists receive constant support in their quest for markets—indeed even when they unite with German industrialists to fix prices and apportion business; for example, potash coming to the United States. England has gone back to a program of preferential tariffs and has created new agencies of government to advance British commercial interests in foreign and colonial markets. The political despotism of Italy is a huge military corporation for the promotion of Italian business enterprise, especially in the Mediterranean; consider the operations of Italian finance in Albania.

Never before in its history has the government of the United States devoted so much money and energy to the fostering of foreign business. Special laws favor the creation of foreign-trade corporations; tax concessions lend encouragement. New agencies and an army of commercial drummers, commanded by the Department of Commerce, with microscopes in hand, study, search, and pry into every nook and cranny of the globe, hunting for opportunities to sell goods. In 1928 Congress passes a law taxing the country to maintain a merchant marine. The State Department is always alert, no matter whether the issue is peace or a Liberian loan in the interest of American rubber. Among the most common and most telling pleas made in favor of Mr. Hoover's election to the presidency was the account of his skill in using the machinery of government to increase the sale of American goods abroad. His challenge to the British government over rubber, appealing to the passions of the millions using automobiles in the United States, rang out like a call to war and served notice that the people of this country were not to be squeezed by foreign monopolies. Under the normalcy of Harding and Coolidge, all our advantages in the Caribbean, the Philippines, and the Far East are to be retained and exploited.

And there is Russia. "The funda-

mental principle of the monopoly of foreign trade," for political and economic purposes, was a vital part of Lenin's system; almost in his dying breath he warned his followers to cling to the doctrine. If modifications have been made in the rule to meet specific conditions, the creed stands unimpaired in the Bolshevik prayer book: the state must control and promote foreign commerce.

Where on the face of the earth are trade and government divorced? Is such a separation possible, if desirable? To the thesis here presented, the second question is not germane, but the negative answer given to the first by political history since the World War has a deep significance for the interpretation of the document signed by the assembled statesmen in Paris last August, when "the solemn hush" fell over them. Can any state back up, with all its engines of power, capitalistic competition and trade rivalry in every part of the world—and at the same time renounce war? The *haruspex* makes no satisfactory answer. If state support for commerce was a powerful cause of the World War, then according to all signs, we are headed for a bigger and better conflict, in spite of ourselves, perhaps against our hearts' desire. If Mr. Ludwell Denny's prognosis is correct—and his powerful book *We Fight for Oil* is an arresting presentation—then John Bull and Uncle Sam, so recently locked in loving embrace to make the world safe for democracy, are in a fair way to have a war of their own over something more tangible. "It is even probable," says Mr. Coolidge, "that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of the available petroleum and its products." Government for oil, by and of oil!

#### IV

Without attempting to assign to it any precise weight, we may place next among the causes of the World War the discontent of minorities—nationalities subjected to and ruled by alien governments.

According to the estimates of Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell, there were all told about fifty-four million people living under foreign yokes in 1914. Pictures of the Poles, Finns, Czechs, Serbs, Croats, Lorrainers, Alsations, Italians, and other unredeemed races leap into the mind at the thought of those distant days. Their agitations filled the earth with lamentation. No one can read the diplomatic documents now open to all eyes without coming to the conclusion that the determination of France to recover Alsace and Lorraine, to avenge the annexation made in 1871, to secure the coal and iron of the lost provinces was one of the volcanic forces that helped to set the world on fire in 1914. M. Poincaré, who must bear a responsibility for this cataclysm at least equal to that of any other man, had long avowed that life was not worth living if there was to be no revenge. The endless disturbances among the nationalities held together by the Hapsburgs drove that monarchy to ruin in a headlong effort to attain an equilibrium. It was a shot fired by a Serb in the annexed province of Bosnia which set the avalanche in motion. Nationalism everywhere was an electric current of high voltage which, though it could be diverted to many purposes by propaganda, often slipped out of control and smashed the designs of those who manipulated it.

Taking note of this dangerous force, President Wilson announced the doctrine of self-determination, the right of each nation to shape its own destiny, as a principle of permanent pacification. To some extent, it was applied at the Paris settlement; Doctor Buell has estimated that the carving of new boundaries reduced the number of people under alien yokes from about fifty-four million to less than seventeen million. Among the new minorities now living under foreign dominion are 7,594,000 Germans, 2,803,000 Magyars, and 1,339,000 Bulgars, besides Jugoslavs, Ruthenes, Italians, and Poles distributed here and there in fragments. And this reckoning leaves out of account the arbitrary ruling which

prevents the union of Germany and Austria.

In other words, German nationality is broken, torn, and scattered, and suffers daily wounds all around the fringes of the new Reich and, far on the way to Constantinople, in the distant Banat. If it was virtuous for the Lorrainers to protest against Prussianism, for the Italians to marshal under the banner of irredentism against Austria, for the South Slavs to keep the Balkans in turmoil in the interest of national unity, what shall be said of the Germans and Magyars forcibly subjected to alien authority? Is it to be expected that they will acquiesce in policies and practices which others once fought with agitation and assassination? Is it any surprise to find in Germany organizations and agencies founded to co-operate with Germans under other flags? If France never could bring herself to accept the treaty of 1871, which took away French citizens, is it likely that Germany will accept wholeheartedly the treaty of 1919, which tore away a far larger number of Germans? If France could not prevent the union of the South German states with the Confederation in 1871, can she block the union of Germany and Austria in the twentieth century?

But it may be said that the rights of minorities are guaranteed by various treaties and agreements connected with the new distribution of discontent. For example, "Poland undertakes to assure full and complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Poland without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion." Similar conditions were imposed on Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and other minor powers, in spite of protests from domestic patriots; although no such limitations were forced upon France and Italy. Germans in Alsace and in the Tyrol are protected by no stipulations under the supervision of the League of Nations.

Instead of Frenchmen and Italians complaining against an alien autocracy, we now have Germans complaining for similar reasons and on grounds just as



valid. Arrests and trials, imprisonment and banishment seem to be as common in Alsace-Lorraine as they were when the Kaiser ruled there; except for the reversal of the tables, nothing has happened. If reports from the Tyrol are true, then Italianization in that province is as thorough and as merciless as Russification in Poland. When Germans rise on the floor of the Parliament in Belgrade to claim rights under the treaty of 1919, Yugoslav patriots tell them that "every-one who lives in this state must bear the stamp of our nationality" and that they will get the kind of rights which Yugoslavs enjoy in Austria and Italy. When the leading German spokesman, Doctor Krafft, insists that his people should not be oppressed in Jugoslavia because Yugoslavs are oppressed elsewhere, he is told, "Say that in Berlin." And he will say it in Berlin. The telegraph wires have already carried it there. To suppose anything else is to suppose that Germans are not like other people. Sixty million Germans united in the Reich will not be indifferent to the fate of the 7,600,000 Germans scattered around under other flags.

To make matters under this head more complicated, there is a profound difference of opinion as to the nature of the rights accorded to minorities by the treaties. One school of statesmen argues that the authors of the pledges did not intend to create, in each state affected, permanent alien masses preserving their own language, schools, and culture, but merely agreed to guarantee civil equality and "to prepare little by little the conditions necessary to the establishment of complete unity." This view is supported by leading French commentators—with ease, now that France has gathered under her flag practically all her nationals in Europe and many other people besides. But the Germans and the Magyars accept no such judgment. With legal correctness, they point out that the language of the treaties is positive, that it does not insure the rights of minorities as mere "temporary privi-

leges" to be sheared down little by little to final extinction.

If the Russians, unhampered by treaties and equipped with all the engines of police, could not extinguish Polish nationalism, if Germany could not silence protests in Lorraine, if Austria could not put out the smoldering fires on the banks of the Danube and the Drava, are we to imagine that measures of suppression and verbal declarations will transform Germans into Frenchmen, Italians, and Serbs? Poetic justice may require the oppressed of to-day to drink deep of the medicine they dished out so lavishly yesterday, but the enduring peace of Europe must rest on other principles.

## V

Bigger and better armaments, sharper commercial rivalries, and continued agitations of minorities—these are the old disturbing factors and they remain. To them has been added another: the clause of the Versailles treaty which places the sole responsibility for the World War on the Central Powers. This judgment was based on a report of a special committee of the Allied Governments "on Responsibility of the Authors of the War and on Sanctions." The report declares: "The war was deliberately planned by the Central Powers and by their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and is the result of actions which were committed with premeditation and intentionally, in order to make it inevitable." No statement could be more sweeping or conclusive. The Central Powers and their allies are black; the Entente Allies and their Associates are white. Hence, to believe the very pure in heart, the Germans are moral outlaws who sprang the horrible war on innocent, peace-loving nations. For that wickedness, Germany is to be squeezed "until you can hear the pips squeak," to employ the graceful language of Sir Eric Geddes.

Since that categorical verdict was rendered many things have happened. As everyone knows, revolution has

broken the seal on the archives of Russia, Germany, and Austria; England has published judiciously selected papers; participants in the great affair have printed letters and memoirs; confessions have poured from the press; trials have unearthed evidence; and professorial dust-sifters have searched nooks and crannies. With what results? Not a single outstanding scholar among the Allied and Associated Powers—Renouvin, Fabre-Luce, Gooch, and Fay, for example—who has examined the evidence in the case believes in the Paris doctrine that the Central Powers and their Allies must bear the sole responsibility for plunging Europe into hell.

Moreover, actors in the drama, such as Grey, Lloyd George, and Poincaré, now openly say that the War had its roots in ancient rivalries in which all the belligerents participated. Poincaré himself confessed in 1925: "I do not claim that Austria or Germany, in this first phase, had a conscious thought-out intention of provoking a general war. No existing document gives us the right to suppose that, at that time, they had planned anything so systematic." In the same year, Sir Edward Grey, speaking of the real origins of the War, said: "The enormous growth of armaments in Europe, the sense of insecurity and fear caused by them—it was these that made the war inevitable."

Naturally the Germans make the most of these revelations. Some of them accept the theory of "divided responsibility," while others go so far as to picture their country in shining innocence ravaged by wicked buccaneers. Though divided as to the exact degree of guilt to be assigned to the Central Powers, they all unite in protesting against the Versailles verdict. It is false, they contend, and the enlightened opinion of mankind supports them in that conclusion. If Germany must bear ninety per cent of the burden, still it is false.

Day by day, the flood of German literature on the war-guilt question rises; a monthly magazine, *Die Kriegsschuldfrage*, devoted to the subject, supplies

highly combustible fuel for those who demand a revision of the judgment rendered in 1919. Many who support this demand have in mind discrediting the whole Versailles settlement; others wish to whitewash the Kaiser and prepare for a restoration; others, it may be assumed, are as much interested in the truth as professors in England or France, or, possibly, the United States; all, feeling the injustice of the decision, seek to remove from their country the moral obliquity associated with "sole responsibility." While the judgment stands unchanged in the book of doom, the resentment will increase, making sincere European co-operation all the more difficult.

Of the huge bill for damages imposed on the Central Powers and their allies and in process of collection under the Dawes and other plans, it is scarcely necessary to speak, in considering the prospects of peace; oceans of ink have been spilt on this subject. As long as Germany can borrow from the United States enough to offset her annual installments, all may go well—until Germany must pay back what she has borrowed. Perhaps then a beneficent Providence will intervene. But one thing is certain, if France is to stand astride the Rhine for thirty or fifty years "to collect the last sou" under the Versailles verdict, cheerful reconciliation is not to be expected in Europe, no matter how many "solemn hushes" fall upon peace conferences. Only a definite settlement on a more equitable basis can remove this source of irritation. Perhaps such a reconsideration is impossible; if so then peace is impossible, whatever the pledges in ink and sealing wax.

## VI

Finally, there are the Balkans. Fuel for an outbreak is already piled high in that troublesome region and wisps of smoke swirl now east, now west, now north, now south. It was in Bosnia that one of the powder trains was fired by the Serb assassin in 1914. For centuries



the Balkans have kept Europe in turmoil, or if you like, the great powers have kept the Balkans in turmoil. In any case, nothing is settled there as a result of the great settlement.

For every ill cured another has been created. Where Croats and Rumanians once groaned under Hungarian authority Magyars now groan under Rumanian and Yugoslav dominion. Fires still burn in Macedonia—in spite of all the Jugoslavs have done to maintain order, introduce civilization, and solve the land question. Bulgaria, stripped of winnings by Serbia and Greece in 1912 and deprived of rich lands at the Paris adjudication, beats plowshares into swords and looks abroad for allies. With the consent of the powers, Italy has taken possession of Albania, through economic and military measures; and Roman imperialists continue, as in 1915, to regard the Dalmatian coast as their rightful heritage, even though it is inhabited mainly by South Slavs.

In this seething cauldron, England, France, and Italy stir continuously, ever mindful of "national interest" as they watch it bubble and boil. One day, Italy announces a marching army of five million men; the next day American bankers furnish Rome with cash for experimentation; a little later, a responsible

English statesman gives personal encouragement to Mussolini; then the morning paper announces an alliance between France and the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—a defensive alliance, it is true and of course, but an alliance prepared for eventualities. French airmen fly (commercial) airplanes in Jugoslavia and the military men hold "conversations." Arms on their way from Italy to Hungary are unearthed. A murder in Macedonia, it is alleged, is financed on the banks of the Tiber. The Serbs come to terms with the Italian government; the Croats threaten secession. Greece staggers through one dictatorship after another back to Venizelos, waiting on eventualities also.

Only two familiar faces are absent or at least dimly seen: Russia and Austria; but Russia pauses and Austria hopes—trusting perhaps to a union with Germany. If Trotsky is exiled for urging Russia to arm for the approaching crisis (among other things), Moscow has not turned pacifist. Austria, cherishing her old belief that she will be present at the end of the world, continues to use the great war office built in Von Tirpitz style.

Then is there nothing new under the sun? Verily, a few novel twists in the web of fate. They will be considered in the next article of this series.





## BUSINESS TRIP

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

"WHAT had we better do with the bird, Nora?"  
"I don't know, I'm sure. Lou wouldn't ever take care of it. Not now."

"No, not now."

"But I wouldn't want it. I don't like the things. I don't know about you, Grace, but I can't stand havin' them around."

"Well, I'm the same way. They make such a mess."

The fat woman called Grace brushed a strand of graying hair out of her eyes and drew the back of her hand across her perspiring brow. Little beads of moisture glistened upon her lips.

"My, it's warm!" she said.

Nora made no reply but stood gazing out of the window, her hands resting on her broad hips.

"Shall we go down, now?" Grace asked a little later.

"No, we'd better stay here, I guess. They wouldn't want us around downstairs."

"No, I guess they wouldn't. We'd only be in the way."

"When he goes away then we'll go down."

"Will they take her down to his place?"

"I expect so. They mostly do now. Undertakers don't like to work out any more."

"Doesn't seem right, some ways. It always used to be different. They used to come to the house and bring their things."

"But then, again," said Nora, "they can do it better at their own place. Like a hospital, they got everything there."

Grace rocked as she sat waiting for Nora to tell her of the departure of the party downstairs. Her legs were short, and her feet left the floor each time she rocked. Her toes pointed outward and upward, clumsily, below the hem of her modestly short skirt.

"They certainly had a nice home, Nora."

"Well, they had everything they needed to live comfortable. Lou bought her everything she wanted."

"He certainly did. Many's the time he'd come down from Chicago on Charley's train. Charley'd come home and say, 'Lou Nesbit rode down with me to-day,' and the next day Effie'd walk out with a new dress on, or new shoes, or something."

"Just like him. He sure done everything for that girl. Plenty girls you and I know around here would've been glad of the chance."

Grace's eyes twinkled, and she raised a fat hand to hide a grin.

"We both ought to know, oughtn't we, Nora?"

Nora made no reply but continued in silence to examine the blue celluloid toilet set ranged on the dresser top. She picked up the hand mirror and considered her own reflection. Lou would be lonesome now. Poor Lou.

The sound of footsteps came up to them from downstairs. Voices, too.



"Look out, Joe. Don't scratch the door."

Grace got up and joined Nora at the window. The porch roof hid the men until they were on the walk, moving with short quick steps, walking on their heels with their toes curled up as men do who carry a heavy burden between them. Two men carried a stretcher. On it was a form that was wholly covered with white muslin—a large sheet with the undertaker's initials cross-stitched in red at the corner. The two men who carried the stretcher were hatless. One of them was coatless and had his sleeves rolled up. A third man passed them as they crossed the lawn, and opened the double door in the rear end of the hearse. He wore a black suit and gloves.

The coatless man deposited his end of the stretcher inside the doors of the hearse. While the other man pushed the stretcher in he returned to the house and got his coat and the hats they had both left behind.

The three men then climbed up on to the chauffeur's seat, and the hearse bumped away down the rough street.

"Well," said Nora, "we might as well go down now."

She led the way, and Grace followed closely behind her, gripping the banister tightly as she descended the stairs.

"I have to be so careful coming down stairs," she said when they had reached the floor below. "My ankles are so small I'm not very steady."

"She was a good housekeeper," said Nora, rubbing her index finger along the beading of the newel post.

"Off and on," said Grace. "She had streaks. One day she'd be good; another day her sink would be piled full of dishes, and dust everywhere. I never saw such a woman."

Nora cast a disapproving glance at Grace. She picked up a small satchel.

"I'll just slip into a house dress," she said. "I didn't want to wear it on the car."

"I'll go out to the kitchen and start."

"Make sure it's aired out good before you go in."

Grace opened the kitchen door cautiously.

"They opened all the windows," she called back over her shoulder. "But it's still pretty strong."

She closed the door again and came back to the front of the house.

"Guess we'd better wait a little, Nora. Funny, it don't smell much out here."

"She stuffed all the cracks around the door before she turned it on, they said."

"I know. But even so."

Nora was ready.

The two women looked about them.

"Seems to be pretty tidy. I don't see a thing to do."

They went from room to room. Everything was in order. No dust stood upon any of the furniture; the china was neatly arranged behind the glass doors of its closet; upon a doily in the center of the dining table stood a vase of roses, slightly wilted.

"She was a great one for having flowers around," said Nora. "Never raised any, but she was always buying 'em."

"These are kind of wilted. The gas done it, I suppose."

"They're hardly wilted enough to throw out though, do you think?"

"I wouldn't throw them out if they was mine."

"What'll Lou think when he gets home?"

"Oh, I'd leave 'em. She always had some around."

"Well, there's only the kitchen then. We'd better go out there, I guess, and redd up. I guess it's safe."

Together they went out into the kitchen.

"Nothing to do here, only clean up after those men."

Grace picked up a cigarette butt from the floor where it had been ground out under a heel. Nora washed some ashes out of the sink.

"Where was she, do you know, Grace?"

"Why, just here, I guess. Laid her head on the oven door on these pillows. First she turned on all the burners, full tilt. They was all goin' when they found her."

"Tch-tch. Just to think! After all he done for her," said Nora.

"She was a queer one. Never went about much with folks around here."

"Why do you suppose—?"

"Lord only knows. I can't see how a body could."

They sought more work to do but could find none.

"Funniest thing is the way she cleaned the whole house up first," said Nora.

"Probably knew folks would be coming in."

"There doesn't seem to be a thing to do."

"Somebody ought to be here when he comes in."

"When's he coming? Did anybody say?"

"I don't know. They wired him first thing this morning. He can't get here till the 2:10. That's your brother Charley's train, isn't it?"

"Yes. We ought to wait, I suppose. We can pick up a lunch."

From the well-stocked larder they selected a meal and laid it on the kitchen table.

"Where'd she come from, Nora? Did you ever hear?"

"Out East some place. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia . . . I don't know."

"Seemed odd to me he'd marry a girl from way off some place."

"It wasn't as if . . ." Nora did not finish the sentence. Self-consciously she adjusted her house dress, smoothing out the skirt from the gathering at the waist, feeling of the collar at the back of her neck.

None of Nora's motions was unobserved by Grace. She turned the conversation back upon Effie. "She certainly was a queer one," she said. "Always makin' it uncomfortable for Lou, from what I've heard tell."

"Grace, I don't like to speak disrespectful of the dead."

"Neither do I, Nora." Grace spoke a little resentfully. She disliked being put upon the defensive. "But truth's truth," she went on. "It isn't like sayin' she was a bad woman. Just they didn't get along like they should, spite of all he done for her."

When they had washed their dishes and put them away they went into the living room to await Lou's return.

"Yonder's where the cage always used to hang," said Grace, pointing to a brass bracket that extended from the window frame.

"She must have taken it upstairs with her, nights."

"No, I've seen it there after they'd gone to bed. The street light shines through from that other window. You could see the shadow of the cage from the sidewalk. Their shades was always up."

"But it's up there. And the scarf she used to hang over it nights was hangin' on it."

"I know. But she didn't do it other times. Anyway, there wasn't any hook up there."

"That's right. There wasn't any hook."

"She wouldn't take it up night after night and set it on the dresser that way."

"No, I guess not. It seems funny."

"The only thing in the house out of place. All redd up nice and the dishes washed. And the canary settin' on her dresser upstairs."

"Grace," Nora spoke rapidly, with sudden inspiration. "Do you suppose she took it up there on account of the gas?"

Grace stopped rocking, and both women looked at each other for a moment, their eyes staring.

"Like as not," Grace whispered at last. "Did you ever. Planned everything out."

"Every little thing," said Nora, nodding her head. "Poor Lou!"

"I'll go up and get it," said Grace, rising hastily. Lou must not see the



cage that way, upstairs. He must not. "It shouldn't be settin' there," she called back to Nora defensively as she started up the stairs.

Nora sat in guilty silence and listened to Grace laboriously climbing the stairs. Some ways, it wasn't exactly fair to Effie. Or to Lou. Grace returned with the bird in its cage. Nora was looking out of the window. Grace hung the cage again on its hook and then sat down, a little short of breath.

They could hear the clock in the hall ticking insistently in the hot noon.

"I never see the beat," she said at length, and her eyes met Nora's steadily.

A whistle sounded in the distance.

"There. That's the 2:10," said Grace. "Lou will be coming soon, I expect."

"I expect so."

"Probably take a taxi, a time like this."

"Like as not," said Nora. "He'll be comin' in a few minutes now."

They withdrew from the window a little distance so that they could not be seen from the street, but kept their eyes upon the corner where the taxi would turn in off the Avenue. Nora looked at the clock at brief intervals, nervously.

The cab came to a stop abruptly, and a stranger alighted. They thought at first that it was Lou, stooping as he emerged from the cab, his face concealed with a soft hat drawn low. But they knew even before he turned toward the house, while he was paying the driver, that it was not Lou. He was not as tall as Lou and he stood with his feet apart, aggressively.

Grace and Nora looked at each other in uncertainty.

"Who's that?" Grace whispered.

Nora looked again at the advancing figure and shrugged her shoulders. She hurried to the door so that the stranger would not set the door-bell jangling in the quiet house.

He came into the house briskly and without introducing himself.

"Lou's coming on the 4:25," he said.

"They were down at the dunes. I

'phoned them when the wire came, but Mae said they couldn't catch the 2:10."

Nora said, "You're a friend of Lou's, then?"

"I'll say," the man replied, laughing easily. "Known him for years. Say, it was too bad about his wife going that way."

His unconcern was terrifying to the two women. He extended his hand. "Corbin's my name."

"We're old friends of Mr. Nesbit, too," said Nora coldly. "We came to see what we could do."

"That's better than having strangers," said Corbin. "Better than me, even. 'Course I never knew Mrs. Lou. He'll appreciate your coming."

"Won't you set down, Mr. Corbin?" said Grace.

"Thanks, I will."

"Would you like a drink of cold water after your ride?"

"Yes, thanks, I would."

Grace departed to the kitchen. They could hear the water running in the sink. Grace was waiting for it to get cold. Corbin fumbled with his watch chain, conscious of Nora's hostile scrutiny.

"She . . . they . . . " he began, hesitantly.

"They've taken her to the undertaking parlor. Downtown."

"Oh, yes. That's wise." Mr. Corbin cleared his throat.

"It's too bad Lou couldn't have come with you. It will be a lonesome ride for him."

"Well, I would have waited, only he wanted me to come ahead and see that everything was all right. And so there would be somebody here when he came. You know how it is."

Nora nodded.

"Probably he didn't realize you folks would come in. And, anyway, Mae will be with him."

"Mae?"

"Yes. Mae's my sister."

"Oh!"

Grace entered with a glass of water.

"Thanks," said Corbin. He drank it at one draught.

"Lou is coming with Mr. Corbin's sister," said Nora to Grace.

"Oh!"

Corbin was looking out of the window. The clock in the hall became audible again.

"You live in Chicago, Mr. Corbin?" asked Grace.

"Yes. South Side. We like it there."

"Lou is in Chicago a good deal on business. We don't see him much here, any more."

"No, I expect not. He's there quite a lot." Corbin looked at his watch.

"I've always felt sorry for him having to be away from home so much. He had such a nice home, too."

"Well, he always said our place was just like home to him. We always used to tell him he ought to move up to Chi, but he couldn't see it. And then, his wife didn't want to come, I guess."

"No. I guess she liked it here."

"Just a small-town girl, hey?" said Corbin.

Grace and Nora stiffened in their chairs at his tone.

"It sure was too bad about her," Corbin went on. "But then, it may be all for the best."

"Well, those things are pretty hard to understand sometimes, Mr. Corbin," said Grace. "God moves in a mysterious way."

"I guess they weren't very happy together. Seems too bad to say it. But from what Mae tells me, they didn't get along any too good."

Nora, looking in the mirror upstairs, had wondered what Lou would do in his loneliness. To Grace, handling the things in the kitchen, it had occurred that there would be plenty of room for

three people in Lou's house. And Charley would pay for his keep.

Corbin was still talking.

"Funny how we got the message. You see, the three of us had gone down to the dunes. We went down Saturday, but I had to come back up to town on business day before yesterday. So I was in the apartment when the wire came. Otherwise we mightn't have got it."

Lou and Mae were at the dunes. This was one of Lou's business trips.

Grace looked at the clock. Her face felt hot, and she could not see the hands clearly. "I'll just have to be going. I'll have to get Charley's dinner."

Both women looked at Corbin.

"You see, we came early this morning," said Nora, rising. "Everything is straightened up, I guess. There was hardly anything to do. Just out there." She pointed to the kitchen.

"Well, Lou will appreciate it a lot." He turned to Nora. "Can't you stay till they come?"

"I'm afraid I can't," she said, looking past Corbin at the bird cage. "We thought he'd be in on the 2:10."

"Who shall I tell him was here?"

"Oh, he'll know, I imagine."

The two women put on their hats and left the house. Grace walked to the Avenue with Nora who had to wait for a street car.

"Did you ever hear the beat?" said Nora when they had walked a little distance.

"Poor Effie," said Grace. "Just as sweet and forgiving. She done everything for him."

"And so good-hearted. Look at that bird now, for example."

"I know. I don't see how Lou could treat her so."





## YOUNG MEN ON THE MAKE

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THEY are well dressed, poised and charming. They know their Syosset and their Newport. They read the correct books, see the smart plays, and can discuss, with no small degree of surface intelligence, the right things. Over the week-end they are in town from New Haven, Cambridge, and Princeton—in the majority of cases from New Haven—and they are the Young Men on the Make.

To these young men college is not a joyous haven in which to spend four idle years amid song and beer and football. They waste no precious hours in brawls with the city constabulary or decorating the town pump with the class numerals. Contrary to popular belief, the dimpled darlings of the chorus fail to lure them. On the other hand, they are entirely uninterested in the academic aspects and cultural opportunities of university life, for the young men on the make are intensely aware that college is a proving-ground, where the first vital steps toward a material success after graduation must be taken. If one is active, industrious, and prudent, particularly if one does not "make mistakes," a tremendous amount of progress may be achieved. Gifted with shrewdness rather than intelligence, these young men know that distinctions attained outside of the classrooms will bring the honoraria that pave the way to success in the business and professional world.

It is, let us assume, Class Day on the campus of a large American university. The seniors, accompanied by proud parents and friends, parade in cap and gown to the stadium where the exercises

will be held. The more prominent members of the class serve as marshals in the procession and those who have been particularly distinguished are the Class Orator, the Class Poet, the Class Prophet, and the Class Historian. They arise, while their fellows gaze in envy, to speak their little pieces, and the alumni, back for the occasion, murmur in approval that they are "typical" Princeton or Harvard or Cornell or Yale or Dartmouth men. Most of the Class Day celebrities, of course, owe their prominence to athletics; for football and crew and track are still the simplest media by which to attain collegiate distinction. A few, however, have edited the college newspaper and literary magazine, have managed the teams, or have shown in various ways other than brawny talents. They have, at all events, "done something" for their Alma Mater. It is said of them that they have "paid their debt" by battling on the athletic field, by managing the crew or the college daily; and so they win the benign approval of the alumni. It would, obviously, be difficult for any alumnus to explain how this has advanced the Alma Mater to greater things, since all universities profess to be educational and not physical training institutions. But he approves none the less and he beams with satisfaction upon the youths who shine at the Class Day exercises.

"Go out for something!" the modern father often advises a son about to leave for college. "I don't mean that you should do no studying at all. Study is fine stuff, and you want to be careful not to flunk or get put on probation. But

it's the contacts you make on the teams or the college paper that really count and will help you later on. You learn self-assurance, courage, and initiative by playing football. You find out how an office is run by being on the campus daily."

In the majority of cases an undergraduate becomes involved in the "extra-curricular" life of his college for two reasons; he shares the vague feeling that he owes a debt to the college and believes he can discharge it by going out for the team; second, he has a perfectly normal desire to stand out from the herd. But on every American campus there are certain young men who already view life with a coldly material eye. As clever as they are calculating, they engage in no college activity and make no friendships with classmates unless they see—men of vision that they are—the probability of future cash dividends. Thus they study just enough to remain in college, and are furiously busy elsewhere in more important ways. So when the great Joe Banks, all-American fullback, makes a seventy-yard run in the big game, he may be doing it, not so much for dear old Harvard, as because the Stock Exchange House of Travis & Whitney (John Travis was Harvard '94) will hear of it and offer him a job. The hard-working freshman, lathering himself to exhaustion in an editorial competition for the *Yale News*, may not be moved in the slightest by his potential debt to Yale; he knows that the chairman of the *News* makes a senior society and that "senior society men are taken care of when they get out." With their eyes fixed upon the future, the young men on the make realize that undergraduate prominence is the only course which is compulsory and not an elective. All must take it.

Of course this is not a wholly new state of affairs. For decades, among the students at all American colleges, there have been a few exceptionally ambitious youths who have adapted to their own uses the existing social, political, and extra-curricular systems. To put it

another way, the go-getting college boy has made himself socially acceptable, has sought election to class office, and has been very busy in athletics, if qualified, and in other activities if he lacked superior physique. There must be a number of respected millionaires to-day who, if they chose to tell the real facts of their success, would admit that their start dated back to bright college years. In those days the young men worked alone. In a sense they blazed the trails. To-day those trails are clearly marked, and the student who has the inclination, the energy, and the necessary talents can follow without great difficulty.

It is amusing, in the light of all this, to hear university presidents utter long speeches praising the universal idealism of the college man. Many an undergraduate, one is forced to believe, bothers very little about idealism. He is attempting, in the smaller circle of college activities, to do what his opportunist elders attempt in adult communities. It is not without significance, perhaps, that repeatedly during the last campaign a straw vote at some university showed a marked student preference for the Republican Party while the faculty at the identical institution favored Alfred E. Smith. Perhaps materialism is permeating student life to an unprecedented degree and carries with it an attitude of extreme conservatism.

At the risk of generalizing, one might say that wherever in an American college there are social clubs or fraternities—and that is everywhere—they are used by bright young men as stepping stones for a successful career. And because the colleges in the East are older, because their clubs and fraternities mean more, their systems seem peculiarly suited to these purposes. Let us consider, quite without malice and in the calm light of impartial research, the opportunities offered at Yale.

## II

Not very many years ago the *Yale News* announced its annual editorial



competition for the members of the freshman class. A dozen youths who responded were informed that their duties would consist of obtaining advertisements as well as material for the news columns. For each advertisement obtained, they were told, the candidate would receive a specified number of points. Interviews, reports of student meetings, and gossip of student life would be given similar credits. The winner of the competition was to be taken on the board and would, of course, be an important man at New Haven. It was not necessary to dwell on this point; each one of the freshman candidates was well aware of the fact.

The competition lasted for several months and was, as it happened, an unusually brisk one. Toward the end, four or five survivors were closely grouped. Anyone might win, and the inevitable result was feverish work on the part of all of them. At last it was over, and the winner, jubilant with victory, hurried to New York to receive congratulations from his family. The boy's father, however, exhibited only anxiety when he saw his son. The strain of the past weeks was clearly evident in his face, and he was ordered to rest for a month. But it was already too late. The youth died in ten days.

I have told this story because it offers striking evidence of the extreme ferocity with which the undergraduate often attempts to "do something" for his college. The victim of this particular instance of overwork was not one of the calmly ambitious youths whose point of view I am here attempting to outline. And it should be noted, to the credit of Yale's graduate body, that a committee of alumni have since conducted an investigation leading to demands that student competitions be made less arduous. The duration of several competitions was reduced and regulations were drafted requiring that the "heelers," as competitors are called at New Haven, sleep a minimum number of hours. Those who may still believe the

American college youth a playboy might well ponder the fact that one of these rules forbids work in the *News* competition before seven o'clock in the morning! Not long after it was adopted one ambitious heeler interpreted this to mean that it was legal for him to labor, provided he did not get out of bed before that hour. So he bribed the dormitory janitor to wake him at five o'clock with the morning papers. For two hours he would pore over these, seeking ideas for the *News*; and by seven o'clock he had a splendid start on his rivals.

I doubt that the rigors at Yale are worse than at other universities. Having taken part, myself, in an editorial competition for the *Cornell Sun*, I can attest the fact that they were a severe drain upon undergraduate health. After each competition, the college infirmary had a half-dozen freshmen or sophomores taking the rest cure. One suspects that most of the rules adopted to lighten the burden are evaded by competitors. Imagine the howls of protest that would arise from students, their parents, and the alumni, were some professor to require labor one-third as exhausting! He would be charged with Prussianizing the institution, with causing nervous breakdowns, and driving undergraduates to the point of suicide. But objections to the competitions are only spasmodic—as long as the work is done outside of the classroom, lecture hall, and library.

Such is the atmosphere of hard, bitter rivalry for collegiate, as distinct from academic, honors at many of the larger universities. The young men on the make need little coaching to appreciate the possibilities which all this offers. And at Yale, because of the fanatical solemnity with which the senior societies—Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, and Wolf's Head—are regarded, the opportunities are greater than at any other university in America. We shall trace the history of a typical young man, calling him, for convenience, John Corbin.

If John Corbin has come to New Haven from some obscure, small city, if his parents are poor and without social distinction, if he is totally unacquainted at Yale—if all these factors are against him—his task will be vastly difficult. He faces almost insuperable odds if, by any chance, he is a Jew and admits that fact. Except in the last case he can still, however, make a Senior Society. It will, though, be enormously hard, and he will be forced to develop skill and subtlety that would do credit to a British Prime Minister. Let us assume, for the sake of brevity, that John's outlook is not so dark. His people, while far from wealthy, have a degree of prominence in their home city. They provide him with adequate funds and may even have sent him to Hotchkiss or Exeter or St. Paul for his preparatory schooling. In that event John will have met many youths of unquestioned background, whose elder brothers, fathers, and even grandfathers have gone to Yale. These youngsters have attended the Yale-Harvard game. They know, as a recent alumni report phrased it, that "Yale despises only the lazy man" and that, as soon as they matriculate, activity in undergraduate affairs will be demanded of them. To such privileged youths Yale is no forbidding mystery, no fortress to be stormed. If John Corbin has been able to make their acquaintance at school he will have absorbed their sophistication. Through them he has met Yale men who have dropped back for a day or two to see whether the prep-school football stars are headed, as they should be, for New Haven. Corbin will have selected an influential classmate—the most important step of all—to room with him when he reaches college. Failing this, he will have picked some athlete certain to make a sensation. He intends, of course, to be enterprising himself. But a prominent roommate is an additional asset. Thereby, a freshman is certain to meet the important celebrities at New Haven. It matters not at all to the

potential young man on the make that the society scion or the athlete will bore him to tears in the role of roommate. He does not consider mutual intellectual tastes in choosing his companion. He is a practical young man; what he wants is results.

Assuming, then, that John Corbin has grown familiar at preparatory school with the accepted traditions and customs, he is in far less danger of "making mistakes" when he reaches the college campus. I am unable to state the current campus term for the man who commits this sin. In my day such youths were known as "wet," a derogatory adjective later expanded to "wet smack." It had, obviously, no bearing on their drinking habits. A youth who wore the wrong clothes was "wet." One who talked too much or too little was similarly described. So was the man who attempted familiarities with upper classmen or who bragged about his wealth or family position; or one who was seen in the company of unattractive girls or who used a lubricant to keep his hair smooth. These are extremely obvious mistakes, avoided without great difficulty. There are others, more subtle, at Yale, as our hypothetical John Corbin soon learns. To the freshman, he finds, senior societies do not officially exist. He does not talk about them at all, save to one or two men who are his most intimate friends. Passing the grotesque mausoleums of Bones or Keys or Wolf's Head, appropriately known as "tombs," he averts his eyes and murmurs that it is a fine day. He scrupulously obeys the law that members of these tongs are not spoken to, since they are *en route* to holy things, after six o'clock in the evening of the days when meetings are held.

It is probable, also, that Corbin's arrival at Yale has been preceded by letters from Yale alumni to some of the upper classmen. These point out that he is a likely lad and that it would be considered a favor were he given a hand. In due time the juniors or sophomores thus solicited drop in at his rooms for a



chat. They meet him and his roommate, size him up and report to their fellows regarding the new arrival. Corbin knows that this will be done, and he is careful to make a good impression. He asks a few questions about football practice and whether, if he is not athletic, it is better to try out for the college comic paper or for the *News*. He is aware that his days of greatest activity are immediately in front of him, that at Yale the new man "makes good" or drops back into the proletariat within a few months. He pledges himself to "do something for Yale"—and incidentally for himself.

The young men on the make, it is needless to explain, rarely reach college seeing the entire length of the path which stretches before them. During the first half-year, perhaps, the young man's energies are motivated by the hope that in three years he may be numbered among the mighty saluted under the elms on Tap Day. The average undergraduate contents himself with visions of collegiate glory and does not, as he begins his career, ponder success in that cold and barren place called the outside world. Before long, however, he begins to hear discussions of "what are you going to do when you get out?" John Corbin's roommate may possess a father who controls vast industries. He has nothing to worry about. But John has no soft berth awaiting him. He must hustle and he knows it, and so he listens with credulous ears to the stories, told in whispers, that senior society men never lack an adequate income after graduation.

Of course this is nonsense. But the ambitious young men who hear that one group of millionaires is behind Keys and another behind Bones are tremendously impressed. A few actually believe, I am assured, the fantastic stories of huge endowment funds which can be used, if necessary, to provide fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year incomes to otherwise indigent senior society brothers. It is not long before the thought of "doing

something for Yale" changes color. Until now, John Corbin's outlook has been materialistic in the sense that he has sought prominence for its own sake. The next step is a conviction that an estate on Long Island, a town house in Manhattan, and a string of polo ponies will be assured if only he can achieve selection on Tap Day, still three years off. Thus John becomes a heeler, busy and grim and determined. He studies just enough to remain in college, and no more.

### III

After they have been at Yale for a few weeks John Corbin and his fellow young men on the make will appreciate the significance of the remark, attributed to some unfriendly critic, that the campus "includes the best parts of Long Island." They cannot have failed to notice the exodus of Yale men to New York City every Friday afternoon. Numerically, the migration is not impressive. The campus still teems with busy youths, and to the uninitiated it might seem well populated. Yet it is as deserted, in so far as Yale men of prestige are concerned, as the canyons of Wall Street on a Sunday morning. The members of Yale's "Who's Who" hurry for the five o'clock train, but they are not bound, it should be clearly understood, for a week-end merely of pleasure. Serious business is at hand, just as serious as anything during the week and enormously more important than all the courses listed in the university catalogue. These Yale men of note are bound for week-end parties on Long Island. They will be seen in the boxes at an international polo match, at the Broadway plays from which the speculators are making fortunes, and sometimes, but far less often, at the opera. Some of them will constitute, at parties at the Park Lane and the Ritz on Friday night, the Yale stag line without which, in recent years, no New York bud can possibly be introduced to society. The Yale week-enders, in brief, mingle with important figures in the business,

financial, and social worlds. Their names grace the society columns, and they return to New Haven on the milk train Monday morning. They are weary and tired and they pray that some sleep can be snatched by sitting in rear seats during the day's lectures and recitations. As soon as the opportunity arises, John Corbin also takes the five o'clock Friday train for New York. To be absent from New Haven during a week-end is almost as essential as to "do something for Yale."

Being a young man of vision, John will be certain to attend the right parties. I hope I do not give the impression that he has become an ordinary social climber. Anything so obvious would constitute one of the very mistakes he must carefully avoid. The invitations which he accepts come to him naturally—for the reason that he dances well, dresses well, knows how to talk, and is already somewhat prominent on the campus. My point is that he accepts no invitation unless there is something to be gained from it. His breathless hope, of course, is to attend a house-party where there will be senior society men. In that happy event he can address them by their first names (except after six o'clock on Thursday and Saturday) when he meets them on the quadrangle. Failing to achieve these parties, John goes to the ones where he will meet Yale alumni and where the girls with whom he will dance are the daughters of big-money men. He makes himself particularly charming to these young women and gradually he attains a fair position in New York society. He is on all the eligible lists.

But it becomes impossible to give, in detail, the history of the young men on the make. Gradually, as they mingle to an increasing degree with people of wealth at Southampton and on Park Avenue, they begin to appreciate with new anxiety the desperate necessity of making money after graduation. Down from New Haven, they stay at the Yale Club and there meet alumni, old and young. The younger graduates assure

them that success depends very largely upon connections, upon knowing the right people. The older constitute these vital connections. And so it goes. John Corbin, now beginning his junior year, has made the *News*. Perhaps he has even become chairman of the board and is an outstanding figure on the campus. Professors are slightly shocked on the rare occasions when he comes to class. They read his editorials with the same solemnity that John writes them. They treat him with great respect and rarely question his views. He may have scraped through all of his courses, but he rivals the dean in importance. John is, in brief, at last a person in his own right, and all that remains is to continue, health permitting, the furious activity in undergraduate affairs and the equally furious participation in New York social life. He may assure himself that he has no apprehensions regarding that ominous day in May when the class will gather to wait for the stroke of five o'clock. In his heart, however, he will wait in anguish for the moment when a member of Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, or Wolf's Head taps him on the shoulder and orders him to his room.

Even after he has been tapped and has joined the Yale immortals, all is not over. Our maturing John Corbin now appreciates that the stories of alumni help have been exaggerated. He has long since been disabused of any notion that there is an endowment fund. He does find, however, that the members of his society come back to New Haven whenever there is a football game or crew race. It is really true that the bonds between students and alumni are very close. The older men—particularly when a Yale team has been victorious—will grow expansive and make inquiries regarding what the younger ones plan to do upon graduation. Not infrequently there will be invitations to "drop in and see me." Other alumni will offer letters of introduction to corporation heads who are under obligation to them. Indubitably the senior society man has a start on his



fellows. Even when he is unbelievably stupid and has been tapped simply because he is an athlete and prominent, a job is likely to be provided for him. Almost any Yale man can recite, if he elects to be frank, instances of classmates who have prospered exceedingly—quite out of proportion to their intelligence.

John Corbin, graduated from Yale amid flourishes and ruffles and the envy of the undergraduate body, has no illusion that his period of toil and careful plotting is over. He has been taken in by some Yale alumnus—probably to sell bonds. The salary is not large, however, and again progress depends upon extreme activity, avoiding mistakes, and taking advantage of the system. He lives at the Yale Club and buys his clothes at Brooks Brothers. He spends his evenings among the people he first met while at college. As soon as he has saved enough for the initiation fees and dues, John has himself put up for one of the better clubs, probably the Racquet. Election will not be difficult, for he made the acquaintance of a dozen members while at New Haven. So his life becomes, in New York, a repetition of undergraduate days. Again he seeks prominence and gladly serves on the House Committee of the Racquet Club. He may find it advantageous to join a church and there pass the plate on Sunday mornings. Perhaps it is wiser to belong to some country club and play golf. If a political campaign is on he will take part, being careful to select the party of the men who are his patrons. Not infrequently he finds it possible to fall in love with one of the debutantes whose coming-out party he attended. A wife with a fortune accelerates the progress of the young man on the make.

#### IV

Not all the young men, however, are thus terrifically active. Occasionally some fortunate youth goes just as far through the mere fact that he is extraordinarily attractive. His bag of par-

lor-tricks is overflowing. Perhaps he has an excellent voice and is a soloist with the glee club. He dances, as the prom girls used to say, divinely. He is simply one of those rare young men upon whom the gods have smiled and showered every gift except brains. He, too, may travel far on the path to success if he has the desire to do so.

Such gifted youths, if they are wise, will avoid Yale. At New Haven charm is a secondary consideration. To have been successfully active in student affairs is, with a few exceptions, the *sine qua non*. The young man whose talents are chiefly social will undoubtedly select Harvard or Princeton or Williams for his Alma Mater. At these institutions the societies consider mutual likes and dislikes in making their selections. It is not uncommon for some tremendously important lad to be ignored when the elections are announced. Skull and Bones may take in, and usually does, men who are utterly uncongenial. The head of the college Christian association, often known as a "Christer" on the campus, is tapped to show that Bones endorses Christianity. The president of Phi Beta Kappa is chosen as an indication that Bones endorses education. These are gestures, of course. Such youths constitute a hair shirt to be worn by the less worthy brethren. Yet they are supposed to meet twice a week and mingle in fraternal love with the football captain and the crew stroke. For a major-sports captain to fail of election at Yale is first-page news throughout the country. It almost assumes the proportions of a scandal.

But Porcellian, undoubtedly the most desirable of the Harvard clubs, would not dream of electing the football captain simply because he had won the big game. Again and again men who achieve the pinnacle of undergraduate fame fail of election to Porcellian or A.D. or Delphic or Spee. No one thinks very much about it. The clubs are merely pleasant side-issues at Harvard—not the all-in-all and the Holy of Holies as at Yale. So

at Princeton, the clubs cannot possibly have the importance of the senior societies at Yale. For one thing, the clubs take in about eighty per cent of each class and thereby lack the extreme exclusiveness of the Yale societies. For another, they elect in the sophomore year, and the young men who seek election do not pass through as long a period of striving and planning.

The difference, in a word, is that social qualifications are taken more seriously at Harvard and Princeton. And this provides the opportunities for the type of youth who is naturally a good mixer, who is entertaining, who fits well into a social gathering. He may, it is true, fortify these assets by taking a leading part in student affairs. Shortly after the War, I am told, a freshman arrived at Princeton from some city in the Middle West. He was more mature than most of the members of his class since he had served in the army and had then spent a year in business. His decision to go to college was based on his observation, in business circles, that university men progressed more swiftly. Consequently he bent every effort to make a club. He had, naturally, the requisite degree of attractiveness. He talked well and behaved himself. He was a decent athlete and made the freshman track team. Within a year he was numbered among the certain point winners at the next intercollegiate meet and in due time he made the club that was his goal.

The young man on the make who goes to Harvard or Princeton or Cornell or other large universities has one leading ambition—to meet the prominent alumni of those institutions. At Cornell he may do this by making the musical club and going on a trip to many of the large cities in the East where dances are given in honor of the visitors. At Harvard he will find election to Hasty Pudding helpful and a bid to Porcellian—much more difficult to obtain—even more so. The members of Porcellian, it is said, find many pleasant offers waiting for them

after graduation. At Princeton he will attempt to win a competition for the *Princetonian* and through his work on the paper establish close relationships with officials of the larger advertising agencies. At every well-known educational institution, so-called, in America there are ways and means whereby the far-seeing undergraduate can build for the future on the base of his university career. Sometimes, as at Yale, extra-curricular achievement is almost enough in itself. Elsewhere social talents are more necessary. But nowhere, save at the technical schools, is scholarship of much value. Business men may pretend to revere the scholar, but as college alumni they favor the man whose honors are of another sort.

## V

All this means, of course, that the young men on the make develop a point of view which is wholly materialistic. They become over-anxious for money. They are transformed, long before they are graduated, into the very type of citizen America now has to excess. They are selfish, hard, and ambitious. Such principles as dignity and honor soon fade to secondary importance. It was once considered a little disgraceful, to put it as mildly as possible, for a man deliberately to search for a wealthy wife. Now it seems to be an accepted way of getting ahead; and after the young man on the make has arrived he is likely to become bored with the woman he married for this lofty reason. Then there is another Paris divorce.

It can be argued, of course, that the young men on the make represent but a small proportion of the college youths of America and that it makes little difference what becomes of them in later years. This may be true, but they have a definite influence, a wholly pernicious one, upon the universities from which they came. The man whose success is due to a senior society is constantly in touch with his university. He goes



back to all the football games and is always present on Class Day. At fifty, he takes the mumbo-jumbo of his fraternity ritual just as seriously as when he was a junior. He is never seen without the pin and has been known to hold it in his mouth, according to the fundamental and sacred law, when taking a shower bath. He has, in short, an undergraduate mind until the day of his death. Among all the evils which afflict the American university there is none so poisonous as that of the professional graduate. He comes back far too often, to interfere in athletic matters and to insist that the academic curriculum be made more practical. Less Latin and more Business English is his demand. For each young man on the make to whom he gives a job, he bores a dozen others to drink by his doddering reminiscences of the days when football *was* football. He places a grotesque value on the caliber of the football team and the crew, and is the first to protest when the faculty raises the scholarship requirements; for higher standards in the class-

room are likely to mean lower standards in athletics. I know of several Cornell alumni who grow red-faced and profane whenever they recall that, at Ithaca, the faculty has declined to dismiss afternoon lectures and laboratories so that the football team can report for practice.

In the November HARPER'S, Mr. John R. Tunis remarked that "the graduate still sees football with the eyes of 1908, while the undergraduate is beginning to see it with the eyes of 1928." The college man of to-day is beginning to question the over-emphasis upon athletics. Both the Harvard *Crimson* and the Yale *News* have editorially wondered whether football was quite as sacred as the graduates appear to believe. It is, Mr. Tunis wrote, "the undergraduates and not the alumni who are most likely to point the way to a change."

They will do so, I predict, only over the prostrate bodies of the young men on the make who are no longer young. Abolish football? Subordinate student activities to scholarship? What, then, would be the use of going to college at all?





# LESS MONEY AND MORE LIFE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR INCOME PRODUCTIVE

BY RAYMOND ESSEN

**M**OST studies of the rising standard of living deal with something quite different—the standard of expenditure. In many people's minds these two matters, which are in fact almost as far apart as the proverbial poles, are completely entangled. As a result, they spend their lives straining desperately, hectically, often miserably after a higher mode of expenditure, only to wonder in troubled moments why they have missed out in living. What I purpose to explore in this article is the fallacy of attempting to set or to rectify one's expenditures without knowing, to begin with, what one wants to get out of life—what "living" in fact is. Above the bare margin of subsistence there can be no rational standard of expenditure unless one has, quite independent of one's actual income, a genuine standard of life.

Such a standard should be a commonplace; in reality, it is very rare. My own range of friends and acquaintances includes a few millionaires at one end, a large number of professional people with incomes above the average in their special groups, a plenitude of middle-class friends, neighbors, and relatives, who go down the social scale into what used to be called genteel poverty, and a few stragglers, the very particular salt of the earth, who live in penury in order to devote themselves, with higher concentration, to their thoughts or their art. The ordinary distinctions between the rich and the poor, or the comfortable and the struggling, have no special meaning when I consider the economic status of

these people. The only intelligent distinction, I find, is between those who have an independent criterion of living, and those who merely try to achieve some current standard of expenditure.

The first class, in Ruskin's clear definition of the word, are wealthy—wealthy, literally, beyond the dreams of avarice. No matter what their income, they are those whom Thomas Dekker addressed in the verse: "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O sweet content!" Among the second group there is, on the other hand, always a suspicious smell, not of poverty, perhaps, but of neediness. They live in a press of anxieties, exacerbations: on twenty thousand dollars a year one of them may get far less out of life than a member of the first group on a sixth of that amount. Those who know what living is, live, so long as they are not handicapped by what the economist calls primary poverty. Whereas those who are concerned chiefly with expenditures, and with keeping up an appearance of expenditure, are always getting ready to live; and by the time they have accumulated all they think necessary for the enjoyment of life they have missed most of life's opportunities and are unable to realize on what remains. For lack of an independent standard, they have exhausted themselves in the pursuit of illusory gains.

In the first group are the happy, intelligent, sensible, sweet-minded people of my acquaintance; and while there are, of course, a few of these among the second, that large group contains an undue pro-



portion of the fretful, the unbalanced, the cynical and harassed and discontented. Those who have a true standard of living do not look upon themselves as martyrs if they have not as many superficial goods as their neighbors; nor are they fanatics who spend their lives in calculating where they can scrimp and shave: the chief fact that sets them off from the people around them is that they are getting what they want out of life—as far as it lies within their power.

Obviously, if the second group were well-disposed toward themselves they would do the same thing; indeed, they often try desperately to achieve the same state by grand resolutions at the beginning of the year, resolutions to reduce the number of taxi-rides or not to entertain so lavishly on week-ends. But before six months are over they are deeper than ever in their usual hole, and they find themselves working harder than ever for more money—as the only means that will help them out of it. Their intentions are perhaps honorable: unfortunately, they look for help in the wrong place, as if a sick man despaired of the doctor and called in the public executioner. The key to a genuine standard of living is not in any particular minimum of money but in a certain mode and habit of life. When that is firmly established, all the other things, with a little intelligent attention, will fall into place.

## II

Before I attempt to show what a standard of living means, let me exclude from the discussion one whole class of people: those whose sense of well-being is positively increased by ostentation and luxury—those for whom the ermine assumes his winter coat, for whom a lump of carbon ennobles itself into a diamond, for whom Time turns commonplace furniture into ancient and expensive appurtenances. A genuine standard is of no use to these people: as long as their neighbors spend money on spurious articles, they will wish to spend

theirs, too; if possible, a little more lavishly. Were ermine as plentiful as rabbit-fur, or could factory operatives buy Cinquecento pictures, these fine things would lose their value for such people: what social distinction would there be in acquiring them? A large part of the goods demanded by these excellent people is due, as Mr. Thorstein Veblen pointed out in his satirical *Theory of the Leisure Class*, to a need for conspicuous expenditure.

I do not purpose to discuss whether the standards of this class are absurd or sensible, anti-social or sound. It is enough that they must remain the standards of a relatively small class, endowed by our present conventions of property with a share of the community's goods so extravagant, in proportion to rational human needs, that society will never be able to meet such a demand upon the part of all its members. And just as there are many sensible rich people whose personal needs are as modest and restrained as those of a college professor in a provincial university, so there are a large number of people among the middle classes, and even among the relatively poor, who will remain miserable all their lives because they will never be able to achieve the limit of their heart's desire in the way of luxury and conspicuous expenditure. Nothing that I can say will affect these people, or is intended to convert them. For them, spending *is* living: success in life means making a pile—a pile of money, dresses, motor cars, Ming porcelain, what not.

## III

Let us return to that vast body of people who honestly desire to live, but who do not know how to manage it: the people who prize the healthy body above the gorgeous dress, the personality above the background, and the blood-and-bone of life above cosmetics and show. These men and women are usually a little dismayed to find themselves living expensively, on the verge of spending more

than comes in: particularly when they discover—as they inevitably do unless they belong to the showy crowd we have just dismissed—that they are not getting fun out of life in proportion to the exertion and the expense.

These people have usually made the critical mistake of attempting to frame a family budget without ever separating essentials from non-essentials, real goods from fictitious ones, and vital expenses from those that mark their pecuniary status and caste. What are the chief items in their budget? Usually, they begin with food, rent, clothing; then there are domestic service, doctor's bills, insurance; and finally, with a wry face the accountant of the household puts in a few residual items that always seem to make the balance come out unfavorably—items called amusements, travels, and incidentals.

From personal experience and fairly wide observation, I believe that this sort of budget, for a family whose income is above the twenty-five hundred dollars that has become the margin of subsistence in a large city, is a topsy-turvy one. All the items that it includes are necessary; but there are far more important elements, with a prior claim, that are left out; and until these are introduced, no sound views can be achieved about either earning capacity, income, or expenditure.

The chief requirement for a real standard of living is neither food nor rent nor clothing: it is life; and the prime essentials of life are health, freedom, and leisure. A budget that does not aim primarily to provide these three elements is as deficient as a diet that, despite its generous supply of calories, lacks vitamins and mineral salts. No excesses in food or amusements, no wild splurges in house-furnishing, no grand attempts at patronizing the mechanical arts will make up for this deficiency. For there are equivalent forms of scurvy, or rickets, that attack the personality, when it lacks health, freedom, and leisure; and a good part of our irrational spend-

ing is an attempt to put back into our lives with the medicine dropper various elements that we have forgotten in the cooking.

Let us see how these three conditions are to be met, and how their achievement alters the position and importance of every other item in the budget.

Health comes first; and I mean health in its positive and exuberant sense, not in mere freedom from functional or organic disorders. With due respect for the conditions for health that medical science lays down, there are two large matters that bottom all the others: one is a satisfactory occupation and the other is a physically favorable environment. The choice of work is by all odds the most important; and the essential of every good job is that it should promote health. The cynical observation of the money-grubber that "he is not in business for his health" is the most abysmal piece of stupidity that could be uttered: if one is not in business for one's health, one ought to change one's business. For the man or woman who finds a suitable career, whether it be turning a lathe, managing an office, or teaching children, the greater part of the compensation comes directly out of the activity in which he is immersed; it stimulates his mind, co-ordinates his bodily activities, focusses his energies, and thus tends to create an organism that works harmoniously, without apathies, diversions, and losses due to internal friction.

Indeed, the occupations that do all these things most satisfactorily tend to prolong life: painters and sculptors, with their fine balance of manual and mental activities, are notoriously long-lived, as a detailed study of their biographies will show. The grand desideratum of an occupation is not the money it produces but its potentialities for health. If it does not tend to create a whole human being, the resulting conflict and disruption will either wreck the individual, by lessening his working efficiency and undermining his family relations—or, as more frequently happens, it will drive



him into all sorts of compensatory activities and dodges, and money spent to excess upon clothes or liquor or show will eat up his apparent increase in income. Every piece of work should be, in a literal sense, a life-work.

Behind this generalization stands a row of people I know. Those who have been able to face illness and lean pocket-books without wincing and whining are those who have consistently worked for their health, and have never kept a job when they found it working against their grain. In their very worst periods, these people have never been so poor that they could afford the luxury of abstaining from disheartening or disreputable work. One in particular, a manufacturer whose line of goods suffered a bad depression for three or four years running, calmly took his losses and stuck by his plant, instead of accepting the position offered him as sales manager in a much larger organization, with an income as high as he had known in his best times. Because he did not lose hold of himself and his work, he rode through the storm on an even keel, and when good times returned he still had, for his own satisfaction, the work he most desired. To work for one's health is not the luxury of the unpatronized artist: I can pick out people who practice it in every walk of life.

In contrast with such people, consider those who are doing work they loathe to the bottom of their souls, or work that, again in the quite literal sense, they are sick of: Z. the lawyer, for example, who should have been a playwright, and who, with a steady income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, has never been able to endow himself with the necessary time for the art nearest his heart; F. the publicity expert, who would be far happier in the technical branch of industry, and who, though under thirty, has abandoned all hope of taking up the studies which would enable him to make the change; or L., a chemist, an uninspired research worker, who should have devoted herself to motherhood, and who, by earning

money for the luxuries of her home, has never dealt honestly with its necessities—including her own need for children. No amount of success in a monetary way will ever wipe off their original debit. Such people's budgets cannot be balanced—unless they break loose and change their occupations; and once they are bound to the wheel, it requires more than Samson's strength to break the bond. They may boast sometimes of their infrequent visits to the doctor or their freedom from the common physical ailments: but ten minutes in their company will disclose to one more pervasive signs of maladjustment and ill-health in the set of their bodies and the posture of their minds.

#### IV

If health involves a reasonable choice of work it also involves a wise selection of living conditions. Here again, once a minimum standard has been effected, money is not a conspicuous item. One may have enough money to live on Park Avenue in New York and still be in the midst of what is essentially a slum: insufficient air and ventilation, no sunlight, crowded living quarters, bleak ugly outlooks. A dwelling that calls for the wasteful consumption of an hour or two of time every day, going to and from an office or a factory, will put any budget out of kilter: for something will be introduced, somewhere in the scale of living, to offset these blank hours and this stupid routine: there is no help for it!

The first rule of economy here is not to save money but to preserve health. To achieve this one may have to spend more on rent and less on other items; or again, one may prefer a small city to a big one, or a town that is economically laid out and developed with some regard to health and beauty over one that sprawls and luxuriates in its ugliness. The suburban trend in the last generation has largely been fostered by people who have made such a choice, in behalf of their family's health and education; and it is unfortunate that, around a growing city,

the suburban solution is only a temporary and partial one, which can do little immediately for the lower income groups, and which promises nothing eventually to anyone, since the suburb is but the first step toward more intensive development.

But the movement itself is significant. In one of the most infernal industrial slums in Connecticut the manufacturers are seriously concerned over the fact that they have begun to lose their skilled mechanics. These men pack their families into their cars on Sunday, go jaunting through the countryside, become aware of villages and homes far more genial to live in than the "prosperous" but grimy hive where they had lived before; and, even at a slight sacrifice in wages, these mechanics have begun to move to the place that offers greater amenities—more opportunities for life. One applauds these fellows for their good sense. They know the difference between nominal wages in cash and real wages in living; and if such intelligence should spread with motor travel, our badly planned and unattractive cities will be renovated speedily under penalty of losing a good part of their population.

At all events, such an intelligent choice of a dwelling place is a prime ingredient for a rational standard of living. Where there are public playgrounds and well-equipped schools and houses built to admit sunlight there will probably be fewer doctor's bills and less fretfulness, tension, discontent. When I find myself measuring my share of the world's goods against that of a friend of mine whose apartment has an address on Fifth Avenue with an actual frontage on the rear walls of other apartments, I set the fact that my house gets sunlight all day over against the fact that a pallid vapor of sunlight reaches her east and south windows for a few brief minutes every day. If I envy her her big rooms, she envies me equally my view of the sunset. I pay for this privilege by having an address which lends no luster to

my stationery, and gives, if anything, a more paltry view of my financial standing than my bank account warrants; but who doubts that I pay cheaply? I found that by living on the edge of a factory district I was farther from the edge of poverty and defeat: indeed, the neighborhood could boast of goods like sunlight and playgrounds for children and tennis courts that can scarcely be purchased for the rich on Manhattan Island. With such a rational standard, one sees that the power of money has been greatly over-rated once one has ceased to worry about the shadow-power of prestige.

## V

If health is the first thing a good standard must aim at, freedom is the second. Economically speaking, freedom is measured by the margin between one's income and one's expenditures. Below twenty-five hundred dollars in our larger cities, and somewhat less in our small towns and rural communities, freedom is an impossible state except for the unmarried; it means freedom to starve; but above this sum, freedom can be expressed in terms of the simple difference between income and outlay. The person whose expenditures are equal to or greater than his income has no room to move around in, unless he acquires a temporary margin by borrowing. I need not repeat at this point Mr. Micawber's famous words on the subject of balancing one's budget; but they cannot be improved.

Without a margin, a man may wish to change his work; but he cannot look elsewhere for it, particularly if he must make some special preparation for the change or if it involves moving to another city. He may need a rest: alas! he must plug on, until the doctor kindly commits him, with an elaborate disease, to the hospital or the sanatorium. He may need diversion and stimulus and be going to seed for lack of them: but he is an ass, bound to the treadmill, day after day, week after week, month after



month. His yearly vacation is a mockery so long as he can build up no reserves. When such a man becomes desperate, his morality may break under the strain: it is for protection against such as he that the bonding and surety companies come into existence. Such men are committed men; and, incidentally, there can be no integrity in the professions, no honesty in journalism, no decent relationships in business so long as this margin of personal freedom does not exist. What a precious avenue of self-respect is closed when a man dare not hand in his resignation!

I know a writer without unusual ability, a man who has husbanded his talents and used them with some skill, and has achieved a fairly solid place in American letters. The secret of his success is that, with a small inheritance to begin on, he has never permitted his expenditures to relieve him of his entire income—although he long ago spent the inheritance on his education. He has always a margin to work on—a margin that saves him from bad craftsmanship, from dishonest potboilers, and from the other sins and evils that threaten a writer who cannot choose his subject or take his time. Two other men come to mind, of much more brilliant talents, who have become venal and mediocre writers because they included every item in their budget except freedom. The writer who keeps his integrity may sometimes not have more than a single suit to his name; but the point is, when he is driven to sacrifice he follows Emerson's advice, saving on the low levels and spending on the high ones. As for the writers who spoiled their talents, they do not lack new shoes, new cravats, and they never abstain from hospitality; but by any rational standard they are paupers, for they cannot afford to be free.

The more servile a person's position in society is, the more he reaches out for external props to reassure himself; and, contrariwise, freedom gives a man poise and self-confidence even under difficult

circumstances. In the opportunity to choose one's occupation or one's mate, in one's readiness to travel or have children—all matters of spinal importance—freedom depends largely upon having this economic margin. The person with limited needs and a small income, who can save a few hundred dollars a year, is far better off than the very well-to-do who are forever racing neck and neck with their expenditures.

## VI

Leisure is the third item in our true standard of living; and it is no less important. I assume that a person's work will remain his central activity: that it gives him satisfaction, health, at times positive joy. But during the last century we have grotesquely overrated the advantage and necessity of work; and as Herbert Spencer long ago pointed out, we are always in danger of overdoing it.

A hundred years ago, a Boston merchant of the old school, a contemporary of Bulfinch and Adams, looked upon leisure as the crown of his life: if he could retire at forty and enjoy it, he was a successful man. Within a generation, this sensible view of life had been completely undermined; and Americans, certainly Americans in business, had become a hard, restless, over-energetic people, who worked perpetually in their offices and factories, lost their appetites, acquired dyspepsia, forgot the art of play, and permitted themselves no vacations. If the business man was not hostile toward activities outside of business, he was apologetic toward them; and was comfortable only when, as in art collecting, they were an incidental witness to his financial success.

With our vast, steady increase in industrial production since the Civil War, with all our labor-saving devices and the released energies of mine and waterfall, the number of people who can enjoy leisure in modern society is absurdly small. We boast of the eight-hour day or the five-day week, but we still lag

behind the economically primitive communities of the Middle Ages, which spent about a third of the year, in Christian countries, in festivals and holidays. That is a standard of leisure not enjoyed even by the tenth of the population which possesses ninety per cent of the wealth. The reason for this anomaly is simple. Above satisfying the elemental wants of life, our machinery can be used either to free us for leisure or to produce a superabundance of goods, including more machinery and labor-saving devices. We are so far from appreciating the advantages of leisure that our whole economy would probably be disrupted, with widespread bankruptcy and suffering, if any considerable part of our population took leisure seriously and sought to enjoy it.

The concept of leisure or its actual enjoyment is so foreign to the industrial society we have created that many grave and important bodies have lately been cogitating over what should be done with the modicum of leisure we are now able to achieve, despite our furious consumptive activities. "The menace of leisure," "the redemption of leisure"—such phrases have become common, and the anxiety they record is comical. Leisure is not a problem when one achieves it: it is the path to all sorts of enjoyments, including the very right and grateful enjoyment of sheer idleness; the real problem is to get any considerable amount of it. Those of the richer classes who "perform leisure" in Mr. Veblen's mordant phrase, know nothing whatever about it: their balls, their fox-hunts, their soirees, their "social" duties are as burdensome as office routine, because they are equally inescapable. The people who have experienced leisure and know what to do with it, in my own circle, belong to all income groups: they include the richest person I know and the very poorest—a fact which only emphasizes my point that above the margin of subsistence a standard of living has precious little relation to a standard of expenditure.

I myself happen to be in the position that a good part of our society would probably achieve if it set out to adjust its productive machine to the creation of leisure rather than goods alone. As a rule, I work intensely for about three hours a day in the morning; and at a much lower level, for about two hours more at other times. The greater part of the remaining period is devoted to leisure in the true sense of the word. In the country, I spend the afternoons in rambling, swimming, or sketching; in the city I stroll along the avenues, have lunch or tea with friends, drop into the art gallery or the museum or the special exhibition—or explore some remote corner of the waterfront. Both in city and country I have time to play with my children, watch their motions, activities, interests, participate in their lives.

None of these activities involves money, except lunch. What they do require is abundant time—for without time one can neither be a sympathetic parent nor a helpful friend nor yet a lover. How many men sweat in their offices so that they may give their wives a private car, a house with multiple bathrooms, or expensive furs! how many men whose wives would be far more happy, far more richly satisfied, with a little more of their husbands' time and a little more of a lover's attentions! Here again, goods are a compensation for an impoverished and defrauded sense of life.

It is, I think, only people who have been crippled by a stereotyped activity, and are devoid of other resources, who ask what is to be done with leisure. After a morning's purposive work, any sort of spontaneous activity is a pleasure: working at a carpenter's bench, watching the clouds, feeling the road wind under one's feet, or, on summer days, merely lying still and being drenched by the sun. As for the higher activities of the mind, they all need leisure. If one wishes to enjoy a Bach concerto or read *The Brothers Karamazov*, one needs all one's senses at highest pitch; it is only



already tired and depressed people who are forever finding the great poets "difficult" and the great novelists "morbid" and the great composers "tedious." Common-place art is sedative and makes no demands; but all the art that is worth enjoying requires an organism keyed up for the most intensive sort of work.

In sum, when one has leisure, all those manifold activities and enjoyments which do not depend upon money and are not related to one's work, have an opportunity to come into existence—the goods attached to friendship, parenthood, mating, to vital recreation and all the higher activities of the mind. People who direct their lives steadily toward these ends do not fancy themselves put upon because they cannot afford the latest fashionable luxury; nor are they driven to strive desperately for extra compensations. With health, freedom, and leisure one can turn one's back upon a great many other items in the family budget, and one can reduce to utmost leanness expenses that would otherwise batten and fatten upon one's general discontent with life. Without health, freedom, and leisure, indeed, most of the other items are not worth having.

## VII

But how is one to achieve sufficient leisure when the customs of the market extend the working day to a full eight hours? Let us admit that the professional man, who is not attached to any large organization, has a clearer road here than the business man. P. is an architect, highly successful, who five years ago ran a large office with numerous draughtsmen and a chief designer: he had been so successful with his early commissions that he was forced to expand his office and then he found himself driving harder after new commissions in order to keep his men busy—and in the midst of his "success" he discovered that he was no longer an architect but a drudge, who had forfeited the

happy hours he had once known over his draughting table.

P. decided that such success was not worth having. He reduced his force to a single assistant, and attempted no more commissions than he himself could carry out personally, with the aid of various short-cuts and labor-saving dodges in drawing and making details. His nominal income went down a little; but his days became more spacious and leisured; and his real income is much higher than it ever was. Had he measured his achievement in terms of gross output, gross income, and gross ability to spend, he would still be a slave, with no time he could properly call his own and no genuine interest in his work.

While this sort of course is not open to the business man, there are equivalent ways of obtaining leisure; and if there were a real demand for an increase of leisure, they would come into existence. Anyone who has been part of an office organization knows how much trifling and marking time goes on in the usual working day of even a busy and efficient office; and one who has studied the statistics of production knows how specious our eight-hour day is in the trades where activities fluctuate by the season, and for months at a time a whole plant may be shut down or reduced to half-time. The twelve-hour working day has gradually been reduced since the middle of the last century, to nine or eight; numerous public holidays have, likewise, been introduced; and still, when one considers the total of man-hours in all our necessary occupations, we have scarcely begun to take in the slack. There is plenty of margin in our society, inefficient though it is, for more leisure—by reducing the working hours, by increasing the length of vacations, and by encouraging periodic leaves of absence, such as college professors enjoy, one year in seven.

In certain lines of business it is not looked upon as a suspicious frivolity when the executive heads leave the office an hour earlier for a round of golf:

but why should golf be the only defensible claim to a little leisure? When men like P. are more numerous in the business world they will contrive ways for getting leisure: instead of accepting a raise in salary, they will suggest instead that they receive a longer vacation; and if their voices carry sufficient weight, they will attempt to organize their department, their corporation, or even their industry so that it will waste less time in "busy work"—wringing all the water out of their all-too-absorbent time-schedules. The thing can be done. In some of the garment trades in New York the clothing workers, who have a high standard of culture, have demanded and have been able to procure for themselves a greater amount of utilizable leisure by the better spacing of their working hours; and once leisure becomes acknowledged as the better part of one's real income, the practice will touch other trades, businesses, and professions. It is their sheer hopelessness about breaking through the grind that makes so many business men concentrate so ferociously on the acquisition of power or money.

### VIII

Now, health, freedom, and leisure are not open to the greater part of the community except by a certain sacrifice: the rest of the family budget must be adjusted to them.

There is no magic formula for this adjustment; no magic, except perhaps in the fact that if one enjoys the primary goods I have been describing, everything else in life, food, clothing, amusements, fashionable "necessities," can be reduced to their bare essentials without giving anyone a sense of pain and constriction. The only poverty that it is odious to face is poverty of life. If life be properly nourished, one can get on quite tolerably without trying "to keep up with the Joneses." When one wants a baby, one must be ready to face the world, perhaps, without the latest Eng-

lish type of perambulator; when one wants to go to Europe one may have to give up one's motor car or the habit of regularly entertaining friends at dinner; when one wishes a few months of sheer idleness and relaxation, one may have to avoid the temptation to buy an expensive radio set, to have a picture of one's child done by an exclusive photographer, or to add to the contents of one's linen closet merely because a special sale makes it seem such a reasonable thing to do. Not merely the obvious luxuries, but a great many things that most people have come to consider primitive necessities, may have to be rigorously abandoned. When one realizes that every additional expense is a threat to freedom and leisure, one cheerfully avoids these temptations; for one realizes that no material comfort wears as long as the happy experiences and memories that spring out of a free, well-integrated life.

This is no consolation to those who wish to have their cake and eat it, who wish to buy thoughtlessly and continuously all the appetizing things the market offers and still desire to cultivate the more essential arts of living. But the answer is that we shall never, as individuals or as a community, have freedom and leisure so long as we set a higher value upon the possessive instinct and the goods it seeks, or upon the herd impulse and the silly rivalries it stimulates. Those who wish to keep their standard of living intact must hold up every expense to a strict criterion of utility; and they must not be deluded if some of our bankers and industrial directors have sought to promote widespread spending in the luxury products before they have even partly covered the market in the necessities of life.

The greatest labor-saving device known to man is that of doing without vain and unnecessary objects. Like all labor-saving devices, this one tends to throw honest laborers out of work and to ruin certain branches of industry; in this it does not differ from the power-loom or the oil-burning engine. The excellent



fashion of going without corsets almost demolished a considerable industry; the fashion of going without hats in summer threatens the same in another industry. Rational budgeting, practiced on any considerable scale, would for a time work similar ruin. If our houses, for example, were designed after the plans of European architects like Le Corbusier and Gropius, the production of rugs, draperies, wall-papers, fashionable furniture, vacuum cleaners would drop almost to zero—along with all the defeat and monotony and lost motion of domestic dusting and cleaning. If the windows of our dwellings and schools permitted unadulterated sunlight to enter, the cod-liver oil industry, likewise, might be seriously deflated.

People who value freedom and leisure will not be dismayed by this. They will try to design houses and apartments for themselves which will require a minimum outlay for equipment; a minimum upkeep charge for menial service, either in one's own time or a maid's wage; and a minimum charge for replacement—no attempt at a "style" which will presently be followed by another "style" as soon as the market for the first is glutted. These people will satisfy their desire for graciousness and beauty by cultivating the painter and the florist rather than the interior decorator. Such design brings labor-saving and budget reduction in the full sense of the words; and the industries that would be threatened by it will doubtless be cheered by the consolation which the economist always offers to labor that has been displaced by machinery—namely, that in the long run matters will adjust themselves. If, for example, any considerable part of our population demanded such renovated houses as I have hinted at, built for maximum living-efficiency, almost the entire population of the country, including many of the very well-to-do, would have to be re-housed; and that is

the most gigantic of industrial enterprises, beside which the production of motor cars is merely an infant industry. Similarly, in the community where I live, with families whose incomes range between three and six thousand dollars, more than one family has renounced a motor car in order to give more attention to its garden or to sustain a private nursery school. The total expenditure of such families may remain the same: but instead of supporting mechanics, they support teachers and nurserymen; and instead of bringing more garages into existence, they have added a school house. Such a change in the allocation of our national budget might cause temporary upsets and inconveniences; but in the long run it would create a real standard of living.

I have not been pleading for mere abstemiousness or preaching the nobility of a mawkish parsimony which consists in never having a sufficiency of needful things. What I maintain is that one should have no more than a sufficiency of goods, that these goods should be vitally necessary—dear as life itself—and that one should devote one's surplus, not to more goods, but to life. If we had such a standard, it would be a fixed one, varying according to age and degree of family responsibility, but not varying because of an increase in the appetite for luxury or fashion or show. When, with good luck, one's personal income rose, or the income of the country as a whole rose, this would mean, not an increase in the number of motor cars or bathrooms, but an increase in freedom and leisure. That would be the sort of society worth living in: for its prosperity would be genuine, and not contradicted by the statistical evidence and the actual state of the greater part of the population. I can testify from personal experience that the sort of life I have been describing is not impossible—and that it leaves one with few unsatisfied desires and no regrets.



## ANOTHER CARIBBEAN CONQUEST

BY ELMER DAVIS

THOSE delegates to last winter's Pan-American Conference at Havana who showed signs of apprehension at the menacing advance of the Colossus of the North might have given some attention to a new triumph of the Yankee steam roller that was taking place at that very moment, only seventy miles away. Key West was at last being annexed to the United States. This was no forcible conquest, to be sure; the Key Westers wanted it, they rejoiced at it, they even put themselves in debt several million dollars to make it possible. But the moment it occurred—the moment they could regard themselves at last as full citizens of the continental republic—some few of them began to be struck with misgivings, to wonder if perhaps they had not sold a unique birthright for a mess of very ordinary pottage.

For Key West was one of the few remaining American cities that had preserved its cultural autonomy. In an age when the life of this republic has become so standardized that Great Falls, Montana, looks almost exactly like Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Key West remained different and distinctive, with a peculiar outward aspect that was the natural flowering of its peculiar history and culture. Now it is already beginning to be ironed flat, and in that process it will lose half its charm. The other half, the climate, is fortunately indestructible; but those of us who think American uniformity already has conquests enough will miss the Key West that survived until the Overseas Motor Highway over the Keys was opened last winter, letting in the automobile and the

standardized civilization of interchangeable parts which the automobile, with some aid from the movies and the newspaper syndicates, has given to this country.

Juridically, of course, Key West has been American for upwards of a century—uninterruptedly a part of this republic, too, which cannot be said for the rest of the state. Florida, as everybody knows, seceded from the Union in 1861 and joined the Southern Confederacy; what is perhaps less generally known, and less agreeable to the enthusiasm of the local boosters, it was left to the Confederacy virtually without argument, being somewhat less highly developed and advertised in those days than it is now. But the navy held Key West all through the Civil War; it was a base for blockading squadrons, and the ruined brick forts of that period are among the historic monuments of the town to-day.

Culturally, however, Key West has always been something apart. Even after the Florida East Coast Railroad came in over the Keys in 1912, even after the Volstead Act inspired the railroad to build a great hotel as a convenience for tourists on the way to Havana, the town had little effective contact with the Continent. It did business with the mainland, of course; Key West cigars, Key West fish, Key West sponges, are known to the world; and the port does more business than all the rest of the coast towns in Florida. There is a considerable export trade to South America in goods (mainly machinery) shipped down to Key West by rail, and a considerable import trade, chiefly in Cuban sugar.



But the great migration which of late years has made Florida virtually a Northern state located in the South fell short of the Keys. Key West is not Florida, not United States. It is largely Cuban in population, more Cuban than anything else in vegetation; but the climate of this flat island set down between the ocean and the gulf is pure paradise—never a night of frost, such as you get occasionally even as far south as Miami; and the atmosphere, the life, is nothing but Key West. Even yet you hear Key Westers—and not Cubans or conchs, but what Key West calls “Americans”—talk of “going to the States” as if they lived in Jamaica or Barbados.

Indeed, since the passage of the Volstead Act Key West has been engaged in a desultory war with the United States. The town, though you would never guess it from the enthusiastic prohibition editorials in the local paper, is about twice as wet per capita as the West Forties in New York City. The Coast Guard headquarters, which was for some time located there, was last year removed to St. Petersburg, the Treasury alleging that Coast Guardsmen were treated by the inhabitants with disrespect and contumely. One hears that the Coast Guardsmen became unpopular by unfair commercial practices—the peddling of captured rum cargoes at lower prices than could be made by local dealers who had to buy their supplies. However that may be, the invasion of Key West by an armed expeditionary force of prohibition agents from Miami has become an annual event. They raid local restaurants and arrest proprietors and waiters; according to the Key West version of the story, they also take what they find in the cash drawer and on the persons of any patrons who may have the misfortune to be on hand when they descend. Then they lock up their prisoners in the local jail and go back to Miami.

And the next morning Key West rises in its outraged might, releases the prisoners by due process of law, arms its sheriff with warrants charging the pro-

hibition agents with assault and unlawful entry and this and that, and sends him up to Miami at the head of a punitive expedition. The prohibition agents are duly brought back and incarcerated, and then they in turn are released on bail; whereupon they hastily flee from the territory of Monroe County, Florida, to the Navy Yard, two blocks down the street, which is under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. There a destroyer waits to take them back to Miami, like the British army evacuating the Gallipoli peninsula; and thus ends the year's campaign with no great harm done to anybody.

So it went last year and year before, a war which has become almost as much a matter of stereotyped ritual as the figures of a ballet. The inhabitants seem to worry no more about this annual invasion than did their ancestors about the periodic incursions of the buccaneers; an alert and watchful population can beat off the hostiles with no great loss. But now that the motor road has made the Keys an annex of the mainland, Key West will be lucky if it does not presently have to admit a garrison of the Prohibition Bureau's janizaries. Not that this Army of Occupation would be likely to dry up Key West, any more than it has dried up New York or Detroit or Miami; but if the experience of other cities is any criterion, it will raise the price of liquor, which in Key West till lately has been so low that any true patriot must stigmatize it as un-American.

## II

The traveler coming down by rail or motor is not very far out of Miami before he realizes that he is leaving Florida. The artifexed development of the East Coast stops with Miami's suburbs. A few miles more of the sand flats sprinkled with scrawny pines and palmetto scrub that are Florida as it was before the developers took hold of it, then you cut across a corner of the Everglades, broad and flat and still, with only an occasional

hummock breaking the far expanse of grass-grown marsh. Then Key Largo and its lime groves, and the weedy wreckage of great developments of the boom days—and then you are on the Keys, off the continent of North America.

The railroad and the motor road too follow the main line of the islands, where the shallow sea-bottom lifts in a long curving spine of scattered vertebrae above the surface; but you see other islands to right and left, flat green banks of mangroves huddled down on the sea, with cocoanut palms lifting above them erect and flaunting—not drooping slantwise and apologetic like most of the East Coast palms. Clusters of cocoa palms growing out of the white sand, matted banks of mangroves, dogwood and buttonwood thickets—that is the landscape of the Keys; and the ground is carpeted with morning glories from one end of the chain to the other—a maligned and misnamed flower, for on these islands the morning glory blossoms all day long. And to right and left the shallow ocean spreads away in a variety of color which the Northerner finds utterly incredible—green over white sand, mauve or purple over seaweed, blue above the distant depths; and past the Pullman windows flies the pelican or the white heron, undisturbed in this refuge where till lately only infrequent fishing parties broke the primal calm.

One may heartily admire the East Coast and the cities thereof, and still prefer Key West. The East Coast has its charm, which the inhabitants do not encourage you to forget; but it breaks the monotonous uniformity of these States only with its own subspecies of uniformity. Palm Beach has its ostentatious opulence, Miami its fantastic splendors; but the East Coast is substantially one piece; the vegetation (native or installed), the architecture, the landscape, the life, are very much the same from Ormond to Cocoonut Grove. St. Augustine, perhaps because it is too northerly, too chilly, to attract the crowds, has been tolerably successful so far in preserving

its individual flavor. But Key West is alien and peculiar. It lies on a flat bank of coral sand, roughly a couple of miles square. All Florida is flat enough; ten feet above sea level is called altitude on the East Coast. But Key West has no tall buildings except the Concha Hotel and the disused blimp hangar left over from the War; it is so flat that the lighthouse is three blocks inland instead of at the water's edge. In this shallow soil the vegetation is stunted; palms rarely grow to half the height they attain two hundred miles north. Palms and hibiscus and bougainvillea, the staples of the continental Floridian landscape, one sees here; but one sees, too, the bamboo and the banyan and a score of other trees and shrubs to which the non-botanical visitor from the North can put no name. He recognizes them only as the vegetation of Cuba, not of the United States.

Even the water is different, greatly to the relief of the voyager who has started every day wrong on the East Coast by trying to shave in the hard water brought up from the limestone soil. In Key West one shaves in rain water, as one drinks rain water; for on this flat sand-bank the surface water is brackish and the deeper water is frankly salt. Fire hydrants go straight down, to no line of water mains, but each to its own salt water well. The citizens bathe in the surface water, but they drink rain water caught in cisterns; and after a dry summer they have to import drinking water from the Continent in tank cars. So perhaps you begin to observe that this is a peculiar city.

### III

Its peculiarity is a matter of history and ethnography as well as geography and geology. In the population of Key West—which is anywhere from twelve to eighteen thousand, according to the civic vision of the resident whom you may happen to ask about it—there are (besides a negligible minority of negroes) three racial groups: the Cubans, the



conchs, and the "Americans." It was an American, John W. Simonton, who bought the island from its Spanish owner for two thousand dollars shortly after Florida was purchased from Spain; but the bulk of the early settlers were conchs. These conchs (so the local antiquaries tell one) were originally Londoners, eighteenth-century Londoners who migrated, voluntarily or by request, to the Bahamas, and then drifted over at the beginning of the nineteenth century to settle the Florida Keys. They have a reputation for languor which seems not altogether deserved; certainly they are boatmen and fishermen of the first quality.

There were scattered Cubans here almost from the first—the beginnings of the Cuban cigar industry of Key West date from the eighteen thirties, but not till the great unsuccessful Cuban rebellion of 1868 to 1878 did they begin to immigrate in quantity. Of late years many of the cigar factories have been drawn away to Tampa, and much of the Cuban population with them; but they are still a third or more of the town.

And whoever is not a Cuban or a conch is an American. He may be a naturalized Swede or Italian or Russian Jew (though he probably isn't; most of the "Americans" are Southerners); but he is an American none the less, a title denied by local usage to conchs whose ancestors may have been in the Western Hemisphere for a century and a half, or to a Cuban whose American ancestry may go back twice that far.

There was a time when wrecking was the principal local industry. There is a good harbor and a fairly deep channel leading to it (though the battleship that took Mr. Coolidge to Havana last year had to wait for him seven miles out); but all around the island are shallow seas with a coral bottom, and in the old days ships whose cargoes offered rich salvage to the residents used to run ashore with surprising frequency. The present-day inhabitants, jealous of the good name of their ancestors, tell you that these

wrecks happened naturally, that they were not induced by such false beach lights as gave Fire Island, New York, its name. None the less it is on record that the establishment of government light-houses on the reef to the south was regarded by the residents—half a century or more ago, this was—as a murderous blow at local industry. Luckily the first Cuban rebellion just then gave a great impetus to cigar making, and the wreckers gradually became a tradition like the buccaneers.

The great days of Key West were in the Spanish War, when the town was the base for much of the naval operations against Cuba. Indeed, war has always profited Key West; even the hated Yankee oppressors of the Civil War spent money in the town, and are credited with first giving nation-wide advertising to Key West cigars; and in the World War there were naval and aviation training stations which brought much money to the town and encouraged an influx of population. But after the War a slump set in. Tampa was getting a good many of the cigar factories, and the cigar business as a whole was declining before the increasing competition of the cigarette. No wonder that as cigars went out of fashion and the Florida climate and Florida real estate suddenly came into fashion, not merely for millionaires but for the mass of the people, Key Westers looked up along the curving chain of islands which stretches down from the mainland and argued that where a railroad had been built, a motor road could be built too—and built more cheaply, for automobiles could be ferried over the deep-water gaps which the railroad had had to bridge at heavy cost. It could be done; and, they argued, it would be worth doing.

#### IV

For the wealth which the railroad might have dropped in Key West prohibition had flung across the channel to Havana. If the members of the Havana

Chamber of Commerce were grateful men they ought to vote a life pension to the Honorable Andrew J. Volstead. Every year thousands of American travelers—well-to-do, most of them—pass through Key West; but few of them stop longer than overnight. They go from the train to the Havana boat, from the Havana boat back to the train; or if perchance they linger to see the local sights, they can see them all—fish docks and turtle crawls and cigar factories, forts and airport and Navy Yard—in a three-hour motor trip; and then, asks your tourist, what else is there to do? The Casa Marina—the seaside hotel opened here by the railroad in 1921, a hotel that would be packed for the season anywhere in continental Florida—is four-fifths empty except when a batch of excursionists comes in for a single night.

For it takes time, and a certain type of temperament, to appreciate Key West. It has without argument the best winter climate in the United States; the perfect days that are only sporadic on the East Coast before the middle of March follow one another in steady succession through January and February on the Keys. Even on the rare days when the thermometer is down in the sixties and logs are blazing in the fireplace, you can still swim without discomfort in the shallow ocean; or if that is too much work you can take a sun bath on the beach at no greater risk than that of having the wind blow sand into your ears. So now and then some enthusiast for warm weather braves the quiet of the place—that “deadness” which affronts all good Americans—and stays awhile; or, more frequently, someone stays awhile for the fishing, which is unsurpassed. Convalescents discover that they can get well more rapidly under the Key West sun; returning voyagers from Havana pause for a day or two to get rid of hangovers, or of the still more dire effects of the crossing on the unstable little boats—and then they begin to feel the peculiar languid charm of this flat gray town, a fusion

of the old Southern leisureliness with Latin ease; utterly unlike—or so it has been in the past—the frantic flurried life of mainland Florida where, for one visitor who sits down to meditate in the sun, there are a hundred who fling themselves with grim determination into the pursuit of pleasure.

There is nothing to “do” in Key West except swim and fish and play golf—and drink the excellent Bacardi rum and Tropical beer with which Cuba pays its debt to its liberators; and after the first three hours there is nothing to see, in the sense in which that verb is used by tourists. Outside of one or two front yards, any deliberate landscape gardening dates from the 1925 boom, and there is not much of it even yet. Architecturally the town evokes snorts of disgust from visitors who have come down the East Coast with its replicas of Spanish palaces, its bright-colored stucco bungalows. The mass of houses in Key West are gray unpainted frame shacks, with pentagonal fronts, porches of one story or two; nothing more than shelters against the wind and rain. The more pretentious houses are mostly frame, too, and in the American architectural style of the eighteen eighties.

But presently one feels that these rows and rows of gray shacks somehow fit the town, fit the flat, almost treeless sandbank on which Key West is built, and fit the life of the people. For they are obviously mere sleeping quarters in a climate where most of the living can be done outdoors. The landscape and the town and the life that goes on here are all of one piece, and a grave breach of artistic fitness will be committed if the boosters attempt, as it seems they presently will, to make over Key West into something resembling an East Coast town. The new architecture, doubtless, will fit the altered life; and then the unique quality of Key West will be lost forever.

A languid life people live here; and to the good American leisure is still a carnal and unhallowed indulgence that must



hastily be legitimized by using it for golf or fishing. But the Key Westers soak in it with candid delight; the Cubans most ostentatiously, perhaps, with their open-front cafés scattered up and down Duval Street where they drink coffee and smoke local cigars—Key West is one of the few towns left in the country where you can still get a good cigar for a nickel; but conchs and “Americans” enjoy it too. For it doesn’t cost money; the climate is free, cigars and liquor are cheap; food and rents have been low, till lately, and there has been no social pressure obligating a man to live beyond his means. The richest man in Key West has not a great deal that is beyond the reach of the poorest. The town’s only rapid transit is a bus line; and last year the service was speeded up so that during rush hours the buses came through the business center of the town at twelve-minute intervals. That will give you some idea of what Key West calls a rush.

A leisured life, and its leisure gradually permeates the winter visitor. He comes to appreciate the deliberation of spirit and he appreciates the scene, with its atmosphere of Spanish War times, of the Unpretentious Nineties; the two-story frame business buildings with their porches or balconies, the sunny quiet that pervades this bit of Cuba which is still not Cuba, this corner of the United States which is the least American of American cities. Here is something peculiar, novel, peaceful, refreshing—or more exactly, here it was. Before this winter is over, I suspect the debacle will have begun.

## V

It threatened to begin three years ago, when the Keys were infected by the virus of the great Florida boom. But that tidal wave of lunacy which inundated continental Florida was all but spent before it reached the Keys. True, several real estate developers bought up and improved the vacant eastern half of the island on which Key West lies, and

for a few weeks the excitement spread up and down the Keys. Mangrove swamps and dogwood thickets far from the highway, whose owners had paid no taxes for years because they knew the tax liens were not worth buying up, were suddenly “being held” at eight hundred dollars an acre.

They are still being held, but not at that price; eight dollars an acre, last year, would have bought half the Keys. I am persuaded that land on the Keys is an excellent investment if you can afford to hold it for some years. All these islands have matchless fishing and a perfect climate; as winter residence sites for people who like warm weather and can do without urban excitements they are beyond all competition. But they will all need a good deal of developing, and till lately they were virtually inaccessible unless you had a yacht. Now the main line of the Keys is open to anybody who has a Ford, and local residents of moderate opinions think that within five years investments along the highway line will pay out. The remoter keys will probably pay out ultimately—the late Mr. Clarence Barron predicted that they are destined to be the greatest winter residential colony in the world; but whoever buys them now had better figure that he is tying up his capital for the sake of leaving a gold mine to his children.

Well, the boom came and went without doing much damage. There is a good deal of empty office space on Duval Street; streets have been opened and palms planted on the eastern half of the island, in districts where the purchasers of lots are still too busy meeting their payments—or not meeting their payments, as the case may be—to afford to build. Perhaps a dozen scattered bungalows, some excellent new schoolhouses built by the city in those optimistic days—these are the only visible souvenirs of the Great Excitement. But during the boom Key West (Monroe County, to be exact, but Key West includes most of the taxable property of the county) had let itself in for the Overseas Highway.

The residents had gone in cautiously at first, voting a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds at a time; but in the boom days a delegation of the citizens went up to Miami, and there, entertained by the great Miami developers, they received a pentecostal visitation of the Miami spirit. I do not believe this was done in malice; I think it was a mere ebullience of fraternal generosity, in those days when every Floridian thought all Floridians were going to be multi-millionaires. The growth of Key West (in the only direction in which Key West can grow) is bound to hurt Miami. Key West to-day is so different from Miami that one can enjoy them both; but Key West developed will turn into something like a little Miami—a little Miami with a far better climate; and some of the advantages which Miami now enjoys as the most southerly town in the tourist region will be lost if tourists get the habit of going to Key West.

None the less, Miami, so far as can be seen from the outside, has shown none of that malice and jealousy toward the smaller and more attractive town that Los Angeles displays toward San Diego. There are, Miami appears to feel, customers enough for all; or will be when Florida comes back. All the same, when the Miamians shot the Key Westers full of the Miami spirit they ruined Key West. As one of the members of that delegation said afterward, "We went to Miami thinking in dimes and we came back thinking in millions." And when you think in millions you presently have to worry about how you are going to get your millions back.

Monroe County borrowed nearly four million dollars to build the Overseas Highway, on an assessed valuation of about nine millions—valuation deflated from the boom days but still perhaps a little high. Certain automobile taxes turned over to the county by the state at present pretty nearly cover the interest on the bond issues, and every candidate for governor in last spring's primary promised to try to persuade the legisla-

ture to build the bridges over the water gaps, more costly than the road. Mr. Hoover, when he was fishing at Key West in February of last year, was credibly reported to have told some of the citizens that the Federal government ought to do it. But even if the state or the nation should take over that part of the job, the cost of the highway is still a pretty heavy burden. When the road opened last winter there was a forty-mile ferry trip in the middle. Road building on some of the intermediate Keys reduced that this season to two ferry trips of seven and twelve miles respectively, considerably speeding up the time of the trip. But all Key West looks forward to the ultimate bridging of the gaps—and somehow all this must be paid for by the tourist.

Obviously, then, your Key Wester must become a booster; and he has. Not that the town was wholly free from this vice before the road opened; it used to call itself the Gibraltar of America on the strength of a couple of obsolescent forts that might beat off a cruiser squadron. But what was perfunctory before is acute now; and if you are slightly weary of the raucous shouts of the booster, it afflicts you with redoubled pain to hear them in this last resort of peace and quiet, a town whose people have hitherto had the leisure to live and are now doing their best to divest themselves of this rare blessing. True, Key Westers are human; they can hardly be blamed for wanting to live more abundantly. But till lately they did not seem converted to the cardinal American doctrine, that large quantities of money are an essential preliminary to the abundant life. (I do not deny that there is some merit in that doctrine; but it is not the whole of the Law and the Prophets.) But they are converts, now that they have gone in the hole four million dollars. And if some few of them have begun to realize that the incursion of the motor tourist means the end of the Key West they have loved, it is too late to do any-



thing about it now. The road is built, the bonds are sold; with infallible, inexorable regularity the interest falls due.

The first car that came into Key West in January, 1928, was a car of Juggernaut, an ineluctable steam roller driven by the Colossus of the North.

## VI

Well, you may ask, just what will the motor tourists do to the town? In the first place they will make it more expensive; try as the local leaders may to persuade the citizens to keep prices down, they cannot have more than a partial success. For once tourists come in in numbers, land will be worth more, rents will be higher; the overhead on everything will go up. That narrow gap which separates the possible enjoyments of the poorest man in Key West from those of the richest man will broaden and broaden and broaden. There may perhaps still be five-cent cigars in Key West three years from now; there may even still be twenty-five-cent rum, though I should dislike to bet money on that; but rents will be higher and food will be higher, for visitors and residents too. And by that time, Key West will have heard that there is such a thing as a cover charge.

Moreover, Key West is not equipped at present to handle tourists in any number. The Casa Marina, owned by the railroad, exists for the railroad trade—mainly the Havana traffic, though there is a steadily increasing number of seasonal guests. There is a good and modern downtown hotel, one of the legacies of the 1925 boom; but it is small, and even the motor traffic of the first season, when only twenty or thirty cars came in each day, filled it to overflowing. There must be more hotels; and above all, if tourists are to stay for the season, there must be cottages and bungalows and apartments that can be rented, furnished, for the season. Of these, at present, there are practically none.

So if Key West is to handle the tourists it must do a good deal of building—new residence sections at first, and presently the sleepy old-fashioned business district must be rebuilt too. And then some man of vision will rise up and demand that all these rickety old gray wooden shacks be swept out of existence, and the town freed of an eyesore. And there will be the end of the distinctive color of Key West.

Why not? your booster may object. Must we go on being uncomfortable for the sake of being quaint? Well, at present they are not uncomfortable; most of the gray shacks, I suppose, are occupied by Cubans and conchs who are perfectly content with the shelter the shacks afford; there are at present no mansions in Key West that might make them dissatisfied, and, what is more to the point, few showy modern bungalows. But will the Cuban whose bobbed-haired, bilingual daughter goes to high school and tries to dress like the women she sees in the movies be able to stay in his ramshackle but adequate gray frame cottage when his daughter's school friends, down for the winter from the North, live in stucco bungalows? His house is good enough for him, but his children's friends will think it is only a shanty. He must have a new house, and he must work harder to pay for it. No more loafing in the café of evenings, gossiping with his friends while he smokes a cheap but adequate local cigar. He must undergo the blessings of American civilization.

The Key Westers will certainly have to rebuild their town; the only question is whether the new buildings will fit the local color and the landscape as well as the old. The East Coast bungalow of pink or green or blue stucco distinctly does not fit. On the East Coast it is in place; it is artificial but so is the landscape of the East Coast, or as much of it as is worth looking at; but here it is as plainly a foreign intruder as a Dutch Colonial cottage. Well, the Key Westers can hardly be expected to build more

unpainted frame shacks; but happily they are not reduced to that. They have another native building material of far greater value—the plastic white marl that is the formation underlying the Keys. It can be dredged up soft and shaped in wooden molds; and presently it hardens with a hardness surpassing that of concrete. The Casa Marina and one or two other buildings are built of that marl—still white and dazzling in the atmosphere of this virtually smokeless town—and they belong, they fit the landscape and the spirit of the place; they are simple, unadorned, starkly beautiful, tropical. A Key West rebuilt in marl might have a new color all its own. But I shall be much surprised if within a decade it is not an imitation of an East Coast imitation of a California imitation of the Riviera.

For the tourists will not care. Even if you could put Key West as it is behind a fence like a museum exhibit the tourists would not look at it. I may be unfair to car owners as a class, for I am that abhorrent creature, a pedestrian—a treasonable and atheistic anachronism who has no place in the perfected civilization of this great republic. But among the people who tour by motor I do not perceive (with, of course, some rare exceptions) much appreciation of characteristic local differences. The American travels—some observant foreigner has remarked—not to see, but to be able to go back home and say that he has seen. What he has seen appears to make little difference; it is not variety he wants but quantity. He can go back home in the spring and tell his friends that he saw not only St. Petersburg and Sarasota, Orlando and Daytona, West

Palm Beach and Miami, but Key West too. And of Key West he will remember the fish docks and the turtle crawls, the climate and perhaps the cigars; but of the flavor of the town he—or ninety-nine per cent of him—will have nothing to say, except perhaps that there is nothing doing there now but that a few live boosters are trying to make it a real town.

This is not the *a priori* conclusion of a soured eccentric; it is an induction from considerable observation of the American family traveling by automobile. There is a good deal of that feeling among railroad travelers too, but not so much, I think; and in any case it is the motor tourist who will remake Key West in his own image.

The disintegration has already begun. As soon as the road was open civic organizations set to work to install horse-shoe-pitching courts, and checkerboards in the City Park, and benches scattered about town where the retired Northerner might sit down and rest his rheumatic bones—just as in St. Petersburg and West Palm Beach. St. Petersburg and West Palm Beach are worthy towns, good places for the Northerner to spend the winter; but they are not Key West, they are not different and exotic. . . . And in another year or two Key West will no longer be different and exotic either; somebody will compel the citizens to paint their houses and the assimilation will be complete.

But they can't spoil the climate. To that residuary consolation one returns from any survey of Florida; and now that Florida has definitely annexed the Keys it must be the epitaph on Key West too.





# FATE AND THE GOLDFISH

A STORY

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

**Y**OU may very well ask why if they truly loved each other they did not long ago fly to each other's arms.

Certainly for them none of the classic obstacles existed: their paths were clear of Irate Parents, Previous Marriages, Poverty, or Criminal Records.

But modern civilization multiplies appallingly the channels into which human lives may flow and so makes of them, sometimes, strange patterns.

As best I can I give you here the history of these two:

Outside Philadelphia on what is known as the Main Line you find the Chatforth place not far from that of the Fiskes. The Chatforths, as a family, ran to outdoors on a lavish scale: horses, hounds, sprawling camps in Maine, and wild-duck shooting in Georgia. The Fiskes ran to sunken gardens and snuff-box collections and dangerously fascinating women. Had the Main Line been situated in France a marriage would have been arranged at the outset, so obviously did those two friendly families seem made for the alliance.

As a matter of fact, long ago at children's parties, when he was ten and thereabouts and she a charming mite of five arriving in Paris frills and with a beribboned French nursemaid—and quite the loveliest baby at the party—he began, even then, to assume a proprietary manner toward his little neighbor.

Almost from the first they were in love with each other. But the trouble was this—they were rarely in love with each other at the same time.

Of course, when Monty was twenty he could not have been expected to be interested in little girls of fifteen. Had he known that at that period Eugenie slept with a kodak picture of him in the pocket of her pajamas he might have been annoyed or amused. Certainly not touched. At that age he did not have time for anything younger than widows of thirty.

In those days, dropping in for tea with the adult Fiskes, he was wont to remark, "That child of yours is growing up very nicely, Mrs. Fiske." Patronage calculated, you would think, to turn the fondest infatuation into murder.

He was twenty-two and the child seventeen when we entered the War.

The day he was to leave for training camp, while breakfasting alone, he saw a slim figure cross the terrace and darken the French window. Eugenie entered, a schoolgirl in tweed knickers and a cardigan that was growing too small for her, a lanky child but a lovely one, with the wide Fiske eyes and the long Fiske hands and straight soft wind-blown hair.

She closed the French door behind her but did not come farther into the room.

Monty, slightly amazed, rose from his chair and stood with one hand outstretched while the other still clutched his white napkin.

"Hello, ducky," he greeted her. "Come and have some bacon and muffins."

He was a handsome sight for a young thing to gaze upon, the bronze of his face

accentuating the blue of his eyes and the white of his teeth. But she held out one tragic hand as if warding him off.

"No," she said firmly.

"But, darling! Toasted English muffins!" he urged her.

"Don't!" she begged him, agonized. "Monty," she said. "I've come to say good-by to you and I have something to tell you. And I don't want you to touch me. I don't want you to shake hands with me. I don't want you even to kiss me."

Monty's eyes widened slightly, but he waited in silence like a gentleman. And his coffee and his bacon and his muffins grew all cold on the shining breakfast table.

Said the girl, who was then a senior in preparatory school and next year would be a freshman at Bryn Mawr, "Monty," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that I have a premonition that I am never going to see you again. These premonitions of mine, Monty . . . you don't know . . . But on the battlefields over there I want you to remember that I shall never forget you. And if the end should come, Monty, I want you to remember just this, that I have never loved any other man."

"Darling," he said, in real distress. He dropped his napkin now and started toward her, but again she held out that off-warding hand, a hand that would have done well by Sarah Bernhardt.

"Don't touch me," she implored him. "I couldn't bear it." She stood and stared at him. "Good-by," she said in a voice that sounded like a little girl going away from home for the first time.

"Honey child," he begged, "listen. Let me ring for some doughnuts. Mamie has made some magnificent creatures—"

"I cannot bear it," she repeated tragically and disappeared through the door, across the terrace and over the lawn, a lanky lovely child, whose wrists extended too far beyond the cardigan sleeves.

"Whew!" Monty whistled, watched

her for a minute, and then sat down again to his breakfast.

"She got that out of a book," he said to himself. And presently he added, "It's a good book."

The battlefield death so determinedly predicted by Eugenie never materialized. The Armistice came, to Monty's annoyance, when he was half way across the Atlantic.

Having come home to be demobilized, he found his mother in health so poor that he spent his next years traveling with her in the hope of seeing her restored. In these years of travel he used to take out that memory of Eugenie's farewell, along with some other very nice memories of charming women and girls, and review it with amused tenderness and wonder what sort of a grown-up person she would turn out to be. Not that these years of travel with his mother had been populated only with memories. On the contrary, his paths had fairly blossomed with feminine beauty, and he had not been oblivious.

When he came home after his mother's death he found Eugenie a beautiful slim thing in her early twenties, with luminous reflective eyes which did not seem to fit in with her skill at sports. He wondered about her with considerable tenderness until he learned that she was hopelessly in love with a young musician who had been crippled in the War. This diminished his interest.

He found that he had grown addicted to travel as a mode of living. And even now his business interests did not hold him too closely tethered, the tether reaching, in fact, as far as Rhodesia or Korea or Borneo. A hunting trip and then another interval at home, and so his comfortable unhampered life went on.

In these intervals at home he always saw Eugenie, now a mature handsome young woman, her eyes less luminous perhaps, but who handled her car like a master mechanic and who was also tennis champion and aviator. The crippled musician had disappeared, but each time



when Monty came back there was someone else, another tennis champion, an aviator; once a playwright.

Nor was his own life without its entanglements. But both remained unmarried, and always they were electrically aware of each other.

Sometimes, during his later sojourns home, Eugenie at a dinner party would look up suddenly and, glancing down the table, would find his eyes upon her, sizing her up, as if he were thinking, "Some of these days, if ever I get around to it, it may be that you are what I want to marry."

And sometimes, when he was dancing with some other girl, he would see Eugenie in the arms of another man studying him thoughtfully, as if she were thinking, "When I get rid of some of these I may get around to falling in love with you again."

It was as if under the well-conditioned surfaces of their lives something primitive and dangerous slept and awaited its opportunity to seize them and subjugate them completely.

But when his business called him home the year he was thirty-three he was not so sure. On the contrary, he was pretty sure then that he had no desire to marry. He liked his life, a man's life. He liked to be free to yield to a roving foot—Siam, Peru, Labrador, whatever called him, whenever it called. He liked the way he ran his house, with men servants and an elasticity of regime.

Monty Chatforth, in other words, had grown cagey. So when he came home this last time and found Eugenie a gorgeous woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight he hardened his heart against her. And it was a pity, for at the moment her own affections were peculiarly disengaged. But of course she, too, had grown cagey.

With her maturity had come a new efficiency, a talent for chairmanships and directorships. And she developed also a nice sense of humor which was very useful to her in raising funds. She was secretly delighted at the dis-

covery of these new powers, the ability to remove mountains as if they had been molehills and to squeeze dollars out of stones; and she found her life very satisfying. Her great interest at the moment was a Vacation Home for Working Girls, which almost entirely through her own efforts she had raised from a mustard seed, a marvelous place with Conrad on the book shelves, and petunias in the garden and flowered chintz at the bedroom windows. Now she desired for it a swimming pool.

The news of Monty's homecoming she heard with a double interest. On the very day he returned her widowed and slightly elder sister Celia came into Eugenie's sitting room to announce it, Celia having run across Monty in the Broad Street Station.

Eugenie ran her eye down a column of figures in her account book before she replied. "What is he like this time?" Eugenie wanted to know, without looking up.

"His color scheme," said her widowed sister, "is, as usual, sunburn and light hair and blue eyes and white teeth. But there is also," said the sister, "something that is generally known as an added something. Nothing, I think, except that the thirties are particularly becoming to him."

Eugenie closed her account book and gathered together in a businesslike pile the seven letters she had written that morning on her creamy, specially ordered, personal bond—seven begging letters for her Vacation Home.

"Does he look opulent?" inquired Eugenie.

Celia looked at her intently. She answered that question with another. "As gentleman to gentleman, I want to ask you something, dear: are you planning to be personally interested in Monty? If you are just say the word and the rest of us will keep off."

Eugenie raised her eyebrows cryptically. "Financially, yes," said Eugenie. "Ten thousand dollars toward a green-tiled swimming pool and showers

for the Vacation Home. Romantically, I cannot say. Probably not. But anyhow let me have first look-in, could you? Consider that I have taken him out on approval."

In the weeks that followed Eugenie Fiske and Monty Chatforth saw each other frequently. Monty settled down to be a Main Line householder. He entertained and was entertained. He and Eugenie dined together and golfed together and rode together. In spite of his caginess and in spite of her satisfaction with her life of independence and power, they began to lose their bearings: once or twice in the moonlight they inadvertently kissed each other; and they began to worry about each other's wet feet or inadequate coats, which, curiously, is one of the most romantic of symptoms. That which had lurked so long underneath the polished surfaces of their life might now, on almost any day, have burst into glorious flames of passion.

Instead of which, Eugenie Fiske one fine morning suddenly awoke to the fact that she had been neglecting seriously her organizations for golf and dancing and a very pleasant life.

She put on a sport dress of tans and creams, just home from the tailor, and then surveyed herself in the glass, tall, slim, and lovely, like all the Fiske women. She added a burnt-orange handkerchief for a spot of color and decided that the auspices for ten thousand dollars for her Vacation Home were good.

Her little car carried her through the lovely countryside of the Main Line, clipped hedges, sunken gardens, smooth green lawns on which azaleas and Japanese cherry trees and pink dogwood made luscious spots of color.

"Easily ten thousand," thought Eugenie Fiske.

The moment, however—had she but known it—was far from psychological. Monty, his own car drawn up before his door, was in testy humor, for he was about to drive into town for a conference

with the manager of the plant which largely represented Monty's business affairs. The interview did not promise to be agreeable. The manager, Monty had felt for a long time, was distinctly soft in his attitude toward labor, and Monty, who in his personal life was recklessly free-handed, had a theory that business should be hard-headed though just. So for the occasion of this interview he had whipped himself into a fine state of acerbity.

The sight of Eugenie coming up his drive, it is true, cleared all traces of acerbity from his bronzed face.

In fact, Eugenie, noting his eyes when he greeted her, thought that it was going to be almost too easy.

He opened the door of her car but she did not get out. Instead, she sat with her hands on the wheel, her quizzical eyes upon him.

It was a way they had of looking at each other lately, both so aware of the feeling between them and neither ready, quite yet, to admit it.

"I mustn't come in," she said. "You were starting off to elope with some lovely widow, and I'd just detain you."

"That's all right," he granted her magnanimously. "I'm awfully easily deflected. And I thought anyhow it would be a better day to go in and discuss the labor policy with my manager. 'Grind the faces of the poor,' I shall tell him. 'Grind their faces well.'"

"Oh, good!" said the lovely daughter of the Fiskes. "This is right along the line of my errand, so that you won't even have to change your line of thought. Climb right in here beside me and if you have your check book with you it will be no more trouble than the stirring of a finger."

And to herself she thought, "I look very well indeed in this new sport frock. That ought to be worth something extra. And besides, if I can extract checks from the hardest-shelled Jewish gentleman in Philadelphia and from a withered spinster who heretofore has given only to Baptist missions, I ought



to get at least twelve thousand from this darling thing who is almost in love with me." So she decided on twelve thousand.

Still urging his own hospitality upon her, he slid into her car beside her.

She opened a monogrammed briefcase and pulled out her photographs and blue prints of the Vacation House and started her magnificent line about her green-tiled swimming pool and the alleys of shower baths and a high-priced swimming master, and on and on.

So enthralled was she with her subject that she was not aware of the reception it was meeting.

For Monty Chatforth, on Eugenie's arrival, had merely put aside his acerbity for the time being. It had been in no wise removed. This theory of his about the laboring class had been a long time in growing and was well rooted in the very elements of his nature. "Pay them enough and let them alone," was his theory. But no one seemed willing to let them alone. Certainly not his manager. And apparently not Eugenie. The very fact that he had so long put off this conference with his manager had given his convictions just that much more time to gain heat. So the longer Eugenie Fiske talked the harder his heart grew, and the colder his eye; and Eugenie, poor soul, wholly unaware of it, carried away by her own fine talk, let her enthusiasm take upon itself wings and soar high, which in the face of an unfriendly audience is a cruel experience.

At last he interrupted, "When you have entirely finished, I, too, have something to say."

But the sound of his voice startled her. She turned and looked into a face that had become unfriendly without her having been aware.

The wings of her enthusiasm folded and let her fine words drop dead to earth.

"You may say it now," she said, and replaced the Working Girls' Vacation Home in her briefcase.

Then Monty Chatforth let loose upon this lovely woman all those caustic remarks he had been saving up for the manager of his plant. And worse than that, his eloquence went to his head. He found new phrases, new arguments that he had never thought of before.

Of course he went too far. One does. He drew sparks from Eugenie. Color flamed into her usually colorless cheeks. Her eyes were not luminous now. They blazed. When he gave her a chance, finally, she found remarks of a singular asperity to say to him.

And they were off.

"Bridge clubs for charwomen!" he remarked caustically.

"They are not charwomen," she retorted, "and it isn't a bridge club."

"Beauty parlors for box makers. Golf links for laundresses," he amended. "It is all the same thing."

"You think," she accused him, "that swimming pools and vacations and all the joys and comforts of life should be reserved for capitalists like yourself."

"That is," he replied, "quite unworthy of your usually very good mind."

The quarrel gathered momentum. His line was the danger of paternalism. "You are developing a class of spineless limpets," he said. "And when I say *you* I am afraid I mean it more or less personally. When intelligent young women haven't enough to do they tend to become meddlesome."

She would have left him then and there except that she in turn had fiery remarks to make about capitalism, many of which statements she had learned out of a text book.

In fact their quarrel at one stage took on a little of the aspect of two irate and antagonistic books spitting out the texts of their respective pages at each other.

Nor was it wholly academic. The quarrel ran also to fireworks and thunder. It blazed. It roared. It devastated. A lighted cigarette thrown carelessly from a car may turn a whole prairie into a blackened waste. So an

altruistic impulse on a lovely May morning started another conflagration which promised to be almost equally disastrous.

It ended with Eugenie asking Monty Chatforth to get out of her car so that she could return to her own home.

"That's finished," said Eugenie Fiske as she rode home. She hated him bitterly at the moment, but just the same her heart felt singularly empty.

And Monty Chatforth, who should have been feeling relieved that his pleasant bachelor life was now rendered safe from permanent interruption, became, on the contrary, so restless in the days that followed that he decided to have his dining room redecorated.

At first these two found meeting a little awkward, but meet they must unless they wished to publish their quarrel, or unless one or the other of them turned recluse. They went through with it, since they must, with very good grace, both of them being well born and gently reared. So he took her in to dinner when it was required and danced with her and went through all the motions of being pleased to be in her society. Then, being of the forgetting sex, he began genuinely to enjoy her again and to seek her company.

His business prospered; labor in his particular factory was lamblike; he and his manager were on the best of terms again; and so it was easy to forget a quarrel.

But Eugenie, with Amazonian efforts, pushed her Vacation House to the point where it could safely be left with her committee and decided that she would be happier this summer in Europe.

One day on the golf links just before she was to sail, Monty sought her out at the eighteenth hole and said, "Could you run along home with me and give me an æsthetic word on my new dining room before I let the public loose in it? I swear I don't know whether it is a mess or whether it is very nice. I'd be no end grateful if you'd come."

The prospect did not please her, for

she did not forget as easily as he did and she was still pretty miserable in his company. "But after all, I am sailing in three days," she told herself, "so why not?"

He led her into his dining room with that uncertain, easily shattered pride that an outdoors man feels about things inside his house. It was as if he said, "Please like it so that I shall know it is all right."

But she did not like it at all. A modernistic decorator had turned himself loose in it. The room was all cold hard silver-grays and mirrors. The table top was mirror and so were most of the walls, and he had even backed with mirror those French doors which once had given the view over a bright lawn and through which had come that absurd little girl to tell him that she loved him and would never forget him.

So now he had shut out his view, and with it no doubt had shut out that memory.

She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, a warmly tinted creature in tans and creams with a flame-colored scarf about her shoulders.

"I am the sort of thing this darn room needs," she said to herself.

Aloud she said, "Monty, I know just what is lacking. If I bring it to you will you promise to let it stay?"

"My dear girl," he promised her, "so long as the old walls stand."

So she came back that very evening with a bowl of goldfish. Not ordinary goldfish that may be bought in a five-and-ten store, but de luxe ones, such as books are written about and, although their blood ran notoriously cold, looking warm and flamelike as they darted through the waters of their glass bubble.

Monty, who had been feeling a little solitary and low-spirited that evening, thought how lovely she looked coming into his house and, forgetting completely the famous quarrel, longed to take her in his arms and arrange for her permanent installation there. But because he was thirty-odd years he had well-trained in-



hibitions, and so decided to wait until she came back from Europe.

And Eugenie, thinking that he looked lonely and rather heart-breaking as lonely men will do, said to herself, "If he should offer me now that check for my Girls, I would take it and forgive him."

Aloud she said as she handed him the bowl, "Wear these to remember me."

"You make me so happy," he said. "And afterwards," he inquired, "how does one cook them?"

"Monty," she said, "I'm in a serious mood, though I don't know why. Perhaps because I have been packing my trunks to go away. But I want to ask you if you really will keep these?"

"Eugenie, darling," and he was curiously serious too, "I'll keep them as long as I love you, which I think you know will be for always. So when you come back and see those five little tails wagging to greet you, you will know also that this old heart still beats for you."

She laughed. But her eyes did not, and her heart started beating too hard. "Don't be that sort of a fool again," she begged it, but it kept on with its quickened tempo. So she started for home.

They exchanged at parting—as if there had never been a quarrel—those old quizzical looks which seemed to say, "How much, if any, do you care?"

And it is a great pity when human-kind becomes so civilized that restraints and inhibitions and cautions take the place of nice fresh unhampered impulses.

But, irrevocably, those goldfish had become symbolical. And so it was awkward when, some ten days later, Austin, the house man, discovered floating on the surface of their tiny sea five fishy little corpses.

Austin blamed himself bitterly for neglect and was inclined to be morbid about it. But Monty reassured him and cheered him up over the matter. "Just bury them nicely," he said, "and don't worry about it. They were given me by a lady, but she's gone away, and when I hear of her return we'll get some others."

But it is a pity that he did not happen to mention who the lady was.

And it is a pity that Eugenie never mentioned her gift to Agnes, who was a maid in the Fiske house and the personal friend of Mr. Chatforth's Austin.

Eugenie, who found herself restless in Europe that summer, came home earlier than she intended. And Monty, who was laid up at the time with a sprained ankle, did not know it until he heard her voice over the telephone.

"How's the ankle?" she inquired, her voice as casual and unemotional as she could manage.

"So bad," said Monty, who found himself suddenly and entirely consumed by a desire to see her, "that I think you had better come over to inquire in person."

She laughed a little over the telephone. "I'll run in this week," she promised.

"I don't think I'll last the week through," he warned her. "Better come over right away."

She laughed again. "Perhaps to-morrow," she yielded.

"This afternoon," he insisted. "For invalids often waste away through the night, you know."

She was firm. "To-morrow."

He was firm, too. "Very well, then. I'll come hobbling over there myself."

In the end she promised to come to him—in half an hour or less.

Monty hung up his receiver with a surprised look on his countenance. He was surprised at himself.

Then he rang for Austin. "A lady is coming to tea," he said. "Get us an extra nice tea, can you?"

Again a great pity that he neglected to say that it was Eugenie.

It was a full twenty minutes later that the bell for Austin rang again—rang imperiously, desperately.

Austin, who feared nothing less than another sprain, all but ran to his master.

"My God!" said the master. "Those goldfish! It is the goldfish lady that is coming!"

Austin turned pale, "My God, sir!"

he repeated weakly. Then when he began to recover he suggested, "I could take the car, sir, and run in town."

"But you can't. It's Carson's day off. You have got to be here to open the door for her."

Wan and discouraged, Austin returned to his kitchen.

Very shortly he returned, brighter, but apologetic.

"It is like this, sir," he said. "There is a young lady in the kitchen who thinks she can help us out. She can run over the back way and get some goldfish from her house and be back in no time at all."

"Bid her godspeed," said Monty, "and bid her make haste. Tell her you will marry her if she sprints well."

"Yes, sir," said Austin and retired.

Ten minutes in advance of Eugenie, six goldfish arrived and five of them were hastily transferred from their own humble bowl to the etched and elegant residence of the five deceased fish. Monty prided himself on his luck in being able to remember that originally there had been five.

Monty kept them, but not too ostentatiously, in the library with himself, over on the window sill, so that they would look not as if they had been brought in for effect, but as if they were there from habit.

He did not speak of them immediately upon her arrival. He spoke instead of sundry matters, such as her trip and how much he had missed her. Then he reminded her of another visit she had made him, long ago, at the beginning of the War, when she had been a long-legged youngster and had told him she would never love anyone else.

He said he had never forgotten it, which wasn't exactly accurate, for there were years at a time when it had not been in his mind, but, nevertheless, this was a nice time to remember it.

Her reply was to the effect that it was one of life's mysteries why youth must go through periods of total imbecility. But just the same a charm-

ing color came into her face and stayed there.

So it seemed to him the best of moments to mention the goldfish.

"You see," he said, "those five little tails still wag just as I predicted they would."

Eugenie glanced in the direction he indicated, where five goldfish darting about in their borrowed bowl made lovely flashes of color in the afternoon light.

Then she leaned forward a little and looked more intently.

"Gad!" thought the man. "It does mean something to her then that I have kept them." And he felt very grateful to Austin for arranging for the borrowed fish—though as a rule Monty Chatforth's thinking was not confused.

"I keep them in here for company," he remarked to Eugenie.

Eugenie got up and walked over to the goldfish. She sat on the edge of the window sill, looking down upon them.

Although he saw only her profile, he realized that a curious expression had come over her face. It struck him as repressed emotion. She didn't want him to see, then, how much she really cared? Suddenly he felt beautifully triumphant. "I am going to marry her," hastily he decided to himself.

Aloud he said, "I have grown terribly fond of the little fellows."

"One of them, poor thing," she said softly, "has a torn tail."

"That one?" he mused (he had noticed no torn tail!), "that one is Terry the Terrible." He was amazed and delighted at his quickness of wit. It led him on. "Happened some time ago. And it was a horrible combat—I give you my word. The most gory of duels. Absolutely."

"Tell me about it," she said, her eyes still intent on the bowl and not glancing his way. He had never seen her like this, so quiet and so intent. It suggested to him a depth of feeling and a tenderness that he had never before realized that she possessed.



It overstimulated him.

He told the story of the goldfish fight dramatically and colorfully, with an eloquence which surprised even himself. He wondered to himself in the midst of his narrative whether all these years he should not have been turning his gifts to literature.

Eugenie seemed strangely impressed. She led him on with inspiring questions.

It tempted him to relate other narratives of other members of his little carp family.

He had, it seemed, names for them all. "Little Goldie Sunshine, who is my favorite." Lord, how they popped into his head without effort! "Finnie." "Moby Dick." "Klondike."

Was this, he wondered, a form of heretofore unsuspected genius?

But interruption came at last when Austin arrived with the tea. From the first moment of his entrance Austin acted strangely. He turned visibly pale and his hands trembled as he arranged the tea service. He kept moistening his lips, as if he were going to speak.

A minute or two after he had retired from the room and while Eugenie was pouring the tea, the door reopened and Austin stood there again, obviously under the influence of some distressing emotion.

"Mr. Chatforth," said the man, "might I ask you to be so good as to step here a moment."

Now Monty knew his man was no fool, that he knew crutches were both painful and dangerous for his master, and that he would not have asked it except under the direst necessity. So he requisitioned his crutches and hobbled out of the room.

Then Austin, pale and anguished, made confession. "The young lady in the kitchen is Agnes from the Fiskes," he explained. "We didn't know, you see, that it was Miss Eugenie you were expecting. And Agnes says that one of the goldfish has a tail that has gone bad and that Miss Eugenie couldn't help but

notice, for this very morning, sir, she was speaking of it."

It was a perilous moment. Heretofore the very richness of life and all its counter-attractions had held them apart. But now when everything else had been surmounted were five very ordinary little goldfish to become the final obstacle?

But after all, Chatforth men were not men to throw up their hands in an emergency. And Monty himself had hunted tigers in India and leopards in Africa. He was a man of action.

He returned to the library and went straight to his desk. He leaned his crutches against the wall, and opened his check book.

"Ten, I think you said?"

"Fifteen," she replied firmly.

He wrote out the check and handed it to her. "May your girls bathe often and well," he wished her gravely.

He watched her as she examined it and folded it into her purse.

"Now that I am thoroughly licked," he said, "why don't we get married?"

But while he was reaching for his crutches she came over to him.

He caught her hand and held it against his lips.

"I think," she said, "that you are the most impossible man that ever lived—selfish, unreasonable, pig-headed, and the most unscrupulous liar in Pennsylvania. But then my old nurse predicted I should come to a bad end."

And later, while the tea untouched grew stone cold upon the table, Monty on the leather davenport beside his love mentioned plaintively, "You kept me waiting a long time, my darling," and actually believed what he said. And later, meditating the check he had drawn—though in no wise regretting it—he said, "Just the same, I consider that I have bought you for fifteen thousand dollars."

"Nonsense," said his lady. "You have paid three thousand apiece for five inferior goldfish. And if that is the way you do, it is just as well, I think, that I am here."



# THE REAL MEANING OF FATIGUE

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IF a person asserts, convincingly and unobtrusively, that he is tired he will receive the sympathetic indulgence of his fellows. If he should declare, instead, that he is drunk their attitude, however charitable or genial, will carry a trace of disrespect.

This distinction is unfortunate. A better course would be to treat fatigue like intoxication: as something which is not to be bragged about, but rather to be kept to one's self, and to be got rid of as quietly and as expeditiously as possible.

The view that the mental and moral deterioration which results from fatigue is something which is honorable in itself is probably an inheritance from a simpler type of social organization. In such a society he who worked for the tribe, or who fought for its enhancement, was the useful member. If personal impairment resulted from his exercise in its behalf, it proved him to be loyal and unselfish. Hence, a condition of fatigue, which might follow from industry and valor, could readily become acceptable as a *sign* of merit. In modern society the warrant for such an interpretation as a general, or even as a usual one, is lacking.

A rational attitude toward fatigue and its social consequences demands a better understanding of the condition itself. Essentially, it is an impairment produced by exercise, of present performance, or of preparedness for future performance. With feelings of "tiredness," and with complaints thereof, it has less to do than we might suppose. For

illustration, let us imagine a thin strip of brass which we clamp at one end and force to vibrate. If we compel it to swing too far certain changes will occur in its internal structure, and it will no longer behave well as a spring. In the language of metallurgy, these structural changes are called "fatigue"; and they are quite analogous to the changes which occur in the fatigue of living structures. The latter, of course, can normally restore the damage if they are permitted to rest. This advantage constitutes the most striking difference between the two cases.

It may be well to pause here long enough to deal with a superstition, rather wide spread, concerning the particular organs—or tissues—which are chiefly concerned in fatigue. Physicians as well as laymen often speak of "nervous fatigue" and of "nervous exhaustion." When they so talk they mean essentially that the patient is feeble, sluggish, and perhaps peevish in his behavior. They do not mean that they have acceptable evidence that his nerve-cells or brain-cells are fatigued. These cells, which form what is called nervous tissue, have only one function of which we know anything. That function is to convey a condition of irritation, aroused in some sense-organs at one end of a series of nerve-cells, to muscular or glandular tissue at the other end. If a nerve is excited it responds quickly, rests for a few thousandths of a second, and is then ready for another normal response. Even under highly artificial conditions it is almost impossible



to fatigue a nerve. In the body itself the nervous system has two additional protections against fatigue. First, the sense-organs by which nervous tissue is normally excited are easily fatigued, so that they cease to act before the nerve-connections can be damaged. Second, in the course of prolonged exertion the contact between nerve-cell and muscle-cell literally becomes fouled, supposedly by products of activity, so that it tends to shield the contractile cells from stimulation by nervous current. Thus, before the nervous tissue, or even the contractile tissue has suffered much damage, the mechanism ceases to work; the animal relaxes, and remains quiet until it is excessively stimulated, or else until repairs have been made. An impairment of adjustment to immediate demands, such as goes with fatigue, may, therefore, indicate that a protective mechanism is operating normally, not that the organism has been permanently injured.

Nervous fatigue, so called, is, therefore, primarily a condition of muscular fatigue, which may not involve the contractile cells of the muscle greatly except by way of protection.

We sometimes talk of "brain-fag" or of "mental fatigue" as if it were quite different from the condition we have been describing. It probably is not. Although visible contractions of muscle are not a necessary part of the thinking process, there is reason for believing that muscular activity, expressible as gestures, as changes in the pattern of mechanical tension, or even only as changes in electrical stresses within the muscle, is as necessary to imagining, thinking, or reasoning as brain activity is. Brain activity and muscular activity are inseparable. In "brain-fag," as in other forms of bodily fatigue, the structures which are our main concern are muscles.

We often hear and sometimes speak of the "toxins of fatigue." It may help to consider how these poisons are generated. The vital activities of the bodily cells are made possible by the burning,

within the cell, of certain fuels which it manufactures from raw materials taken from the blood stream. These fuels are about as unstable as nitroglycerin, and burn at explosive speeds, though in minute quantities at once. When the cell is "irritated" some of these highly explosive fuel-molecules split into smaller fragments, which are then burned from either end. In case the process of splitting should go more rapidly than the burning of the split fragments, the cell is left with an excess of the latter. Some of these products of splitting are poisonous. Some of them belong to the family of alcohols, others to the family of ethers, etc. Although they are manufactured within the cell, they affect it exactly as if they had come from the outside. We may describe this abnormal condition either as an excess of split-products, or as a deficiency of oxygen, since it is purely relative. It is usually spoken of in the latter way.

## II

There are three ways in which this condition may be brought about. The first is by asphyxiation. One may diminish the rate at which oxygen is supplied to the cell, by diluting the outside air with other gases, by taking the patient to a high altitude, or by introducing a substance, such as carbon monoxide, into the blood stream, to interfere with delivery of oxygen to the cell.

The second way is by narcosis. One may introduce alcohol or ether into the blood stream. They may combine with some of the oxygen which the cell would otherwise receive or they may affect the membranes of the cell so as to interfere with its normal respiration.

The third way is by fatigue, in which the membranes of the cell are probably affected, as in the preceding instance, so that the fuels may split more rapidly than they can be burned, giving toxins as products of partial combustion.

The distinguished physiologist Max Verworn is the author of a doctrine,

based on much experimental evidence, that the conditions of asphyxiation, narcosis, and fatigue are essentially the same, differing only in respect to their histories. This view has not been fully accepted, but in most respects it is very plausible. The psychological effects of the three conditions are strikingly similar. The studies made on six thousand six hundred American aviators during the world war subjecting them to experimental privation of oxygen brought out that every major symptom of alcoholic intoxication is counterfeited by a sufficiently diminished oxygen supply. The fact had been casually noted much earlier; most aviators who had worked at high altitudes were familiar with what they called the "altitude jag" which resulted from a diminished oxygen supply. Provision is now made for supplying additional oxygen both to the flyer and to the engine at those altitudes.

The following facts indicate that every symptom of alcoholic intoxication which has social importance is also counterfeited in fatigue.

It is well known that small doses of alcohol, as also of opium-derivatives, seem to act as stimulants. Their first observable effects may not consist in a loss of skill in immediate performance; the contrary may sometimes be observed. It is sometimes argued that this excitation is only specious; that the effect is more properly to be regarded as one of depression, which affects some functions sooner than others, but which extends to all functions in time. Suppose, for example, that one is trying to bend a finger, while tending at the same time to keep it straight. The finger will bend, of course, only if the pull of the flexor-muscles is stronger than that of the extensors. But, suppose the activities of both sets are weakened, that of the extensor-muscles reaching a "threshold value" first. The finger can now be bent more easily than if no depression had occurred. While the flexor muscle is now weaker than formerly, it also

works against less opposition. More complex behavior follows the same rule: normally, most of our acts are executed under some inhibition. If the counter-tendencies, already the weaker, are sufficiently abated, a given set of acts can be performed more readily than otherwise. So, it is easy enough for selective depression to present the same appearance as stimulation.

As with intoxication, so in fatigue, the earliest effects are apparently stimulating. In one of the studies of sleep made at Mellon Institute we sought a means of exhibiting the "recovery from fatigue" which followed a night's rest, and of comparing the observed degree of recovery with the rate and quantity of rest taken. For this purpose we employed a "test-performance"<sup>1</sup> which had been previously found useful in the indication of impairment produced in other ways. This study was continued by Mr. G. E. Weigand through two academic years at the experimental dormitory, twenty-two subjects being employed. The result, to some people, was surprising. All the subjects but one made a consistently better performance a half hour before they went to bed than a half hour after they arose. In the average the effect varied between six and ten per cent according to the experimental conditions. It increases as the time spent in bed is increased, and also with increases in the quietude of the subject during that time. It does not abate with practice. It cannot be attributed to chance; the net effect for the group taken as a whole would not occur, according to the laws of chance, as often as once in a billion-billion times; and for many individuals, not more often than once in a billion times. It was lessened to a significant degree by the introduction of setting-up exercises in the morning. In other words, whatever fatigue resulted from the exertions of the day was accompanied by an improvement in

<sup>1</sup>The subjects were required to translate sets of nonsensical material into codes which accompanied them. Performance was scored in terms of the number of letters correctly encoded in five minutes' time. Three such sets were given at each sitting.



output on this test over the output of the morning before and also of the morning after.

Certain studies made on British factory workers disclosed a similar effect. During the first two and one-half hours of the working day their output in pieces per hour steadily increased, the net gain being about seventeen per cent over the output at the beginning of the day. The peak occurred about four-thirty P.M. During their labor their reserve supplies of bodily fuels were diminishing, and the toxic waste products of activity were probably increasing; in this sense they were being progressively unfitted for future effort; and yet they were meeting present demands better. The results are typical of many others, though it must be remembered that while these hold under the conditions of the experiment, they might not necessarily do so if these conditions were sufficiently changed.

These facts suggest that fatigue toxins behave like other narcotic agents: in small concentrations they may actually improve performance; in larger concentrations they impair it. The earliest effects, though expressed in immediate improvement of performance, may not be beneficial if the future demands are considered; for the same agents which are improving performance at the moment may be operating to reduce the individual's fitness for work to be performed a little later. The duration of the fatiguing process, therefore, becomes a matter of first importance: if it is interrupted soon enough to permit recovery in the course of normal rest the worker may actually be benefited; otherwise he may be injured.

Bearing in mind the general doctrine that the weaker reaction-tendencies are the first ones to become weakened, let us consider some other effects.

Among the acts which are first impaired are those requiring great skill—*i.e.*, the delicately co-ordinated action of many muscles. We have mentioned as one of the earliest symptoms of asphyx-

iation the onset of clumsiness. Everyone familiar with the action of alcohol and of certain drugs knows that the same effect follows their administration.

Among the finer adjustments required in normal life are those of the co-ordination of the two eyes. Whenever we attend to a visual object the axes of the two eyes converge upon the point attended to. If the two sets of muscles fail to work together double vision occurs unless the impressions made on one of the two retinas are somehow suppressed. Since, at the best, most of us have a rather imperfect balance of the eye-muscles, it is not surprising that "seeing double" (at least now and then) is a common symptom of the early stages of alcoholic intoxication. It happens, however, to be an equally conspicuous symptom of moderate fatigue. Many people who normally have little trouble with vision have to use glasses when they are tired, even though the fatiguing exertion had made no unusual demand on the eyes.

The musculature involved in speech is also very intricate, and a very high degree of co-ordination is required for distinctness and fluency. Few of us, probably, have failed to remark the onset of clumsiness of action of the lips and tongue in the early stages of drunkenness; and numerous vocal tests are to be found in most folklores; but is not the symptom prominent also in fatigue?

### III

A personal idiosyncrasy may have some bearing on the problem. The writer's childhood was spent on an isolated farm, with few playmates of his own age. Much of his play time was spent in the company of farmhands. His mother exacted distinct enunciation and drilled the children in it, often refusing to answer questions or to grant requests until they had been expressed in a proper manner. By contrast, the speech of the farmhands was delightfully free; it is likely that the children deliber-

ately spent as much effort in learning to imitate their accent and diction as the mother required them to spend in learning to talk "correctly." They, therefore, developed two kinds of vocal habits: one of which they used when in the company of their elders, the other when they were unrestrained. As to the writer, his "company-manners" of speech now usually predominate, although when he addresses dogs or children he may relax and "talk negro." This is true, however, only while he is fresh; at the close of a heavy day's work he reverts to the southwesterner's high-pitched, chesty notes, and the slovenly enunciation that goes with almost immobile lips and an unwieldy tongue.

More important than mere enunciation is the choice of words appropriate to specific objects and actions and the framing of sentences before the utterance begins. Loss of this kind of skill is known as aphasia, and is characteristic of certain progressive mental disorders. In fatigue, as in the case of intoxication, the vocabulary shrinks; halting and rephrasing begins; and syllables, or the whole of some words and a syllable or two of a following word may be elided. This condition would jeopardize one's social status if it were persistent; it indicates that the fatiguing condition is the beginning of a temporary insanity.

Disorders of attention are characteristic of the three conditions. Under great impairment, such as may be exhibited in advanced stages of drunkenness, it becomes well nigh impossible to hold one's self in an attitude of watching or listening. This condition indicates a practical failure of attention, and usually coincides with general collapse. It is with somewhat milder disorders, in less advanced stages, with which we are most concerned.

The milder disorder as a rule exhibits itself in two ways at once: the persistence of attention is increased, and its field is diminished.

At first glance it may seem queer to call attention impaired when its per-

sistence is increased. We all know that a person's attention is less effective when he is too distractable: extreme distractability is a characteristic of idiots, whom it is almost impossible to teach. They do not attend to any object long enough to make a highly specific reaction. However, it is not to be forgotten that attention can become less effective when it persists too long; for while a person is attending to one part of the environment he may fail to react to very important changes which occur in other parts. We speak disrespectfully of the mentality of the automobile driver who attends too long at a time to the hosiery along the sidewalk; but college professors have been run over by trolley cars because they could not be distracted from the properties of the fourth dimension, or from whatever else was engaging them at the time.

Abnormally high persistence of attention is characteristic of hypnosis, and of paranoid states, and is necessary to hallucination, illusion, and delusion. It became very prominent in the middle and later stages of asphyxiation in the army tests; it is prominent in alcoholic intoxication; it is equally prominent in fatigue. Let us suppose a familiar example, which most people can duplicate.

A man is driving an automobile across country. As long as he is fresh he may easily watch the road and the traffic, glance from time to time at the scenery and his instruments, and carry on a conversation with his companion. If he reads his speedometer at one town and then reads the road-signs, he may remember the readings long enough to calculate the proper reading for the next important town on his route, and remember the calculation well enough to say, at any intermediate point, how far he still has to go. By comparing the readings of the speedometer and clock with previous readings, he can calculate his average speed. All these supplementary activities require interruption of his attention to the routine operations



of driving, *for brief moments only*. Thus, it can be seen that he is capable of being distracted momentarily from the main task by a great variety of objects, and of returning to the main task quickly.

As time passes, however, his attention to the task of driving becomes more persistent. This implies that the number of objects which can arouse attention has diminished. He can, therefore, still handle the car as well as ever. He may look at his instrument-panel less frequently but he does not neglect it too much to insure that his battery is being charged, that his oil is feeding, and the radiator sufficiently cool, that he is not exceeding the speed limit, etc. However, he now disregards the scenery; he ceases to converse; he does not remember his readings of time or distance well enough to know just where he is; he may read the road-signs so indifferently as to be unable to tell a couple of minutes later through what village he is passing. As a mere driver, he is still capable; but he maintains that skill by doing fewer things.

If one is to concentrate on a single task, to the exclusion of as many others as possible, it may be possible to perform that task better while one is moderately fatigued than while one is fresh. This may be the reason why some writers can compose most readily at night; why the office worker seems to do better if he arises early and takes a long walk, or plays golf, or hoes his garden before he begins; and why the output in some routine factory operations is highest in the later hours of the working day. In other words, unless one's task requires alertness—a constant readiness to react to unpredictable changes—one may need to tire one's self somewhat before one can do one's best work.

It must not be forgotten that this improvement in performance may itself be a sign of bodily impairment; it comes from a more effective distribution of available energy with respect to a particular task, not from an increase in energy available for general expenditure.

Incidentally, in the moderate stages of fatigue, while these attentional compensations are effective, the person may exhibit euphoria—an impression of "personal well-being," not shared by on-lookers, and rather out of keeping with the facts. This finds its parallel in the exaltation of alcoholic intoxication, and in the behavior of aviators in the asphyxiation-tests.

As fatigue progresses, any interruption of routine may produce a reaction whose chief characteristic is emotionality. The driver of the car, for example, may curse and rage at disturbances which he would normally regard as trivial, and which may demand no more than reducing speed for a few yards, turning out for an obstruction, or dropping back one car-length in the procession. By this time not only is he unable to do anything well but drive; *he is unable to stop driving* except by a great effort.

Who does not note the similarity of this behavior to that of the drunk person who starts, for example, a speech—perhaps on an abstruse subject, and who cannot be silenced or diverted until he reaches general collapse?

Here we must mention another resemblance: the drunkard even after his joy in drinking has departed, when he is verging toward helplessness, continues to drink, and may resent most of all a suggestion that he desist. Similarly with persons intoxicated by fatigue. They often persist in activity, even though that activity is useless, postponing as long as possible a resort to rest. In other words, the fatigued person may exhibit an abnormal appetite for the agent of deterioration. Tired children afford a good example. They are the ones who fight the hardest against being put to bed.

Incidentally, our recent experiments on sleep suggest that one does not reach quietude the soonest and rest the most quietly after unusually heavy exertion: in fact, the contrary appears to hold. Ignorant parents indulge the pleas of their exhausted children to remain up;

they excuse this weakness by arguing that the child would not sleep if put to bed so soon. The fact may be that the child's resistance to being put to bed is a symptom of sleep-hunger and not by any means of satiety.

In advanced stages of fatigue the patient may relapse into habit-systems belonging to childhood instead of keeping the attitude of an adult. He may talk aloud to himself, personify inanimate objects with which he has to deal, and address them with inquiries, reproaches, threats, and curses. As the child, dependent on its parents rather than on its own efforts for effecting adjustments, tends to abandon to them the problems it fails to solve, so the fatigued person, like the drunk, tends to neglect his duties and to impose upon his associates.

Socialized systems of habits are usually acquired less readily than selfish ones, and are often less thoroughly fixed. They, therefore, tend to fail comparatively early in both fatigue and narcosis. In both cases the individual may disregard the effect of his behavior on other people, and become selfish, silly, boisterous, querulous, destructive, and pugnacious. If he remains a gentleman while his habit-system is disintegrating, it is because the habits of a gentleman are more firmly fixed in his make-up than are those tendencies called "native." There is a sound basis for the proverb: "*In vino veritas*," since those reaction-tendencies which persist the longest under stress are the ones which constitute one's fundamental character. But one may say, with equal justice, "*In fatigatione veritas*," since in fatigue, likewise, one's reaction-system disintegrates, and the most fundamental tendencies survive the others.

A final stage in fatigue, as in intoxication and asphyxiation, may be marked by hallucination and delirium. It will be recalled that a state of fatigue can be produced either by excessive exertion continued for a moderately long time, or by moderate exertion continued through an excessively long time. In other

words, fatigue will proceed to the point of exhaustion, whether the rate of exertion be large or small, if only the patient is prevented from taking his normal rest and sleep.

In Dr. Kleitman's experiment on deprivation of sleep one subject developed a well-defined delusion, which lasted for several minutes. The present writer, after days of cross-country driving broken by very short and infrequent periods of rest and sleep, has been subjected to hallucinations, chiefly of voices. Fortunately, such conditions lasted but a few seconds at a time, and never occurred in heavy traffic; else, this article would never have been written.

#### IV

As a final illustration of this main thesis let us remember that in certain religious practices of great antiquity delirium was something specifically sought for and systematic means for attaining it were devised, and in some degree standardized. The conditions under which the state is attained are those of starvation, narcosis, and fatigue—these conditions being produced as a matter of ritual.

We are familiar with the declarations of the Hebrew prophets that they had fasted "forty days and forty nights" or for "three full weeks" before the visions which they reported arrived. The figures may be symbolic rather than literal; the assertions may be a literary form; but is it likely that such a form would have been employed to give authenticity to the prophecy unless the people to whom it was addressed included many individuals who had attained ecstatic states by similar means?

The oriental medicine men resort to hasheesh and to bhang, of which hasheesh is a constituent. The American Indian chews hemp-leaves, or eats the mescal button. These devotees attain their holy delirium through narcosis.

The dancing dervish "dances before the Lord, and dances with all his might"



and thus gains his visions through fatigue. Similarly the monk—Buddhist as well as Christian—may keep vigils, spending his nights in pacing his cloister or cell and repeating his devotions until he reaches a similar state.

In such conditions as these the behavior of the subject is not definitely related to his environment, so that he is indeed, "freed from the domination of the external world."

However laudable may be the ends which are sought by these methods, it is improbable that the quality of the revelations and visions has been uniformly high. In primitive communities the prophet who shocked his hearers without convincing them was likely to be stoned to death as a blasphemer; and such records as we have suggest that at some times the mortality-rate among the Jewish prophets was rather high.

The monastic orders in the Catholic Church have had to deal with the problem. The Church has met it, in part, by refusing the seal of authenticity to all but a few revelations. Her orders require that all such reports be submitted to the superior before being broadcast. Following the example of St. Francis himself, they have urged moderation in such practices, insisting that the members should maintain a high state of physiological fitness for the duties required of them, rather than seek for personal ecstatic experiences.

We may sum up what has been said in a very few words: Every effect of alcohol which has any social significance can be produced by some degree of fatigue. Even with respect to intimate details of physiology, the two conditions appear to be essentially the same; and both are possibly but special instances of cell-asphyxiation. The two conditions are physiologically equivalent. Should they be equivalent socially?

If the mild feeling of exaltation which follows from a little alcohol is evil in

itself and, therefore, to be legislated against, so is the euphoria which follows a game of golf. It may be, after all, that the golfer is essentially making use of a very expensive and time-consuming method of manufacturing alcohol within his body-cells instead of taking it directly from the outside. Perhaps the matter should be inquired into further, that something may be done about it.

If the euphoria which comes from alcohol is in itself a good, let us take comfort: one can derive it by attaining the proper degree of fatigue. Happy is he whose work produces just the right amount, and at just the right times of the day: he can keep his enjoyment though he be deprived of his liquor.

If the general mental and moral deterioration which accompanies immoderate drinking is undesirable for its own sake, and not merely because of the manner in which it was produced, then the work of the reformers has not even started, and will not be accomplished until, by proper distribution of labor and rest, and the abatement of poverty, overwork will be no longer necessary.

If the picture of the unsocial behavior of the tired individual is unattractive, his personal problem should be to work efficiently and not to slight the means of rest. Of these means sleep is probably the greatest, and perhaps the most neglected.

As one might argue in favor of light drinking rather than total abstinence, so one may argue against slothful rest. Perhaps if one never drank, never smoked, never used coffee, never worked hard, and always retired at nine-thirty p.m. one might postpone one's final dissolution for many years. Personally, the writer feels that longevity is purchased too highly at the price. A certain thrill is to be had from depleting one's strength and repairing it again; and zestful, creative, interesting work remains the ideal method.



## A CASE OF TWO CAREERS

ANONYMOUS

**A**T THE very beginning I wish to admit that this narrative of two independent, income-earning careers in the same family is necessarily one-sided, since the same events are seen differently by different eyes, and this is the statement of only one of the two chief persons concerned.

By profession I am a writer and have always done my work at home. My material equipment for earning money consists of a table, a chair, a fountain pen, a stack of copy paper; and in addition there is the expense of typing what I have written. In twenty years of writing my cost of production has risen only to the extent that all prices have increased; and were it possible for me to net a million dollars a year it would mean no appreciable increase in my professional overhead.

I cannot recall the time when I was not an ardent feminist. From my college days America's foremost leaders in the causes of suffrage and greater freedom for women have been my close personal friends. I marched in the first suffrage parade that took place in the great city in which we live, and received my portion of the oral and material garbage hurled from the sidewalks at the men's scanty section.

So I believe that I am not approaching this case with any inborn hostility against woman's right to a place in the sun—if an independent, money-earning career for the wife can be considered a precious, sun-nurtured spot.

At a very early period in our married life my wife launched into a career unconnected with mine. In all fairness to

the experiment of separate careers on which my wife and I embarked, I must say at the start that I look upon ourselves as pioneers in a new world of relationship between husband and wife—with no set traditions, like those of preceding generations, which we merely had to accept and follow. Ours was a venture more like that of Christopher Columbus, setting forth upon an uncharted sea. And Columbus, be it remembered, is to-day honored for discovering something which he did not set out to find. In this respect, of all true adventurers and pioneers he was the luckiest.

Notwithstanding my militant attitude toward the right of the wife to her own career, I married with the instinct which the ages have implanted in the male: to be entirely responsible for the support of his wife and any children which may result from the union. But a few years later, when our oldest child, a daughter, was still an infant, my wife developed a craving for an independent career that was almost unrestrainable—the urge of unformed powers for an outlet—what outlet she did not know. Financial necessity was not an important element in this vague, resistless urge; true, I was then still a beginner in my profession, but from the day of our first home there has never been a day when there was not at least one servant in the house—except for a brief period now and then when a maid walked out and another maid could not be induced to walk into the vacant place.

My wife was tireless—even frantic—in her attempts to attach herself in a



salaries position to this business or public movement, to that profession; but without success. The strain of unfulfilled desire was terrific on her, and also on me, since I loved her deeply and felt the impact of her every disappointment. All the tensivity of her suffering had its natural overtones of misery in me, since we were then one instrument. Even at this early period I recognized that ours was a problem marriage, and at that time I conceived a solution which was to be my guide for almost twenty years. My wife had to have an outlet for her energies and a gratification of her desire for personal success or our marriage was doomed. I wanted the strain removed from our home, I wanted our marriage to be a success; so I decided that the only way to secure peace and save our threatened young marriage was for me to help my wife find and build herself a career.

"What is it you'd like most to do, and feel best equipped to do?" I asked her.

"I don't know," she cried out in her genuine and desperate suffering. "But I can't be happy just as a figure in the home where I'm using only part of myself. I've got to be out in the world where things are happening, doing something."

Being a writer, I was not out in this world where things are happening and where I could perceive opportunities and help her to find an opening. So I suggested the thing nearest to my hand and in which my usefulness to her might prove greatest.

"Why not take up the career of a writer?" I proposed. "You have many of the qualities which go to make up an influential and successful writer. I'll be your tutor and help you out in every other way I can. But you must remember that learning to be a writer, leaving out any gift for it, is just as hard as learning any other profession."

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "And I'll work—oh, I'll show you I'll do the necessary work!"

So we fervently settled down to this

first phase of my wife's career—she was going to show me, and the world, that in her was a great writer! Our daily lessons kept up for a year or more; then again desperation seized her for its own. It was soon proved that she did not have the patience to endure the drudgery, the routine which are necessary to acquire even passable skill in any profession. She would have the germ of an idea and then was impatient if it did not flower instantly and perfect—that was her nature.

## II

We abandoned the idea of writing as a career for her and considered many other possibilities. At length, after frantic searchings in our minds and considering what other women were doing, she hit upon an idea.

"I've hit upon it at last, John!" she greeted me excitedly one evening after I had come in after a long session with an editor. Instinctively she held back her next words for that heightened moment which a pause can give even to a prosaic drama of every-day living.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm going to be an interior decorator," she cried. "Now what do you think of that?"

"Fine," I declared heartily. "You have a knowledge of furniture and furnishings and a natural eye for color, arrangement, general effects. With a little practical experience in the business you should be doing mighty well."

Thus my wife entered upon what was at that time one of the newer professions, interior decoration, which has been her career from that day to this.

Here is an interpolation in this narrative which has no bearing on our specific case since we have two children, but which may have some significance upon the general problem of two careers in the same family. Some time ago I cast my eyes backward, upon friends whose marriages had taken place about the same year as our own. Out of those marriages I instinctively singled out

fourteen similar to ours in the one important detail that the wife had set forth upon an independent career with all her mental and physical functions controlled by the idea of being a success in that career. The one element of those fourteen marriages which gave me pause was: these twenty-eight persons had produced seven children. We are all of that original class which is frequently referred to as the most valuable stock in America; and yet this little group had fallen seventy-five per cent short of merely reproducing itself.

My wife started her career as an interior decorator upon a modest scale, as befitted a beginner. She acted as consultant to people who were creating new homes or were redecorating and refurnishing old ones. Frequently she first created her effects in inexpensive miniature to secure her client's O.K. before executing the work upon its full scale. And of course she did much work upon approval—and frequently the approval was not forthcoming.

She continued her career upon this basis for three or four years. But soon this method of conducting her business did not satisfy her. The basis from which she worked was too small and unalluring to draw such clients as she desired. It confined her ambition, which had already grown so that it hungered for a larger and more lucrative stage. I knew that she was doing much private thinking upon this subject.

"John," she suddenly burst out to me one evening, in the enthusiastic way which is hers, "I have worked out the best idea yet."

"Yes?" I inquired.

"It is the natural development of the business of a mere interior decorator on a small scale. You know as well as I do that the greater profits of interior decoration come from dealing with the rich, who can afford to pay the highest prices for materials—on which there is a proportionate commission—and who can afford to pay fat fees for services rendered."

"Of course I know that. But what's your new idea?"

Her brilliant new idea was a house, which was also to be the family residence, every detail of whose arrangement, decoration, and management should be a model to the rich prospective clients of what a home should be. She had the name for the house long before she had the house: it was to be called "The Home Beautiful."

I agreed to this new idea, which was to be put into effect at some later time when there was money to launch it.

But for a time, because of the lack of capital, the new development had to remain a desired dream. Then I had one of those minor strokes of fortune which occasionally befall an author, and we had the money to turn "The Home Beautiful" into a reality. This experiment of "The Home Beautiful" continued some thirteen years; and, running somewhat ahead of my testimony, during its final years—almost up to the day these lines are written—it was a large English-basement house in the very social center of our great city, where rentals and corresponding expenses are highest.

### III

I shall not go into the further development of my wife's profession except as it affects the relations between husband and wife and the family. "The Home Beautiful" had my fullest approval and such assistance as I could give it; for I have already stated that I wanted my wife to be happy in a career. Years before I had conceived this as essential to a happy marriage, and the new enterprise seemed to me to promise her such a career as she had long hungered for.

As time passed there were several consequences of "The House Beautiful" which profoundly affected each member of the family. First, there was the matter of finance. To maintain so large a house up to the standard of my wife's ideal meant a great deal of service; and to release my wife from the usual do-



domestic and maternal cares of wife and mother so that she would be unencumbered in her profession meant further service.

Hitherto in our married life the banking had been in my name, and I had signed the checks for the family bills. But from the beginning of "The Home Beautiful" enterprise it was taken for granted that I, being a writer, with no overhead and slight personal expense, could conduct my affairs without banking credit; whereas my wife, besides handling the family accounts, was now a business woman and required credit for the proper conduct of her business. With my hearty approval, a joint bank account was established which gave my wife free checking access to all my earnings. Without going into details not pertinent to this narrative, my wife's control over the family income slowly grew with the years until at length the control was entirely in her hands. My agent was given orders to deposit directly into my wife's account all money earned by me and collected in my behalf; and for the past seven years I have not once been into our bank, and the only money I have had for my personal use has been money turned over to me by my wife.

I may add that during all this "Home Beautiful" period my net income, though irregular, has averaged better than that of a United States Senator or a Justice of the Supreme Court—certainly enough to have supported my family in modest comfort without added earnings from my wife. I have often gone over the matter of income and family expenses, comparing them, with the husband of my wife's older sister, who has no separate career and at no time contributes to her family in terms of money. My brother-in-law lives comfortably for a professional man, has sent three children through college, and has laid by a modest competence, which is growing.

"John," he said to me one day with a troubled air, when we had been discussing money, "during all these years your

net income has averaged at least twice my net income. What's the matter?"

If at that time I saw the answer at least I did not give it to him.

With the expansion of my wife's ambitions and the need of space in which adequately to express and exhibit it, there came a contraction of the house space allotted to me. I had long had a desire for a study apart from my bedroom; but I needed so little physical equipment to earn my money—merely a desk and a table—that we were hardly more than installed in "The Home Beautiful" than I was crowded into my bedroom to do my work—and for the last thirteen years I have had a bedroom study, just as in the preceding years when such limited quarters were a necessity.

The house was my wife's place of business, the background and stage-setting of her ambition. She had her own private suite in which she lived entirely to herself, a room where she carried samples of materials, a secretary's room; and everything else in that great house was subordinated to the requirements of her career. And whenever we entertained she was inevitably the central figure, for this was her house, "The Home Beautiful" of her dream and her production.

My wife worked hard—as hard as two average women whose business it is to maintain a household. Gradually a change came about in our husband-and-wife relationship. It is difficult to be exact about the how and when in a slowly changing relationship that stretched over almost twenty years. But here is one concrete case. For myself I kept the hours most people keep; but since my wife had few clients during the early part of the day and could do best the concentrated planning for her career late in the night when there were no interruptions from our children, callers, or the telephone, she developed the habit of going to bed late and sleeping late in the morning, having her breakfast served in bed. This made it impossible for us to occupy the same living

quarters and meant the gradual elimination of the usual intimacies, sometimes inconsequential but dear, between husband and wife. For about a dozen years my wife occupied her suite on one floor of "The Home Beautiful" and I my bedroom-study on another floor. In the last six years I do not believe I have had six breakfasts with her. The children, as they came along, had their eight o'clock breakfast with me, for they had to be away to school.

In this gradual way, with the best of intentions on both sides, my wife came to dominate the family finances, she came to dominate all social functions in our house; for the house was essentially a stage-setting created to emphasize her personality and to create interest in her work. The house was never a home in which wife and husband were equal partners. It was the material expression of my wife's desire for an independent career.

My wife's great love was the children, and in turn they have always been devoted to her. She gave them her love unstintedly; she gave the best of her brains in planning for them; but naturally she could not bestow upon them the personal attention of a mother who has no second profession. I believe that our children, with the still unformulated senses of childhood, were not wholly happy in the management of this large house, where, if they stepped out of their own rooms, they felt they were continually stepping into one of our servants.

I shall never forget the remark one of my youngsters made to me. "Father," she asked wistfully, and with some resentment, "won't it ever be so that we can be just by ourselves, with no governess?"

Here is a by-product of my wife's control of finances which has perhaps always been a pettish annoyance. Our children knew that my wife was paying all the bills and they naturally conceived her as the source of all material things which affected their lives. So when they desired a pleasure that required

money, or when they needed money for some unexpected school expense, it was to her they went, not to me. It seemed to me that I did not count with my children.

#### IV

These various causes which removed my wife from me, absorbing all her mental and physical energies, and transforming "The Home Beautiful" into a matriarchy, brought about a slow, subtle, almost unconscious change in me. This change brought a great disaster into my own life and into all our lives. With the glorification of my wife and the consequent submergence of myself into the background of the home, there developed in me what, for lack of a more accurate phrase, I shall designate by the popular term "inferiority complex." My wife had achieved a brilliant artistic success. And although "The Home Beautiful" was not always a business success—in fact there were many periods of terrific financial strain—my wife was widely honored because on the purely artistic side of her work she had no superior.

Several years ago, when my income was ranging between twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year and the spending of it was almost entirely in my wife's hands, I mentally surveyed this unusual home in which I had by degrees become so insignificant a figure. I also mentally surveyed the splendid figure of my wife and the career which I had helped build for her. Black gloom enveloped me. My soul kept asking me what all our long struggle was for—what it was gaining for *me* as an individual. As between our two careers, my wife's career was the one which had always been the main concern of our joint struggle, and our home had become almost solely an element of her personal aggrandizement and an extension of her career.

In my bitter thoughts it came to me that after this struggle of years I had no home; I was merely the occupant of one



room in an institution of which my wife was the head. It came to me that I no longer had a wife; that I was merely living under the same roof with a woman who was primarily the head of her institution, and whose absorption in her career had destroyed the womanly qualities of a wife; and that she had become a sort of nun gradually adopting the driving and remote qualities of a great abbess. I felt myself a consummate failure.

We had money—lots of money. But there was no money for vacation, for travel, for adventure into beckoning realms of thought and study which did not offer a guaranteed financial return. So much time did my wife spend in juggling with and satisfying pressing accounts for the moment that it seemed to me hardly half her time went into creative, money-earning effort.

My reaction to this complicated situation, as I now see it, was that of stupidity and weakness. Instead of squarely facing my problem, I turned to the easiest method of escape. I began to drink. Prior to my marriage I had never even tasted alcohol, and during our married life up to this period my drinking had been limited to an occasional cocktail at a dinner party, and this had not caused me to fall out of step with my work for a minute. But soon I was drinking regularly, drinking with definite if reckless purpose to make myself forget that I had no wife and no home, and to dull the edge of my despair over the sense of the comparative futility of my own career. I sought the soothing stupor and the brief, false importance which alcohol can give to one conscious of defeat.

My distressed wife, seeking my cure, took me to many specialists and to several sanitariums. I knew what my trouble was: but I did not care; there was no incentive for me in life. Yet my instinct to keep my wife out of the matter prompted me not to tell this. Among the questions asked me by the specialists was one which was ever-recurring:

“What is your home life, what are your personal relations with your wife?”

I lied and said everything was normal and happy. The specialists, not probing deeply enough and finding no other explanation for my sudden turning to alcohol in my middle years, ascribed, with a stupidity equal to my own, my condition to the outcropping of a possible ancient seam in my family, and had me treated as an alcoholic.

On one occasion my wife brought an old friend to plead with me, an eminent man in our city, whose eminence is largely based upon his understanding of human beings and the complications in which they become involved. His plea, in the presence of my wife, followed the standard procedure.

“John,” the good man earnestly concluded, “you have name and friends. You have an admired and brilliant wife. You have a family of delightful children. In fact, you have everything a man needs to make him happy and contented. Why don’t you brace up and make your wife and home happy?”

The devil in me urged me to come back at him with:

“You dear jackass, you’re pleading with the wrong person”—but I held my tongue, and the next day I went to the second sanitarium.

During this period of drinking I worked hard and earned a fair amount of money. But my drinking, my not caring, and the sense of futility caused the loss of many old and valued business contacts.

After my return from the last sanitarium to which I was sent, I began drinking again. But shortly after I had a most serious and desperate session with myself. I knew what the basic trouble was, even if the doctors did not. As I saw matters at that time, and as I again reviewed my old problem of maintaining a happy marriage, the only solution to our situation was for me to try harder than ever before, make more money, lift from my wife all worry of the great financial strain caused by our overhead,

thereby re-establishing myself as a figure of some consequence in the family. To achieve this task meant that I must always be at my best, which, in turn, meant that I must cut out alcohol in every form.

The same day I reached this decision I went to the doctor who had been my sympathetic and patient friend throughout this period, and told him that I would never take another drink. Three years have elapsed, and I have kept my word. In other ways I have been weak or mistaken, but most certainly, I was not an alcohol addict.

I worked my hardest and sought to re-establish interrupted business contacts. But I was stale, I lacked the old flair; what I did I seemed to do through my craftsmanship and sheer effort. But I did regain some old contacts, my situation was turned back toward what it had been a few years before, and my financial returns were adequate to have maintained my family had its scale of living been that of the average family of men in my profession. But, as I have said, I had little to do with establishing our standard of living; and that standard of living was not in keeping with our actual needs and comforts.

At about the time when I was making this renewed great effort, my wife had several reverses in her affairs, and her income fell off alarmingly. Incidentally, she never seemed to have a proper understanding of the difference between gross income and net income—they were apparently the same in her eyes.

With our heavy overhead, our financial straits became more acute. My wife lived in economic agony, and I under so severe a strain as to make production slow and difficult.

"Why don't you do something to help me?" she cried out to me again and again.

"What more can I do," was my reply, "when every penny I earn goes into your hands, and when I am earning more now than I could hope to earn if I turned as a beginner to some other profession or to some business?"

And at other times in her desperation she cried out to me again and again, "Why don't you take me out of all this?"

"The only way I can possibly take you out," was my reply, "is for you and the family to live within my income."

"What, live in a tenement? Never! I can't run my business from a tenement!"

My net annual income, because of the irregularity of returns natural to my profession, has varied considerably since the far-away days of the launching of "The Home Beautiful"; but my worst year (and this came during my drinking periods) showed a net income of over ten thousand dollars—so the tenement need not have been an altogether unendurable place.

Matters drifted on, my wife always hoping for a turn for the better in our financial affairs. The shell of "The Home Beautiful" was somehow maintained; there was always a butler, or a finished parlor-maid, to answer the bell and receive my wife's clients, but there was no spending money in our pockets. Under the strain in which we had so long existed romance had been driven out of our lives, and even the placid companionship in marriage, the desire to build up and hold together a family as a unit, had almost disappeared. We spoke many times of a separation, divorce.

"Let's end this hollow show we're making before the world," my wife exclaimed, as almost every modern woman has at times exclaimed. "Any day you ask for a divorce I'll give it to you."

Nevertheless, nothing happened. Matters continued to drift on, growing more strained and complicated. About a year ago my wife undertook a piece of work which required her constant absence from our city for several months. One result of her absence was that my earnings came into my own hands for the first time in many years. Another result was that the bills for the first time in many years were referred to me. I was startled by the current bills of my first month's stewardship, but I promptly paid all I could upon them, and then



asked my wife's secretary to prepare for me a complete statement of all indebtedness.

I knew in a general way that our affairs were in a sad condition, but I was appalled by the concrete facts of our total indebtedness as expressed in the figures of the statement the secretary laid before me. I did not see how, living as we lived and keeping on living in such a way, we were ever going to stagger through to solvency. With those figures before me, I thought and thought. Finally I came to a conclusion which marked the end of the long years of struggle to secure married happiness by aiding my wife's separate career.

I had to take over control of my own earnings and the method of their disbursement in order to try to protect the future of the children, to lay up something if possible against rainy days and oncoming years. So long had matters been dominated by my wife that I saw that only extreme measures would regain for me this control—separation followed by divorce. The withdrawal of my earnings from the support of "The Home Beautiful" would automatically be the end of that draining enterprise, and would force us all down to a sound if bitter economic basis.

This decision, made in solitary thought, tore at all the fabric of my being; for I am of the generation that was bred in sentiment and conventional ideas regarding marriage. I wanted counsel and advice upon my decision, and the person I first sought out was the person who knew at first-hand the most about the development of affairs in our family—my older daughter. I showed her the financial statement my wife's secretary had prepared and told her that I had decided that the one way out for all of us was separation and divorce.

My daughter showed no such distress as I had suffered. She was sorry, but she had a sane balance. She said in her direct, clear-minded fashion, that my proposed decision was the only practical procedure—that she would help in the economic readjustment—and she kissed me warmly at the end of our discussion. Incidentally, this experience with my daughter is one more item which makes me believe that the best of the much berated present young generation is far more sane and wholesome in its attitude toward the realities of life than the generation which gave it birth.

I moved my few personal belongings out of "The Home Beautiful" and, in as friendly a spirit as the circumstances made possible, wrote my wife that I had decided we had been right in our earlier discussions about separation. I asked for a divorce, and I offered to be financially responsible for the maintenance of the children.

When I next saw my wife, some three months later, we met as friends, but the meeting took place in the presence of our respective lawyers. She agreed to the proposal of a separation but she was not prepared for divorce. She explained that her profession made her something of a public figure, and divorce might injure her career.

Here ends my narrative of the long experiment of two careers in one family made by two earnest people. "The Home Beautiful" is no more; the family, as a unit, no longer exists; and my wife, with my best wishes, is now carrying on her career upon a more modest basis. As for me, in many respects I am back where I was before my marriage. I occupy modest bachelor lodgings and, with my wife's best wishes, I am striving to start my career all over again.



## GEORGE SAND: DAUGHTER OF EVE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

A HUNDRED years ago a young French woman, Amande Aurore Lucie Dupin, better known as George Sand, tried all the radicalism, all the rebellion, all the emancipations that are supposed to make the college girl of to-day and tried them with a thorough fervor and completeness that no college girl of to-day could possibly surpass. Few persons have had a more picturesque inheritance than Aurore Dupin. Among her ancestors she counted a King of Poland, an opera-dancer, and a tenor who sang about the popular concert halls. Born in the climax of the Napoleonic period, in 1804, losing her father when very young, she was brought up in a conflict between her grandmother, who belonged to the old regime, and her mother, who belonged to the new. Yet she had the essentials of strict French education, having been largely trained in a convent. Here on the one hand she went through an extreme experience of passionate mysticism and then she passed to the other excess of social enjoyment, in both marking characteristic traits of her intensely enthusiastic and intensely human temperament.

After she got out into the world her mother finally succeeded in bringing about a thoroughly French conventional marriage. Casimir, Baron Dudevant, was a typical country squire, who drank, swore, gambled, and ran after women. He appreciated and respected his wife's superiority and was disposed on the whole to do well by her. But the superiority disconcerted and irritated him. He did not know how to meet it and in the end he found it unendurable.

Aurore at first adapted herself to domestic life with reasonable decorum, and for eight years she continued to be a respectable wife and mother. She bore two children, and maternal devotion was at all times one of her most marked characteristics. But gradually her restlessness and discontent grew intolerable. Her husband was always indifferent and sometimes brutal. And she came more and more to feel that there were things that she was not getting out of life that she might get and ought to get. In the last of these domestic years there came up a Platonic regard for a certain Aurélian de Sèze, with whom the young wife carried on an ardent correspondence, and when this affair grew to a climax and broke off she felt that the end had come and that she must organize her world on a different basis.

She explained matters to her husband as well as she could, as well as such a situation could be explained; and it must be admitted that on the whole he took it with surprising equanimity. In the end he agreed to give her a very modest allowance and to let her spend a portion of every year in complete independence in Paris, while the remainder of the time was to be passed at Nohant in the country with her family.

It was a singular arrangement, but it just suited Aurore. Her life in Paris, when she got there, was perfectly bohemian. For some years before it had been her practice to ride about her country home in man's costume, and now she bobbed her hair and went through the Paris streets and restaurants in inconspicuous boy's clothing. She



smoked cigarettes and cigars like any college girl of to-day, and she threw herself into the literary life with all the fervor and all the ardor of creation. At first she had her difficulties. Editors and publishers were reluctant to take her seriously: they could not believe that a young woman from the country could write anything worth while. But she had indomitable courage and persistence, she never gave up. And when she wrote *Indiana* and *Valentine* and *Lélia*, she had the literary world at her feet.

These novels were stories of sex that would enrapture the young woman of the present day, not indeed in the actual tissue of the narrative, since they are long-winded and sentimental and not in the taste or tone that to-day prefers. But the substance is the same, the longing of the heart for understanding and sympathy, the vast struggle to realize impossible desires, the tendency to self-expression in all directions.

And if George Sand tried to write sex stories, she was also determined to live them. Not a page of life was to be left unturned, not a savor to be left unrelished. No experiment, however mad, however wild, was to be undared, undone. In this spirit she entered on the long list of experimental lovers, with whom she endeavored to satisfy the unconquerable quest for the impossible. First there was Jules Sandeau, who gave her half of his name and wrote her early novels with her, and deceived her and undeceived her, or so she thought. And there was Mérimée, for a little time, who seemed as hopelessly unsuited to her as a human being could be. And there was the long romance with Alfred de Musset, which came near to wrecking both their lives. There was the passionate idyl at Fontainebleau, and the long disillusion in Venice, which both of them told over in strange, high-wrought narratives afterwards. And in the midst of this Venetian ecstasy George went astray with the Italian doctor Pagello, lured ap-

parently by his healthy vigor and sane masculinity, as compared with Musset's over-sensitive and unreal poetical temperament.

After she returned home, it was the advocate who was defending her cause and helping her to get a final separation from her husband who for the time established an ascendancy over her, until his domination became too urgent and too annoying. And this infatuation yielded at length to the influence and presence of Chopin, who for eight years was an inmate of George's household, traveled with her, worked with her, suffered and enjoyed with her, and for the time mingled her life so much with the tissue of his own that it seemed as if they could never be torn apart.

And all the time she was writing life as well as living it, turning her own passionate experience into more passionate stories for others. And all the time she was living a home life as a mother and even as a wife; for after all she was an essentially domestic creature, and home habits and home thoughts and home preoccupations were essential to her, and she believed that there was nothing in the world she cared so much for as she did for her children, and perhaps she was right.

## II

Through all these mad adventures and strange experiences the distinguishing feature and the fundamental characteristic of George Sand's temperament was her essential idealism. And I ask myself whether in this she differs from the young person of the present day, whether the cynical after-experience of the great war has really destroyed the illusions of youth, or whether there is still underneath the undying aspiration and the unconquerable hope. Certainly these things were present in George Sand always, and always she retained an extraordinary, persistent power of self-delusion about persons and

things. The remarkable point is that, especially in earlier years, the delusion was accompanied by the most piercing bursts and flashes of clear vision, of cynical disillusion, when for the moment all the bare ugliness of fact and truth stood out in its prevailing horror. No one could appreciate this horror or state it more clearly or violently, for the time, than she did. Then the illusion again involved the world, and men and women and life were once more enveloped in a mist of tenderness and love and charm. In her own engaging phrase: "I know nothing in the world but loving and believing in an ideal."

The most striking illustration of George Sand's idealism is her Autobiography, the *Histoire de Ma Vie*. Here everything is in a sense veracious. There is truth of detail, undeniable record of indisputable fact. Yet somehow, over everything, there is a sweet, sunlit glow, a pervading atmosphere of gentle tenderness, which transforms and transfigures, gives a touch of unreality, or more properly, of ideality, to the most unpromising incidents and the most unattractive people.

We get this effect at the very threshold with the elaborate studies of the grandmother and the mother. Both these women are suggested and portrayed as they really were no doubt, at moments almost remorselessly. Yet something in the perspective, something in the grace of touch, something in the handling of the accessories, makes us see them with the charm and the attraction that they both had for the daughter and the granddaughter, with the real devotion that she undoubtedly felt for both of them, different as they were.

If George Sand was a thorough-going idealist as a daughter and granddaughter, she was equally so as a mother. She worshipped her son Maurice from his cradle with adoration and admiration, but he only moderately justified the feelings. He had a touch of his mother's gift, but he was an amateur, where she was always professional. He was by

no means ever the genius that his mother thought he was.

With Solange, the daughter, the case was different. Solange, as so often happens, was too like her mother for the two to get on comfortably together. She ran much the same career that her mother did, but she had not the illusions; and to the mother the illusions were the essence of life. George did her best, but she complains in despair of how little she accomplished, "I brought her into the world, I cherished her, whipped her, adored her, spoiled her, scolded her, punished her, pardoned her, and with it all I do not understand her in the least."

Solange quarreled with Maurice because of a young woman, whom the mother, rather unwisely, introduced into the family. The daughter married a brute, against her mother's wishes, left him, and began the same irregular life that her mother had lived, to her mother's infinite disgust. Yet with it all the mother did what she could to keep on good terms with Solange to the end, and the death of Solange's little daughter Jeanne was one of the cruelest blows the grandmother ever had to meet.

George Sand was an idealist in general human relations as well as in the more personal. She had a genius for friendship and the supreme gift of seeing and cherishing what was best in those she loved. In general society she was neither easy nor responsive. She was not especially beautiful, small and almost insignificant, when you first met her, but what everyone emphasizes is the searching power and penetrating impression of her dark eyes. She had little wit, little laughter herself, though she had a strange vein of nonsense, which appears in some of the early letters to Flaubert. She liked to have a whirlwind of gayety about her, and the house at Nohant was often alive with practical jokes and a robust sort of fooling, which delighted Maurice but was sometimes rather disconcerting to casual visitors. The hostess herself, however, took little part in all this, but moved



through it, indifferent, quiet, evasive, absorbed in her own thoughts and dreams.

The climax, the fine flower, the full embodiment of George Sand's ideal instinct and genius for friendship appear in the correspondence between her and Flaubert, which, like that between Goethe and Schiller, or between Emerson and Carlyle, is one of the great spiritual exchanges of the world, and is perhaps the most remarkable. What is notable is the way in which George secures and maintains her spiritual superiority. Able and noble as Flaubert was, you feel in her the larger and the loftier nature, and, as with Emerson and Carlyle, you are all the time aware, in Emerson's own phrase, that George Sand is "writing down to Flaubert" and that he appreciates and instinctively acknowledges her supremacy.

But the chief manifestation of George Sand's idealism was undoubtedly in her love affairs, and it is here above all that her vast effort to realize the impossible finds its scope and its full play. She was determined to distill the last drop, the last atom of celestial rapture that love would yield her, and she made upon poor human nature demands more severe than it could by any means satisfy. She wanted love to develop every aspect and phase of emotion. The mother-instinct, especially, was marked in her; in her own words, "my dominant passion, as you say, has been maternity." This makes her an excellent mark for the comment of the Freudians, and the Œdipus theory has in her one of its most luminous illustrations. Indeed, both she and Musset note, with a sort of shrinking horror, a maternal element in their caresses, and they both mark it as almost approaching incest.

In consequence of this maternal quality it has been suggested and asserted that the mere passion of the senses was a lesser feature in George Sand's love-making than the imagination, and that in this aspect she was not a lover of the most violent order. But this seems to

me a misunderstanding, so far as one can judge on such a point, and I believe that she was to the full as capable of passion as any woman could be. The distinction in her case was that she had in a high degree the feminine reluctance to accept the flesh without the spirit, she was passionately bound to infuse the ardor of the spirit into the last intensity of physical rapture. Her attitude is well summed up in the lines of the old poet D'Avenant,

Fond maids, who love with mind's stuff  
would mend,  
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

But George Sand has expressed the same thing most vividly and effectively in the letter of astonishingly frank self-confession which she wrote to Grzymala as a prelude to accepting Chopin as a lover. In regard to physical love she says, "This way of looking at the last embrace of love has always been repugnant to me. If the last embrace is not as sacred, as pure, as devoted as the rest, there is no virtue in abstaining from it. . . . Can there be for lofty natures a purely physical love and for sincere natures a purely intellectual one? . . . To distrust the *flesh* cannot be good and useful except for those who are all *flesh*. . . . The magnet embraces the iron, the animals come together by the difference of sex. . . . Man alone regards this miracle which takes place simultaneously in his soul and his body as a miserable necessity, and he speaks of it with distrust, with irony, or with shame. This is passing strange. The result of this fashion of separating the spirit from the flesh is that it has necessitated convents and brothels." Always the cry of the incurable idealist, and one recurs to D'Avenant,

Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

With such an attitude towards the possibilities and the satisfactions of love, it is obvious that George Sand would not be likely to find much contentment

in lovers of flesh and blood. She did not. She tried one after another, demanded of all of them raptures and ecstasies and perfection that human nature could not give, and the result was disillusion and disaster.

In the search for the fulfilment of her ideal she turned first to one typical aspect of it and then to another. Musset, for example, the frail, delicate, high-wrought, sensitive, poetical child, brought out all the maternal instinct in her. Her first thought with him was care and fostering tenderness and motherly solicitude. For a long time they clung to each other with desperate passion. Life apart seemed absolutely impossible, and the alternative of death together was to be preferred and sought: "All this, you see, is a game that we are playing; but our hearts and our lives are the stakes, and things are not quite so gay as they appear to be. Shall we go blow out our brains together at Franchart? It will be the quickest and easiest way."

Then there was the strange interlude of the Venetian doctor Pagello, to whom the lady offered herself, apparently because he embodied an ideal of sanity and health and robust common sense and everything that the frail and nervous poet had not. And here again there was disappointment; for muscle and common sense were no more satisfying in the end than imagination and nerves.

And the next resource was the radical and political advocate, who represented brains. Perhaps after all brains were a surer comfort, a more adequate source of companionship, than either nerves or muscles. But the brain failed also, proved in the end hard and dry and exacting, even more difficult to live with comfortably than the muscles or the nerves.

So the poor lady once more resorted to the fundamental instinct of mother and nurse and took on her hands the invalid Chopin, and kept him for eight years, more as a tenderly fostered and protected child than as a lover. Yet all

the time she resented the lack of love, and of the terrible, furious exchange of passion which was just as necessary to her as the fostering tenderness. And in the end she wearied of being nurse and mother, wearied finally of the hopeless attempt to be lover at all, and settled down, with age and satiety, to the gray and dreary acceptance of a life in which love was an admitted impossibility and the ideal must remain forever unrealized.

But through all this wide Odyssey of amorous quest, what is notable is the singular ideal candor of her spiritual attitude. Never once does the notion of offense or sinning occur to her. Her aim throughout has been of the highest, her intention has been pure. Of what account is it that her action has sometimes faltered and gone astray? How delightful is her description of herself as "*presque vierge*," or as our slang of to-day would have it, a "near virgin." There is no sense of soil or stain about her, no admission of wrong-doing in any way whatever. The perpetual cry of her heroines and herself, the Valentines, the Indianas, the Lélías, is that life is imperfect and inadequate and incomplete, not they themselves. It is the old, old wail of the unsatisfied idealist, the demand for the impossible, the perpetual aspiration and the perpetual disillusion that inevitably accompanies it. And no better words can be found for it than the passionate utterance of Lélia herself: "Love, Stenio, is not what you think; it is not the violent bending of all the faculties towards a created being, it is the sacred aspiration of the most ethereal portion of our soul toward the unknown. Creatures bound down by impassable limits, we ceaselessly seek to delude the insatiable desires that consume us; we strive to find them an object near at hand and, poor prodigals that we are, we endow our perishable idols with all the immaterial beauty that adorns our dreams. The emotions of the senses do not suffice us. Nature has nothing perfect enough in all its treasure-house of naïve joys to



appease the thirst for happiness that is within us: we require heaven, and we have it not."

### III

As George Sand was an idealist in the more general human relations, so it would naturally be expected that she would be an idealist in her art, in her chosen profession of novel-writing. She was an idealist in the general conception and handling of her work and in the method and detail of it. Long and laborious planning to carry out elaborately conceived intellectual effort was not her way. Everything was inborn, instinctive, spontaneous. From her childhood she was a weaver of dreams, and when she determined to write, all she had to do was to weave her dreams and reveries into tangible human relations. As she puts it herself, broadly and generally, "Literature must be the outcome, direct or indirect, of the ideal."

As her conceptions were instinctive and spontaneous, her method of production was equally so. She could drop down and write anywhere. She had paper and pens all over the house, so that she could catch her thoughts whenever they overcame her. She could write with the children playing about her and the parrot chattering. Her work undeniably had the defects of improvisation. It was often slovenly, heedless and incomplete, unfinished. But it had the charm of improvisation also, the wide, sure sweep, the divine, natural ease, the unfailing, instinctive grace of movement. All these things Flaubert saw and envied, and wondered how she achieved at a touch the easy perfection which he toiled so long and so vainly to attain. With George Sand to write was as natural as to breathe, and it is quite credible that the stories flowed so easily that she could finish one after midnight and begin another before morning.

Again, the idealistic attitude shows in the treatment of ambition, the long and eager quest for distinction and glory. No one felt the enthusiasm of her art

more than George Sand did, "her art which she loved more than anything else in the world." But just because it was all inborn, there was little conscious effort about it. She did not deliberately seek success because of the popularity and glory that went with it. She wrote because it was natural to her and she could not help it. It was her form of expressing the deepest needs and passions of her spirit. They were in her and they had to come out: "As I have no ambition to be known, I never shall be. The greater part of writers live in bitterness and struggle, I know; but those who have no greater ambition than to earn their livelihood live in the shadow peaceably." And no doubt many authors make these disclaimers of ambition, and in most cases one suspects either self-deception or deliberate hypocrisy under such statements. But they seem to come as near being true with George Sand as with anyone.

There is the idealistic attitude again in regard to money. Personally, George Sand's needs and her habits were simple. She was indifferent to luxury and required for herself only the bare necessities of life. Also, she was always honorably scrupulous in money matters. An obligation was an annoyance to her and a debt was quite intolerable. It distressed her to have her affairs out of order and to feel that she had undertaken financial responsibilities which she could not meet.

On the other hand, with money, as with other things, order and system were repugnant to her. Routine she hated; and for most of us in money matters routine is the only safety. And she was at all times an immense and constant spender. It was not her own personal needs that consumed the money. It was the needs and demands of those about her, and her generosity was unlimited.

Consequently, she was too often short of cash and had to get it as best she could, and the result was not always advantageous to her art. Too many of her

chapters, if not books, showed a tendency to become pot-boilers under the unfortunate influence of financial pressure.

With the passage of years the money did flow in, and with it came glory and popular applause. And it would be idle to deny that George Sand enjoyed these things, however she might disclaim them and announce her indifference to them. When men praised her, she liked it, and above all, when they neglected her and grew indifferent and turned to other work and other workers, she felt the sting. There is no field of the artist's effort where these successes and failures are appreciated more immediately or more tangibly than in the theater, and for many years George Sand tried her fortune in the theater, with varying success and with infinite satisfaction as well as disappointment.

If George Sand was an idealist in artistic method and attitude, she was quite as much so in artistic achievement. Not for her was the slow laborious rendering of the sordid detail of the surface of life, but there was always the impetuous effort to transform and transfigure reality with ideal beauty. Sometimes this was accomplished by artistic climaxes; and when these grew naturally and logically out of the movement and development of the story, they were often in a high degree impressive and effective, as with the admirable theatrical triumphs of *Consuelo*, which it is impossible for any sympathetic reader to resist. And again there was deference to the cheap romantic devices of the day, the hidden trapdoors, the mysterious caverns, the tricks and passwords, which make the later portion of this same *Consuelo* rather wearisome to the modern reader. Even in the best of her novels George Sand was too much inclined to claptrap of this sort, in the vein of *The Castle of Otranto* and *Mrs. Radcliffe*.

The same idealism of handling appears in the region of character. This was never George Sand's strong point, and her range and variety of human

types is comparatively limited. For women it may well be said that the only figure that she drew with real power and success was herself. There is always a contrasted type, for purposes of conflict and comparison, the Anais of *Valentine*, the Pulchérie of *Lélia*, the Amélie of *Consuelo*. But in many of the novels the same heroine appears, strong, modest, self-contained, unpretentious, but dominant and dominating, Valentine, Indiana, Consuelo, the Thérèse of *Elle et Lui*, Lucrezia Floriani—above all, *Lélia*, and always this heroine is George Sand herself. It is curious to see how the same personage is manifest in the Autobiography, *Histoire de Ma Vie*, and always with the leading position, the *beau rôle*. The extraordinary thing is that this figure should be so dominant and so charming, and every one of these heroines commends herself with a winning magic that is difficult to understand.

It is far otherwise with the heroes. It is indeed humiliating to the human male to feel that women so shrewd, so keen-sighted, and so different as Jane Austen and George Sand should misunderstand and misinterpret him so completely—if only they did not understand him too well. And under it all you cannot help feeling a vast instinctive contempt, a sense that the sole function of the male is to fecundate the female and then die. Now masculine vanity does not wholly relish this conception of the end and aim of the male human being in the universe.

It is curious to reflect that this conception of the great feminine idealist finds its counterpart, to a large extent, in the treatment of the world's great realistic artist, Shakespeare. The men of Shakespeare certainly appear—to other men—more real than those of George Sand, but their reality is to the full as earthy as that of her men. And Shakespeare's women have the ideal superiority, the Portias, the Violas, the Imogens have the celestial, sustained perfection that belongs to *Lélia* and *Consuelo*.

But undoubtedly what most idealizes all these elements in George Sand is the



charm and the magic of her style. It is not in all ways a perfect style. It is too facile, too flowing, at times almost approaching the slipshod. But its very quality of improvisation gives it a divine ease and grace which all the long labor of Flaubert could never equal. There is a depth and a delicacy of rhythm, which no translation can suggest, but which is hardly surpassed in any French prose anywhere. It is this echoing, resonant, rhythmic quality that Thackeray indicated when he said that George Sand's diction "recalled the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

The most enduring element of beauty in George Sand, the source of unfailing delight, is her description of the natural world. Here she had not only poetic idealism, but a secure basis of exact and scientific observation, since she was a trained botanist and geologist. And the strength and depth of her nature feeling lie in her sense of the simple things of every day that are about us everywhere. She often felt and described striking scenes and exceptional situations. But she was most at home in the landscape of her own Berry with which she had grown up and her best novels are full of this landscape, *Valentine* and the simple pastoral stories, *La Petite Fadette*, *François Le Champi*, which are perhaps her most permanent work. In all these there is the feeling of open fields and clear sky, of winding wood-paths traced through the witchery of sinuous green, of delicate ferns and fading flowers, scattered in exhaustless profusion over the nuptials of lovers and their burial places.

And after the gorgeous luxury of summer days, there is the serene majesty of winter nights, and the tranquil splendor of the stars. Perhaps no writer has rendered this high-wrought glory of night with more largeness or more intensity than George Sand, as for example in the invocation to Sirius, in *Lélia*: "Sirius, king of the long nights, sun of the somber winter, thou that precedest the dawn in

autumn and plungest beneath our horizon in quest of the sun of spring! Brother of the sun, Sirius, monarch of the firmament, thou who bravest the white clarity of the moon when all the other stars pale before her, and who piercest with eye of fire the heavy veil of misty nights. O the fairest, O the grandest, the most brilliant of the torches of the night, pour down thy white rays upon my dewy locks, restore hope to my trembling soul and vigor to my frozen limbs. Shine about my head, illuminate my path, pour upon me the waves of thy rich light. King of the night, guide me to the beloved of my heart!"

#### IV

As the final phase of George Sand's idealism, we should consider its interpenetration of her intellectual and spiritual life.

She was a thorough-going idealist in politics and threw herself with wholehearted ardor into all the democratic enthusiasm of her time. The revolution of 1848 inspired her with all the hopes, all the vague aspirations that it brought to so many eager lovers of humanity, and when it failed and passed into the imperialism of Napoleon the Third, the disappointment was as crushing for her as for others, though her ardent power of hoping reconciled her to the new regime more speedily than others were able to accomplish it.

Sainte-Beuve reproaches George Sand with her readiness to adopt political ideas second-hand from others; and it is true that she was quick to catch new theories and was a ready and responsive follower of Saint-Simonism, and of the notions of Le Roux, of Mazzini, and of many other political agitators. What Sainte-Beuve misses is the human intensity and the inborn fervor of instinctive idealism which enabled George Sand to take these theories of others into her own spirit and make them her own with a new significance and far-reaching vitality. These qualities of human love

and sympathy were precisely what Sainte-Beuve lacked, and the abundance of them is what makes George Sand eternally lovable and great. It is her undying belief in human nature and her unbounded love for it, even when she does not and cannot believe in it, that will always make her attractive. Love was the essential principle of her life, love for individuals, love for mankind in general, a spontaneous outflow of maternal tenderness, as inexhaustible as it is delightful: "I pity humanity, I want it to be good, because I cannot separate myself from it, because it is myself, because the evil that it does cuts me to the heart, because its shame makes me blush, because its crimes wring my soul, because I cannot conceive of paradise either in earth or heaven for myself alone."

The distinguishing feature of George Sand's intellectual life was an incessant, restless, unappeasable mental activity. Her thinking may not have been always original or profound, but it was manifold and unceasing. In the preface to *Lélia* she speaks of "the anguish which is inexplicable to those who live without seeking the cause and the end of life." She was not one of them: life to her was a matter of questions and problems and she was agonized by the ceaseless endeavor to solve the problems and to answer the questions. Even in her childhood she ran over a vast collection of French and English and German philosophers, and the result was a jumble of speculation from which she never altogether escaped.

The first phase of this spiritual effort was an application of her uncompromising ideal standards to the actual facts of life with disastrous consequences. Compared with her dream of what the world should be, the realization of what it actually was was hideous, disgusting, unthinkable; and she fell into a despairing pessimism, from which the only refuge was passionate rebellion, the determination to do everything that in her lay to make the world different and more like the ideal that she had always dreamed.

Nowhere are there finer, more immortal utterances of this Promethean attitude,

The courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome,

than in some of the pages of *Lélia*.

The inevitable outcome of such disgust with this world was the thought of leaving it. From a very early age the idea of suicide seems to have been a familiar one, and death was prefigured not as something horrible, but as a sweet possible refuge, an always open door of escape. "Oh, enlighten me, infinite light. Why hast thou permitted that from my tenderest age death has always appeared to me so beautiful and so attractive?" Not only in the tragic climaxes of love-affairs, but at many other periods, this thought of suicide intrudes and recurs.

But such an attitude cannot continue: it must terminate or change. The two alternatives appear to be, either to get out of life finally and completely or to accept it as it is. And with the passage of years George Sand compels herself to such acceptance and makes it ample and entire. The transition by which this is effected is the transference of emphasis from self to others. Not to live in the meager, circumscribed I, but in the larger, ampler unity of all things, that is the transforming secret: "This feeling that *the whole* is greater, nobler, stronger, and better than we, keeps us in the lovely dream that you call the illusions of youth and that I for my part call the ideal, that is, the view and the sense of what is true above the circle of the narrower horizon. I am an optimist in spite of all that has torn me to pieces, it is perhaps the sole great quality that I have."

This sense of the whole takes the more definite and concrete form of a growing belief in God. Even in earlier days *Lélia* had been haunted by a mystical preoccupation with the divine; but as time went on, this vague instinct of spiritual communion crystallizes to an increasing confidence in a more concrete deity, something analogous to the *Dieu des bon gens*



of Béranger, a tolerant, amiable, creating, sustaining father, who is patient with the waywardness of his creatures because he is responsible for it. And with the belief in God goes a steady belief in a future life and an assurance that we shall once more, somewhere, somehow see and converse and live with those we love. This belief is insisted upon frankly because life is felt to be impossible without it.

For it must be admitted that, charming and attractive as this later spiritual phase of George Sand is, there is a certain unreality in it which detracts something from its value. She herself, with the magnificent candor and clear-sightedness which is one of her chief charms, was ready to the end to admit the forced and artificial quality of her optimistic attitude. There were moments when the rosy veil of idealism was split and torn apart, when she became bitterly aware of the hollowness and emptiness of a life lived wholly for others, and a black gulf of doubt and death opened yawning beneath her feet. Such a moment is suggested in this passage of a late letter to Flaubert: "How you torment yourself and how you allow life to overcome you. For what you complain of is life: it has never been better for anyone or in any age. We feel it more or less, we understand it more or less, we suffer from it more or less, and the more one is in advance of the age in which one lives, the more one suffers. We pass like shadows on a background of clouds, which the sun hardly and rarely pierces, and we cry unceasingly for this sun which cannot be had. It is our business to clear away the clouds as best we can." Then the rosy veil knits together again, she reaffirms her would-be tranquil assur-

ance of God and of the future, and forgets.

It is because of this element of unreality in her optimistic attitude that, at any rate to those who do not perfectly sympathize with that attitude, the real, the immortal George Sand will remain the poet of an earlier day, the *Lélia* whom she so often declared to be identified with herself, the spirit of eternal longing, eternal question, eternal despair. It is the magnificent rebel who demanded of existence the impossible, which it could never yield, who at all times asked too much of life, who was passionately set upon making the world over on an ideal model, who looked and longed for "the ideal life, which is none other than the normal life as we are called to know it." And no utterance of hers will endure longer or echo more supremely in the ear of the world than the outcry of *Lélia* on the platform of Camaldoli: "I grope in darkness and my tired arms grasp nothing save delusive shadows. And for ten thousand years, as the sole answer to my cries, as the sole comfort in my wretchedness, I hear astir, over this earth accurst, the despairing sob of impotent agony. For ten thousand years I have cried in infinite space: *Truth! Truth!* For ten thousand years infinite space keeps answering me: *Desire, Desire.* O Sibyl forsaken! O mute Pythia! dash then thy head against the rocks of thy cavern, and mingle thy raging blood with the foam of the sea; for thou deemest thyself to have possessed the almighty Word, and these ten thousand years thou art seeking him in vain." Such an outcry may be tragic, hopeless, despairing, terrible: it is at least real, and there is a vast depth of human nature under it.



## HOSPITAL NIGHT

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

IT is after seven, and the last nurse has put in her head, to see if I have any flowers. If I have they go to spend the night in the weighing bath-room. She is a vapid young thing, round blue eyes and round yellow curls under her cap, but I try to keep her.

"It is going to be a warm night," I begin.

Her intention is kind but her attention wanders. She will be off duty in another five minutes. "You'll be fine," she says. "You'll have a nice long sleep." She goes starchily away, to a giggling good time most certainly; one can hear the lilt of it in her escaping feet.

I might as well read. My head does not ache any worse when I read than when I don't. This is said resentfully and untruthfully at some imaginary objection. Curious, that shadow of disapproval eternally hanging over one's actions. I suppose it is the effect of having grown up in a large family.

My books are not the result of choice; they have simply happened. There is the Bible that is in the top bureau drawer of every room. I have been reading with a strong sense of astonishment the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. There seems to be no historical basis for the ancient couplet about Nebuchadnezzar; it probably was born of the fact that King of the Jews rhymes with shoes. I write poetry that way myself. I am not so familiar with the Bible as I should be—I notice that people always say "as I should be" in that connection—because in my family it was considered priggish to be caught with the holy book in one's

lap. "Reading the *Bi-ble!*" I can hear the jibe to this day and feel a swift impulse to slip the book under the covers if the door opens.

I have magazines—but I would rather write them than read them; a book by a reformed thief, detailing his prison experiences—but I am in no mood for brutalities; a lusty chronicle of Eighteenth Century Germany, full of rape and torture; *David Copperfield* in thin paper, better than ever at this *n*th rereading, but so sad. Can't a happy book beliterature, or literature be happy? I resolve that I will write such a book and then, when I fall ill, I shall have it to read. I have also a French novel, no sadder than marital unfaithfulness, which, however painful in English, does not seem so very sad in French; but the bad print hurts my eyes. French eyes must be made of strong stuff. But perhaps it is only Americans who read French novels.

Then there is a tale of a dreary youth who runs away from home and grows into a dreary man, having never smiled once in three hundred and sixty-five pages. . . . No, the literature of to-day is not suited to hospital reading. In stout health I can savor pain and revere the truth of tragedy, but lay me low and all this acquired taste falls off; I am back in the great American mass that wrecks our plays and our magazines with its refusal to be hurt. For what does one read, go to plays? Not, please heaven, to be amused only, but to learn human truth, to get light on human relations; in health I can sit through anything that promises to satisfy this passion of



curiosity about the human soul. But in sickness I want to be comforted, to be told that things sometimes do come right; I want my faith in joy reinforced. So I play a form of solitaire known as Idiot's Delight, but solve it the first time, which ends that. When it fails one is annoyed, but one can at least go on with it. I play a hand or two of bridge, all the cards face up, being strictly honorable about taking finesses even when I see that they will lose. Eight o'clock, and a powder. We must like life very much indeed that we take all this trouble to keep it going.

Close to my window there is a balcony, opening from the hall, pleasant with awning and wicker. In the daytime patients settle there to get acquainted and tell one another in detail just what and where the trouble is. I should find these conversations exhausting, appalling if I had to take a visible and active part in them; lying here hidden, overhearing them, I find them most diverting. Who will explain me this? I try to lay it to that same human curiosity, eager for revelations of how people talk to one another when I am not there—the endlessly fascinating invisible cloak that is the supreme gift of fiction. But it may also be because listening is both ill-bred and unlawful, and the unregenerate soul does enjoy a little mild transgressing. Sin certainly is very rare in my walk of life; and not many of my contemporaries will admit any interest in it. My balcony daily reminds me how ethically minded they are, the American women of my generation. I heard one to-day, at comfortable length:

"Well, I say it isn't any good complaining, it only makes it harder for yourself as well as for everyone else. . . . What if everything isn't perfect or the way you'd have it at home—just make the best of it and remember that there's a good many other sick folks here besides yourself. . . . I'm here to do just what the doctor tells me, whether I like it or not. . . ." *et*

*palata et palata.* I agree with every word of it, but I resent its expression. Why not be good naturally, as an unconscious and unmarked effect of ordinary decency, and let the pleasant result speak for itself? The cleaning up of the character should be as private as the cleaning up of the body. Self-consciousness can mar virtue as thoroughly as it mars beauty.

The wire door leading to the balcony squeaks. Patients are tucked up at this hour, and the step is rubber-shod, a nurse's. It is a perfect evening, soft and moonlit, marred only by a flat squalling from the maternity wing. That baby bleats like a new lamb for three hours every night. The wire door squeaks again, and a second step comes out, rubbered but heavier. So! I listen tensely, shamelessly. If this proves to be an episode, I can bear it better to-morrow when my contemporary tells how as a young girl she was always well conducted and never cheapened herself as girls do nowadays.

The nurse speaks, "Mrs. Ballard thinks she left her spectacles out here."

The other voice is heavier but grievously female, "She's found them under her pillow. Mr. Peters complains that the awning creaks. I guess he imagines it." They go in together. Alas!

Another powder.

I wish I knew how to think. All these hours of all these days and nights, put end to end, could result in a mental edifice of real size: a complete system of philosophy, a rearrangement of beliefs, a new comprehension of life. How does one set about it, to think? I can feel and I can write, but the process in between seems to be lacking. I have never had time for it. If every other activity ceased the telephone would ring. In my rashness I said not long ago that I wished I might be boxed for a while, out of reach of life, and take stock. The bluff was promptly called: no one still above ground could be more completely boxed; but nothing mental



happens. After long weeks of it my soul is still listening for the telephone.

I have learned one thing, and that is how real the laughter in the trenches was. When the X-ray man, carried away by enthusiasm for the likeness he had caught of my interior economy, went on to, "and the autopsy often reveals—" he was struck by panic realization that that word was not tactful under the circumstances, and switched it off with, "Of course, I mean, when they die of something else and we just happen to find this condition." I agreed gravely, noticing nothing, but back in my own room I laughed my head off. And, the superintendent of nurses happening in, I told it to her, and she sat down to have her laugh out. We were both in the trenches, and the fun was hilarious. Incidentally, I am not going to die, unless of sheer boredom at these endless nights; but the fact was not then so well established.

Nine o'clock, and the last powder. Now nothing will happen until seven A.M. All day the nurses do a steady marathon through my room, at fifteen-minute intervals. If they can't think of anything more to do to me they put in their heads to see if someone else is here, and often I cry out for peace; but after an hour or two of the night quiet I would welcome the emptiest white cap that might come through the door. They break the hours into bits and so make them seem shorter. And they always come in like good news. It may be only hospital policy, but they give an effect of vigor and enthusiasm, of liking their job. I have never met a bored nurse. The young doctor who follows in my doctor's train picks up books, plays with penknives, fidgets boyishly at the tedium of a non-critical case, so that I feel apologetic for detaining him; but the nurses never lose their air of sympathetic interest. Even in the dead of night the summoning light brings them smiling. When morning absolutely refuses to draw any nearer I make up a need and press my button.

The buoyant response breaks the deadlock, and the night once more rolls forward on its course.

I think I might sleep if I were not so hungry. My supper happened five hours ago and it weighed six ounces. When I have got up all I can with fork and spoon, I go round the plate with my finger. I even tried it with my tongue, as the poor lad does in old fiction, but I had not the technic; my nose got in the way. One day they brought me a chop, a broiled lamb chop! If anyone had tried to take that chop away from me I should have growled. I was left alone with it until only a bare bone survived. And then—they did take it away from me. Never mind how—they took it. Instead of being the beginning of a happy new order, or even an act of charity, it was merely a brutal scientific experiment. Now whenever my tray shows an indulgence I watch the door afterward with an uneasy eye.

Eleven o'clock, and the baby is still keeping it up, monotonous as a machine. Why can't they pat it or something? The nurses insist that babies cry for the sheer sport of it and to exercise their lungs. Puppies don't, nor any other healthy little animals. "Wah—wah—wah—" If that does not mean distress, then no human sound signals truly. They talk of a "helpless" baby; not so helpless if it can make a noise like that. It is I who am helpless—just as uncomfortable, no doubt, as that squaller, but bound by training and tradition to keep still about it. "Nicely, thank you." "Oh, doing splendidly." One has to say that. Even among those who are well—or at least on their feet—the inquiry about health is only an opening form demanding a form answer. I have tried varying it with a pleasant, "Rotten, thank you"; but it did not do. It jolted the conversation off the track. If that child keeps it up much longer I can't bear it. But what do you do when you don't bear it? I have never found out.

Someone goes by whistling. A nice



thing to do when I might have been asleep! I grow angry about it. Whistling in the dead of night down a hospital corridor! The more I think of it the higher my righteous rage mounts. I am angry for all the other patients, who undoubtedly were asleep, for myself to-morrow night when I probably shall be asleep. I tremble bodily with the passion of my protest. And then suddenly I laugh a good deal and cry a little and feel better. But if ever again anyone tries to tell me that illness is good for the character and that suffering ennobles I shall tell him to try it, that's all.

Of course, if I were ill in a home and felt like this someone besides me would have to bear the brunt of it. Perhaps that is the greatest blessing that has befallen the home in our day—the removal of illness into the impersonal machine of the hospital, where the patient can't take it out on anybody. If he feels that he must express himself and tries it on his nurse, he finds that he cannot make a dent in her smooth, professional surface, and so perforce learns to behave himself. A cool, disciplinary age, this, with little tenderness for self-pity. And even from my present angle, I endorse it. The sick have swallowed too many vigorous lives. Park us together and let the well go ahead with the world's business. "Man then must stand erect, not be held erect by others," says Marcus Aurelius. If I am not sorry for myself I will not even dramatize my own courage, to make others sorry. My genuine reaction to pain will be a stout, "Aw, forget it!" Perhaps this is thinking? Anyway, it has taken me into to-morrow.

The door opens cautiously, inch by inch, and I watch it as the cast-away watches a possible sail on the horizon. A lively black eye looks in on me. The head of the maternity wing has had her humorous eye on me ever since I sent for her and asked her as a personal favor to chloroform that baby. She gets a

dour welcome. Never in my ardent youth have I worked to make a dashing caller stay as I work to keep the night chief of the maternity wing; and she likes it peppery.

"Why aren't you asleep?" she demands.

"The breathless quiet keeps me awake," I say in deadly sarcasm.

"It's a splendid baby," she returns. "They have to yell—they're human."

"I am human and I don't yell."

"Oh, don't you! Who was raising the roof because her supper hadn't come not long ago?"

"But when they leave my tray on a side table and forget it until it is stone cold—"

"Exactly. That is what the baby is saying, or words to that effect. Remember, I have seen some five hundred new babies in my day."

"You have seen them, but have you seen what was the matter with them?" I say crossly. "If I couldn't manage my five hundred and first better than you are managing that calliope—"

"Just how would you manage him?"

Of course I should walk the floor with him, but I cannot admit that. "I should feel him for pins, pat him for wind, give him a drink of water, and ask him, man to man, to be reasonable."

"You have my leave to try it," she says, and sits down. I relax into amiability.

"I may get so that I don't hear it—in another month or two," I admit. "I don't notice the smell of antiseptics any longer."

"You are growing in grace," she says. "Now what kind of a tale will you have? I can't stay long." She is a Scheherazade for weary nights, packed with human experience, richly gifted in its telling.

"One about mothers and babies," I say cozily, curling down.

The tales are always about mothers and babies. Girl mothers, elderly mothers, frightened, reluctant, or guilty mothers, rapturous mothers, dying moth-

ers. There was a bride of a year who, summoned away from husband and baby, cried out in a loud voice, "I won't die! God is cruel!" and so went fighting across the threshold to face—whatever is there. But I don't see how even the God of the Hebrews could have resented that turbulent entrance. There are unlawful mothers who thought that they were being brave and fine and modern—different!—and then had awakened to find themselves in the same old category of the wayward and the fallen. Burdened mothers who see it all in terms of expense. Oriental mothers who play up their pains and vie with one another in lusty howls, to emphasize the importance of motherhood; Nordic mothers who make no sound even though their nails go half way through their palms. Pain that never stops between these walls, a torch handed on from hand to hand, a lamp always lighted.

She always finishes her tale with, "You write a story about it," having a lamentable ignorance of what the magazines will print. Then her hands clap her knees, a rising gesture. I have a flood of questions; I could talk the psychology of that case till morning. I could talk anything till morning if she would only stay. But it is no use. She is on her feet.

"Now I must go. I've got two babies coming to-night."

"Two first babies?"

"One is first, one seventh!"

That is stirring: two lives beginning to-night; two families whose record is taking on a new date, for good or ill; two women facing their ordeal. I try to express this.

"It's all in the night's work," she says.

"But it is cosmic—it's terrific!"

"Not after five hundred of them." The door is closing.

"Come back and tell me if they are boys or girls," I call after her.

Two new lives. Does the seventh get pink baby blankets, as the first assuredly does? I hope that both

families feel able to afford it. Sleep—sleep—if one says the word over and over—

Through the open window comes a scream, short, sharp, dreadful. That is what you do when you can't bear it: you give out a scream that is like the rending of soul from body. Nothing follows. The baby has stopped yelling, and the quiet is like a vast, listening suspense. It is not repeated, and yet any moment may bring it. Quiet will never again feel safe. Oh, this being walled up with pain and death!

My ethical neighbor of the balcony would say, "Now isn't it nice to be surrounded with all this care and kindness, and sick folks getting well every day and being restored to their families—I declare, I'm real thankful that I had this experience!" Is she a person, that preacher, or is she simply a homely embodiment of my own conscience? That I know so exactly what she would say on every occasion suggests that she is but my born self, the ineradicable Puritan in me, eating up discipline, clapping a stiff harness of abnegation on every normal impulse. I have fled this Puritan down all the corridors of the world, and yet the grim presence is never more than a block behind. "How we change!" said Sentimental Tommy. "How we dinna change!" said Abner. The human creature is set in a mold at the beginning, and nothing is ever altered. The thought brings a curious despair. I do not want to die that which I was born! We are as impotent as crippled artists; the vision is in our minds but our hands can only blunder. We worship beauty and yet commit ugliness. And so to bed.

"Not asleep?" says the night nurse.

I did not know that I had pressed the button, but I find my hand clutching the bulb in a dying grip. My voice croaks and creaks:

"If I could have something to eat—"

She brings me three ounces of milk and hurries off to other needs, smiling, competent, normal. Just by passing



through it she has changed the atmosphere of the room. I prolong my three ounces, then settle back and invite serenity. When the little novices are tucked up in their convent dormitory the Mother Superior, standing among them, gives a subject for the night's meditation. How it must keep away the bogies, that writing of a high word across the dark! Even a heretic might take such a theme to bed and so keep thought from wandering into gray wastes of pain.

I will take the word Success. It has been misused and abused until it is mixed up with straight eights and a hundred thousand copies. I will clean

off its tarnish, set it up so that it may be respected, let it keep its flavor of the world, and yet—and yet—success—excelsior—up and up—

There is sunlight in the room and a black eye peers at me round the door. The cheek below it is a little marked with weariness but its twinkle is undimmed.

"A boy and a girl—ail doing well," says the head of the maternity wing and is gone.

Rubber soles are clipping past, thermometers clink in their glasses, trays clank, the baby starts up with renewed zest.

Morning!

## EXPRESS TRAINS

BY MACKNIGHT BLACK

*SHAPED long and arrowy  
 For tearing the gusty side of space,  
 Locomotives leap trembling across the still land,  
 Like rivers of certainty  
 That flow past our eyes and speak to our blood,  
 Locomotives and trains  
 Swell out of the dawn and dwindle and vanish in twilight.  
 At noon they are fierce as lean gushes of lava;  
 At night they are eager and lonely as stars,  
 If anyone look to the earth for his hope,  
 Or stare toward the rim of the world for peace to his heart,  
 Let him be answered now by the steel flight of trains,  
 Let him be comforted  
 Beside the paths of their cleanness.*



## IS JAPAN GOING DEMOCRATIC?

BY STANLEY HIGH

JAPAN, like France, is said to be a nation of chauvinists. The designation, in either instance, is probably no more accurate than many other indictments of a whole people and, in the case of Japan, no easier to dislodge from the popular mind. The Japanese, doubtless, have been ultra-nationalistic; but their nationalism these days shows the tempering effects of democratic ideas. Americans unfortunately are generally familiar with chauvinist Japan and generally unacquainted with the Japan of democracy. Thus the recent story of a threatened Japanese aggression against the Chinese nationalists in Shantung and Manchuria is readily understood. It fits in with the conventional picture of the nation. But more difficult to comprehend is the account of ten million newly enfranchised Japanese proletarians participating, to the upset of the reactionaries, in the elections of last winter. Such a development is too clearly out of line with the Japan with which we have been familiar.

Anti-Japanese propaganda in the American press is not entirely responsible for this attitude. The propaganda has not been all fabrication. It has been effective, in fact, largely because behind all the careful sorting and distortion there have been certain indisputable facts in Japanese life and recent history to give it basis. These facts in Japan have hindered the progress of liberal ideas. Abroad they have helped to create the prevailing opinions about the nation and their opinions in turn have made it difficult to recognize that a Japanese democracy is actually in the making.

It is a first and most fundamental fact that Japan in Shintoism has a State-invented, State-run, and State-financed religion, the purpose of which is political rather than religious. Religious freedom is guaranteed by Japan's Constitution. The Japanese government, therefore, is at pains to point out that Shinto is not a religion; that it is instead a national cult of patriotism to which the Japanese of all faiths must adhere. But this is a convenient fiction. The government would not be likely to concede that this agency of nationalism is, in fact, a State-sponsored rival of the other religions which have taken root in Japan. Such an admission, moreover, would automatically exclude the adherents of other faiths from the Shinto fellowship and thereby defeat the major purpose for which that fellowship is maintained.

But the fact remains that loyalty to the Emperor, as "Heaven descended, divine, and sacred," and to the nation, as "God's special creation" is the only religion known to vast numbers of the Japanese people. And Shinto, which is the vehicle for these doctrines, is of political importance because at its shrines patriotism finds religious sanction. The divine descent of the Emperor provided the Elder Statesmen of a generation ago with a useful principle around which the new nationalism could be rallied, and it has served as usefully since to combat a variety of disruptive tendencies.

To this principle Japan, even as a modern nation, has steadfastly adhered. Until recently photographs of the Emperor were never exposed for sale save with a sheet of paper lightly fixed across



the face to shield it from public gaze. When a teacher a short time ago sacrificed his life in an attempt to rescue the official school portrait of the Emperor from a fire, a leading Japanese newspaper declared that the incident involved "the very foundation of the national organization. Loyalty and filial piety are the pivot of education at present. Neither water nor fire is to be shirked for the sake of His Majesty."

This fundamentally Shinto conception is at the basis of Japanese education. It is symbolized in more than one hundred and twenty thousand Shinto shrines and perpetuated in the ceremonies that are observed in them. The unification of Japan and whatever chauvinism has developed with it are, to no small degree, products of Shinto.

But ultra-nationalism has had a further stimulus and democracy another handicap in the Japanese ideal of Bushido. If Shinto makes the Emperor the object of highest loyalty, Bushido, "the way of the knight," accepts the warrior as the personification of all that is worthiest in individual conduct. Here again the emphasis is upon the exaltation of the nation and the effacement of the individual. In feudal Japan Bushido was the ideal of the ruling barons, but it has long since found acceptance among the masses of the people and affects the conduct of every loyal Japanese.

When the British and American gunboats opened fire at Nanking in the spring of 1927 Japan, following a newly initiated policy of conciliation, refused to join in the bombardment. The next day the Shanghai papers carried the story of a young Japanese naval lieutenant who, because of Japan's apparent unwillingness to accept the hazards of war, had attempted hari-kari. Japan's tradition—the ideal of Bushido, as the young lieutenant subsequently explained it—had been outraged. He sought, therefore, to sacrifice himself in order to direct attention to that fact.

In the making of modern Japan this

warrior ideal, like the Emperor worship of Shintoism, has served the ends of practical politics. Those who created the new state were aware that it could never rank as a power until its military prowess had been proved. Marquis Okuma, while Premier of Japan in 1915, declared that "it is only ten or fifteen years since Japanese diplomacy began to carry any weight with foreign countries and it began from the time that Western powers commenced to recognize Japan's military strength."

The militarization of Japan, in view of the prevailing international standards, was probably necessary. But so long as Shintoism and Bushido provided the principles around which the nation was united it is difficult to see how that militarization could have been avoided.

At any rate, the warrior class—the jingoes of common speech—had a comparatively simple time of it. They dominated the government at home. Their policies, subject to certain international checks, prevailed abroad. They went their way unhampered by the critical scrutiny that appears from time to time among peoples where nation worship is not so generally in vogue and the warrior ideal somewhat discredited.

Thus, there was no need to make a case in Japan for the taking of Formosa and the Pescadores, the expansion into Manchuria, Korea's annexation, and the occupation of Shantung Province. What explanations did appear, stressing the menace of Russia, over-population, and the need for raw materials, were not without foundation; but they were issued for foreign consumption. At home explanations were unnecessary. There was no opposition strong enough to demand them.

## II

It is out of that period—which has not wholly passed—that the popular American conception of Japan arises. The ideals which were dominant, and which have not been altogether abandoned, lent themselves to the propaganda of the

group that, for fair ends or foul, regarded Japan as a menace to the security of the United States. Japanese foreign policy, created in part by necessity and in part an inevitable product of this dominant nationalism, seemed to support the propagandists. It was the obvious conclusion that Japan was a nation of chauvinists. Now, when a democratic Japan is appearing—liberal, anti-jingo, anti-imperialistic—it is difficult to win any widespread credence for the fact.

But the fact itself cannot be seriously disputed. Perhaps the Japanese, as their critics insist, have not had a change of heart. But they are certainly changing masters. The old ideals and the old military clique no longer hold such potent sway over the nation. Imperialism no longer goes unchallenged. An opposition has appeared that dares to assert itself. The functions of the Elder Statesmen are being assumed by the people, and the practices of democracy have become the vogue.

Take the conventional Shinto attitude toward the royal family. The Emperor still is widely regarded as a heaven-descended god. But he has come down of late much closer to the people. A decade ago the people prostrated themselves when his curtained carriage passed through the streets. No Japanese at such a time was permitted to enter the second story of a house, since such a position above the Emperor revealed a lack of the proper reverence. Cheering, as an expression of loyalty to the throne, was strictly forbidden.

In 1922, however, the Prince of Wales visited Japan. His democratic practices were something new in the way of royal behavior. But he won the affections of the Japanese, and many ancient conventions suffered in consequence. For one thing, since then it has become the fashion to cheer the members of the royal family when they appear in public.

But this was a mild innovation. A stir which had all the appearances of a national scandal was created at about the same time by the announcement that

the Japanese Crown Prince proposed to visit Europe. Such procedure was unheard of. It was popularly believed that the Prince, by visiting other rulers on a basis of equality, would lower his own dignity. There were protest meetings throughout the country. Thousands of Japanese prayed at the shrines of Shintoism that the journey might be abandoned. But their prayers were unavailing. The Prince visited Europe and appeared to enjoy it. Upon his return he revealed how far he had gone in the ways of democracy by riding through the streets of Tokio in an open carriage. More recently, to the further bewilderment of the exponents of the old order, he was reported by a startled press to have shaken hands with the manager of a golf course, who proved to be neither a champion nor an exiled prince.

Obviously, the divinity of the royal house can hardly continue to serve the ends of the chauvinists so long as its head persists in revealing his fundamental humanity in such open fashion.

Meanwhile, public opinion in Japan has begun to change. It is a far cry from Bushido to the present, widespread No-More-War Movement. Anti-militarism has swept through the universities. There have been student revolts against compulsory military training. One student, in a recent letter, expressed an opinion that has become very general.

"We are not fond of war," he wrote. "Militarism and bureaucracy were and are a dirty worm that is decaying the development of true Japan. The young Japanese are going to destroy it and make a true country where peace and happiness reign and righteousness has the deserved might."

No public question wins a readier hearing in present-day Japan than that of world peace. The old slogans of the militarists have lost much of their rallying power. When the present government of Baron Tanaka threatened to embark upon a military adventure in China it met a united attack from the press of the nation. The newspapers, signifi-



cantly enough, were not suppressed for this criticism. On the contrary, Tanaka, himself an old-school militarist, was obliged to find an elaborate apologetic for his "strong hand" policy and, subsequently, to modify it.

Incidents of this sort are merely symptomatic of the fact that Japan, as a nation, is moving toward democracy. The evidence is a part of the history of the last two generations in that land. Fifty-seven years ago feudalism was abolished. Forty years ago, with considerable trepidation, Japan adopted a constitution. Thirty-eight years ago the first general election was held. In that election 460,000 Japanese participated. Their franchise rested upon the most stringent property qualifications. In 1908 the electorate was increased to 1,500,000. With the Reform Bill of 1918 its size, again, was doubled. In March, 1925, the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill was enacted, and in February, 1928, 9,000,000 Japanese men, their rights unrestricted by property qualifications, voted for the first time. Not before in history has a nation, without a revolutionary overturn, made such rapid strides in the practice of democracy.

But such a movement in Japan was an inescapable result of the forces released for modernizing the nation.

### III

First of the agencies out of which Japanese liberalism developed is modern education. The deputations which sailed from Japan in 1871 to inspect the institutions and practices of Western nations included two men commissioned to study education. Their report declared, "We must first educate leaders and the rest will follow." This the government forthwith proceeded to do. The Education Department was established in 1872 and the first educational regulations issued. By 1873 more than twelve thousand elementary schools had been opened and the end of the following year saw that number doubled.

These schools, however carefully cut from a Western pattern, were given a function that was uniquely Japanese. They were designed to serve first and last as instruments for fashioning the new state. They were kept under the ever-watchful eye of the government. Teachers held a semi-official status. The nationalist doctrines of Shintoism were taught with the A B C's of every curriculum. With such vigilance it was not anticipated that education could breed those "disturbing thoughts" which have been more recently the bogey of Japanese reactionaries.

Even the organization of the Imperial University in Tokio gave rise to no such fear. Undergraduate libraries were, and still are, strictly censored. Political discussions were discouraged when not actually prohibited. The most promising students, upon graduation, were given government posts where they quickly learned the official point of view and the advisability of endorsing it.

But with all these precautions education has proved a more effective instrument for democracy than for reaction. It has familiarized the Japanese people with the processes of government and has helped to fit them for its practice. To this fitness there has been added a knowledge of the rights enjoyed by other peoples. There is, for example, a widespread admiration in Japan for the democratic institutions of Great Britain and the United States which finds a constant stimulus in the fact that English is taught in all Japanese schools above the elementary grades.

Education, moreover, has made Japan a reading nation. I know of no country where the book-stalls are so numerous or so popular. Day and night they are thronged with elbowing crowds of all ages and stations. The official reading of the students, as I have said, is under censorship. I saw a recent government compilation sent to school principals which blacklisted the works of Engels, Marx, Spargo, Debs, Kropotkin, Margaret Sanger, and Marie Stopes. But

clandestine reading throws off these limitations. In fact, the subjects most frequently discussed among Japanese students seem to indicate that they are best informed on questions about which they are forbidden to read. Books of "disturbing thoughts" may be barred from the libraries of Japan. But a reading nation has somehow found access to this literature.

Further, by extending literacy, education has greatly increased the power of the press which, in turn, has had its part in the development of democracy. The influence of the newspapers in Japan is as universal as in any Western nation. There are nearly 1200 daily newspapers and 2800 weekly and monthly periodicals. Newspaper circulations are enormous. The Osaka *Mainichi*, for example, has a daily circulation of 1,200,000; the Osaka *Asahi Shimbun*, 1,300,000; the Tokio *Hochi Shimbun*, 1,790,000. I have observed that the morning paper is as indispensable a part of the commuters' equipment in Greater Osaka as in Greater New York. The newspaper bulletin boards of Tokio are as popular as those of Paris.

In the past, the government has exercised a high-handed control over newspaper opinions. Japanese editors who dared, too openly, to state their mind on public issues have suffered the consequences with suppressed editions or padlocked plants. But this official interference has recently been relaxed. The press has grown too potent to be handled in such summary fashion. From newspaper editorials—guarded though they usually are—the Japanese have come to recognize the fallibility of government and the desirability of discriminating criticism. And because the newspapers have printed it, the story of democratic progress around the world has found its way to the people of Japan.

Industrialism is a second major factor that shares, with education, in the responsibility for the growth of Japanese liberalism. When the plan to make Japan a Great Power was adopted, indus-

trialization constituted one of its chief phases. The nation was given modern industries very much as she was given a modern army and navy and a school system. With the other creations of the Elder Statesmen, industry was designed in such a way as to speed the greatness of Japan. There was no place in the scheme of things for labor organizations that might interfere, by too much meddling in matters of wages and conditions of work, with this hurried progress.

But news of the world movement of Labor could not be kept from the workers of Japan. Labor periodicals—despite the efforts of the government to suppress them—persistently appeared. Foreign labor leaders managed to find access to the Japanese. A minority of Japan's students abroad made contact with the labor organizations of Europe and America. Exaggerated accounts of the Workers' and Peasants' Republic in Russia smuggled underground to the industrial centers of Japan stirred the imagination of the working classes. The growth of a labor movement, with these stimulating influences at work, was inevitable.

Some significance attaches to the fact that the first modern labor union in Japan developed from a Bible Class in a Christian Church in Tokio. Japanese democracy has had an important asset in Christianity. "If Christianity had not come to Japan"—according to Danjo Ebina, President of Doshisha University—"this nation would still be where she was in the dead and dreamy past."

That may be an extravagant appraisal. But few Japanese will deny that there is a measure of truth in it. Government schools could be well protected against the infiltration of liberal ideas. Such protection, at best, was only partially effective in Christian schools and churches where the leadership very often was British or American.

Lack of this surveillance, doubtless, made it possible for Dr. Clay MacCaulley, who was sent to Tokio twenty years ago by the American Unitarian Association, to convert his Bible Class into an As-



sociation for Investigating Social Problems. Conduct of the organization was given to Bunji Suzuki, a young graduate of Tokio Imperial University. Sunday afternoon discussions in this group brought out a plan for the organization of Japanese labor. Suzuki, to advance this plan, was sent to America. On his return, and with the continued backing of the members of the Association for Investigating Social Problems, he organized the Japan Federation of Labor. The Federation had its start among the iron workers of Tokio.

Strangely enough, this move called forth little opposition. Suzuki's organization seemed to offer some promise for a solution of the issues between capital and labor that had grown acute. And Suzuki, at the outset, held to the most moderate views. With the growth of his organization he has become more liberal, and his conservative backing has fallen away. But the Federation of Labor remains the most moderate and the most powerful working-class organization in Japan, and Suzuki is still its head.

Japanese laborers, at the time Suzuki's organization came to prominence, were without electoral rights. Excluded from the field of politics, they made frequent if sometimes ill-advised use of the strike to advance their interests. In 1917 the number of such industrial disputes was six times as great as for the previous year. This industrial unrest had its political repercussions. In 1918 the increased cost of living brought on the rice riots which spread overnight throughout the country. Shops were looted, conservative newspaper plants attacked, and sullen mobs threatened the government offices. The uprising was finally put down by the military but not until the masses of Japan, for the first time, had given articulate expression to their demands upon the government. And, for the first time, their protests proved so effective that the government was obliged to resign.

It was largely in response to this popular uprising that the succeeding government, in 1918, extended the franchise to

1,500,000 new voters, thus doubling the electorate.

But the laboring classes were not satisfied. The year 1919 saw an increase in the number of strikes. Nearly 800 labor organizations were in the field. There were 500 walk-outs, some of them "sympathetic" strikes carried through with a technic that smacked of the West. The demands of the laborers were not all for higher wages or better working conditions. Universal manhood suffrage was a central plank in the platform of every union and an accepted slogan at every labor meeting. Militarism and bureaucracy were regarded as the twin evils of the working classes and suffrage as the most likely agency for their destruction.

The government, unable to ignore these developments, took the conventional steps to meet them. Labor meetings were put under a stricter surveillance. Labor leaders were spied upon and many of them jailed. Labor parades marched through lines of police. For the May First celebrations in 1921 elaborate rules were issued and enforced. Among other things it was decreed that:

Each marcher must wear a badge.

All badges to be of a color other than red.

Bands, bugles, and drums forbidden.

Inscriptions on flags to be limited to the names of labor organizations with their mottoes and "May Day Congratulations."

No speeches to be made en route.

Flags not to be of unusual size.

The labor song to be sung on May Day must previously be submitted to the Police.

To put a further curb upon the activities of the labor movement and to discourage the growth of liberalism in general, the government introduced a bill "for the control of Dangerous Thoughts." The opposition aroused by this proposal was unprecedented. The press united to condemn it. Mass meetings of laborers demanded its defeat. In the end, although introduced by the majority party and supported by the Peers, the bill was permanently sidetracked. Liberalism had won another notable victory.

## IV

With this victory the movement for universal manhood suffrage gained a new impetus. Reactionary Japan was genuinely alarmed. A Ku Klux Klan, calling itself the "Single Minded Association of the Fatherland," appeared to fight the threatened innovation. The organization flourished with a semi-official backing. It rallied the reactionaries and called upon all loyal Japanese to raise "a great army of attack," asserting that the nation "cannot tolerate a day's existence of Socialists, anti-national and immoral . . . which endangers the national foundations and threatens the people's minds."

When the universal manhood suffrage bill came up in the Diet in 1922 the members of this organization proposed to mobilize a "white guard" to surround the government buildings as a counter-demonstration against the vast pro-suffrage crowds that assembled there each day. But the white guard did not materialize, and reactionary Japan failed to rally. The suffrage bill failed at the 1922 session of the Diet, but the agitation in its favor had grown to such proportions that the succeeding government of Baron Kato secured its enactment.

With universal manhood suffrage the movement toward democracy in Japan enters upon a new period. Now, for the first time, the weapons of politics are available to the masses of the people. They have won a participating relationship to the government and a responsibility for making its policies. How soon that power will be effectively and wisely used remains to be seen. It is probable, however, that the moderate and yet liberal aspirations of the Japanese people which made the law inevitable will, in the end, dominate the exercise of the authority it conveys.

The results of the first elections, held in February, 1928, were in no way startling. Labor polled a total of 400,000 votes, distributed among five contesting labor parties. A vast majority of the

new voters, in other words, marched docilely to the polls in the ranks of the old, conservative parties.

But such a result had been anticipated. The labor movement between 1925 and 1928 was obliged to shift from a non-political to a political basis of operation. The change could not be made successfully in such short order. Further, labor suffered under serious financial handicaps. Every candidate for the Diet is obliged at the announcement of his candidacy to deposit two thousand yen with the government. That, in itself, was a sizable problem for the labor representatives. Moreover, a political campaign in Japan is as expensive relatively as in the United States. It is usual for candidates to spend from 50,000 to 100,000 yen to secure a Diet seat. The Tokio street car conductor who announced last spring that he was out for a Diet seat on the labor ticket could command no sums of such size. Other labor leaders were similarly handicapped.

But these, doubtless, are temporary difficulties. Their solution must wait upon a more effective organization of the liberal groups. It is already likely that a basis of union will be found for the Social Democratic, the Farmers', and the Japan-Labor-Farmer parties, since all three represent moderate groups. They have a common bond in their concern for better economic conditions for the working classes in Japan and a more conciliatory policy abroad. With this union achieved, the next General Election will almost certainly bring a strong labor bloc into the Diet.

Meanwhile, with the men enfranchised, a woman's suffrage movement is gaining headway. The need for a more active expression of woman's rights in Japan is very apparent. Nearly 1,250,000 women are employed in the factories of Japan—approximately 60 per cent of all factory workers. Eighty thousand women are engaged in coal-mining, and 80 per cent of the cotton-mill employees are women. Two-thirds of the female workers are under twenty years of age



and one-fifth of them between twelve and fifteen. Working conditions are generally deplorable. Eleven- to sixteen-hour days are usual. Night work has not been eliminated. Machinery is inadequately guarded. Tuberculosis is a widespread scourge, particularly in the cotton mills where, in some cases, from 25 to 30 per cent of the operatives are afflicted with the disease. According to a recent report, only twenty-three of the 23,000 factories in Japan maintain resident physicians.

"Woman suffrage," according to a director of the Women's Suffrage Federation in Japan, "is the shortest cut to rectify the injustices that women are subjected to, and for redressing their grievances. We must have a hand in making the laws."

To that end a suffragette bill was introduced in the Diet by the Suffrage Federation in 1923. It received short shrift. But there is no indication that the women have been stopped. Their cause has already been sponsored by an influential section of the press. Prior to 1921 women were forbidden to attend political meetings. But in that year the Diet repealed the regulation. At the same time the police restrictions which forbade women to organize political clubs or to hold meetings of a political nature were liberally revised. In 1924 a national Woman's Day was established. At present, according to the statistics of the government, there are 65,000 local women's organizations of all kinds in the country. Not all of them have the franchise as their chief objective. But a vast majority are receptive to the propaganda that is continually poured out from the Tokio headquarters of the Suffrage Federation. And the Federation itself already includes some 2,000 local chapters.

It is an interesting commentary on these developments that the wives of many Japanese politicians have already taken an active hand in politics. When

the husband goes electioneering the wife goes with him. She plays her part off-stage. She distributes modest, scented letters which set forth the ability and patriotism of her husband. She serves tea and manages the social side of the campaign. She proves, in short, that the wife of the candidate, on friendly terms with the wives of the constituents, can produce results at the polls.

Woman suffrage may have to wait for its enactment for another generation. But with a literate Japanese womanhood, with an increasing class-consciousness among the female workers in industry, and with three million trained Japanese girls and women engaged in public service and in commercial and professional activities, the agitation is not likely to subside. Moreover, this movement has grown out of the same forces that led to universal manhood suffrage. It is likely to prove as irresistible as the developing Japanese democracy of which it is an expression.

These, then, are some of the facts of a Japan that is not altogether chauvinist. In them perhaps one can read some sign that the old anti-democratic order is passing. The jingoes have not, by any means, been silenced. But their voices are no longer the voice of Japan. Their ultra-nationalism is being tempered by contact with a new Japan that feels itself a part of a world-wide movement to end war, to remedy economic injustice, to establish for the good of the common man the institutions of democracy. Their chauvinism is less blatant because it does violence to the spirit to which this new Japan is committed.

It may be too soon to call for a wholesale revision of America's attitude toward the Japanese. But the sinister picture of the propagandists may well be withdrawn. And it is not too soon to ask for an understanding of the democratic Japan that has begun to emerge.



# HARVEST

A STORY

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

MRS. SMITH was a clever woman. The word she herself used was, practical. "I am a practical woman." She meant that all her life she had seen clearly what she wanted, and that nothing had kept her from getting it. Her brother Tom had said this to her, profanely, twenty years ago; he had not spoken to her since that day. Her sister Jane, dying in poverty, had been more gentle and more obstinate. "Maybe I haven't always been practical, as you say, Harriet. But still—"

"Well, Jane," Mrs. Smith told her, "You've always said you'd rely on the Lord, so I suppose 'the Lord will provide' for five orphan girls you're leaving alone in the world without a penny."

At fifty-six, Mrs. Smith had no regrets. Circumstances had often conspired against her, persons she counted upon had failed her—her husband had died at a particularly unfortunate time, her daughter Marian's stupid marriage had been a blow—but Mrs. Smith had never been defeated. She had made no sentimental mistakes. Practical good sense had dictated her marriage; and if her husband's death had at first seemed a disaster, she had soon learned that she could manage affairs even better than he. Marian was definitely a loss, but Elizabeth remained. Elizabeth had her mother's own practical nature.

Mrs. Smith sat alone at breakfast on her balcony. She was always at the ranch during the cherry season. Below the balcony's stone balustrade now she

saw the miles of rich orchard in which the first fruit was ripening. The sun had not yet risen above the hills that enclosed the valley, but work had begun. Mrs. Smith heard the hammers at the packing-sheds; she knew the rhythm of strokes which were making cherry-boxes. Half a mile away her teamsters were driving from the ranch gates, going with empty wagons toward Santa Rita where carloads of shook were even then arriving. Dilapidated little cars and buggies were coming up the road, turning in at the gates to disappear under foliage; in them were families of packers, hurrying to be sure of jobs and to make camp before work began. On the road, too, were men hastening on foot. Blanket rolls across their shoulders identified them as migratories, the homeless men who walk the roads of California; and Mrs. Smith was satisfied by their eagerness. Yesterday she had ordered a hundred of these drifting workers from a San Francisco employment agency; to-day more than a hundred were coming. There was work for only fifty. No scarcity of labor this season.

Mrs. Smith drank fragrant coffee and ate crisp rolls. The Chinese house-boy was swiftly responsive to unspoken wishes. In the depths of the large house a vacuum cleaner faintly hummed. Two gardeners appeared on the lawns; one with stepladder and basket clipped withered blossoms from a geranium hedge, the other directed a motor-mower across the sward which, from this distance, appeared to be velvet. A sub-



foreman was directing first comers in the packers' camp; his voice was firm above the clamor of children spilling from dusty cars. The sun was rising. Mrs. Smith unfolded the *Morning Chronicle* and competently inspected the society columns.

She had everything she wanted but one thing. A less ambitious woman would have been content with a social position unchallenged in Burlingame, recognized in New York and Paris. A less practical woman might have missed an advantage in a London drawing-room while enjoying the contrasted memory of mining camps in which she had been a barefooted child. To Mrs. Smith the past was past, the present a chessboard on which she moved events and persons. All her adult life she had been working toward those San Francisco families whose social position was more securely above the Burlingame set than the Burlingame set was above the mining camps. These simple people, living simply, not very rich, possessed something she did not have. She meant to have it, she meant to be one of them.

Her only hope of reaching her desire lay in Elizabeth; she had so long known this that the knowledge was part of her inmost self. All the value of the future for which she had always lived had been concentrated for years in Elizabeth's marriage.

The *Chronicle's* society page once more assured her that Elizabeth, astute and practical, was like herself in making no mistakes. Elizabeth's name appeared in the right places, with the right people; nowhere else. There was nothing of poor stupid Marian in Elizabeth, who would be Madame la Comtesse de Chatelard.

The title was unimportant; Mrs. Smith might have made Elizabeth a duchess or even a princess of sorts. She was clever enough to avoid these mistakes of the *nouveaux riches*. Fifteen years ago, taking her little girls to school in France, she had known exactly what she wanted—marriage into an old family,

shabby rather than brilliant, not to be found in the season at Deauville or Cannes, a family unknown to readers of society columns, but known—oh, most securely known!—to those simple people, living simply and maintaining their own traditions, who were far beyond her reach in any country.

Fifteen years. This thing she wanted had not been easy to get. These marriages are not merely a question of *dot*. Fifteen years of climbing to security in a social position she did not intend to keep, while always subtly disclaiming it, subtly reaching toward the better one she wanted—fifteen years of thinking, scheming, waiting, alert, intent—and now she could see herself triumphant and serene, the mother of Madame la Comtesse de Chatelard. Jean Jacques had been a gracious little boy of ten, Elizabeth a year younger, when Mrs. Smith met his half-American mother. A marriage had then been beyond hoping for. The War had been her opportunity; she had refused a tactfully whispered offer of a decoration for her services to France, and it was during the War that she began to hope. Jean Jacques had fortunately been too young to be a soldier; his father and brothers had been killed, the estate had fallen into disorder, the family fortune vanished in the collapse of the franc. Jean Jacques had liked Elizabeth's way with him, half-shy, wholly frank. The mothers looked at each other past those young heads.

The understanding was made of glances, of implications; nothing definite. Mrs. Smith preferred the blunt, down-right talk of her youth. But she compelled herself to patience. Her hope had been made strong enough to dictate Elizabeth's refusal of a brilliant but less valuable marriage, of merely wealthy marriages. There had been sleepless nights, a mental fever almost weakening even Mrs. Smith's strong nerves; time was her enemy, Elizabeth was twenty-four. But Mrs. Smith was playing for a great stake, for the concentrated ambition of all those years. She took the risk.

Her courage was rewarded. She saw success—at last!—between the delicately slanting lines of a letter from Jean Jacques' mother. Jean Jacques, having done his military service and been for a time attaché to the French Legation in Siam, was coming to America. His mother commended him to the care of her good friend Mrs. Smith, to whom he would pay his respects. He would be happy to renew the friendship with Mrs. Smith and with her charming daughter.

Mrs. Smith's reply had been as non-committal and as definite. She asked Jean Jacques to be her guest at the ranch. On the surface this was no more than American hospitality; it meant to Jean Jacques and his mother that Elizabeth was still free, and that he would be acceptable as a son-in-law. For Mrs. Smith the plan was added assurance; at the ranch Jean Jacques would meet only persons carefully chosen by herself—until his engagement to Elizabeth was announced.

After so many years of unrelaxing effort triumph was in her hand.

She laid down the *Chronicle*, and the servant deftly whisked away her chair as she stood up. No more than a moment had gone in communion with the sense of satisfaction that lay so deep in her. She turned to the day's work—the year's work, for in these few weeks of the cherries' ripening was all the harvest of her land. During these weeks she herself ruled the valley and its hundreds of workers. The foreman was waiting in her office when she entered it, to nod to him, to take up the buzzing telephone, and to hear, unexpectedly, Jean Jacques de Chatelard speaking from San Francisco.

The troubles in China had made shipping uncertain, and Jean Jacques had taken a boat earlier than he had planned. He was young and modern, capable of these quick decisions which before the War were so antagonistic to the French temperament. He knew, too, that Americans habitually act quickly and are accustomed to the unexpected; the

rapidity of telephone service startled him, but he was not surprised by Mrs. Smith's cordiality. A guest's arrival at a time not definitely agreed upon for weeks or months would have disconcerted and affronted a Frenchwoman; but Mrs. Smith was American.

Jean Jacques was capable of independent judgment, too; he liked Americans, he even respected them. He did not despise them as rich and stupid; though his own fortune had gone with the value of the franc, he did not hate them for that. To him Americans were an impulsive, kindly people, naïve in politics but otherwise intelligent.

Taking the train to Santa Rita, he was struck by admiration when all his luggage was whisked from his care, with repeated assurances that he need not watch it on the journey, that it would safely reach Mrs. Smith's ranch. Empty-handed in a day coach—for he was unaware that there are two classes on American trains—he gave himself to enjoyment. The Mediterranean sky, the clear, sharp light on flowery hills, the suggestion of the untamed even in tilled fields, delighted him. He found entertainment in his fellow-passengers—sun-browned peasants who hailed one another heartily with strange exclamations, who discussed labor costs, irrigation projects, and their purchase of automobiles worth thousands of dollars. An extraordinarily pretty girl smiled at him. In Europe he would have known what she was; here her well-bred appearance and the candor of her smile left him uncertain. He bowed formally, remembering that he was soon to meet his probable fiancée.

Elizabeth had been charming as a young girl. His mother had seen in her a promise of the character, the ideals, and the poise which his wife must have. Her family, though without distinction, was honorable and rooted, like his own, in the soil. For his children's future it was necessary that his wife bring money to the family. In all these essentials the marriage would be suit-



able, and Jean Jacques earnestly desired to love Elizabeth. He was a modern young man, of the younger generation. Admitting that suitability is necessary in marriage, it is not everything; his heart must also be consulted. He refused to marry without love. But Elizabeth had charmed him as a boy; he hoped for the best now.

A trainman's shout informed him that he had reached Santa Rita. Two men descended before him; he followed them on a cindery track between freight cars and across several lines of rails, and realized that he was in the American wilderness. He saw a few buildings of painted wood, surrounded by wild fields and uninhabited hills. Intense sunlight made every shadow harsh. All along the railway there was noisy activity, bundles of thin boards flying from the box-cars were caught by men in wagons; without a pause in dexterity a man shouted to Jean Jacques, "Ranch car's over that way."

A girl sat at the small automobile's wheel, but he was not too astonished to remove his hat. She was not a servant, perhaps a cousin? Even American custom would not have sent Elizabeth unchaperoned to meet him. He saw a general resemblance to the little girl he remembered. But all American girls have this general resemblance because of their smart dress; he recognized the low-heeled slim shoe, the slenderness of ankle and leg, the sport costume's decisive lines, the air of the hat. Gray eyes looked at him frankly. "Good morning, hop right in! They're expecting you at the ranch. I'm Mary Allen, you've heard of me?"

Yes, evidently one of the family. His inflection complimented her, "Who hasn't?"

Her smile was wide and candid. "Well, everyone who knows Bob has, I guess."

Adding the phrase to his store of American slang, he permitted himself the pleasure of watching her graceful skill with the little car. Her lashes were

thick and dark, her profile flawless. To his inquiry she replied that all was well at the ranch. "Picking doesn't begin till to-morrow."

He had thought discreet make-up an essential of feminine allure, but these smooth cheeks were unrouged, the red of her lips was natural. She said, "There's plenty of labor—too much. Look at 'em, still coming." Santa Rita was gone; wooded hills were steep on each side of the road, and the stones in a dry water-course appeared to quiver in white sunshine. Ragged men with burdens on their shoulders stepped into the glare to let the car pass, and were hidden in its dust. "It's a shame, having employment agencies send twice as many as we need!" She was angry. "We've turned away sixty this morning, and after the agencies charge 'em two dollars apiece for the job. No wonder they're ugly." An expression he had never seen on a woman's face—the look of a fighter—was on hers. But it softened, was gone. "Here's where the ranch begins."

The ranges of the hills parted; this was the valley that would one day be Elizabeth's. Jean Jacques knew soil and orchards; he had seen none like these. The rich loam, ridged in precisely repeated patterns by the teeth of harrows that had not left one weed, lay endlessly level beneath the repeated shadows of trees pruned to identical shapes. Like marching soldiers, the orchard rows detached themselves from the mass, stretched to the distance, wheeled, and were taken into the mass left behind. Hundreds of trees made way for hundreds, their green tops flecked with reddening cherries; the end of them was not in sight. And these vast orchards, the fecund and tended earth, the innumerable trees pouring their abundant life into an outburst of ripening, were an oasis amid hills covered with virgin forest, picturesque and wild as though man had never seen them. This was California!

This was happiness. There was no past, no future; Jean Jacques was

happy. There are such moments, inexplicable, incommunicable. Whence they come no one can say. Orchards and hills under a sky as blue as deep water, sunshine and shadow on a road, slim hands on a wheel, and a girl's voice speaking— Many times before these things had not been happiness. Now they all sang together, and in that harmony a young man's spirit was pure as a flame in sunlight.

A large house appeared on a shoulder of the hills, and the flame went out; Jean Jacques was Jean Jacques again. The house drew nearer. Windows like the sockets of a skull stared at gardens returned to the wilderness; the house was in ruin, deserted. "It came around the Horn in '51," the girl said. Later, nodding at another roof above the forest, "That one's our haunted house; when old Colonel Lansing lost his land on the mortgage he hanged himself in the cupola."

"You have legends, too. Is it merely a—a farmer's tale, or is there an authentic ghost?"

"I don't know." She glanced at him. "You speak awfully good English. Where did you learn it?"

"But, I've always spoken English. My mother was half American, you know, and then of course I had English tutors."

The car swerved. "My goodness!" Her face startled him. "You aren't—you can't *be*—" She begged, "Don't tell me you're the Count!" In the interminable instant his heart answered the appeal of her eyes. "And I thought you were the new Italian orchardist!" Deeply as he disliked Italians, he did not know why this should be a catastrophe to her.

She was desperately handling brake and gears, stopping the car, backing it, turning. "I'm the forelady, I'm in charge of the packing sheds." They sped toward Santa Rita. He asked, "But why? Why does this make such a difference?"

"It doesn't, to you." She was scorn-

ful. "But it'd surprise you, how fond I am of my job. And what about Henry? He was right there—Henry's the chauffeur—but who'd have thought *you'd* come in a day coach?"

Jean Jacques held firmly to the side of the car and said nothing. She spoke only once, to herself. "If only Henry didn't telephone her!"

The cars met in a light swirl of dust. From the roadside three ragged men watched them with blank eyes. Henry had not telephoned. In faultless livery, he held open the door of a faultless car. Mary Allen's smile expressed relief; Jean Jacques saw himself as a valuable package gladly delivered in safety. He took her hand and her fingers gripped his in hurriedly relinquishing pressure. "You won't say anything about this, will you?"

"But certainly no, Miss Allen, since you wish not." His English had never so betrayed him. He was unreasonably angry, correcting the phrase in his mind, "Certainly not, Miss Allen, since you don't wish it," while he was taken onward as suavely as though in a boat on a stream. Henry's back was impeccably correct. Jean Jacques shared a secret with him and with a—what had she said?—a forelady. This was absurd, absurdly petty; she had not seemed so petty. It was more absurd that he should be ruffled by an experience in reality merely amusing. The car ran on beneath an arcade of walnut boughs; the century-old trees bordered the road for a kilometer or more. He repeated, merely amusing. Wrought-iron gates stood open, and a graveled driveway narrowed far ahead in a tunnel of shade under aged olive trees. The creamy blossoms were falling; men stood aside, their barrows partly full of withered petals. Between gnarled olive-trunks the vistas of orchard were opening and shutting. Forelady—the word itself was amusing.

Then lawns were smooth in sunshine, and flowers sped past in a colored stream. The car stopped, its motor's hum replaced by a splashing of fountains. The



chauffeur stood like an image, gloved hand on the door, and Jean Jacques felt above him the sky's immensity flawed by the bulk of a stone house. Gray stone, green ivy, balconies and flowers against the sky; a terrace, Chinese servants, and Mrs. Smith stepping unchanged from his memory of her. Dignified, simple, kindly, a touch of the imperious in her lips and in waves of gray hair worn like a crown, she came forward. "My dear boy—"

The house was itself a welcome. After his homelessness, his journeys so far from France, he felt that in a sense he had returned to his own place. Details were novel, but essentially this great Californian ranch and his property in Normandy were the same. The ruler's unquestioned dignity was in these spacious rooms shaded from the brilliant alien sunlight; shut out by massive walls was the happy clamor of harvest-time—noises made by toiling men and animals, shouts of peasants' children.

He was not wholly sorry that Elizabeth was not here. He expected the finesse which had not cut short her visit to friends because of his early arrival; to have done so would have shown eagerness, a disregard of nuances. Next week she would come home and there would be a house-party of young people, her guests. (Admirable, he thought; he would meet her in her own atmosphere, among the strangers who were her friends.) Meanwhile he was content to be alone with her mother; he had always enjoyed the company of older women. (Also, one learns much about a girl from observing her mother, who is what the girl will become.)

In Mrs. Smith he saw, simply, the *grande dame*. He perceived that the activities of the whole valley in this harried season rested upon her will and judgment; he admired her quiet, decisive efficiency. She received weather forecasts and market reports by radio; she had a private telephone wire to San Francisco. On the stairs in the mornings he met the foreman coming to re-

port and to receive orders. The weather suddenly grew hotter; in an afternoon the cherries' ripening became a frenzy; telegrams were sent, the working force expanded, work speeded, and that day four train-loads of fruit were shipped. Four express trains, iced, leaving this hidden valley for Chicago and New York. Jean Jacques was staggered. That afternoon Mrs. Smith walked with him under her fig trees, unperturbed.

The fig trees were unique; five trees whose foliage overspread an acre. Their boughs, touching the gray earth to root and rise again, were gray columns in the dusk. The light that penetrated their leaves was green as sea-water. "My husband's father planted these in '42," Mrs. Smith said.

He liked the true pride and simplicity with which she spoke of her family. This was the aristocrat, aware of real values and careless of cheaper ones. Elizabeth's grandfather had come into California with a party of five hundred Mexicans and Indians. "He was the only white man." The Mexican government had tried to stop them, holding them at El Paso until their food was exhausted. He had taken command and they escaped into Utah, reaching the mountains in the depth of winter. They were starving and lost in the snow-filled passes. The Utah Indians prepared to attack them; he parleyed with the chiefs, made them his friends, and they gave his men food and guides. "He brought every man safely into San Diego in the spring." In San Diego there was a plot against the Governor's life; he saved the Governor and was given, in gratitude, a land grant of twenty square miles—this valley. "He swam a hundred cattle across Carquinez Straits to get them here; herded them into the sea and across, himself, on horseback. There were no boats then, of course, nor roads." The Indians built his house, its walls still a part of this one. The Mexicans hated this solitary American who invaded their country; there were battles, wars—a

lost epic of adventures. Once he was driven to the hills, his house burned. "The walls, of course, stood." He rode to the capital in Monterey and forced the Governor of Mexican California to pay his losses. "Then—he must have had a grim humor—he made the Governor himself ride up here and help herd the scattered cattle back into his valley."

Jean Jacques thought of old tales of the founding of his own family. Thus they might have been told by his ancestress who defended her husband's besieged castle while he was gone to the Crusades. The aged fig trees had a meaning for him, rooted in such memories; they made a pool of thoughtfulness. The fierce sunlight of this foreign country beat unavailing against the barrier of their leaves; the noise of wagons, of thudding boxes, the shouts of men in the orchards came faintly here. "Elizabeth loves these old trees." Mrs. Smith's face was serene; he felt in her a tenseness of nerves, controlled—a great lady.

While they walked beneath magnolias that spilled perfume from gigantic blossoms, he mentioned his desire to see the cherry-packing. "I am myself a farmer, you know, madame." She smiled at him.

The fruit trees laid their shadows on the powdered earth, each shadow cut out precisely by the sun's sharp light. The air was a quiver of heat. Down the orchard rows in diminishing perspective ladders leaned, men climbed, tin pails shot gleams like daggers. The cherries' scent was sweet and warm. "Did Miss Elizabeth's grandfather plant orchards, too?"

"Oh, no. My mother imported the first cherry trees into California, brought them around the Horn."

He knew the story of Mrs. Smith's mother, had met some of her relatives in England—a good family. Widowed, with three small children, she had come to California with her brother in '49 and had taken a fortune from the gold-fields.

"She was unusual in many ways, your mother, madame."

Their glances met, but the sun-dazzle was in his eyes. Had his remark been indiscreet? But why should he have such a thought? Mrs. Smith said with simplicity, "She was, I think." The hammers' staccato was loud now. "These are the packing sheds."

Heat smoldered under the low long roof. Hundreds of shoulders were bent in rows, hundreds of girls' hands flying over cherries and boxes on inclined tables. In a corner the Japanese carpenters, like automatons, handled and nailed thin boards that became cherry boxes as though by a conjuror's trick. But the hammers' noise was insignificant; it was silence that struck the attention—the silence of hundreds in a frenzy of work, concentrated, hurrying, in the dusk, the heat, the heavy smell of cherries. Here and there a cry, "Cherries! Cherries here!" was like the cry of a common hypnosis. "Cherries!" The bare earth was silent under the bare feet of running boys. Red cherries went to the tables, full boxes came back. "Cherries!"

In France, he thought, there is talk and laughter and singing; we arrange the fruit in baskets with its own green leaves. We are not efficient—

A girl walked alert behind the packers. Short skirt, straight white blouse, dark hair on a proud head. He had not remembered that she was here. His interest was entirely in the cherry-packing, he repeated, while she came toward him.

"Miss Allen is in charge here."

The gray glance came from Mrs. Smith's face to his. She was pale, a damp tendril of hair clung to her forehead. "Would you like me to show you the work?" He felt her gay vitality; she was the dynamo driving these hundreds of girls. Olive Spanish faces, heavy-browed Italian, nondescript American, changed when she passed, touching them with her good-nature, renewing their energy with hers. Her voice to him was bright, impersonal.



"A cherry has two sides, did you know that? Each cherry's packed with the round side down, because the box is turned over after it's packed—the bottom becomes the top. Ten cherries in every row, ten rows in each half-box—the rows must be perfectly straight across, perfectly straight diagonally. So the girls must pick out cherries exactly the same size for each row. And, of course, exactly the same color for every layer. They get two cents and a half for every ten-pound box—"

She had revived his unreasonable anger. Unreasonable, because he had come to see the packing, and she was explaining it. Absurd, he told himself, feeling a tension here which could only be his own causeless annoyance. Mrs. Smith was bored. He had been tactless, he should have come here with the foreman. "The boxes then go to be examined and checked; of course if there's been a mistake in packing there's a deduction from the girl's wages. (Careful, my dear; that cherry's too red)," she said over a bent shoulder. "The work's fun, really, and the pay's good; two dollars a day, or more. I made two seventy-five myself, once." Mrs. Smith was pale; it was this heat. He must express his interest, his thanks, and go.

The fresh air was good. Strolling to the house, he and Mrs. Smith talked of shipping and of labor—American problems were interesting. It had been an experience. He was still disturbed. So susceptible? he mocked himself. No; this was not the inevitable light response to a girl's attraction. Her face remained in his mind. He felt her independence yet, and it exasperated him. There was not a trace of coquetry in her, but—incredibly—she was all feminine. He would not think of her any more.

That evening he leaned on the coping of his balcony and thought of her. Orchards and dark hills were quiet in moonlight, the air was cool. A bell rang twice; curfew in the packers' camp where she was. The merriment of banjos and voices subsided; there were

scattering last calls, and canvas walls became translucent as lamps were lighted. Within an open window of the house Mrs. Smith was telephoning, her words indistinct, urgent. He heard, "Elizabeth, ask—"

He had no intention of insulting this house by a light affair with one of the—A forelady, he realized, was not precisely a servant. No matter; he was firm. And a serious attachment was unthinkable; he intended to be a devoted husband. A modern young man, refusing to make a *mariage de convenance*, he must abandon its implied liberty. Love in marriage involves a man's honor. His every serious thought would be faithful to his wife.

Why did this girl arouse in him an emotion he had felt only for Elizabeth, so much less strongly, when they were children?

His lungs contracted. A shadow on a tent wall had for an instant resembled hers. *Sacré bleu!*

A man's voice spoke in the orchard's shadows. "I'll carry that, give it here!" it said roughly. Then more gently, "Why wouldn't you tell me good-night, you little bum! Sore?" A girl's voice murmured—a voice like hers! "Oh, say, *girl!*" The protest was alarmed. "Why, say—why—you darn little idiot—" There was a wail and a tremulous wooing in this strange roughness. "You know darn well I—"

The unheard words filled the night. "I love you—love you—" The light that shimmered on hills and whispering orchards, the vast sky, the silent night, meant only a longing for the beauty of one girl's face.

"Am I an imbecile?" Jean Jacques asked fiercely, in the sanity of electric light.

Next day he would have heard with pleasure that Elizabeth had sent him a message when telephoning to her mother. Mrs. Smith said nothing. The heat was continuing, and with it the accelerated speed of harvest. She bore the strain superbly, revealing it only in a nervous

tension he could feel rather than see. Her executive skill arranged that most of her day was given placidly to him, but he felt the tension. His own nerves tightened in sympathy with the effort that, day by day, victoriously met the rush of the cherries' ripening. Each night more lights shone on the hill where the migratory pickers slept in their blankets; the road from Santa Rita was black in the mornings with more men coming. The gates were closed now; wagons were checked out and in. The packers worked through every hour of daylight. He was glad to be seeing this spectacle, pleased that he was learning to understand Elizabeth's admirable mother so well.

"Yes, Elizabeth is very like me." They sat on the terrace after dinner, and he had spoken of the portrait in the room behind them. The one light illuminated it, and smiling from the shadows it evoked the almost tangible presence of the girl he had come so far to meet again—broad brow, chiseled nose, imperious lips and chin, the young face of her mother. "I am glad she resembles me in mind and character," Mrs. Smith said simply, "because I have no son."

Her vast responsibilities would one day be left, confidently, to Elizabeth. Jean Jacques inherited no such domain.

The coffee service disappeared in the hands of a servant quiet as a shadow. Cigarettes appeared at the elbow, flame touched the English one he chose. This was the household in which Elizabeth had learned the duties of a household's mistress; food and service perfection in simplicity, coffee a memory to be prolonged. He liked the deference to one's country's laws expressed by the absence of wines and liqueurs.

This was the moment to ask permission to speak to Elizabeth of marriage. Two days more, and she would come home—with other guests. When he had spoken he would have an ally; Mrs. Smith's eyes upon him were maternal. And with a gust of irritation he wished to finish this, get it settled, done. He

had leaned forward to speak, and now he covered his pause by dropping the cigarette's ash. He was asking himself, Why? and the tap of the cigarette was heard in the silence. Why this irritation, this haste? No; this was not good enough; he would not commit himself to marriage because he could not otherwise quite forget another girl's face.

The pause had been imperceptible; he said, "I quite understand your feeling, madame," and the opportune moment was rejected. A little later he saw that Mrs. Smith was tired.

The hour was too early for sleep. In his rooms he glanced through the few excellently chosen books, noticed that the copy of Racine was Elizabeth's, smiled at a witty comment on a margin. He could not read, and while he smoked on the balcony he did not enjoy his thoughts.

Midnight, said the watch on his wrist. This moonlight was as strong as moonlight in Algiers. The valley lay asleep in it, the last campfire ashes, the last lamp extinguished. No, there was a flicker in the orchards by the packing sheds. So much was strange, here. Suddenly an arc of light appeared in a shadow; he heard voices—a command, a dangerous response. The first voice was a woman's; now it uttered a low cry. The lawn was not four meters below his balcony.

As his feet struck turf he thought, I have no weapon, what can I do? Running, he said, I make a fool of myself. Soft earth clutched at his feet, he seemed lost in repetitions of tree-trunk and shadow. He believed that, incredibly, he had mistaken the direction, when the packing shed abruptly rose before him. A flashlight blinded him. Mary Allen said, "Oh, *you!*" and blinding darkness struck his eyeballs.

The flashlight bored into the shed's shadow; two men stood arrested in it. "Go right on!" she said, "I've still got you covered." The men sullenly trampled underfoot some dwindling spirals of smoke. The flashlight followed them



along the shed's wall. Low-browed, dirty, unshaven, they resembled gorillas. The shed's wall was scorched. One of the men whined that his coat was ruined, his hands burned. Mary Allen said, "You're damn lucky the shed isn't."

The last quiver of smoke was stamped out. The men stood limp. The whining one begged, "Lady, I'm starving, the agency took my last cent for a job here, an' you slammed the gates in my face. Lady, so help me, I got a sick wife, and my babies—"

"Try and tell that to a jury. You had money for kerosene." Silence. The other man spoke, defiant. "A man's got a right to a job, ain't he? That's all we asked, honest day's pay for honest—"

"Shut up. Now I *mean* what I say. I'll have the sheriff here at sunrise. If you're in the valley then, that's the end of you. Get that? I can identify you. Now go. Quick."

There was something obscene in their cringing haste. Human baseness is sickening; to know that Mary Allen saw it was revolting to Jean Jacques, he wished to cover her eyes. He saw the revolver in her drooping hand. "Well," she said, "That's that."

They were walking in the driveway, toward the packers' tents. "So it was nothing to do, really—they're cowards. What were you doing there?"

He said, "I heard you, and came."

"I hope nobody else heard." She spoke steadily, but he had taken her arm, he felt her trembling. "It wasn't the watchmen's fault. Things like that will happen, when—I mean, on a ranch like this." She was feminine, soft and feminine, after all. Her dark head was no higher than his eyes. Life was sweet, sweet and precarious; she was sweet, unutterably. They talked as though nothing were happening. He felt her trembling, as he was trembling. Their steps faltered.

He held all grace, all harmony, in his arms. Her lips met his with tenderness and candor; their kiss was like burying

the face in flowers. Their happiness was beauty.

Faintly his forgotten self was shouting; he would not listen, and the shout was suddenly loud. *What are you doing?* His arms relaxed. Against his will they would have held her more fiercely then, but she too had remembered. They looked at each other; there were no words. After she had turned and left him he thought in words.

For an instant he was saved by a sense of unreality, could have believed that he was dreaming. His gaze was drawn upward slowly; he saw Mrs. Smith's white face looking down at him from her balcony. She, too, had not slept.

At dawn he knew what to do. Elizabeth's mother was *femme du monde*, and his friend. A confession of his bewildering emotion, an expression of his sincere hope that all would be well when Elizabeth came, a statement of his views on marriage—these would clear the situation. In reality, what had happened? Nothing. He repeated, nothing.

He was prepared to meet Mrs. Smith. He had not been prepared to see on her face the marks of a strain so exhausting. Her skin seemed dried by fever and the rouge was fading on her cheeks. He felt remorse; his fault had made this necessity of laying his troubles upon her burdened mind. She gave him a smile of friendliness and comprehension, and poured his coffee. The breakfast table was set in a little court between the house and hills, a peaceful place where ivy was green and water played in a wall-fountain. He deferred serious talk until cigarettes were lighted.

"I think, madame, you will know with what sincerity I beg you to forgive, to—"

Her comprehension came to reassure him. "My dear boy, of course—" Her smile forgave more than he would have wished to be forgiven. "It is only young girls who expect the impossible."

This quality of her smile made him pause. The truth would be more difficult to tell her than he had expected.

She said, "But—as an older woman, your friend—I must speak frankly. You have been . . . misled, I fear, by a girl who is not quite . . . scrupulous. You know how painful it is to say this of my sister's daughter. But for your sake—"

Self-protection was trained to an art in him; nothing but deferential attention appeared on his face. His gaze was on his lean hand, busy with the cigarette.

"I must tell you that, whatever she has said to you, her motive can only have been most—most unkind, even malicious. The estrangement with my sister Jane was a very great sorrow to me. When she was dying I assured her that her daughters would be as dear to me as my own. That comforted her, I think, and I have tried—have made *every* effort. But—" Her hands expressed hopeless defeat.

An automatic courtesy supported him. "My dear Mrs. Smith—"

"Every family has these tragedies, of misunderstanding, of ingratitude, of—really, of hate."

He murmured, "Most unfortunate . . . regrettable . . ."

"The truth is that there was never the slightest question of my dear mother's sanity."

His mind awoke to that. His whole life had trained him to maintain a polished surface himself and to disregard it in others—to be constantly alert to hidden meanings, to suspect in every denial a concealed truth. Insanity in this family? He met Mrs. Smith's eyes with a look of trouble candidly confided to her. "I did not wish to hurt you by speaking of it," he said. "But—"

"But of course, I am glad to tell you the truth," she said simply. "Nothing but the malice of Jane's daughters makes it painful to me." (He saw in her the confidence he himself had felt earlier; she relied upon his point of view to support her. He thought, she has prepared this speech, in the night, fearful, having seen us together.) "My mother was remarkable for her sagacity, her intelli-

gence, her force of character. You know that she and her brother took nearly two million dollars in gold from the mines? My uncle died in the mountains, and she drove to Santa Rita, alone, with that gold in the wagon. Santa Rita was a stage-post then, all this was wild country. She bought half this valley from my husband's father and set out cherries. She was the only American in California then who saw the future, had the intelligence and courage to plant orchards. Until the day she died she managed them herself—a remarkable woman, a remarkable mind. But unfortunately she had the English idea of inheritance. Her will left her entire property to my brother Tom, left Jane and me utterly dependent on him."

She saw, he knew, nothing but sympathy in his eyes. She moistened her lips. "Jane—you couldn't understand this, you don't know Protestants—Jane would do nothing. The commandment in the Bible, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' she completely misunderstood it. She said the Lord would provide for us. But I—I have always been practical in worldly affairs."

He smiled. "In worldly affairs it is stupid to be otherwise."

"Exactly. Jane was what is called an impractical Christian. She would not help me. You see, one had to consider the American law. You cannot imagine its stupidities! The attorneys—But you must understand that in this country these legal matters are the emptiest formalities, they do not pretend to be fact. No one, *no one*, for an instant doubted the fact of my mother's sanity. But she was unusual. Purely from a legal standpoint, there was evidence that could have been used to set aside the will. It was not used; the whole affair was settled out of court, quite satisfactorily. My only grief was Jane's attitude. She abandoned me absolutely. I told her then that she would be sorry. And in time she came here, begging me to let her work in my



orchards. How could I? Impossible—one's own sister."

"But, naturally impossible, madame!"

"I would have done anything else, would have taken her into my own home. But poverty is so embittering. Her girls have always been bitter toward me, in spite of every effort. You cannot imagine how deeply it grieves Elizabeth and me to know that they will not let us help them, that they even hate us, wish to do us harm."

"Indeed, I understand." His tone was still one of complete sympathy with her, the color was returning to her cheeks. "I quite understand, madame."

Alone in his rooms, he struck his forehead in amazement. An abyss at his feet, and what had saved him? The mistake of a woman so clever that her cleverness became stupid. The mistake of a woman so sordidly unscrupulous that, fundamentally, she believed in, relied upon, unscrupulousness in others! What irony. In the writing desk he found cablegram blanks and, sitting down, he wrote a few unimportant words to his mother, in English. His use of English by cable was an old signal that his mother knew.

There was an hour between tea-time and dinner when he was free. As he strolled from the terrace across the lawns he maintained his composure by repeating the remark of a brother officer in Algiers: The only value of a woman is *le cadre*, the frame, the atmosphere with which she surrounds herself.

*Le cadre!* This place in which Mary Allen lived was an untidy camp—shelters of patched and dingy canvas, rusty cookstoves, bed-covers airing. It was deserted now save for a group of infants and a woman giving the breast to her baby. The packers were working overtime. She was in the hot shed, walking up and down all day, pale, gay, encouraging the driven workers, watching an endless stream of cherries—"Careful, my dear, that one's too red." *Le cadre!* My friend was wrong, utterly

wrong, he said to himself. But it is impossible that I marry her. Impossible.

"Hello, it's you!" she said. She had come out of a tent, stood there looking at him. Her face was worn by fatigue, and he saw with a pang how the hair lay damp on her forehead. Was he going pale, like a boy? "Good evening, mademoiselle. I did not expect to see you here."

"No." They walked on between the tents. "One of the girls fainted. I stayed with her a few minutes. She's resting now."

They stood in an open space in the midst of the camp. Staggering infants, fingers in mouths, watched them from a little distance. What could he say to her? Her gaze was as honest as the daylight that showed her weariness. "I'm glad I saw you, Mr.—" She laughed gaily at herself. "I really don't know what one calls a count, I never met one before. But anyway, I'm glad, because I want to explain about last night. You mustn't get a wrong impression of American girls because I kissed you, that way, when I hardly knew you. I was excited—those migratories, and the moonlight, or something. You *are* awfully good-looking. So it just happened. I don't mean I'm sorry. Only I wanted you to know it isn't—that I don't usually—And I told Bob all about it."

His mind stammered; he had no equipment with which to meet this. "Bob?"

"Bob Anderson. The ranch foreman. We're going to get married as soon as the season's over." Her eyes did not falter nor her color change.

He heard himself saying, "My felicitations, mademoiselle." Irony is always a refuge. "And what did Mr. Anderson say?"

"Oh, he didn't like it much. But of course he knows me. I wouldn't be marrying him if he didn't. He understood how it was."

There was nothing to say.

"I hope you understand, too."

"My dear Miss Allen—you gave me happiness. I shall always remember it."

There was wisdom in her smile and humor quite innocent of irony. "It was beautiful," she admitted. But her smile was unjust to him; he would not forget her beauty. It was no trick of eye and brow, no line of chin, for in these she did not at all resemble her cousin. There was in her the intangible beauty he had crossed an ocean to find; it called to him now across the greater space between her life and his. He kissed her hand. "Believe me, mademoiselle, I wish you from my heart every happiness."

His mother's cablegram was imperative. He must return to France at once. To Mrs. Smith he said, "But I am desolate, madame!" Her words and manner were as suitable as his own. He regretted most deeply that he must end this happy visit before seeing Elizabeth. "Elizabeth will be sorry, too," Elizabeth's mother said. Her lips were gray for a moment, but her composure did not fail. What a woman! What a pity that so many qualities did not include a feeling for essential values. A woman who would not hesitate to destroy her own family, to slander her mother, to stain with false reports her own clean birth and that of her children,

for money— No, he did not wish to marry the woman she must have formed in her daughter.

Hospitality surrounded him to the last. By telephone, his place was reserved on an overland train; an automobile would take him to Sacramento. On the terrace he stooped to Mrs. Smith's hand—a firm, relentless hand, though old. She looked, this morning, much older than the woman who had met him on this terrace a week ago. "Thank you a thousand times, madame, and au revoir!"

She also said, "Au revoir," but she knew that it was finished. The car moved down the driveway and disappeared beneath the foliage of her century-old olive trees. He was gone, and she did not know why. Had he not believed her? Had Mary Allen been the cleverer? Though no one else could handle the packing so well, the girl would not be given work another season. But the thought was no balm for this deep wound, this deadly gash at the root of her life. She would never quite recover from it, nor ever understand it, for she was not like Jane, an impractical Christian. She had never believed the promises of a Book which says, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."







# MY COUNTRYSIDE, THEN AND NOW

A STUDY IN AMERICAN EVOLUTION

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

**I**T is not an abstraction for politicians, a capitalized immensity like the Middle West, the South, New England, the Prairie States. My country is tangible, small, immediate: a Pennsylvania valley, or rather a high tableland cut by ravines, lying between Chestnut Ridge on the west and Laurel Hill on the east and south. By climbing to the highest branches of a pine tree on the knob behind our barn, one can survey the whole of my country, from the one steeple of Bethel to the stone house at Nolo, and from the high ground in the north, around Nicktown, to where, in the south, the coke-ovens of Vintondale cut the horizon with a wall of smoke.

Last summer, after twelve years of absence broken by a few hasty visits, I returned to my country to find it the same and not the same. It had changed physically and socially; it had changed in fashions peculiar to itself and in other fashions that were typical of a whole cycle in American rural life.

When I went away, in 1916, it had the look of something ravished and deserted. The Vinton Lumber Company had cut the second-growth pine, the first-growth hemlock, the sugar-maple and, leaving birch and beech as unworthy of attention, had torn up its twenty miles of railroad track and moved into Kentucky. Fires had followed the lumbermen, turning thousands of acres into black meadows where ashes stirred in the breeze like the pollen of infernal flowers. Mine-tipples and culm-banks were toadstools on the bare hills. The poisoned

creeks ran orange with sulphur water. It was as if my country had been occupied by an invading army which had wasted the resources of the hills, ravaged the forests with fire and steel, fouled the waters, and now was slowly retiring, without booty.

For one by one, the settlers were drifting away. Young men, the flower of their generation, tramped off to Pittsburgh or Johnstown to look for work in the mills. Some of them went farther west. They helped to open the new mines of West Virginia; they followed the harvest northward, week by week, from Oklahoma into Saskatchewan; they toiled in Oregon sawmills or Michigan factories, and grew into landless men, trees without roots—the homeless peasants of the machine.

My country was becoming a region of old people and children. The minority of young men who stayed behind had yielded to the yoke of women and the past; or rather, their future had been decided in a fashion somewhat more casual. There were, during the summer, barn dances, hay rides, church festivals (pronounced “festibbles”) and picnics. In winter there were husking bees and sociables. Chaperons were unknown. Boys and girls drove home together, wrapped in lap robes, pressed body to body in narrow sleighs. Early in these essentially puritan lives there had come one or two years of candid paganism. Soon they ended; Vida or Irma was “in trouble”; there was generally a marriage; and a boy of nineteen, kept from migra-

tion, settled down to his father's life of plowing for rye in September, for buckwheat in June; of cutting mine-props in winter and, as time went on, of driving his family to church, with his six or eight children crowded in a surrey, on the circuit-rider's alternate Sundays. What magnificent families they raised in my country! And how sallow and toothless the women were at thirty!

Life there was hard and in its essentials tragic. Youth was a hurried episode. The few distractions of manhood were taken seriously: a keg of beer, a few raucous songs, a fight; soon a man went down; the victor knelt over him, swinging his great arms rhythmically, like a reaper; somewhere in the crowd a woman was screaming. In the morning all the drinkers except one would return to their battle against starvation.

It was a battle in which there were many casualties. Men died in accidents; men died in the mines, under a hundred tons of rock, or in the woods under a fallen tree; there were women who had outlived four husbands. There were men who had killed three wives with milking, child-bearing, housework. And each of these tragedies was purely a family affair. Social feeling was almost lacking; each man worked alone, for his own salvation; and the lack of responsibility to the community was shown in bad roads, in primitive schools, in trout streams poisoned by sawmills, in churches that were never painted or resingled, in forest fires that no one bothered to fight.

My country blossomed a little in its old men. Those who survived the hardships and accidents of middle age acquired a sort of exhausted calm, a faded whiteness like that of rain-washed lilacs. They sat in the sun, whittling and chewing tobacco with an air of unalterable dignity. They talked, choosing their words slowly, in the drawling singsong of the Pennsylvania mountians. My country has no dialect of its own, but it has a verbal melody which is unmistakable; and the speech of these old

men was a sort of chant that rose and fell like the slow Allegheny ridges. They spoke of the days when the hills were covered with first-growth pine, when water grist mills hummed in all the valleys, when panthers slunk after white-tailed deer, when every creek and run (there are no brooks in western Pennsylvania) was full of shadowy trout.

My country, for all its unsocial harshness, for all its emigrants, had then, and still preserves, a fund of local patriotism which is symbolized by trout, white pine, and deer. The old men used to say, "Them days we alluz come home with a string of trout as heavy as a ham. . . . I c'n mind when every pine we cut would saw two thousand foot of boards. . . . It was nice, I tell ye, to go huntin' atter deer." They tried to hide their enthusiasm under these practical judgments, but it was obvious that these fish, these trees, these beasts had more than a practical value: they were the totems of a tribe. To catch a trout, to cut a virgin pine, or to shoot a twelve-tined buck was almost a ritual act: it was like sacrificing a white bull to the god Mithra.

There were no longer any deer in my country. The white pines which once had covered it were reduced to a few weevily saplings. The trout had been poisoned by sawmills or sulphur from the mines. The young men were dispersing, the farms were neglected, and soon my country would be a fire-blackened wilderness with a few old houses crumbling in the midst of overgrown fields. So at least it seemed to me in the summer of 1916.

## II

I was to see many deserted countryside during the next twelve years. In Vermont, on the wooded slopes of the Green Mountains, I would find stone fences precisely marking the boundaries of non-existent fields, and clumps of lilacs to show where villages had stood. In tidewater Virginia I would see whole



townships abandoned to scrub pine and sassafras. There, thinking of General Sheridan's boast that after he left the Shenandoah Valley a crow flying through it would have to carry his own provisions, I reflected that peace was often no less destructive than war. That year an old Pennsylvania farmer had told me of driving for twenty miles in Armstrong County, through what had been a prosperous farming district, and of finding not so much as a forkful of hay to feed his horses.

When I returned to my country last summer I half expected to encounter the same condition. Instead, the population had increased. The nearest village was crowded with new houses. The farms, though few of them seemed prosperous, at least were occupied. The roads were admirable. It was obvious that the women had improved their own position; they looked somehow less weary, less indifferent, and even the boys who played by the roadside were rather less unkempt. A new brick high school was rising near the site of the little building where sixty of us children, a turbulent roomful divided into five classes, had recited turn by turn to the same discouraged teacher.

However, the change in my country was not confined to its physical appearance: the social attitude of our neighbors had developed like their roads and schools. I soon discovered that the old individualism of life on lonely farms had almost disappeared. People there, as elsewhere in the country, had come to regard themselves as members of a collectivity: a village, a township, a lodge, a church. They judged actions by their social effects, and spoke of a successful man as being "a credit to the town." Formerly they would have said, with the same note of admiration, "Milt knows how to take care of himself."

It was this new collectivism which smoothed the way for the organizers of the Ku Klux Klan when they appeared in my country five years ago last sum-

mer. They were aided also by a sort of particularism, a regional pride; for there was hardly a man of twenty-one in the upland villages—as distinguished from the mining towns of the valley—who was not white, Protestant, and for three generations a native. There was hardly a man who did not take the Klan oath; and the local sentiment was so unanimous that there was practically no attempt at concealment. Everybody knew that Squire Adam Diffenbaugh had been the first to join, and that Preacher Cameron, who was almost the last, had become the most fanatical member. In the Hemphill family there were seven Klansmen. If wash day happened to follow a Klan meeting, all seven robes would hang on the Hemphill line, in full view of every automobile that passed along the state highway.

The robes hang there no longer. By the summer of 1928 the Klan was practically dead in my country. It had died in a series of quarrels over money, in the defalcation of a treasurer, in a feud between the Diffenbaughs and Preacher Cameron, and also to some extent in the growth of rival orders. The forces which produced the Klan were perhaps as strong as ever, but fortunately the group instinct and the spirit of regionalism were being directed toward less questionable ends.

They were directed toward the building of new schools, the resurfacing of the roads, the better enforcement of the forest and game laws. Local pride, as expressed in these improvements, has raised the taxes nearly two hundred per cent. Government and law are beginning to play a vaster part in the life of the community. In my day they were represented almost solely by a constable and a squire; now, in addition, I found game wardens, fire wardens, state troopers, prohibition agents, inspectors of various sorts, forest rangers. . . . And the effects of all this supervision were beginning to be seen.

There have been no forest fires in my country this year or last, for the first

time in three decades. Deer have become so plentiful that in some places they have stripped the underbrush of bark and leaves to the height of a man's head. Stray dogs and cats, the most dangerous enemies of game, are exterminated systematically. Sawmills are almost violently encouraged not to pollute the waters. A fishing club of farmers and miners, formed three years ago, has stocked several streams, and in these one can catch nearly as many trout as in my grandfather's day. Even the white pines are coming back, though more slowly: they are creeping into the deserted fields; the edge of the forest shows a line of deeper green.

And my country, now that its local symbols have been restored, no longer lives in the past. It has found salvation of a sort, even though its economic problems remain unsolved. Migration to the cities has almost ceased; perhaps, in this era of collectivism, it has come to be regarded as desertion, as a guilty form of disloyalty. At any rate, the young men are staying at home.

### III

I do not mean to suggest that all these changes are typical of the whole United States. Our nation is much less standardized than its critics like to believe; they generally overlook the importance of our regionalistic forces, not all of which are losing their power. Each county, each township, has an individuality of its own; it grows or decays; it loses or retains its inhabitants. Emigration to manufacturing centers is still a feature of our national life, but it is by no means universal; and there are thousands of scattered districts which, like my birthplace, are holding the loyalty of their own people.

I am thinking particularly of the wide regions in which general farming has ceased to be profitable. Some of these, but not many, have been given back to the forest; vast as is the number of abandoned farms, it is not so vast as we

might expect. One district after another has found means of sustaining its separate life. In central New York hundreds of communities that might otherwise cease to exist are supported by dairy farming; others, in the Hudson Valley, have turned to growing fruits; the lumber industry has become stabilized, permanent, in many parts of Maine; Aroostook County depends on its potato crop; Cape Cod derives more revenue from tourists than it ever had from whaling. . . . All these are cases in which the solution was economic. There is a striking example, however, of a town that refused to die—of a district that found salvation almost in spite of economic laws.

In the autumn of 1918, while our troops were hammering at the Kriemhilde Line, ten thousand square miles in northeastern Minnesota were laid waste by forest fires. The property damage was nearly a hundred millions—I am quoting the newspapers of the day—and over a thousand lives were lost. Cellars and wells in the devastated area were choked with the bodies of those who had tried to find refuge from the flames.

Cloquet, a town almost in the center of this region, suffered even more than its neighbors. When the inhabitants straggled back from Duluth a few days later they found that their houses were so many heaps of ashes. The lumber mills on which their livelihood depended had disappeared. The forests that fed the mills were forests no longer. There was talk among the lumbermen of abandoning the site and moving to the Pacific Coast. Economically, it seemed that Cloquet had no further reason for existence.

However, the inhabitants showed a stubborn loyalty that can only be admired: they refused to desert the town. The lumber companies, with the same sort of loyalty, began seeking for new resources; they rebuilt the mills; they embarked on the manufacture of new products. With not a tree standing in the neighborhood, as I am told is the



case at present, Cloquet must be a very curious lumber town; but it has tapped new forests at a distance; its industries are thriving. Evidently, if the will exists, the economic problems of a rural community can very often be solved.

In my own country this solution is still to be found. "Times is hard," our neighbors say: the few mines that are working pay a non-union scale of wages; potatoes this autumn brought less than they have for two decades; buckwheat and rye scarcely repay the cost of raising them; there is no market for hay; timber has been cut so rapidly since the chestnut blight that the local market is glutted, and "a man c'n har'ly earn wages in his own woods"; but, nevertheless, the young men are no longer drifting to the cities or the West; they are doing their pioneering at home.

For most of them the problem of finding work has proved none too easy. They are compensated, however, by the privilege of living in their own country, among friends; and a few have even made opportunities for themselves which might have been closed to them in a city. Elmer Moody, at thirty-five, has just retired with a comfortable fortune after fifteen years of selling automobiles. Merton Ward, whom I remember as the bad boy of the second-reader class, is one of the few rural storekeepers who have adjusted themselves to new conditions; his business is growing. Milt Peters has become a lumberman. Starting after the War with no capital except his government bonus, he has acquired a saw-mill, two motor trucks, a reputation for thoroughness, and several valuable tracts of timber. He leaves no waste behind him; he is bent on making a fortune out of tops and branches which the Vinton Lumber Company would have left to rot. And he is employing nearly a dozen men of his own age and his own locality.

To-day, as in other country districts, it is the aged who are leaving their homes. Old J. L. Edwards, the only man of wealth in the township, has bought a farm in Georgia where the

winters are less severe. Bill George, formerly a sergeant in the Army of the West, wounded at Chickamauga, prisoner at Andersonville, has gone to live with his eldest son, a clerk in the War Department. He returned last summer for a brief visit, but it may be his last; I hear that in his eighty-seventh year he is looking "purty dauncy."

With the young men working at home and the old men moving away, my country has become what America is always supposed to be, and very seldom is—a land of youth.

#### IV

On the second day of my visit I went to the swimming hole in Blacklick Creek, a hundred yards below the White Mill Dam.

I remembered it as a pool in the deep woods, black and still, with a school of minnows floating at the surface of the water, in the sunlight, and humming-birds moving from flower to flower along the bank. Usually it was the haunt of silence. At infrequent intervals it was invaded by half a dozen boys who stood shivering and naked in the water, one or two of them able to venture a few strokes and all of them splashing and shouting as if the stillness were an enemy to be conjured away.

This time the swimming hole was crowded with young men, children, girls in their teens, and middle-aged women who had never worn a bathing suit before. All of the boys could swim and a few were really skilful. However, it was the presence of women that astonished me. No one familiar with the position of farm wives in my country could fail to gasp at finding them here in the water, under the trees, at a time when there were socks to mend and dew-berries to preserve.

Their right to the swimming hole—a right significant of all the little revolutions by which the life of American country women is being transformed—had not been won without a struggle. I

heard that Preacher Cameron had de-claimed against it on three successive Sundays.

Reverend Elisha Cameron, as he signed his letters, was a powerful figure, the father, by two wives, of fifteen children, twelve of whom were living. He was known throughout the township for his deer-stalking and his skill in catching trout. To the improvement of roads and schools, to the rights of women, and the comforts of life he was hostile or indifferent: he was an individualist, drawing a personal inspiration from the Bible; hunting, fishing, damning, and exhorting with the same vehemence, the same lonely fire. In some ways he typified the older standards of the country.

He was envied for his bags of game. He was respected for his fecundity no less than for his picturesque faith. There had always been many to follow him even when, as in the dispute over the swimming hole, he was opposing popular new customs. But his prestige was threatened by a series of minor disagreements; it was seriously compromised by his failure to repay a loan; and it finally disappeared in a curious affair which brought two instincts of my country into opposition.

Milt Diffenbaugh, killed in a mine accident, had married the preacher's second daughter. He was buried with some pomp in the graveyard overlooking the valley of the Blacklick. There was a quarrel, however, between the Diffenbaugh clan and Milt's young widow, in which Preacher Cameron took his daughter's side. Milt's body was exhumed from the Diffenbaugh plot, with the preacher helping the undertaker, and carried to a lonely burying ground in Centre County. From that day the preacher's influence disappeared. He, the official representative of Protestantism in my country, the local head of what was almost an Established Church, had outraged our instinctive reverence for the dead, had committed a sacrilege. And, in Preacher Cameron's defeat, the

causes he supported were compromised: the Klan lost other members; card parties and dances were held for high school students; part of the past was swept away. The swimming hole was opened to country wives.

Standing knee-deep in the muddy water that afternoon was Millie Armstrong, the preacher's eldest daughter, the mother of six children at twenty-nine, and a rebel against his patriarchal standards.

## V

The new pastor arrived a few days later. He was a young man: brisk, tolerant, rather sententious, and eager to work for what he called "the spiritual and moral welfare of the community." Obviously he would lead no crusade against the swimming hole. After a short conversation he invited me to a picnic and conference at which plans for community service would be discussed.

I liked the young pastor for his easy enthusiasms, but strangely I regretted old Cameron's lean shoulders, his bitter faith, his blue eyes quick to spy out a deer or a sinner. I was glad to see the village improved; I admired the new spirit of collectivism less for itself than for its effects; but still I could not help looking backwards. My country had once possessed a tragic power, a sort of cold majesty that was melting in this more genial age. I felt like seeking the past. And so on the morning of the picnic, which fell on the day before my visit ended, I did not drive to town; instead, I went rambling through the pasture-lot. After a time I reached the top of the knob and climbed the old pine tree from which all my country is visible.

It stands some distance behind the farmhouse, alone in a bare field, with its branches twisted northward in the direction of the prevailing winds. Branch after branch they spread like Egyptian fans of ostrich feathers or separate terraces of moss, hiding the ground from the watcher who has climbed to the top.



There, a perpetual breeze creeps through the needles, exhaling the odor of dried herbs and a rustle of heavy silk.

Perched on the highest branch, I looked southward to the road, once known as the Clay Pike and now transformed into the Benjamin Franklin Highway. It rippled with an unbroken stream of motor cars, bound east to the mines of Nant-y-glo, bound for the picnic, bound west beyond the ridges, bound nowhere in particular. South of the highway was the deep ravine where the Blacklick flowed, its orange water sometimes visible between the trees. The horizon west of the valley was closed by Duncan's Knob, the limit of the lands that my great-great-uncle had claimed. South and southeast was a file of parallel mountains, ridge on ridge, growing bluer and fainter as they marched into the sky. Bands of lightning were playing over the last ridge.

In the nearer distance I began to distinguish familiar sites. A crumbling chimney in a pasture lot was all that remained of the cabin which James Duncan, the deerslayer and pine-butcher, had hewn from the forest log by log. He lay buried near-by, under a blasted tree. It was his son Thomas who built the White Mill, first of the water grist mills along our streams, now standing idle as a memorial to the days of more

prosperous farming. Empty also was the clearing where the Vinton sawmills had devoured the hardwood and hemlock of twenty thousand acres. A rash on a distant hillside, lividly gleaming in an island of sunlight among the clouds, was the culm-bank and abandoned tipple of what had been Mine No. 6.

The history of my country, like that of so many American districts, and perhaps like that of the nation as a whole, had been a slow exhausting of resources. The men in coonskin caps, the fierce Scotch-Irish of the frontier, had driven away the larger game. Their sons, who cleared the fields, had cut almost the last of the virgin forest, and the next two generations had worn out the arable soil. My country to-day was fed with minerals, but the coal in time would be exhausted, and then? . . . I had no fear for what would come. The hills had shown a power of recuperation; the trees were creeping back into the desolate chop-pings where fire had raged; the fields were resting for other tasks under a blanket of white-top and goldenrod. The people, too, were preparing for the future; they felt a common aim; they would find other resources inevitably.

Out of the village, borne by the low winds that precede a storm, came the ring of hammers from the carpenters at work on the new school.



## BURNT OFFERING

ANONYMOUS

This narrative, committed to writing by Hallie Flanagan, director of the Experimental Theater at Vassar College, was told to her in Leningrad by the man whose experience it relates. He prefers to withhold his name because, to use his own words, "It is Isadora's story."—*The Editors*.

IN THE early days of my life as a young man I saw Isadora Duncan dance in Moscow. I had followed a great crowd into the theater, but because I was raw from the country I did not know what it was that I should see. The music sank into me, and when Isadora Duncan danced the tears fell down my face and upon my hands which were clutched together in a sort of pain.

All the great of Russia were there—the Tzar, the Tzarina, Mamontov, Stanislavsky, many actors, painters, musicians, writers. All, all were in raptures. After each dance they would run down the aisles applauding and shouting "Brav! Brav!" I was too shy to run down the aisle so I sat huddled in my seat, my hands and feet as cold as snow, my heart a great flame. Whenever, in answer to the shouting and stamping crowd, she would appear all my pulses would stop. When she danced my soul floated out to her in ecstasy.

I had come to the town to spend several days, but after I saw Isadora Duncan dance I wanted to see no more. I took my bundle over my shoulder and walked back through the night and the dawn over the frozen roads to my country village.

From then on Isadora Duncan became my angel. I thought only of her. When I was working in the field, stamping seeds into the brown earth, suddenly I would see her floating before me as on the Moscow stage, and my eyes would fill with tears.

Several years passed and then my parents died and I went to Petersburg as a student. I worked very hard night and day because I had no money, and at night I must work so that I could study in the day. I never could go to the theater and, as a truth, I did not care to, because ever since I saw Isadora Duncan I did not want to see others upon the stage. Doubtless this was bad of me and stupid, but that is as it was.

One day a fat fellow in my class, a great one to hang about theaters and brag of people he knew, said to me, "Do you know who is coming to Petersburg? But of course you do not because you know nothing of that sort. It is a dancer, Isadora Duncan. She has married a Russian poet and she will dance here next fortnight."

When he said this to me I was looking through a microscope at a slide filled with purple dots. The dots flew up like rockets and burst in my brain. . . . She was coming here. I should see her again. I had never thought that such a thing could be. I could not believe it. My throat became dry and hard. I could not speak.

The fat fellow was still talking. "I know the man she has married very well indeed. I shall probably be with them after the performance."

Still I did not speak. I hated the fat fellow because he dared to think that with all his loud voice and bulging flesh he could approach her.

Then he said, "I might take you along



if you want to meet someone important for once in a way."

I became quiet. My mind was still. "Do so," I said haughtily.

Then I began to wait. I could not eat nor sleep. I could not work. I could not study. I did not seem to be thinking about the meeting or what would happen, or even about Isadora Duncan. I did not think at all. I lived in waiting.

At last the fat fellow came to me and said, "It is all arranged. We are to come after the performance to her dressing room. But, my dear fellow, you cannot go as you are now."

He stared at my clothes and I looked down stupidly. "No, of course not."

"You might wear a coat over your suit."

He went away, and I sat there for a long time. You will see how strange it was. Up to now I had thought only that I should see Isadora Duncan. I had never thought that she would see me. But now I understood quite clearly that I could not go into her presence in a shabby suit full of patches, with sleeves that came above my bony wrists. I tried to think if I knew anyone with money. But I knew only poor fellows like myself, working at night so they could study by day, or peasants who had only a few roubles a month.

I looked through my stock of things. There were odds and ends from my family, among them one thing of value, an old ikon enameled on gold, very precious. My mother had given it to me before she died, saying, "If you are ever in need, my son . . ." I looked at the ikon for a long time. Then I tied it up in a handkerchief and set out for the markets.

All day I walked from shop to shop but I could not sell the ikon for enough to buy me a coat. At nightfall I came along the river to one of those shops where are odds and ends of all things that people who have come down in the world have sold. There on the back of a dresser hung a coat. It was not new,

it was worn in places, but it was of handsome stuff, and it had a collar of black astrakhan. I began to tremble. I knew it must be mine, so I pretended to look at everything in the shop first. Then I said carelessly, "And the old coat?"

The shopkeeper flew in a rage. "Old coat indeed! It is a handsome coat, it has a fur collar, it is worth a hundred roubles."

I pulled out the ikon. "I will give you this for the coat. Only let there be no bargaining, for I am not here to bargain but to buy."

The shopkeeper took the ikon; he rubbed his fingers over the enamel and flicked his nails against it to see that it would not chip and held it up to be certain it let light stream through in spite of the gold. Then he said, "It's a bad bargain for me but I like to do a kindness now and then. Take the coat."

Do not ask me how the days passed or how I came to the place. Enough that at last we were there. My heart that had hurt for so long with a sort of pounding was still. We entered a small room and from the doorway beyond we heard voices and laughter and someone singing a song. In the anteroom an old woman took our hats. She reached out for my coat, but I shook my head. At this she made a great clatter, speaking very fast in French. Madame did not wish it that anyone should enter with a coat—the room was small and coats made confusion. I looked at my friend in despair but he had already removed his coat and was standing in the doorway rubbing his hands impatiently.

"Take it off, take it off!" he said crossly. "She will not see you with all the important people about!"

There was nothing to be done. I took off the coat and came into her presence clad in rags.

There were many people in the room, all crowded around a low divan where Isadora Duncan reclined with flowers all about her. From a dark corner by the door I saw her as she sat, so gentle and

so tender . . . I thought that her perfect face was sad, even though she smiled. I feared that she was tired, and I felt that we should all go away that she might rest. Everyone crowded around her, laughing and kissing her hand, and my fat friend, who had taken too many *apéritifs*, got down upon his hands and knees and pretended to be her little dog, which made them all laugh a great deal, but which made me ashamed.

The young Russian husband, with his dark handsome face, stood beside her with folded arms. I felt that he despised us and that he was right to despise us, that we were not content to see her beauty on the stage, but that we came like greedy children asking more and more. The old woman kept bringing in tall baskets of flowers and placing them about until the room was like a garden—and each time Isadora Duncan's voice, pure and floating, would say, "This is very kind of you, my friends." When I heard her thanking others, she who had brought to all so great a gift, I felt that my heart would break with pride.

Now many men had come in and all were so thick about her that I could not see her face, only her long, fair hand over the edge of the divan. She held a cigarette between her fingers, and the ash fell upon the fur rug on the floor beside her. As I saw the ash fall I was conscious that for a long time I had smelled a curious odor of burning. A terrible whirling started in my brain. There would be a fire—flames—people rushing about—shouting—I would save her—I . . . But I must be calm. She was four flights from the ground, surrounded by fools who would be in the way when they found out the danger. I must be rid of them in some manner.

"It is very late," I said—and stopped; for my voice sounded flat and silly, like a pebble falling into a well. Everyone dropped back and looked at me in astonishment, for up to now I had not spoken, and none of them knew that I was there. But at that moment the

door into the anteroom opened and the old woman came running, closing the door after her to keep out a thick smoke that crowded in.

"Pardon, Madame, pardon! *Le manteau de Monsieur est brûlé! . . .*" she cried excitedly, holding out a charred black thing. Then she went on in rapid French that it was not her fault, that when other gentlemen had come in they had taken the coat and thrown it by mistake not on the tabouret but on the charcoal stove.

Isadora Duncan cried out in distress, "But whose coat is it? Who is it that in my house has met so great a loss?"

At this the fat one began to laugh very hard. He laughed until he had to lean against a table, he laughed until someone threw water in his face. "It is his coat," he cried, pointing to me, between squeaks of laughter, "and the rich thing is that he got it only on purpose."

"The coat is of no value," I said coldly. "I am very glad that it burned because I have no need of a coat."

No one said anything for a moment, and then Isadora Duncan rose from the divan and came toward me. "My friend," she said, "if you will permit me, I should like to dance for you!" Then she whirled around on the others and snapped her fingers. "This is not for *you*. You may leave or you may flatten yourselves against the wall, but you may not interrupt me with senseless chatter or clapping. Do not speak a word to me, now or afterwards, for this is between the two of us!"

She slipped the sandals from her feet, she loosened the silver scarf from her shoulders, and it fell in a shining pool at her feet. With a long breath, like a sigh, she drew to her full height and began to dance.

The fat one caught up with me as I strode through the dark. He was panting and very cross. "You certainly made a spectacle of yourself," he kept saying. "Shouting out 'It is very late,'



and then shouting out, 'I have no need of a coat,' and then after a great actress—a really great actress if you had the brains to know it—had the decency to dance for us, not even so much as thanking her, not even kissing her hand! Just staring at her in a stony sort of way and then running out of the house."

I walked on trying to lose him in the darkness, but he kept trotting along beside me. "And I was so ashamed that we didn't send her flowers. Of course we should have sent her flowers."

"Why? She had already more than

enough," I said, and this indeed angered the fat one.

"Why? She had *enough!* Oh, God! What a fool you are! Please have the goodness to understand that never again will I . . ."

His voice trailed on, but I had slipped down a back street and had to hear no more. Outside a church I stopped and rubbed the frost from the ikon on the wall. . . . But I no longer felt any pain that I had exchanged my mother's ikon for the coat. For after all, it had been burned, a sort of sacrifice.

## HAY WAGON

BY WITTER BYNNER

**O**N THE road from Enfield, the other side of Lemster,  
Or the other side of Newport, I can't remember which,  
We saw ahead a hay wagon topped by a teamster  
And a fellow with a hay fork walking near the ditch.

*Even in the distance they bore an air about them  
Brighter than New Hampshire air. Fire had begun  
To tingle in their golden hair—just as if without them  
It would have been a dark day without any sun.*

*And this was their difference from ordinary people—  
They had left their shirts behind them, they were brown and living men  
Who came with something in their eyes that doomed the village steeple.  
New Hampshire, glory be to God, was Indian again.*

## The Lion's Mouth



### WE ATTEND A PARENTS' MEETING

BY NEWMAN LEVY

WE ATTENDED a parents' meeting at the Thoreau School where Vergil, our six-year-old son, is supposedly being educated. The Thoreau School is one of those experimental institutions of learning that are turning out free, untrammelled, and uninhibited citizens of the future. It was with some surprise, therefore, that we had received an announcement that the topic to be discussed at the parents' meeting was "Manners." We had assumed all along that Manners was one subject from which the Thoreau School held earnestly aloof; Vergil's development as an untrammelled and uninhibited citizen of the future had confirmed us in this belief.

The meeting was called to order by a Mrs. Leonard. About the room sat a miscellaneous collection of mothers, a sprinkling of fathers, and two or three teachers.

"This meeting is to discuss Manners," Mrs. Leonard began in a rich Chicago brogue. "Perhaps one of the teachers might tell us how the school feels—"

"If you mean by manners courtesy toward others—" said Miss Jones who was addressed by everyone as Mabel.

"That's exactly what I always say," interrupted Mrs. Bergenholtzer who up to this time had taken no part in the discussion. "Take my Milton, for example. Milton always was one of the best children in the world. I remember

three years ago when we took him down to Atlantic City to the Traymore when he was getting over an attack of the measles. At first Dr. Salmon—you know, the well-known child specialist—didn't think it was the measles, but Milton ran a temperature for three nights—"

"Just like my Beryl," interjected Mrs. Hatch, and before Mrs. Bergenholtzer could get her second wind, Mrs. Hatch had the floor and was going strong. "Beryl always was such a shy child. Mr. Hatch used to say, 'I wish she would assert herself more; she lets everyone walk over her,' but I always told him, 'You don't realize the child is just sensitive.' I'm like that myself. I remember when I was a little girl—"

"I think," Mrs. Leonard interrupted amiably, "that we had better get down to the subject of the meeting. Perhaps Mabel can tell us something regarding the school's attitude toward manners."

"There are two ways of regarding the question of manners," Mabel began. "We may either consider them as arbitrary rules of social behavior superimposed by—"

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "there's a question I want to ask. Does the school use fresh or canned peas?"

"I'm afraid you're out of order," said Mrs. Leonard.

"I may be out of order," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer indignantly, "but my Milton's stomach has been out of order all term. It's those canned peas they give him for lunch. At home he's accustomed to everything the best, and since the day school started his stomach's been upset."

"Canned peas are considered very



healthy," said Mrs. Leonard. "I always give them to my children."

"So do I," said Mrs. Peebles who promptly subsided, having made her contribution to the evening's discussion.

"That may be," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "but my Milton's been brought up very delicate. Now about this question of canned peas—"

"Perhaps we ought to get back to the subject of manners," said Mrs. Leonard feebly. "Now Mabel was telling us—"

"I want to explain the school's attitude regarding manners," said Mabel. "If you mean by manners courtesy toward others—"

"My Beryl came home last week and called me a dumb-bell," said Mrs. Hatch. "Has the school got an attitude about that? I'm sure she never heard me use such language, or her father for that matter. Our home life has always been very beautiful."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Bergenholtzer sweetly, "she might have thought you *were* a dumb-bell. Now my Milton—"

"I'm sure that Beryl never had any such idea," said Mrs. Hatch. "If I had been an old-fashioned mother I might have scolded her, but, thank heaven, I have the modern point of view. If there's one thing I pride myself on it's that I can look at these things in an intelligent, modern way. I took Beryl on my knee and said to her, 'How would you like it, dearest, if mother called you by that horrid name?'"

"My Milton—" began Mrs. Bergenholtzer.

"Beryl didn't reply," Mrs. Hatch continued serenely, "but I could see a tear glistening in her eye. I remembered what Professor Overstreet said in one of those delightful lectures of his at the New School last year—"

Mrs. Leonard made another faint effort to get the discussion out of the rough and back again onto the course.

"I've always thought that one could have too many manners," she said. "Now take my husband here—" indi-

cating a portly gentleman who sat near-by.

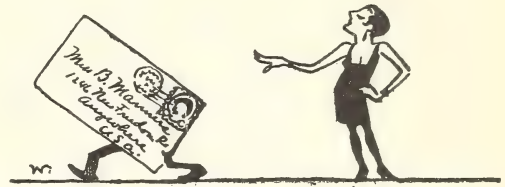
"That's all very true," said Mrs. Bergenholtzer, "but one can have too few manners, too. I think my point of view is as modern as anyone's in this room"—glaring at Mrs. Hatch—"but take for example the way the children congregate on the front stoop of the school. When I call for my Milton in the afternoon I literally have to fight my way into the building. Now if the school gave a little more attention to the question of stoop crowding—and to the matter of canned peas—"

"Do you remember what Bertrand Russell says in his *Education and the Good Life*?" said Mrs. Hatch. "He says—"

"I'd like to know the school's attitude toward stoop crowding," Mrs. Bergenholtzer insisted.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Leonard, "Mabel can tell us something about that."

We softly tiptoed out of the room. As we reached the hall we heard the voice of Miss Jones, the teacher, saying, "There are two ways of considering the question of manners. We may either consider them—"



"I NEVER ANSWER LETTERS"

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

THE large and illegitimate "complex" family seems to be growing, so I add to it without shame. We all know people who are afflicted with the toe complex: you stand on their toes, and they get hurt. We know others, equally morbid, who have the pay complex: if you buy something from them they expect to get paid for it. I am a victim of the letter "complex." I, poor devil, actually expect people to answer letters.

I apologize for this unreasonable expectation. I fear I may seem like those "blue-noses" who think it is wrong to cheat the Customs. The Customs do not trouble me. If it is a small and not very alert or brutal-looking Customs, I take a chance with it myself. But, though wanting to be "modern," wanting to be a libertarian, wanting to enjoy every advantage of escaping every taboo, I find myself looking on the person who does not answer a letter as I should look on a tennis-player who, having invited the game, feels it is too much effort to return the ball. I do not, mind you, expect people to answer letters promptly. Not even to answer them in detail. Not, perhaps, even to *answer* them. I simply like to imagine that the other fellow conceives of the possibility of response. What I dislike is the idea of speaking into a telephone that has nobody on the other end. I dislike the feeling that my letter is being pushed into a letter-box that has no back to it, or is being dropped into a chute which some malicious engineer has continued down to dark waters that silently close on my letters and carry them away. I object, and ferociously, to those creatures who take communication dumbly and do not understand the actual solemn, elemental, human duty of response.

A young thing writes to me, "I did get the book. Thanks so much. I didn't write before because I am not one of those who easily takes pen in hand. In fact, I never do write letters."

What is this? Is it the New Freedom? But how can it be distinguished from the Old Bad Manners? I send this youngster a book, wrapped up in the anguish of amateur wrapping. I write, stamp, lick, seal, and do all the other laborious and menial things connected with a letter. I send them off. She, slim enough to swell if she eats an extra bean for lunch, engulfs the book and the letter without a sign of having absorbed them. I stand waiting, opening my ears wide, straining for a response. That charming exponent of the New Manners says noth-

ing, and only when I bombard her with a second notice does she assure me that letters are old stuff and that this correspondence is now closed.

If this were one of those cases where to not-answer were really to answer, it would be beside the point. But the friend I indicate is the sort who dismisses the—I won't say duty—the pleasure, the experience, the reality of response, and yet supposes that the person who is not responded to in the course of ordinary friendship can continue to subsist on wafers of silence buttered with imagination.

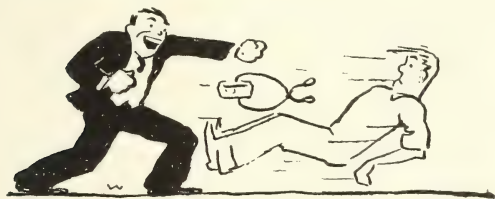
Friendships are not rare, and when the litter of them is too big, the blind ones ought to be drowned. Very quietly but firmly drowned, and not allowed to grow up and be neglected. There must be birth control. But the letters I speak of that ought to be written and are not written are, in very truth, letters of acknowledgment. That is, the return salute. When A nods and grins, B *must* nod and grin back. It is written in the Book of Judges. And when A inscribes a note that says something, B *must*, under pain of violent disapproval, inscribe another note asserting that something has been said.

This is too elementary? Not for the generation that is treading on my generation's heels. Not for the young. I have met them, college-bred as they say, and they set down to their irresistible charms, whether they are male or female, every verbal salute or every salute in the way of service that has been rendered to them as one human pilgrim to the other. Half-baked? Raw, sir. They are raw-hearted and do not yet understand why they are alive.

When you read William Hickling Prescott and the other gentlemen of the black-walnut period, you understand that the salute of twenty-one guns which had to precede all human communication was destined to daunt the young. But between twenty-one guns and mere grumpy silence there is a difference. I vote for at least a toy pistol. I inculcate the habit of imaginative response.



I must be fair. Under unhygienic conditions, with dirty public pens or pencils, my young friends do write. But only telegrams. They never mind—they rather love—to write telegrams. That satisfies their craving for speed, their mania for action. A letter, I suppose, is inaction to them. And yet they, who detest the still-life of a letter, spend hours in motor cars, distracted by motion, but themselves certainly inert and immobile. Is it logical? Could I, without disturbing these slim figures, bulge their brains with this minuscule idea? Could I induce them to distinguish between the really active, and the merely distractive, life?



### WHY I TOOK UP BOXING

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

**W**HEN I was a youngster I was never much of a fellow for scraps. It is true that my boon companion and I used to engage in a perpetual feud with a rival gang known as the Newmans, but the feud, as I remember it, consisted entirely of imaginary skirmishes—which was probably just as well for us. In fact, in my entire boyhood I recall only one genuine fist fight, precipitated purely and solely by my opponent's declaration that he could lick me. The curious part about this episode is that it turned out he couldn't. However, this victory failed to develop pugnacious instincts in me, and I grew up and went through preparatory school and college as pacific a pacifist as ever you saw.

It was only a little over a year ago that I took up the manly art of self-defense. Jed was the cause of it. Jed believes in sticking up for his own rights at all times and, being a two-hundred-pounder, he does so with almost invariable success.

One day he suggested that I put on the gloves with him for a friendly little spar.

"I box with you?" I asked incredulously. "Why, I don't know a thing about boxing! You'd kill me in no time at all."

Jed stared at me in amazement, and finally exclaimed, "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you don't know how to defend yourself? Do you mean to say that if some tough came up to you on the street and insulted you, or your sister, or your fiancée, you'd just have to stand there meekly and take it without lifting your finger?"

"I haven't got a fiancée," I retorted quickly.

"Humph!" snorted Jed. "Don't try to dodge the issue! Anyhow, you've got a sister and, goodness knows, you go out with young girls often enough."

"But," I insisted, "nobody ever insults me or my friends on the street, and I don't see any prospect that they ever will. Why cross bridges before you come to them?"

"The old pacifist argument!" exclaimed Jed in disgust. "And I'm sick of it, dead sick of it! Man, you've got to have foresight, vision. You've got to be ready for emergencies! Why, you might be insulted to-morrow night. Now then, you claim to be a peace-lover?"

"Yes," I answered meekly.

"Very well. And you mean to tell me that history hasn't convinced you that it's always the defenseless men and the defenseless nations who are being picked on? If you *really* are peace-loving, as you claim, it is your duty to be able to defend yourself. You've got to make yourself the kind of a man that people don't *want* to fight with. Wait a minute. Suppose somebody pulled a shady deal on you. What would you do?"

"I'd take it to court, I suppose."

"Ye gods! Take it to court—and trust in a stupid jury and a judge who might be crooked?"

"Not necessarily."

"Don't interrupt me! I've seen too many cases that turn out the wrong way.

None of this going to court for me. If anybody tried to put anything over on *me* I'd just give him a good punch in the eye. *That's* the way to teach him."

"But wouldn't winning the suit teach him?" I volunteered.

"If you won it—but suppose you lost it? But I think I see *your* point. You're mercenary. You're thinking in terms of damages. With me it's the principle of the thing. I've got my self-respect to think of." And with a gesture of contempt he left me.

During the week that followed I turned the problem over in my mind. Being essentially reasonable I began to see the light. Instead of laying the foundations of a peaceful life, I was in reality doing just the opposite. I began to perceive that a continuance of my policy would surely lead me to untold imbroglios in the future. Like a flash the reason for my success to date burst upon me. One little word: Luck. Sheer luck! Imagine banking on that forever! Not being by nature a gambler, I hunted up Jed.

"Jed," I told him, "I've been a fool. I didn't have vision. But now I see it all. Why, as I look back, I can see dozens of fights I escaped by the sheerest twist of fortune. Let's go to the gym; there isn't any time to lose."

During the next few months I indulged in daily workouts until I became a better-than-average one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder. And just in the nick of time! On the very evening when I had finally succeeded in lasting three rounds against Jed I chanced to see a burly looking individual on the other side of the street. Immediately I sensed what was up, crossed over to his side, and addressed him thus:

"Big boy, I don't believe in fighting. But—get this, buddy—but if you *should* decide to insult me you'd find that for my weight I've got one of the neatest left jabs you ever saw outside of professional circles."

"Yeah?" he said.

Three days later when my abrasions

had nearly returned to normal I told Jed what had happened. "And so your theories don't seem to be working any too well," I concluded.

"Tut tut!" he rejoined. "There's nothing wrong with my theories; it's simply your application that's wrong."

"In what way?" I asked.

"I told you a dozen times," answered Jed, "not to let your guard down after a right hook."

I practiced for another month, and then one day it became necessary for me to borrow my neighbor's lawn mower. The fellow requested me to return it the next day, and of course I scented something amiss.

"Certainly I will," said I, "although of course you wouldn't be able to do anything about it if I didn't, would you now?"

He looked perplexed. "I hardly see—" he began.

I let him have it with both fists, knowing full well that the only way to avoid a long-drawn-out battle is to get the jump on the other fellow. My improvement during the last thirty days had been phenomenal, and I am happy to state that my neighbor was soon put in his proper place, the horizontal. It cost me a tidy bit to buy a lawn mower of my own, but wasn't learning to keep out of trouble worth it?

Well, to make a long story short, I have held my own in the battle of life ever since. A tussle here, a fracas there, but there are days at a time when I live in perfect peace and serenity. No haphazard trusting in luck any more! Ah, my friends, if all of you could only know the beauty, the sweetness, the eternal calmness of life one finds when he knows that on the slightest provocation he can sink two or three lefts to the solar plexus and follow them up with a smashing right to the chin! I am indeed the happiest, the most reposeful of men. And now you must excuse me; the ice-man is here and I have to go down stairs and jolly well teach that bounder not to put in sixty pounds of ice when I specifically ask for fifty.





## LIVING WITH A NOSE

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

OF ALL the organs of the senses, the nose, perhaps, has received the most marked and voluminous attention in literature. Sterne devotes a chapter to noses in *Tristram Shandy*. There is a sixteenth-century dissertation on "The Dignity, Gravity, and Authority of Noses," and, in the realm of ecclesiastical discussion, we find, "The Noses of Adam and Eve," and "Pious Meditations on the Nose of the Virgin Mary."

Deeply read as I am, however, in nasal literature, I have yet to find adequate discussion of this physical attribute in its relation to a phase of human experience, at once the most common and the most delicate.

I refer to The Nose and The Sense of Smell in Their Reactions upon Domestic Relations. Nowhere in literature have I been able to find this alluring subject treated with anything like satisfactory fullness. I have read many a time that the contour of the nose itself may betray the presence or absence of those patrician qualities desired in this relation, or may indicate certain peculiarities of disposition often discovered there. This, however, only touches on the remotest edge of the question.

What, I ask the prophets and seers of the past and present, is the relation of the sense of smell, the power to detect odors, and to distinguish subtle differences between them, to the all-important question of felicity in the domestic circle? Their answer is an abysmal silence. It could not be anything else. There is no data, no literature on the subject.

Yet it remains a fact that the slightest abnormality in the acuteness of this sense may bring down in ruin the proudest domestic structure.

Abnormality in the sense of smell is usually a feminine characteristic. Why, I do not know. I will leave that to the biologist. It may be given to the female of the species for purposes of self-protection, or she may be endowed with it for purposes of detection. The result is the same. It is a menace to society.

Let me paint a picture. The day has drawn to a reluctant close. It has been a day of stress. Masculine muscles are tired, and nerves are worn. The last bit of home-work has been done. The canary, muted in a shrouded cage, has been borne to a dark recess. The victrola has ceased to jangle, and the radio is mercifully quiet. Darby and Joan are alone, before the fire. Peace, perfect peace, has descended upon the household. Darby is sunk in a delicious lethargy, induced by tobacco and newsprint. Joan, a picture of charming womanhood, beneath the lamp.

Darby hears dimly, through his reverie, premonitory sniffs. He sits in tense silence. Will they be repeated? They are. He glances over the northwest corner of his newspaper. Joan is sitting erect, vibrant, eager, with dilated and quivering nostrils. She speaks.

"I smell coal gas," she says. "James must be more careful with the heater."

Darby adopts an age-old ruse. He glares at his paper, in utter absorption. He knows it will not work. It never does. He waits. There are more sniffs.

"Yes, it is gas," Joan says with conviction. "I think you had better go down and look at the furnace."

Darby descends to the cellar. He trips over the cat on the stairs and scrapes a knuckle on the wall. He was told to look at the furnace; he does so, critically. It looks just as it did, the night before, when he came down on the same errand. He now takes a private sniff or two himself. He smells apples. He returns to the library. It is less serene than it was. His knuckle smart, and he suggests retirement, postponing a confidential talk about Junior to a happier moment.

He sinks into a troubled sleep. At last comes sweet oblivion to all earthly cares. There is a whisper at his chamber door. He slowly wakes, to come back to a world of odors.

"I am sorry to wake you, dear," the whisper says, "but I smell smoke." Darby stumbles to his feet. He staggers to a light, and turns it on. It is the grim hour of three A.M. He makes his way downstairs to the library. A coal, the size of a robin's egg, has fallen an inch in front of the irons, inside the fender. A tiny wisp of smoke escapes into the room. He brushes it back and seeks the seclusion of his chamber. But the capricious Goddess of Sleep forsakes him, and he lies awake till dawn.

Another. The separation has been unusually long, several days, and solitude has begun to irk Darby. He paces the floor and glances at the clock. A motor comes up the avenue and stops at the door. He throws it open and sees Joan, radiant and lovely. He takes her in his arms. She returns his caresses demurely, disengages herself from his embrace, and pats him lovingly on the shoulder.

"It is nice to see you, dear," she says. "Did Maggie take good care of you?" Before Darby can reply he sees that Joan has come to a stiff point. She sniffs.

"What a funny smell, I wonder what it is," she adds, as her graceful figure emerges from her furs. Darby, for some reason, does not notice the figure. He detects a subtle change in his mood. He lights a cigarette and goes to the garage to give the orders.

Again. The garden is flooded with moonlight on a languorous August night. Two figures stroll along the grassy paths. Darby feels a sudden youthful exalta-

tion. He breathes deep of the fragrant air, and indulges in a few sentimental banalities of middle-age. His exaltation is real, his utterances, though hackneyed, are sincere. Joan nestles close to his arm. They stand, a moment, in silent happiness. Suddenly Darby detects a queer tightening of Joan's slender body. She moves, imperceptibly, from him. There is a moment of silence, then she sniffs.

"Oh, dear," she says, "another skunk. I am afraid he will dig up the lawn."

Darby becomes conscious that it is getting damp and suggests going in. . . .

But why paint more pictures? We have seen enough to justify my contention that this sense abnormality is a menace to the home and to society. Darby recognizes that, but he is hampered in his efforts to correct it by the fact that, on two occasions, this feminine attribute has saved the household, when in dire peril from fire and gas.

How to use it for such purposes, and yet avoid its devastating effect on all else, is the pressing problem of society to-day.

But there is a gleam of hope for the Darbies of the future. Darby attributes his freedom from alarming sensory experiences to the benign effects of the fragrant weed, which he consumes in all known forms, save one. The Joans of the future are in a fair way to enjoy a like immunity to odor from the beneficent effects of the same agency.

If this should happen, despite the cavilling of the biologist and the physician, the world will be a happier and richer place. For at that happy time there will be no longer any Problem of the Sense of Smell in its Reactions upon Domestic Relations.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### MAN'S INCREASING POWERS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**A**T THIS writing two things quite out of common have engaged the minds of men and given topics to newspapers, radios, and movies. A big zeppelin has paid us a visit and returned to Germany. Those who saw it were lucky, for it was a great sight, a great spectacle in the sky. It was injured on the way over and lost use of a fin; but still it got here. It went back with favoring gales and made good time.

That was a great show and significant of the increasing powers of men, a matter on which new testimony records itself month by month, week by week, day by day. Anyone who thinks that men are not remarkable creatures is not only mistaken, but can have new proofs of their being so while he waits.

While the zeppelin was here there came along a piece of news that funds had been provided (by the General Education Board) for a telescope at least four times as powerful as the big one on Mt. Wilson, California, which is the greatest now at work. It will take two or three years to make this telescope and set it up in California on a suitable mountain where the air is clear; but the necessary dollars have been provided, and no one seems to doubt that the instrument will be forthcoming. Then, it seems, we shall see a lot of new worlds; at least they will be seen, and those of us who are still here will get reports of them.

The papers that talk about the prospective achievements of this prospective telescope talk about stars billions of

light-years away which will come to notice through its agency; and this is interesting as one reads it even though the need of more worlds than we at present know of has not yet become acute. Earth will still do for us if motor cars don't crowd us off of it; but this fetching into ken another section of the universe is all right as a detail of expansion, and everybody approves of expansion. Whether a billion light-years is a thought digestible by our minds as at present constituted is proper for consideration. In Arkansas there was lately a row over a professing atheist, who had been put in jail for campaigning for his belief; but the Illinois Christian Fundamentals Association, in session at the time in Chicago, strongly disapproved of it, one of the ministers, Doctor McCarroll, insisting that it is impossible to legislate religion. Just as one may conceive that anyone should have any views he likes about a billion light-years, so it may come to be felt that anyone may have any views he likes about God, on the ground that the Almighty is too large a subject for our minds to measure anyhow, just as a billion light-years is.

Agreeably to this idea, a theory has found expression that the Almighty, like everything else, is evolving, changing in His characteristics and amplifying His powers. That may be or not, but for us undoubtedly God is what we think about Him, and in our minds the revolutionary processes are certainly doing their work. Hereabouts, ideas of God are based

largely on writings in the Old Testament. They have undergone great modification, and that process still goes on. No less than formerly, however, does the belief in a Creator and Director of the universe obtain and persist. It seems an indispensable part of us, and probably that so-called atheist who was put in jail in Little Rock has it in some form or another though he may not recognize it. Men have always needed something to pray to. We need it just as much as our predecessors. Possibly we are more intelligent about it than they were. Let us hope we are. But let us always remember that in dealing with a subject which seems to be beyond us we should sympathize with our fellow who are in the same predicament, and leave them as they should leave us to picture to themselves what they may.

**H**ERE it is the beginning of another year and one that holds out extraordinary prospects of human advancement. What is the best thing that can be said about it? Shall we go to the statisticians and learn how many motor cars are in operation and how many more the makers of them expect to sell? Shall we figure on the crops? Shall we contemplate the building fund and find out what it is going to do? Mr. Brisbane the other day set forth that the income of the country—that is, the value of its products—was one hundred billions a year, and that, economically, the most encouraging item therewith connected was that fifteen billions of it were not spent, but stayed on as productive capital. That is interesting, to be sure, but the most promising detail in the bases of our expectations is that the human mind is comparatively free—not free, of course, but comparatively free. In spite of all the fanatics, all the consecrated ignorance, all the timid who insist that we should all stay in the trenches of past conviction, our minds are still fairly free to work if they can, to probe everything, to discover if they are able, and to apply discovery.

Diamonds are mixed up with other stones in blue clay, gold lies hid in quartz, most of the precious metals have to be lifted out of mineral containers of one sort or another. So it is with truth. We get what we get of it mixed with much baser stuff, with error, with superstition, with prejudice, with whatever we have in our heads and in our habits. All religions we know anything about are a mixture of what is true and what isn't. That is better realized than it was. We all know that the wheat and the tares grow up together, but what we may need to have impressed upon us is that that is the way truth comes. We have to pick it out of its containers and sort out what seems to us valuable and eternal from what is merely temporary, and so, presently, misleading or obstructive. And what we get seems not to last eternally but presently re-enters the crucible to be presented with differences by another generation. Accordingly, every religion seems to be a working hypothesis whereby one practices to live a good life. It is by that practice that we test the hypothesis; which accords with that Scripture which says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

Popular interest in the performance of the big zeppelin centered finally in a stowaway who suddenly became a public character, whose story was in urgent request by the newspapers, and who was wanted for appearance in the movies. That is worth notice. Public interest is a monster whose habits are diligently studied by the various dispensers of publicity and discourse. Readers by the million, that is, in the mass, apparently prefer to put their minds on something they can understand. They like a story. They could understand about this stowaway on the zeppelin, and probably the newspapers and the movie operators were right in thinking that they wanted his story. At any rate, that boy was the best seller of the moment.

That was curious, but it was interesting. The boy's exploit was unimpor-



tant, but the public mind grabbed at it. So in religion that mind takes in the stories and thinks they are the important part. Some of them *are* valuable as statements of fact, but others are only important for the teaching they carry. The zeppelin made the stowaway interesting to the public, but in himself he was of no consequence. So it may be with stories which religions carry. As facts they may be fallible without impairing the integrity of the teachings they go with.

**I**N THE late presidential campaign there was discussion, and that was a great thing. It was chiefly due to Governor Smith, who found a good deal to say and forced the pace, thereby doing a useful service. It is a good while, eight years at least, since the affairs of the people of the United States have been talked about with any real vigor in a presidential campaign. There is still something left to say, and it is to be hoped that the velocities of the campaign are not yet entirely exhausted and that there will be those who will say it. The huge majority that elected Mr. Hoover gave him also a good working majority in the next Congress, and Congress will have a job and will need to be exposed to exhortation and discussion.

In the campaign many things, of course, were said to serve the purpose of the moment and interest the immediate listeners. Governor Ritchie, for example, in a speech late in October argued that with Mr. Hoover the people as people did not count, and that he had no faith in democracy. In support of these remarks he quoted a passage from Mr. Hoover's little book called *American Individualism*, to wit: "Facts and ideas that lead to progress are born out of the womb of the individual mind, not out of the mind of the crowd. The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own which can plan. The crowd is credulous, it destroys, it hates and it dreams, but never builds." That was well enough to quote as an incentive to vote for Governor

Smith, but was the passage true or otherwise?

Perhaps it was misleading in the separation that it implied between the individual and the crowd. The individual is a part of the crowd, the crowd is a company of individuals, and in democratic government unless you can get the crowd with you, you cannot ordinarily do much. The great leaders in democracies are those that can draw men unto them. Nevertheless, if there are to be results from that gift, the leader must have a constructive mind. He must want to do something and know how to do it.

It is true, as Mr. Hoover said, that the crowd has no mind of its own with which to plan; but can feel. It can support a leader and enable him to make good. More than that it can produce leaders, and of that Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith are both conspicuous illustrations. If as the result of the election both of the great political parties in the United States find themselves equipped with strong and positive leaders each with a vigorous, popular backing, the prospect of getting things done that ought to be done will be much improved, for discussion will go on, and interest in it will continue. The great aim of a presidential campaign is to arouse and instruct the voters, and in so far as that end was accomplished in the campaign of 1928, the results of it may be accepted as assets of 1929.

**I**T WAS a relief to have Election Day come and go, recording a verdict so indisputable, and leaving everyone free again to think his political thoughts without reference to votes or voters. Towards the end of a campaign nearly all speakers become advocates and put forward the best remarks they can for their clients. The suggestions that come out in that way are not as a rule very valuable. But election being over, everybody can think again, not about what is best for a candidate, but what is best for the country. The Prohibition

question must wait a little. That will come back for discussion. What must be discussed when the time is ripe for it is how the present liquor laws can be changed to the public advantage. The country is not likely ever to vote wet in the sense of going back to what we had before the Eighteenth Amendment; but it is quite likely in time to agree to such a modification of our present laws as may improve our habits.

That, however, will wait. The topic that followed immediately on the election was world peace. Five days after the votes were cast came Armistice Day, observed all over the world. That brought out peace talk in important volume and quality. The Pact of Paris embodies the latest effort to unite the nations against war. It was signed by the representatives of fifteen governments including our own on August 27, 1928. The signers declared for their countries, so far as they could, that they renounced war as an instrument of national policy. That great generalization is the pith of this Pact which started in France in a proposal of M. Briand for an agreement between the United States and France, and was enlarged by Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge to include all the nations who were ready to come in. That enlargement to make the Pact virtually world-wide is held to have been a momentous exploit. The Pact is called familiarly the Kellogg Pact, but Mr. Kellogg has been very modest in assuming credit for it, showing himself solicitous not for his own fame, but altogether for the acceptance and usefulness of the agreement.

The nation whose opinion of this treaty is most interesting and important to us is Great Britain. Premier Baldwin put out the feelings of the British government about it at the Lord Mayor's banquet on November 9 when he said: "The alternative before us in Europe is very simple and the choice ought to be easy. We must either keep faith with the spirit of the Pact that we have signed or in time we must go down the steep place

altogether, like the Gadarene swine, and perish eternally." That was putting it strong; but Mr. Baldwin evidently meant all he said, for he went on to express further his belief that the time might come when in the histories of this period there would be no greater act credited to the United States than that in this year she had the high honor of voicing the aspirations and desires of mankind in presenting that Pact to the nations for signature. "When the nations," he continued, "realize how tremendous a thing they have signed, and accept its implications, then, for the first time, will they be able to talk disarmament in a way that will lead us into that path."

That is all impressive and very interesting, and it is curious that there should have followed immediately on our election widespread consideration and discussion of this matter which seems so much more important than any issue of our late campaign. Our adventure with the League of Nations got into party politics and perished. Pains may well have been taken to keep this new peace effort from experiencing that fate. World peace is a matter with which all political parties are alike concerned. It is a scandal when partisan ends intrude on it; and Heaven grant there may be no such scandal over this Pact of Paris.

This issue of this magazine will reach its readers just before a Christmas that may come to be remembered as one that witnessed the greatest step taken in historic times to realize the Christmas message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Of all of men's increasing powers, not one is so important as the power to dwell in peace with one another, and that power, which seems to be gaining strength in so hopeful a fashion, is in a way a product of the others. It comes as the result of increased domination of the material world and increased communication and co-operation between the inhabitants of earth, which between them are bringing mankind to realize that if life and progress are to continue, wars must cease.





## Personal and Otherwise



CONTINUING his series of articles on present-day Europe, **Charles A. Beard**, former professor of politics at Columbia, co-author of *The Rise of American Civilization*, editor of the new book *Whither Mankind?* and author of other books on American and European history, discusses this month the factors in the world to-day—and particularly in Europe—which make for war. Next month he will carry forward the discussion with a paper on the factors which make for peace. Dr. Beard's previous articles were "Is Western Civilization in Peril?" (August, 1928) and "Democracy Holds Its Ground" (November, 1928). No one can read Dr. Beard's contributions without realizing that to an exhaustive knowledge of the past and present of Europe (fortified by his observations during a recent trip which took him to Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Serajevo, Athens, and other places in that part of the world) he adds a cool and unhysterical judgment of the complicated forces which will decide the issue of peace or war.

Two months ago we published a poem by **John Frazier Vance** of the staff of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Company. This month appears the first of a group of his stories, which reveal a new and unusual talent in American fiction.

**Henry F. Pringle** discusses a type which may prove familiar to many observers of the life at our leading colleges and universities. Mr. Pringle, a Cornell graduate and former reporter for the New York *World*, has written a biography of Alfred E. Smith and a volume of short portraits entitled *Big Frogs* (including his HARPER studies of Mayor Walker and Judge Landis), and is now working on a life of Theodore Roosevelt to be published next fall. To our November issue he contributed an article on "Vice and the Volstead Act."

A professional man who succeeds in getting

the full flavor of life for himself and his family on an income averaging hardly above four thousand dollars a year—although he lives in New York, where prices are high, as James Truslow Adams reminded us last month—**Raymond Essen** has wisdom to share with those of us who struggle constantly on the ragged edge. Like the author of that much discussed paper, "The Penny and the Gingerbread," Mr. Essen has succeeded in putting money in its place; but the philosophy which actuates him is quite different.

**Elmer Davis's** article on the approach of American Progress to Key West grew out of a vacation trip which he made last winter. Mr. Davis had already published several novels and written "Portrait of a Cleric," "Portrait of an Elected Person," and other memorable HARPER articles; he has subsequently brought out a new novel, *Giant Killer*, and has analyzed in this Magazine the specific proposals for prohibition reform (in an article entitled "What Can We Do About It?" which appeared last month). As most of our readers already know, Mr. Davis is a native of Indiana, a former Rhodes Scholar, a graduate of the New York *Times* reportorial staff, and a present resident of New York.

**Evelyn Gill Klahr** makes this month a welcome return to our pages after an absence of over five years. Meanwhile she has contributed considerable fiction to other magazines.

In the November issue **H. M. Johnson**, the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh, discussed the question, "Is Sleep a Vicious Habit?" In this issue he finds that fatigue is certainly vicious.

The **Anonymous** author of "A Case of Two Careers" tells a story true in its essentials, though altered in details to prevent recognition.

After writing full-length biographical portraits of Charles Darwin and Dwight L. Moody, and an "autobiography of humanity" entitled *Life and I*, **Gamaliel Bradford** returns to the sort of writing which he has made peculiarly his own. His brief portraits have been termed "psychographs"; the nature of them will be recalled at once by those who remember his *Damaged Souls*, *Bare Souls*, and *Wires*, and his earlier series of varied American portraits. The study of George Sand which we publish this month is the first of a new group which will have the collective title, "Daughters of Eve"; we expect to publish in the coming months other portraits in this new series.

With many novels and innumerable short stories to her credit, **Juliet Wilbor Tompkins** has learned how to convey the sense of actuality, even in a narrative of sheer fact. Those who know hospital life at first-hand will smell ether and disinfectant again as they read.

**Stanley High** has been a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Russia and other parts of Europe, and an associate secretary of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions; he has written *Europe Turns the Corner*, *The Revolt of Youth*, etc., and is now associate editor of the *Christian Herald*. His understanding of the Far East has made him one of the most influential of present-day American writers on Oriental problems.

The author of our final story of the month is **Rose Wilder Lane**, Missourian by birth, who has lived much in Albania, has written *The Peaks of Shala* and several novels (including *He Was a Man*, *Hill-Billy*, and *Cindy*), and has contributed a number of HARPER stories, the most recent of which was "Yarb Woman" (July, 1927).

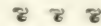
**Malcolm Cowley** describes in authentic detail the Pennsylvania countryside in which he was brought up; he now lives in Dutchess County, New York. A frequent contributor to the *Dial*, the *New Republic*, and other magazines, Mr. Cowley is a newcomer to HARPER'S.

As the headnote to "Burnt Offering" explains, we owe the transcription of the *Anonymous* Russian's memory of Isadora Duncan to Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, director of

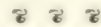
the Experimental Theatre at Vassar College. Mrs. Flanagan is the author of a recently-published book, *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theatre*.

The poets are **MacKnight Black** of Philadelphia, whose volume of verse, *Machinery*, will appear this winter; and **Witter Bynner**, author of many a book of poetry, who lives in New Mexico but writes this time of New Hampshire.

The Lion is fed by **Newman Levy**, New York lawyer and author of *The Opera Guyed* and many a Lion's Mouth skit; **Francis Hackett**, novelist and former member of the *New Republic* staff, who is now living in Ireland; **Parke Cummings**, who sends us now and then a humorous contribution from Westport, Connecticut; and **MacGregor Jenkins**, who until his recent retirement was the publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*.



Through the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co. and of Mr. George E. Gage of Cleveland, we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue one of the more recent etchings of ducks in flight by **Frank W. Benson**, the well-known artist of Salem, Massachusetts, whose versatility is shown by his high achievement in oils and water-colors over a long period as well as in his etchings.



In his annual survey of the best short stories of 1928, published in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, Mr. Edward J. O'Brien submits several ranking lists for the year. We quote verbatim from his *Transcript* article, adding only the explanation that a "two-asterisk" story, according to Mr. O'Brien, is one of special distinction, and that a "three-asterisk" story is one of such high distinction that it "may fairly claim a position in American literature."

The following tables indicate the rank, by number and percentage, of distinctive short stories published, of thirteen periodicals coming within the scope of my examination which have published an average of 50 per cent. or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.



## BY PERCENTAGE

	%
1. Harper's Magazine	100
2. Dial	100
3. Bookman (N. Y.)	100
4. Prairie Schooner	100
5. Midland	95
6. Forum	92
7. Atlantic Monthly	90
8. Century Magazine	83
9. American Mercury	78
10. Scribner's Magazine	72
11. Transition	54
12. Vanity Fair	54
13. Menorah Journal	54

## BY NUMBER

1. Harper's Magazine	33
2. Scribner's Magazine	31
3. Transition	31
4. Century Magazine	29
5. Dial	25
6. Midland	19
7. Atlantic Monthly	19
8. Vanity Fair	18
9. American Mercury	14
10. Bookman (N. Y.)	13
11. Prairie Schooner	13
12. Forum	12
13. Menorah Journal	7

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations:

1. Harper's Magazine	29
2. Cosmopolitan	27
3. Transition	26
4. Scribner's Magazine	21
5. Dial	18
6. Saturday Evening Post	17
7. Midland	15
8. Century Magazine	13
9. Pictorial Review	13
10. Bookman (N. Y.)	12
11. Atlantic Monthly	12
12. American Mercury	10

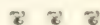
The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations:

1. Harper's Magazine	21
2. Transition	16
3. Dial	14
4. Scribner's Magazine	13
5. Cosmopolitan	13
6. Bookman (N. Y.)	11
7. Midland	9
8. Atlantic Monthly	9
9. Century Magazine	9
10. Pictorial Review	9
11. Saturday Evening Post	8
12. American Mercury	7
13. Ladies' Home Journal	6
14. Forum	5
15. Catholic World	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

In "The Great God Football" in our November issue, John R. Tunis quoted Dean Willard L. Sperry of the Harvard Theological School as having said, "The only true religious spirit to be discerned among large bodies of undergraduates to-day is in the football stadium. One of the deepest spiritual experiences I ever had was one Saturday afternoon a few years ago in the Harvard Stadium. It is just that spirit which transforms football from a form of athletics to a religion, which our universities must diffuse through wider channels."

Dean Sperry informs us that he never said this or anything like it; that he was grossly misquoted in the newspaper item and the item in the *Commonweal* which Mr. Tunis accurately copied. We join Mr. Tunis in regretting this unintentional injustice to Dean Sperry, adding only that the mistake was natural in view of the fact that no repudiation of the statement, as previously attributed to Dean Sperry in usually reliable journals, had come either to Mr. Tunis's attention or to ours.



The following letter of inquiry about "The Penny and the Gingerbread" in our October issue, containing many questions which must have arisen in the minds of readers of the article, was forwarded to the anonymous author:

DEAR HARRIS:

I have not in a long time read a thing so thought-compelling as "The Penny and the Gingerbread." It is true in its essentials, I feel sure. Although I doubtless in common with many other readers, burn to know the name and the career of the man who wrote it, it is of a quality that impresses its truth as a personal experience.

But immediately points of possible departure suggest themselves and I wish we might have some other word from him as to their bearing. In the first place, although he insists that he is in no way remarkable, he is to this extent—that he knew what he wanted to do even before he left school, and what he could succeed in doing. How many people could know it? When we find out certainly what we could be most happy and most successful in doing it is, for many, next to impossible to change to it, if we are not already in it.

Then he says nothing of marriage. How pos-

sible it would be to change a life like his through the sort of marriage he might have made! He must either have had a wife in complete sympathy with his views and mode of life, or had complete independence, or not been married at all.

Once again, he was able to keep on at his chosen purpose until he had accumulated enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his life, before his health broke down. What of those who break down earlier, or have disabling accidents? Had the writer been incapacitated at thirty instead of at fifty his story would have been far different in its ending. Perhaps he regards such cases as mere abnormalities, which have not to be taken into account in the large working of his law.

That in the large it does work, more than that, that it is the only thing that works vitally, there cannot be much doubt, it seems to me. But can we step off safely into it *now*? Perhaps for readers of HARPER'S it would work now. But as a generally-preached doctrine . . . ?

Won't Anonymous tell us a little more?

CORA BABBITT JOHNSON.

The author of "The Penny and the Gingerbread" replies:

The Editor has kindly shown me the above letter, and has suggested that I add a paragraph by way of reply. I do so most willingly both because the points raised in the letter seem to me well taken and because the permitted paragraph gives me an opportunity to re-affirm my belief that the program recommended in "The Penny and the Gingerbread" can be carried out by any young person—boy or girl—who has average intelligence, average health, and the requisite high spirit. But I again call attention to the fact that the conditions are not imposed by the outer world but by the inner life. It is a spiritual adventure, and is not open, of course, to Mr. and Mrs. Lump.

I must be brief, but I will consider each point in order.

I did not know, in specific terms, what I wanted to do when I was a schoolboy. Like most of my

fellow-students, I had to find myself in the maze of new interests and possible professions. As a matter of fact, I shifted a number of times and only found anchorage after much heartburning. What stood by me throughout the adventure from fifteen on, and constituted any possible distinction I may have had, was the stubborn decision to be my own master, to disregard money, to study, to travel, to waste no time in meaningless occupations, to lead a gloriously interesting life, and to decline, always and everywhere, to allow myself to be bored. These are all general ambitions and open to all young people, provided they are neither lazy nor spiritually inert.

It is always difficult for a bachelor to speak suitably of matrimony. One cannot estimate the value of a discipline which one has never experienced. If marriage is the permanent and irremediable disaster which to the onlooker it so often seems to be, then it is somewhat futile to urge smaller idealities. But if marriage is the holy sacrament which we punctilious bachelors hold it to be, the merging of two smaller lives into one larger life, then the married adventurer ought to have the advantage. It all depends.

Disability may come at any age, but we heighten the essential tragedy of life if we permit it to act before it must. To live adventurously is to live dangerously—nothing venture, nothing have. Personally, I would choose the adventure and risk the poorhouse, rather than miss the adventure to make sure of the competence. Men do not ordinarily break down at thirty, and ought not to at fifty—I was handicapped by being frightfully delicate all my life. My own optimism is still unimpaired—possibly because I have since regained my health and am once more at work. But in any case I should hold that a life program, like an educational program, is ideal only if whenever interrupted it represents the best possible use of the time up to that moment. This is really my whole thesis, the wise spending of to-day. It is the faith of the mystic, and may be summed up in one word: Immediacy.







RUBY GREEN SINGING

By James Chapin

*Courtesy of the Rehn Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

## THIS HARD-BOILED ERA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE uncritical and undocumented American layman who reads history for his amusement finds himself lingering most sympathetically, perhaps, over volumes that deal with the Roman Empire of the first centuries after Christ. The substance is surprisingly familiar. Rampant materialism; the ease and frequency of travel to all parts of the known earth; the passion for speed; the juxtaposition of great wealth and great poverty; the breaking down of old social barriers and rise of a rich parvenu class; the immense importance of money; curiosity; tolerance; fear of the mob; disillusionment; syncretism; the strong influence of rhetors and sophists and demagogues; emancipation of women; Greece playing the part, among the upper classes, that Europe has played with us in matters of culture and taste; a tremendous influx of foreigners, so that not only Rome but other Italian cities (especially ports) must have been melting-pots like New York—among these facts and conditions the twentieth-century American finds himself astonishingly and woefully at

home. The Roman republic had vanished as completely as the American republic has vanished. There were the same powerless aristocratic laments; the farmers complained and the profiteers flourished; the rich bought for themselves new sensations which the poor clamored to have popularized—and disillusioned men and women of fashion sought spiritual comfort from Oriental peddlers, being weary of the faith of their fathers. Just so. Someone (Mr. Elmer Davis, I believe) has said recently that Kipling's Romans in Britain (see *Puck of Pook's Hill*) are not Romans at all, but nice Anglo-Indians. Mr. Davis's knowledge of history is profound, and mine is merely *nil*; yet I wonder if the point is not that the better representatives of Imperial Rome in Britain were—precisely—nice Anglo-Indians. That Kipling meant it so we cannot doubt. Similar conditions and responsibilities bring forth similar types.

The argument from historical analogy is as dangerous as most other arguments. But it would seem that, in the wide fields of asphodel, the hard-boiled Ameri-

can and the hard-boiled Roman might meet and converse with peculiar pleasure and in almost complete agreement.

It has been pointed out, before this, that the cultural trend of the day is towards a fondness for life in the raw. As proofs, there can be adduced: the vogue of prize fighting, even among intellectuals and gentlefolk; the vogue of plays about gangsters, prostitutes, pugilists, etc., and of profanity and "frankness" on the stage; the fluent biographies of bandits, crooks, outlaws, and hard characters generally; the wide demand for "robust" literature, whether it be poetic, fictional, dramatic, historical, or critical. In short, all the "facts" that the public delights in "facing." How about it? What makes us hard-boiled, and are we going to keep it up? What is the root of it all, the significance?

## II

The root of it all, one supposes, is original sin, since that is the root of most human behavior. But one needs to define and delimit and specify a little more closely than that. Why has the Time-Spirit chosen the twentieth century to duplicate the second and third? In the book which of all others manages best to be priggish in the grand style—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—I find a clear and colorless and delightful statement about the Emperor Commodus: "In spite of a careful education he soon showed a fondness for low society and amusement." I have been told that recently a certain clergyman "had to adjourn a church meeting to give the men a chance to hear a fight over the radio." No doubt, like Commodus, they were carefully educated. The vogue of prize fighting is perhaps even more significant than the "robust stuff" of the plays, the novels, and the criticism; for every period is to some extent a period of revolt against the preceding one, and the nineteenth century, despite its intellectual and æsthetic power, had certain affectations and sentimentalities

and false decorums that its descendants were sure to object to. Possibly, indeed, the latter half of the twentieth century will find us back among some resuscitated conventions, for the pendulum is ever swinging. There are not lacking signs of "tenuities and caducities" in our literature that seem to be declining towards an age of pure sham.

Mere intellectual revolt, fostered so artfully among the young by certain pseudo-seers, is not the whole story, of course, though it plays its part. No recent period has been more professionally disillusioned, more consciously cynical, than that of the eighteen-nineties, in spite of the naïveté of the famous "Souls" as described by Lord Ronaldshay. Yet we are far from their point of view. For example, we seem at present to be deliberately unæsthetic. If "Art is Art because it is not Nature," this demand for life in the raw can hardly be attributed to æstheticism. It is the substance of our art that is sophisticated, rather than the manner; and our sophistication is chiefly a matter of specialized information. We sit at the feet of the hobo, the bruiser, the criminal, and learn, not because of their superior intelligence, but because the nastier detail of their lives is something new to us. Our passion, I repeat, is for facts, not for method; for nature, perhaps, rather than for art.

This, one need not note, is the sign of a jaded palate. The fact is, one supposes, that luxury like Rome's and ours always brings people back to the eternal crudities. The simple homespun creature wants chiefly a greater delicacy of life, softnesses that are outside his experience. When you go in purple, your curiosities all satisfied, your comforts all guaranteed, the ends of the earth ministering to your pleasure, where are you going to get a "kick" except from the primitive? People who are obliged to live at the mercy of nature get no thrill out of sleeping under the stars. It is only the pampered person whose imagination is stirred by



discomfort, peril, and pain. The man who encounters them daily longs only for a refuge. It cannot be contested, I imagine, that at no time in the world's history has so much material comfort been at the disposal of the average man as now; that never before has so much wizardry been performed in the interest of the simple citizen. Who has not open plumbing, a telephone, a motor car, a radio? What householder does not get his heat and light from great distances, and much of his food and raiment from the antipodes? When has the average man been so luxuriously served? Most of us, as far as material comfort goes, are in a patrician position.

Now luxury "in widest commonalty spread" can do one of two things, as we know. It can release us from the care of the body to the care of the spirit, and leisure can be applied to the civilizing of the individual. It can do something quite different: it can tempt the individual to seek ever farther and more furiously for the kind of thrill he is already familiar with and has a taste for. In a materialistic and insensitive civilization like ours, it is the latter which more frequently happens; men take to opium rather than to scholastic philosophy. Softened to a great extent by luxury, waxed fat like Jeshurun, the average citizen does not care to cleanse and strengthen his own body by the practice of some difficult sport; he likes to watch other people doing it for him. Hence the enormous attendance at all sorts of professional games—for much of the amateur athletic activity is in spirit professional. We are too sophisticated to be amused by anything short of *expertise*; and we like the *expertise* to be startling, new, and, if possible, dangerous, since we have pretty well exhausted the safer and more conventional thrills. We have also exhausted the cheaper, more accessible, less exacting forms of beauty; and, pretty generally, we are exploiting ugliness to see what we can get out of *that*.

"The art of boxing is dead," a very

hard-boiled gentleman said to me, some years ago, in Nevada; "what the public wants is knockouts." The same dictum applies to fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, sermons, political speeches, cartoons, and jokes. It takes extreme violence to make us sit up. No play, no book, no sporting spectacle is going to thrill us unless it can compete with the front page of the newspaper. Since gangsters have taken to mowing down their enemies in the city streets with machine guns, we can no longer get a "kick" out of the isolated and furtive pistol. No art furnished for our entertainment can hope to "go over big" unless it is more exciting than the average headline. We have recently been told a good deal about the suppression of a certain play in New York. According to one newspaper account, a reporter, interviewing the authoress, asked her why, instead of making the murder of revenge take a peculiarly revolting form, she could not have let the avenging brother shoot the protagonist. Her reply was completely honest. Shooting, she averred, was so common that there was no kick in it; she simply had to think of something else. During the same week, we were told of a curious outbreak of superstition in New York State, the mayor of a town having accused the local rabbi, by implication at least, of ritual murder. Just why this particular medieval accusation should have been revived—should, that is, have been susceptible of revival—in the twentieth-century United States is hard to determine. I suspect that it is really because we are more prone at the present moment than at any time, these many generations, to assume the casual presence among us of violent and unnatural crimes. There is some reason besides individual ignorance for a suspicion of the sort; it could not be harbored by the average citizen except in a world that was hardened to horrors. The notion of ritual murder was to the accuser shocking but not impossible—not, that is, so shocking as to be impossible.

We demand knockouts; we get knockouts; and our emotions are roused by nothing less. We deal, easily and habitually, in terms of violence. It is only the super-knockout that makes us really sit up.

Last summer, at Braves Field in Boston, thirty thousand citizens assembled to see Jack Dempsey enter the ring in a business suit and announce a brace of contests. The week before, only forty thousand people had gone to the Yankee Stadium to see Tunney defend his title. No wonder Tunney quit! Mr. W. O. McGeehan will tell us, any day—and does tell us, most days—just how superior Tunney is, in every way, to Dempsey. The fact remains that no one is interested in Tunney, except Mr. McGeehan and a few professors of English, whereas a legend appears to be forming round Dempsey that promises to parallel the old John L. Sullivan legend. The reason is Dempsey's murderous power. What is boxing compared with a punch? The vogue of prize fighting, "even among intellectuals and gentlefolk," has been taken as a sign of our times. Certainly the Dempsey legend is being fostered by people of a different class from those who fostered the old Sullivan legend. Fight fans are not nowadays drawn preponderatingly from among the vulgar and the criminal. It is no longer "low" to be a devotee of the "sweet science." Part of this is due to the improved status of boxing, which is no longer illegal and furtive. The days of "Gallegher" are over. Nor would any fighter of the type of John L. Sullivan be popular nowadays, punch or no punch. Since boxing has become "big business," the sot can keep no place in it. The successful fighter, in the champion or challenger class, is wooed by big purses. The corollary of that is that such a fighter has heavy responsibilities laid on him. He must be frugal, or he cannot afford the elaborate training he needs; he must be temperate and he must be continent, or he will be beaten by the

man who is both. These conditions are due in part to a superior and disseminated athletic knowledge, and to more rigid rules of the ring; in part, no doubt, to Mr. Tex Rickard himself, and his progressive whitewashing of the pugilistic business. But all that does not wholly suffice to explain; nor could Tex Rickard himself drag us to the Coliseum if the Coliseum were not precisely where we wanted to go. We are tired of delicate pleasures, because they no longer excite us; we need heavier sedatives and more powerful stimulants. (Contract bridge, even, is displacing auction.) The small stakes, the gentle contests, the simple pleasures fail to quicken us. More beasts out of Africa, more spectacular perils, and—unquestionably—more blood. I will not go so far as to say that we are "death-intoxicated"; but I think it is true that there must be a drop of death in the cup. . . .

Some newspapers stated recently (how accurately I do not know) that the press of requests to be allowed to witness Hickman's execution in Los Angeles was so great that large numbers would have to be refused. The day before the execution, the *New York Times* said categorically that only a hundred guests would be present. I am ignorant of the laws that govern these occasions; I had not even been aware that any but the necessary witnesses were admitted to scenes of execution. Yet, obviously, a large fraction of that hundred must have consisted of people who were there as a matter of interest or pleasure, not as a matter of inescapable duty. The state cannot possibly have required a hundred witnesses to Hickman's death. There is a play at present running in New York, I understand, which deals with a parallel to the Snyder case; and the audience, I believe, is permitted to witness, if not the electrocution itself, the instants so literally penultimate that people go away feeling as if they had endured to the last. Who goes willingly to such a play, I do not know—not I. Probably the persons who, if



they had been in California, would have been working any "pull" they had to see Hickman die. Death has lost its dignity among us by being too easily brought about in unexpected ways. All of us are likely to be shot at any time: the gangster's gun, the prohibition agent's pistol may get the "innocent bystander" at any moment. If we are to be thrilled by death, we must get it in a peculiarly shocking form; if we are to be thrilled by anything short of death, it must be the menace of death where death does not properly belong.

### III

The stream of biographies of hard characters is probably part of the popular process of debunking history. The debunking works both ways: they whiten as many people as they blacken. If Mr. Lytton Strachey does his best to cheapen Cardinal Manning and Florence Nightingale and General Gordon, other gentlemen have been busy publishing the virtues of Captain Kidd, John Brown, Lucrezia Borgia, and Heliogabalus. It is part of our "fact-facing" passion, no doubt, that the whitewashed villain should be as fashionable as the blackened hero. Anything to surprise. There is some quality in the truly great which will create legends in spite of everything. George Washington can stand any amount of debunking. In so far as this attitude is reaction against the stupid belief held, more or less loosely, by preceding generations, that all biography should be eulogy, it is healthy. The matter of historical writing need not detain us, though we may note the fact that both attackers and defenders are trying to make the public sit up; to create a thrill by denying familiar conceptions. We have also a lot of pseudo-biography and near-fiction dealing with the criminal classes; the life-histories, more or less touched up, of hoboos, gunmen, thieves, and murderers. "The villain as hero" is not new; it is a fairly ancient literary tradition. Our taste

in villains, simply, has deteriorated. Their defiance of the community is apt at present to take the more sordid physical forms; there is no air about them of a Byronic romanticism.

Drama, straight fiction, poetry, criticism, are another matter. Yet we must admit that the unclean fact and the brutal manner are characteristic of all of them. The purchasers of books and theater tickets are largely drawn from the prosperous classes. Both books and theater tickets are too expensive for the poor man. It is the full-fed and the well-to-do who support the drama and buy novels at two dollars and fifty cents and biographies at five dollars. So we should expect to find the Broadway plays and the fashionable literature catering to the arena-going crowd; providing, through other media, the desired "knockout" thrill. And they do. Though the conditions of a country life may prevent one's being an assiduous playgoer, no one living within fifty miles of New York quite escapes Broadway. It is safe to say that I have not, for five years, seen a play (apart from revivals of classics) which did not base its appeal to interest on some exotic, or disreputable, or brutal ingredient or quality. The comedy of manners has died the death. When we want it—which is rarely—we revive something. If the Theatre Guild be taken as an index of cultured taste in the drama, it also bears witness. The Theatre Guild goes in largely for foreign playwrights, and must needs filter even Ben Jonson through German before presenting him. When it gives contemporary American drama, it gives—what? "Porgy" and "Strange Interlude," for example. The plays, not confessedly "thrillers," that pretend to deal, comedy-of-manners fashion, with contemporary life, dwell on adultery, perversion, and murder. Not because contemporary life is largely based on those facts, but because contemporary interest can hardly be awakened without reference to them. They are avoidable, apparently, only if "trick"

stuff is substituted. Only the unusual can stimulate the jaded; only the very unusual can shock the hard-boiled.

I have read recently—quite by accident—three novels by very different authors (two of them inconspicuous) which deal with the general uncleanness of the Sabbath. Black he-goats, it would seem, are displacing Chows. . . . There is a certain sameness in Sabbaths; and the perusal of one learned work on the subject will disincline one forever to fictional repetition of disgusting detail. But obviously there is a market for that detail, as there is a heavy market for novels dealing with sexual pathology. Though Kraft-Ebbing may not be popular, the authors who have munitioned themselves from his pages are popular. A book review was recently brought to my notice in which the reviewer, wishing to express vague disapproval of some historical character, called him “sadistic.” (I also recall an article by one of our best-known dramatic critics, which dealt with “masochism” in Barrie’s *The Little Minister*!) It was clear that “sadistic,” in the mind of the reviewer, was a faintly opprobrious term of no special significance. There was no proof of sadism in the career of the character under discussion; nor did the reviewer really intend to impute it to him. He was merely searching for an adjective with a “kick” in it. He found it! If he had ever read *Justine*, he would have realized that “sadistic” can be correctly applied to comparatively few people. Whether that knowledge would have deterred him or not, I cannot say. As our more exciting plays and novels fail, more or less deliberately, to reflect reality, so, too, our critical vocabulary fails of accuracy. Critics, whether social or literary, are also out to thrill their audiences, and misapply words as authors distort their lenses.

The contemporary twists and turns of fiction are peculiarly interesting to a person who pursues the vicarious life. It cannot escape such an inquisitive reader that our fiction latterly, when it

has tried to wrench itself away from the more sordid aspects of fornication, has found itself wandering clear into No-Man’s-Land. I do not keep careful track of best-sellers as such; but any newspaper reader is aware that the most recent award of the Pulitzer Prize was a frank confession of the failure of American letters to deal with the realities of American life. The Pulitzer Prize is supposed to go to that novel “which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood.” That the judges felt compelled to award it to a novel which does not pretend to deal with American life at all—or, indeed, with any life outside a fairy tale—shows the poverty of loyal American literature at the moment. So far as I know, no Pulitzer Prize novel since *The Age of Innocence* (the novel which won the award in 1923 I have not read) has complied with the terms of the award, if strictly interpreted. They have either been highly “special” in subject and appeal, or belittled American life, or exuded a miasmatic sentimentality which is the negation of both realism and true idealism. The awarders of the prize have, no doubt, done their best; and their job is to declare a comparative value. The lack lies in the material offered. Our best talent at the moment, it would seem, is being devoted to the fanciful reconstruction either of past epochs or of exotic and unimportant types. If these authors deal with anything really typical, they drip sentimentality over it as a dog drips saliva over a bone. America as it is, is not being soberly considered or faithfully recorded. Here, too, the “knock-out” demand prevails. One need only mention in passing the increasing vogue of fiction dealing plainly with crime.

#### IV

Now there is, naturally, a reason for all this. It was pointed out earlier that material comfort, widely distributed,



gives a nation an opportunity either to purify or to drug itself. The American nation is apparently choosing the latter method of occupying its leisure. When one considers that the greater part of American wealth at the present day is parvenu wealth, one sees how natural this is. That the American civilization is increasingly materialistic, no one, I think, would deny; or that its standard of selection is the plutocratic standard. It grows truer, every lustrum, that nothing counts in America so much as money. If Roman luxury had suddenly been outspread to include the mob, the same thing, probably, would have taken place that has taken place here. Among the new-rich it apparently did take place. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of wealth. If you suddenly bestow it on the crowd that has been demanding "bread and circuses," that crowd will simply buy better bread and bigger circuses. The dream of the poor man is almost necessarily a materialistic dream. Governor Smith during his campaign gave us an ironic picture of the textile worker who earns less than eighteen dollars a week, going out to a chicken dinner, in his own automobile, wearing silk socks. Does anyone doubt that the first things that textile worker, suddenly enriched, would buy, are chicken dinners, automobiles, and silk socks? And after chicken dinners, automobiles, and the feel of silk—what? Only in the next generation, probably, will it be the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep him and his family alive will always give undue emphasis to bread. He will do more than merely acknowledge it a necessity; his definition of luxury will inevitably be a superfluity of bread. Our conception of comfort is nearly always the simple negation of whatever has caused us to suffer. With the quick turnover of American fortunes—"shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves"—the majority of the rich are always people unequipped for the proper evaluation of

wealth. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn—and who, in most cases, have lost it. When wealth is worshipped for its untranslated self, as it is increasingly in our mammonistic civilization, they may never learn.

So that luxury and ignorance may perhaps be blamed for our hard-boiled attitude. We are smothered in material comfort, and do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. We are, by and large, the mob enriched. Inevitably we seek the thrills that can most easily be felt and assessed. These have always been physical and nervous thrills; and we are still at the physical-and-nervous-thrill stage. Thanks to our herding in towns, to the multiplied contacts *via* news-sheets, radio, telephone, motor car, which the rural citizen now enjoys, we have a superficial sophistication that we did not have, as a nation, twenty-five years ago. The first stage of sophistication is unshockableness. The truly sophisticated person may be shocked by a hundred things that the boor never heard of and would be incapable of appraising; but unquestionably the first step towards sophistication is the sloughing of the coarser and commoner prejudices and superstitions. With the sloughing process goes a certain naïve pride in release. The hard-boiled person is the one who is conscious of having abandoned many native prejudices and is at the stage of thinking that inability to be shocked is the whole story. The truly sophisticated man is perhaps not so very hard-boiled. As a community, we are hard-boiled. Enough said. The fact accounts for the kind of physical and nervous titillation we seek. We are jaded on the threshold of experience because our emancipation is, after all, mainly physical. Applied science has familiarized us with miracles of practical convenience, and, thanks to newspapers and news-reels, we are aware as never before of man's unremitting and terrific contest with nature—all the *faits divers* of the cosmos. Our imagina-

tions are pretty well cabined in the physical; therefore, they respond most easily to physical stimuli and, in art and literature, to physical implications—homicide and sex, for the most part.

The younger generation must bear its share of blame in the matter. No one is a more passionate partisan than I of the honesty, the charm, the wit, the intellectual sensitiveness of the afore-said younger generation. I think them on the whole preferable to my own generation at the same age. Their chief vice is the vice of all youth in all times—ignorance. It is not to be expected that boys and girls, young men and women, should have the poise, the judgment, the sense of values of maturity. If they could—then this mundane adventure would indeed be ironic beyond endurance; for wherein is life worth living if the living of it teaches us nothing? It is not of youth's ignorance that we have a right to complain; rather, of youth's predominance. Never has youth been so articulate or so listened to; never has a generation rushed into creation and criticism so early, won a public so early, dictated so early, what older people shall see, read, think, and discuss. Now, youth—all youth, always—is at the stage where we have said the community at large now finds itself: proud of its emancipation and desirous of thrills. Every mature person knows that young things can endure what older people cannot. It is in youth that we can bear horrors; it is in youth that we can thoroughly enjoy the presentation of morbidity, murder, starvation, suicide, cruelty, and insanity. It is in our youth that we can read Russian literature. Not long ago a young man took me to a movie which included a scene of torture. As the painful preparations were made, I closed my eyes. After my eyes were shut, I heard him murmur, "This is getting good." The difference between us was not one of temperament but one of experience. The longer one has lived, the more one

shrinks from the unnecessary contemplation of pain, because one knows all about the prevalence of pain. Reminders of pain are reminders of actuality. The most terrible fictitious events are, as one is only too acutely aware, counterparts of something that has happened a thousand times, and is probably happening even now, somewhere. To inexperienced youth nothing is a reminder; these horrors they cheerfully and with interest endure because to them they are unreal. Youth is tender-hearted, but the range of its pity is narrow like its experience. It sympathizes truly only with what it understands—which is little. I think the prevalence of violent thrills in our contemporary representations of life is partly due to the present importance of youth, both as artist and audience.

## V

All these are tentative answers to the "why" of our hard-boiledness. The mob enriched, taking its natural course of seeking ever more violent physical and nervous stimuli; youth, forcing upon us excitements which only the young—and, among the mature, the insensitive—can endure; the fact that we live in an age of easy miracles, wherein our attention and praise are constantly being captured, not by some achievement of the spirit, but by some new process out of a laboratory. These are sufficient explanation, it would seem. Some critics would add to these the progressive paganizing of America, which certain acute observers have declared to be startlingly rapid. Whether America is paganizing itself at such a rate, I am not qualified to determine; though obviously most of our contemporary art could be accepted only by pagans. If someone asks: what of the millions who are said recently to have decided an election largely on religious and moral prejudice? one can only reply that, in the first place, those millions are Christians in a very special and dubious sense, and, in the second,



that most of them experience art chiefly through the movies, and novels that are almost indistinguishable from movies. They are not the perusers of Ernest Hemingway and Robinson Jeffers, or the spectators of "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Diamond Lil." By the same token, I do not know just how hard-boiled they are. In any case, they do not control our fiction, our art, our drama, our poetry, our history, our criticism—or our arenas. They are, perhaps, preponderant in the movie clientele; but such strange things are happening to the movies just now that it would be vain to deduce anything either from, or about, movie audiences.

The admission just made—that the mob does not control the artistic and critical output of the country—may seem to imply that one is wrong in considering the enriched mob to be responsible. It is, someone may well say, only the intellectuals, the aristocrats who can make either certain doctrines or certain pastimes fashionable. What of the people who, by breeding and training and an inherited culture, are counterparts of the patricians?

Well: what about the intellectual patricians (if there are any) who guide our taste? It can have escaped no one, I think, that in all the arts they are guiding us away from realism and away from beauty. They are certainly not keeping us out of the Coliseum, or trying to teach us a greater sensitiveness. They are hard-boiled, too. Some of them have followed Mr. Mencken in preferring "guts" and shock to proportion and sanity. Mr. Mencken certainly must take his share of blame for corrupting taste among us. Under cover of a few truths he has slipped in a lot of lies; in courageously and rightly denouncing hypocrisy, he has shoved under our noses a lot of second-rate stuff. He is right in demanding "guts"—Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare have plenty of "guts"; but he cannot deny, I think, that he wants the guts all over the place. Whereas, in the

actual organism, they are somewhat straitly confined. . . .

After the Silver Age in Roman letters, the chief characteristics of which, I understand, were cleverness and rhetorical insincerity, came, with Hadrian's advent, the "African Latinity." Rome, at that time, was very hard-boiled. This was "the period of affected archaisms and pedantic learning, combined at times with reckless love of innovation and experiment, resulting in the creation of a large number of new formations and in the adoption of much of the plebeian dialect." I offer nothing of my own knowledge: I merely quote classical authorities. Anyone will admit, I think, that every one of these recorded traits of the African Latinity is strikingly matched in our own contemporary verse and prose. I spoke earlier of certain "tenuities and caducities" in our literature that seemed to be declining towards an age of pure sham. Leaving the poetry to one side, any reader of contemporary prose (and our prose is better than our verse) will find, if he stops to examine what he reads, the affected archaisms and the pedantry, the reckless love of innovation and experiment, the new formations, the plebeian dialect, in our most popular pages. Each cited trait leaps to affix itself to some one of our most praised authors. Our hard-boiledness has turned us away from classic moderation and classic profundity. After all, the classic tradition is to deal with life truthfully, and we are not, at present, very keen about truth. We want, like all hard-boiled people, an escape from life, and are impatient of what have been tiresomely but accurately called "the eternal verities." Do books like *Lady into Fox*, *Lolly Willowses*, *The High Places*—I pull names at random out of my memory—*The Venetian Glass Nephew*, *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, *Porgy*, *A Mirror for Witches*, *The Cabala*, *My Mortal Enemy*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *Orlando* attempt in any way to deal with life as it typically and eternally is;

to do more than make us forget, for an hour, all that experience has taught us? Their occasional wafts of truth are from far places—we seem at the moment to be growing less able to endure any truth that comes near to us. The immense recent vogue of mystery and detective stories is merely a frank avowal that, while we want a “kick,” we do not want a “kick” that will start us thinking. It is our nerves, not our minds, that we offer as subjects for experiment.

One soon gets to the point, with any form of physical and nervous stimulus, to go beyond which is to break some law. Censors and legislators are always looking out to see that we do not drug ourselves too deeply. We have not the social freedom of the old patricians. Hence the spectacle of our purveyors of entertainment, who are trying to see just how much they can “get away with,” blurring their audacities by a certain remoteness of subject. It is pretty generally conceded that you may be as indecent as you like if you saddle the indecency on distant years, or far countries, or a pathologic (and, therefore, irresponsible) condition. This remoteness of subject is bad for us, since it keeps us from being really critics of life; but it is the only device which permits certain thrills to be brought to us. Since the eighteenth century, the exotic has never been so fashionable as now. Exoticism, indeed, is always fashionable when the public consciousness is generally hard-boiled. Partly for the eternal hope of

something new and, therefore, exciting, in it; partly because the hard-boiled person is always seeking escape from life as he knows it, which bores him. The penalties we pay for over-developing this taste are callousness to the common and universal (those eternal verities), preciousness, affectation, conscious vulgarity, violence. For by exoticism one does not mean simply *chinoiserie*: one means any deliberate departure from laws and standards that have been slowly evolved out of the racial experience since our civilization began. When nerves grow exacting, and imagination wears thin, the platitude is too often replaced by the mere paradox. Dullness is not conquered; it is only clothed in a different formula.

Nothing is easier and less helpful than to say of “hard-boiledness” that we should do well to get over it. No one in a hard-boiled generation gets over it except by acquiring a philosophy—I will not say a religion. As long as our chief national heroes are captains of industry, we shall not easily do that. More than ever—yes, in this heyday of organization—only the individual can emancipate himself, train himself, as a strictly individual job, to taste in solitude the secret, forgotten, eternal pleasures of the regulated mind, and taste held true. Then, when the barbarians rush in upon us, he can at least perish, not as a legitimate and pulpy prey, but as a quiet martyr to something they never heard of.





## THE MOTHER OF A CHAMPION

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

SHE sat before a most inadequate mirror in the dressing room, an unsophisticated girl of twenty-one preparing to take her part in the great drama that was soon to begin outside. In the corner of the room sat her mother buried in a wicker armchair covered with faded cretonne, murmuring nothings—affectionate and anxious nothings; but nothings, nevertheless—to which her daughter paid no attention. The business of appearing before the public as a world-famous athlete is a serious business, not to be undertaken lightly or indiscreetly.

From the array of bottles, tubes, and glass jars with glass stoppers on the narrow table she took cold cream out of a square receptacle marked "Cleansing" and spread it carefully over her face. With the aid of a towel she rubbed it off with careful, adept movements. Then she took another kind of cream from another jar labeled "Tissue," massaging it in with practiced fingers. Next she seized a bottle bearing the magic word "Astringent" on a paper label, and dashed the pinkish fluid all over her countenance. Finally came the really important part of her make-up. For just a second she glanced bewilderingly over the regiment of bottles and jars which lined the table, and with a quick gesture selected one bearing the entrancing name, "Florentine Lemon Skin Food." The skin food made from the lemons of Florence she delicately smoothed in a thin layer about her cheeks and chin; next from a square box of "Florentine Flower Powder, Spanish Rachel Shade," she suffused her tor-

tured face in flesh-colored chalk. A careful and scientific application of lipstick, a longish session with a pencil along the eyebrows; at last she was ready. No more, it is true, so unsophisticated-looking at close view. But after all, what of that?

Her mother, meanwhile, had been growing impatient.

"They're waiting for you out there, Florence . . . hadn't you better hurry? . . . Goodness sakes, you didn't use to take so much trouble with all these powders and things when you first started. . . . I remember back in twenty-two . . ."

"Oh, cut that Civil War stuff, mother. You make me tired with your everlasting . . ."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. "Are you ready, Miss Farley? Your opponent's waiting for you."

"All ready," sang out the Champion in the tone which made the newspapers describe her as "Happy Florence Farley, the Girl with the Laughing Voice."

"Comming, comming. Come along, mother dear." And she emerged from the dressing room with her arm about her mother's waist. Inseparable, those two!

In the narrow hallway outside they were soon parted by the crowd that pressed and eddied about them. School-girl autograph collectors demanded the champion's signature, not realizing that the champion never signed albums before a match. After a match, yes, before a match, never! More than one title had been lost through writer's cramp. It was just this attention to

detail which had brought Florence Farley to the position she now occupied.

Someone seized her arm; an invitation for the week-end was bellowed through the din and confusion.

"To Southampton? Oooohh, how lovely. I'd just adore to come. But really, I hardly know. You'll have to ask mother; you see she just won't let me go anywhere without her."

A burst of applause rippled through the crowd as she stepped outside the door of the clubhouse. The photographers hurried to their points of vantage, the officials came eagerly forward to greet her, the crowd indicated its approval. The Champion was going into action to defend her title.

## II

Throughout Florence Farley's career her mother has consistently remained in the background; the general public who follow sports is as a rule unaware of her existence. But if any one person can be said to be responsible for the astounding success of Florence Farley in the world of amateur games, certainly Mrs. Farley should have most of the credit.

Plainville, New York, is an hour and six minutes from the Grand Central Station. It has two banks, three drug stores, a weekly newspaper, a country club, and a population of commuters who take the eight-one to town every morning and return by the five-ten every evening. They are met at the station by their wives, plump ladies dressed in unbecoming but fashionable hats who drive three-thousand-dollar sedans on which the husbands spend their lives trying to earn the monthly installments. When Jim Farley moved out to Plainville in order that six-year-old Florence could have a yard to run in and air to breathe, he was lucky to have enough money left, after paying the first installment on the purchase price and the interest six months in advance on the first and second mortgages, to be able to buy a second-hand Ford. If you

knew Plainville you would realize that people who drive second-hand Fords are hardly likely to be adopted by the social leaders of the town.

Not that Jim Farley cared. But his wife cared very much indeed. It hurt her that Jim was in the cotton-goods business and prospering indifferently, while the husbands of the ladies who drove the three-thousand-dollar sedans were in radio or real estate or stocks and bonds or something that was prospering. It hurt most of all that she and Jim were never asked to join the Country Club. To be sure they had no money to join the Country Club; they did not desire to join the Country Club; yet the fact that they were unasked was difficult to swallow. In Plainville either you belonged to the Country Club or you did not. The Farleys did not.

Curiously enough it was Florence who was to solve this problem for her worried mother; it was Florence who was the first of the Farleys to establish herself at the Club. At the age of eleven this long-legged child was such a capable little sportswoman that she was continually being asked to go up on the hill to play with the Patterson children or the Davis girls, all older but by no means her equal. From taking on and defeating the Pattersons and the Davises, it was but a step to being asked to engage some older players. At last one sunny afternoon in midsummer Mrs. Farley was officially invited up to see Florence play with Mrs. Jenkins, a player at one time of national repute. Knowing nothing at all of games or sport, Mrs. Farley sat upon the porch of the clubhouse a silent and aloof figure, until the moment when her offspring came up the path to the steps, her face red but her manner triumphant, her pigtails damp with perspiration, but her bearing that of a conqueror. Behind her labored the clumsy Mrs. Jenkins, tired, panting, exhausted; Mrs. Jenkins who never knew Mrs. Farley when the latter's Ford was parked behind her new magnificent limousine each night for the



five-ten. That particular afternoon, however, she was unusually cordial.

"Give that child of yours time, Mrs. Farley, and she'll be a great player some day. I know what I'm telling you, too."

Mrs. Farley smiled serenely and put her arm around Florence's moist back. In her victorious daughter she was beginning to see an opening to the Country Club and to Plainville society.

### III

The Farleys joined the Country Club the next spring. Their open Ford was even seen once or twice at the Saturday night dances, parked each evening near the gorgeous new limousine of Mrs. Jenkins'. More often than not, however, it was left at home, and they went in someone else's car. For as seasons merged into one another and Jim Farley's infant grew older and bolder, it became apparent to everyone with eyes to see that she was a player of real promise, a player who could defeat many of the men about the Club. At the end of several years Florence Farley was a name to conjure with in Plainville; if you could defeat the Farley child your ability needed no further discussion. You were immediately put down as a very useful player. In fact, so well known did Florence become about town that it was practically necessary, as Mrs. Farley explained to Jim one night, for them to have a new car, and a closed one at that. When Jim mumbled that he couldn't afford to while cotton was selling so low that it wasn't worth picking off the bushes, his wife reminded him that for Florence's sake they couldn't afford not to. This settled the argument.

It was fortunate that they did have that closed car when the Pattersons suggested that they all go over to Jamestown where Lucile Patterson and Florence could play in the junior tournament being held for the first time at the Jamestown Country Club. After much planning and consulting, the eight-mile trip

across country was undertaken. Lucile was put out of the play by eleven o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Patterson remembered a luncheon engagement and hurried away shortly afterward, leaving her daughter to return with Mrs. Farley and Florence and the Cup at seven-ten. By the time they got home the news had spread all about Plainville; Jim Farley, who had to walk home from the station, heard it the moment he stepped off the train. Three people called out to him the good news as he walked up Pleasant Street; in fact, the whole town was aware of the feat of his child. He had supper waiting for them when they returned, tired but happy.

"A damned good performance for the kid," he said, as he kissed her with delight. "Good child."

Nor was Mrs. Farley any less pleased than her husband. But had they known that their troubles were starting, they might have been more sober in their happiness. Two weeks later Mr. George P. Clements, the president of the Club, called upon the Farleys one evening to extend his congratulations. In the course of the conversation he also exposed plans under way for adventures in more distant fields.

"We were thinking, that is, a number of us were thinking, of sending Florence down to compete in the National Junior Championships at Hot Springs next summer."

"Ooohh," interjaculated Florence impulsively. "Ooohh, mother, wouldn't that be wonderful?" To her Hot Springs was as far away as Russia. Or Fairyland. But she stopped short when she observed the distress upon her parent's usually placid countenance.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clements, but who could go down with her? Of course, the trip would be dandy, and I'd just love for her to go, but I couldn't think of letting her go that far with just a lot of girls."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Farley, certainly not. We intend to have you both go."

Then Mrs. Farley was shocked.

"Why, Mr. Clements! Both of us! It would last a week. That would cost, that would cost . . . why . . . a hundred dollars!"

The President of the Country Club was unmoved. Quietly he agreed that it would.

"Yes, yes, p'raps. But you see it's this way, Mrs. Farley. They's a number of us prominent men about town been watching your little girl now for some time. We've all of us noticed the progress she's made and we're anxious to encourage it. Wanna encourage sport among the youngsters. Fine thing, athletics. Teaches 'em to be, you know, manly, fair play, all that sort of thing. And then besides"—here he leaned slightly toward Jim Farley as though a mere woman could hardly understand the details of business—"And then, besides, it's mighty good proporganda for the town, mighty good proporganda to have a little girl like Florence get her name in the papers occasionally. Why, they's any number of folks never heard of Plainville until she won that title the other day over to Jamestown. I understand the week after that we got a lot of inquiries for the new real estate development back of Johnson's woods; hadn't had any prospects for that property for two years. Now Mr. Simmonds, the president of the Trust Company, you know he's influential in the Chamber of Commerce too, well, he thinks he, that is we, I mean they could find ways and means to get you and Florence down there to Hot Springs without it costing you or Mr. Farley one red cent. Not one cent. Do you see?" And he paused for a moment to allow the combined munificence of the Chamber of Commerce and the President of the Trust Company to take effect. It took effect immediately.

Mrs. Farley saw. She saw for the moment even more than Mr. Clements did. And the sight dazzled her somewhat. Mr. Clements, thinking that she was dazzled only by the prospect of a

trip to Hot Springs, pressed home the argument.

"And a first-rate vacation, too, Mrs. Farley. Not but what I'm sure our little girl here wouldn't bring us back some more glory, heh, heh, heh . . ."

The little girl was not as sure as he was. But a trip to Hot Springs! . . . They went next summer as planned.

It was at Hot Springs during the Junior Championships that they first met Duncan Fletcher, the Vice-President of the Eastern Association, and a power in the sport. Duncan Fletcher was a suave young mucker with a million dollars from his father, and clothes and manners from a New York tailor. His one ambition in school and college had been to become a champion; early in his career it became evident that he had neither the persistence nor the patience; accordingly he gave up this desire and decided that, if he could not be a champion, at least he could be the friend of champions. His eye was fixed ultimately upon the presidency of the National Association; little by little he had climbed up from being a mere delegate from his own club to being a sectional delegate, a councilman, then a director, and finally one of the two vice-presidents of the Eastern Association. His next step was a minor office in the National Association; he was a hand-shaker par excellence, knew everyone, made himself known to everyone; and under the circumstances it was not surprising that he happened to bump into Florence and her mother the morning after they arrived. What surprised them, and also flattered them slightly, was the fact that he knew all their history.

Ten minutes of conversation with Mrs. Farley convinced Duncan Fletcher that he was in luck. They had arrived in the rain the previous night without hotel accommodations, their reservations having been carelessly made in the name of Mrs. Hurley. Players were all accommodated ("special rate to players and their families at the Alhambra during the



tournament," page 8, circular of the championships) in the Annex. The Annex was directly over the kitchen; sleep was impossible there after five A.M. No one had spoken to them, practice was difficult to obtain, a cold west wind was blowing and, in short, Mrs. Farley was ready to return home. In fact, a time-table with trains marked was in her hand when Duncan Fletcher addressed them. During those next few moments of crisis the Vice-President of the Eastern Association was at his best; he displayed that marvellous executive ability which was to win him such a prominent place in the world of sport. A quarter of an hour later he had secured a suite for them in the main building at no extra cost, obtained tape and bound up Florence's blistered hand with care and skill, seen that they had a good table in the dining room, and installed a dozen roses in their sitting room. Naturally, mother and daughter were charmed by his attention and a flattery not too obtuse.

"Just the nicest man," as Mrs. Farley wrote home that night to Mr. Farley on the monogrammed paper of the hotel.

And so he was. Possibly, however, Duncan Fletcher's niceness would have been more to his credit had he not noticed Florence work out that morning from a vantage spot on the clubhouse porch. That was before he had tried to make himself useful, before he made inquiries at the desk about the little girl in the lemon-colored sweater and the insignificant woman sitting watching her in a rocking chair on the veranda. Mr. Fletcher was a gentleman with a distinct eye to the future.

The championships lasted six days, during which Duncan Fletcher was an ever-present help in time of trouble. On the last afternoon, the afternoon of the finals, when Florence returned to the clubhouse with her National Junior Championship, flushed, happy, triumphant, she was presented with a bouquet of roses tied in satin ribbon, more roses than she could carry. The runner-up,

who was badly beaten, was also presented with an enormous bunch which she laid aside, remarking, "I'd have preferred a better score and fewer flowers."

Luckily the Vice-President of the Eastern Association did not hear this catty remark. He was at the moment telling Florence's mother that he knew from the start that the child had it in her. This was the exact truth. Nor was his delight in her victory in the least disingenuous, his enthusiasm one bit forced. Mr. Duncan Fletcher knew a good thing when he saw it.

#### IV

Some eight months later Plainville was honored by a visit from the Vice-President of the Eastern Association. This visit, which took place in the living room of the Farley home, was attended by Mr. Farley (reduced to silence and marvelling at his wife's wonderful ability to get things for Florence without paying for them), that good lady, and Florence herself, just a bit dazed at the prospect unfolding itself before her. Naturally Mr. Clements as the President of Florence's home club was also present, rubbing his hands in delight and importance. Ever since her picture had appeared in the Sunday Rotogravure Section as, "Suburban Miss Who Wins Title, Happy Florence Farley of Plainville, N. Y., at Hot Springs," Mr. Clements had had the Chamber of Commerce behind him to a man.

Mr. Fletcher, however, saw visions of the future in fresh woods and pastures new. He imagined himself, without too much effort, described as the "man who discovered Florence Farley." In fact, immediately after her victory in the Junior Championships Mr. Fletcher explained to all the newspaper men who came to his dinner—"just a small, informal affair, boys"—that he had found her in a little country town outside New York and, recognizing her ability at once with his keen tactical eye, had sent her down to Hot Springs on his own initiative. He has told this story so of-

ten now and it has been printed so much that he believes it himself. So does everyone else, including Mrs. Farley and Florence.

"Well, Mrs. Farley, of course you know best; but it seems to me that in a way you really owe it to Florence to give up this next summer to her and let her play in the National Championships. Frankly, I don't think I've ever seen such a promising youngster, not since Miss Benton at any rate. And next season, next season, you know, are the Olympics in Berlin. A great chance for her to have a trip abroad, and you too; it's a fine education. If she does well this summer I'm almost sure, in fact, I can almost guarantee that she will be sent over by the Association."

Mrs. Farley's mind was dancing, dancing, but her face was calm and undisturbed. "Well, I hardly know whether we could arrange to devote a whole summer to it, practicing and so forth. And then there's Florence's singing. She has made so much progress in the past six months I sort of hate to interrupt all that. And Mr. Farley's vacation, he likes to have us go to the camp with him; don't you, Jim?"

Mr. Farley gulped, swallowed hard as the eyes of the room were upon him, some almost resentfully it seemed, and nodded. He could not speak.

"Why, Jim Farley would be the proudest man in this whole county if his little girl was to win the national title, wouldn't you, Jim?" interposed Mr. Clements in an overpowering voice.

The truth was that, thanks to Mr. Clements' aid and assistance, Jim Farley was now a member of the Club car which always was attached to the eight-one and the five-ten. It was also true that since his introduction into this society he had lost about a hundred and fourteen dollars at bridge, most of it to Mr. Clements who held more than one bad debt, a subject on which Mr. Farley had neglected to inform his family. In a feeble voice he supported the argu-

ments adduced by Mr. Fletcher for his daughter's career.

"As for the singing, she can study while she's abroad next summer at the Olympics. Certainly, study mornings, y'know. A few weeks under Lebaudy or Obendorfer is worth ten years from some hack over this side." Mr. Fletcher voiced his opinions about musical education with conviction. "Honestly, Mrs. Farley, if you don't take advantage of this opportunity you'll regret it all your life."

Mrs. Farley was impressed; but she was not a lady to take steps without being sure of things. Accordingly she remarked tentatively, "But so much money, Mr. Fletcher, all this time practicing, and then going way out there to Omaha for the National Championships—"

"Not a word about money," said Mr. Fletcher with the air of a person who is waving aside a subject slightly obscene. "Not a word. You see the Eastern Association has a special fund for just such purposes. We send you and Florence west about a month before the tournament begins, to get acclimated, and then on the way you'll stop off at one or two invitation affairs, select affairs in the bigger places. You'll meet some mighty nice people, Mrs. Farley, just the best kind of people in Chicago and St. Louis."

If Mrs. Farley had had any doubts from the start, which she had not, this last sentence would have definitely erased them. For some years she had been hoping in a vague way to be able to develop Florence's voice; but as she told Jim Farley that evening in bed, Florence was growing up, and it was a chance for her to meet some really well-bred people. He agreed, suggested that he take his vacation when they return, and remarked that business was none too good at the moment anyhow.

So Mrs. Farley and Florence went west. Of all their campaigns they still look on this as the happiest; for the little girl in pigtails found everything so



new and strange, found everyone so cordial and hospitable, found conditions for playing so perfect that she enjoyed herself enormously, more in fact than she was ever to enjoy herself in the future when the duties and responsibilities of being a champion were always with her. Her game also progressed; she suffered one or two defeats at the hands of local players in minor tournaments, just enough to make her work hard at strengthening her weak points. She practiced assiduously, asked advice from older players, and by the time the Championships rolled round was playing better than she had ever played in all her life.

Now her mother had a task to restrain that eager, impetuous child. Her duty it was to see that Florence played enough and not too much, that she ate the proper food, that she went to bed early and got up early, that she took every morning the exercises the doctor had prescribed for those recalcitrant muscles, in short, that she lived the life which would mean victory. Each day for weeks before the tournament Mrs. Farley walked over to the club with Florence, sat there when she was practicing, took her back to the hotel, first making sure that she was well wrapped up against a possible cold. And gradually, little though she knew about sports, Mrs. Farley began to note the improvement in her daughter's game. Little by little it was borne in upon her that this child of hers had the makings of a champion. Perhaps, after all, Florence had best give up the idea of a singing career. Was she not destined for greater things?

Meanwhile Mr. Duncan Fletcher had not neglected to keep the press informed of the progress of "My little protégée," as he used to call Florence on every possible occasion. But even the newspaper men were unprepared for her successes in that tournament. She went through the first three days with ease, defeated her opponents without difficulty, and on the next to last day put

out a former national titleholder. Mrs. Wing, it was true, was no longer in the top class; she was still good enough to make trouble for most players. That afternoon lived long in Mrs. Farley's memory; the crowd deserting the other contestants to watch her picturesque child in pigtails, the murmurs and rumors and reports flying about the clubhouse, the whisper from someone behind her that Mrs. Wing had just been badly beaten by "that infant from New York." And the afternoon lived with her for another reason.

He caught her while she was waiting for Florence to dress after the match. Yes, she was Mrs. Farley. His card said he was Mr. Raymond K. Noble, Western Manager for the *Daily Mail* Syndicate. He had been ordered by his New York office to see Mrs. Farley because the manager in the main office saw in Florence a future national champion. Would she care to write for the *Daily Mail* Syndicate?

Mrs. Farley was shocked. Florence write? She couldn't spell c-a-t; composition was her weakest subject. And her writing was terrible, just simply terrible. Now if Mr. Noble had asked her to sing. . . . That gentleman smiled ever so slightly, and explained that his company was not interested in singers. He also explained that in most editorial offices there were trained reporters who did much of the actual writing and could send proofs to Florence "for correction." He also explained that he did not himself believe that Florence was well known enough to the sporting public to begin writing immediately; but that next year if she won the title it was possible that the *Daily Mail* might find room for her in its pages. With great delicacy he offered Mrs. Farley a check for five hundred dollars, and explained that to save her trouble personally he had drawn up a contract which she need merely sign as Florence's guardian. Mrs. Farley took the contract and looked at it a minute. Two years before she would have signed any-

thing on Florence's behalf for fifty dollars. As it was, she replied that she would be glad to take the contract back to her hotel, study it, and let him know her wishes in the matter. For in the background she had a vision of the astute Mr. Fletcher coming to her aid.

Inside of the hour Mr. Fletcher was actually reading the contract in her bedroom in the hotel. With a superb gesture he read it, tore it in two, and tossed it to the floor. Mrs. Farley was impressed as he intended, and thanked herself more than ever that she had been cautious. Could Florence write and still maintain her amateur standing? Oh, yes, yes indeed. But that contract? Never! Sign no contract which tied one up at a salary of only three thousand a year for five years. That was Mr. Fletcher's advice. He explained that the manager was correct in asserting that most athletic stars had help and assistance in their literary endeavors. He departed, assuring Mrs. Farley that other contracts would not be long in presenting themselves. Mrs. Farley was learning rapidly. When Florence the next afternoon went brilliantly down to defeat before the best woman player in the country, she learned more things.

Three gentlemen from other syndicates were waiting for her at her hotel when she returned, while Mr. Noble was there with yet another and a more generous contract. Mrs. Farley took them all, as well as the cards of their representatives, and retired to her room, saying nothing. On her table was a wire from her husband:

COMPANY IN FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES  
LOST JOB BETTER RETURN IMMEDIATELY  
JIM.

Mrs. Farley sat looking out the window while Florence dressed for her first dance, the championship ball at the clubhouse for which as a special favor she was to be allowed to wear her hair up. Carefully the mother spread those four contracts out on the table, carefully she

studied them, a look in her eyes that the wives of the commuters in Plainville would never have recognized. Then she slowly took the receiver off the hook. From the bathroom Florence heard her mother's voice, vaguely realizing that it was not the voice of her mother at all.

"Central, 8900. . . . Mr. Townsend, please. . . . Mr. Townsend? This is Mrs. Farley; yes, Florence Farley's mother. Mr. Townsend, we expect to leave for home to-morrow at noon. I wonder if you could come round to the hotel for a few minutes before we leave and see me? At ten? That's fine. Ten o'clock. Good-by, Mr. Townsend."

## V

Florence Farley's hair was up on her head when they went south for the National Championships that next summer; but her mother was still the person to be consulted whenever a decision was required.

"My pictures for your magazine? Oooohh, I don't know; you'll have to ask mother. A dance at the club next week? I'd just adore to go; but I'd better speak about it to mother first, she rarely lets me go out when I'm in training, you know. The contract for next season? Oooohh, Mr. Townsend, that's entirely up to mother." Where she played before the Championships, what homes they would or would not live at (for wherever the Farleys went now they were honored and welcome guests)—everything was for her mother to decide. Incidentally, it was Mrs. Farley's idea, when she read about the benefit concert to be given, that Florence should put on her best hat and interview the manager. Florence was surprised at the warmth of the reception she received. Mrs. Farley was not surprised.

It was her first appearance in public. Florence's voice was young, fresh, powerful, if unequal and untrained. But the songs she sang were wisely chosen; they were not beyond her range, and she had the natural self-possession of one who has



long appeared as a performer before crowds. Moreover, she was young, pretty, attractive. For weeks before the concert she was advertised and billboarded; the concert hall was jammed with an audience that came out of curiosity. Of ten newspapers which commented upon the concert the next morning, nine spoke of Miss Florence Farley, and all used the word "versatile" at least once.

Mrs. Farley had by this time acquired no small share of business acumen. It was necessary inasmuch as her husband possessed none whatsoever. Jim Farley was looking for his third job while his wife and daughter were visiting in Newport or Palm Beach, meeting titled Europeans and the stock-market nobility of the United States with poise and discrimination. This sort of thing was all very well; but Mrs. James Farley had her eye on a greater goal. When Florence went to college that fall she took singing lessons four days a week with the best instructor the neighboring city provided.

All this was a drain on the Farley family resources. Perhaps one should say upon the family's resources upon the female side. But the Dean was so helpful; having in some strange manner heard of Florence's athletic and artistic record, he succeeded in procuring for her a four-year scholarship devoted to "needy and deserving students of the Baptist faith." Mrs. Farley herself was a Methodist, but luckily she had no religious intolerance whatsoever. And it was nice to have Florence in a college where she could get singing lessons all winter; the way in which that girl neglected her voice culture in summer was really awful!

It was during her freshman year that the question of the Olympics arose. Mr. Fletcher, now the President of the National Association, telephoned Mrs. Farley that Florence was expected to sail with the rest of the team in June, a week before her final examinations. This meant losing the credit for her whole year's work. Even Mrs. Farley, who

could hardly be said to be indifferent to the many advantages, educational and otherwise, promised by a trip to Europe, was aghast at the thought of a season in school gone for nothing. Accordingly she took the next train to consult the Dean. Once again she found him more than kind—such a nice man, a real nice man, as she told Jim on her return. Jim, who was now looking for his fifth job and was getting to be known as "Florence Farley's father," grunted when he heard that familiar phrase.

"H'm, why yes, Mrs. Farley," said the Dean in his private office, "yes, I think we can arrange that difficulty. Here in the University we have what are called travel credits, credits granted when a student wishes to spend time doing research work at the Sorbonne and Oxford or Cambridge. Now of course, this isn't exactly what Miss Farley is going over for; but I have no doubt in view of the favorable publicity that will accrue, and considering the help her name will be to our new Endowment Drive for the University, that it can be arranged satisfactorily."

And so it was. The day before they sailed Mrs. Farley interviewed Mr. Townsend. Plans had already been made for the Berlin correspondent of the *Mail* syndicate to "assist" Florence while she was in Europe; every day during the two-months' period a story was to be wired back to New York. For this work Mrs. Farley naturally felt that her daughter should have more than the original contract specified. Mr. Townsend, however, was not impressed with the argument that a trip to the Olympics had not been foreseen at the time the papers had been signed.

"Well, you know best," sighed Mrs. Farley. She had progressed a long, long way from the astonished mother who imagined that it would cost a hundred dollars to keep herself and Florence for a week at Hot Springs! At the back of her mind was Jim Farley, at that moment tramping the streets of the city for still another job; before her eyes was the

picture of the little white house on that back road in Plainville which needed a coat of paint, a new shingled roof, a decent furnace. . . . "Well, of course you must decide, Mr. Townsend. I was only thinking that the MacIntyre Syndicate has been anxious to secure Florence's services for some time, and as her contract with you expires this coming fall—"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Farley, just wait a minute, please. Now let's talk this over quietly. I didn't say your terms weren't reasonable; I think they are. It's the boss I have to convince, you know. We never paid such a big sum to anyone in sport before. Don't know what he'd say about it. I mean he likes Miss Farley's stuff, and all that, but—well, I'll tell you what to do. You're sailing on the *Luxuria* at midnight? Suite B, A deck. Fine. Now I tell you what. I'll come down to the boat by ten, at the latest, with his answer. And don't you do anything about next year until you hear from me. Understand? Those MacIntyre people—I'd hate to see Miss Farley tied up with a gang of pirates like that, honest I would."

The *Luxuria* sailed at midnight with the Farley family, or at least the female portion of it. The next morning the *Daily Mail* in a large half-page advertisement announced that Miss Florence Farley would write every day for the next two months "a complete, accurate, and lively description of the Olympics from the viewpoint of the competitor."

In Mr. Townsend's safe was a new contract running for another two years. It carried a figure in ink, written over a typewritten figure, and was for exactly three times as much as Miss Florence Farley had been receiving previously.

At the moment that the *Luxuria* was being warped out of her pier, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* was sitting in a small office in the Friedrich-strasse, waving a long telegram at his assistant.

"Gotta write all the stuff for this girl champion, Farley. What the hell do

they think I am, besides all my regular work to shove this on me? I'll send 'em what I please, that's what I'll do, and if they don't like it they can fire me. Sick of this job; the more work you do the more they give you. Can you imagine that, Jake, writing stuff for a schoolgirl?"

## VI

Neither Florence nor her mother to this day can tell you how they happened to meet Cynthia Gladesborough in Berlin, who introduced them, or where they were presented. Somebody at a tea, a dinner dance, somebody after or during the Games brought them together; the meeting proved mutually beneficial. Lady Gladesborough, who it appeared had no home, was at home quite as much in Berlin and Rome as in London. She had a bigger, a broader conception of sport and the function of sport than even Mrs. Farley; she could look ahead and visualize the future in a manner that was impossible for the little lady from Plainville, New York.

Cynthia, Lady Gladesborough, was the sort of woman it did not help to be seen with in public in London. Long before Mrs. Farley discovered this, the Englishwoman had proved her indispensability in many ways. Left without money after the War, with nothing but a title and her wits to keep her from starvation, the only remaining member of the Gladesborough family had done rather well by herself in the years since the Armistice. Did you wish to be presented at Court? See Cynthia Gladesborough. Did you wish a shooting place for August where you would be in and not out of society? Cynthia Gladesborough would procure it for you. Was it your wish to be distinguished during the London season? Anything could be managed provided you knew Cynthia Gladesborough . . . and had money.

Berlin was a field less fertile to her endeavors than London, which was perhaps the reason why she happened to fasten on Florence and her mother. For several



days she studied them, wondering how they could be made profitable, until she heard from the parent of the daughter's remarkable versatility. A singer? Just the thing. That next afternoon she was back with a proposition so delicately veiled, so gently insinuated, that one felt it would be cruel to refuse. In fact, she always made you feel you were doing her a favor. It appeared that Lady Mount-aspen, the wife of the British Ambassador, had seen Florence at the Games and had been so struck with her charm. Would dear Mrs. Farley bring her daughter to a small dinner at the Embassy, and perhaps she could induce Florence to sing one or two of those topping negro spirituals afterward? Just one or two. Needless to say, dear Mrs. Farley would not refuse, would understand how the Ambassador felt, and could accept this small check. For some pet charity, you know. Once the thing was done the second time was easier by far.

It was at the Embassy party that they met Mary Garden. The great singer listened with interest and attention to the fresh-faced girl who had that afternoon jumped from being a Champion to becoming a World's Champion, and said conventionally nice things to the mother afterward. From this the story spread that Florence had "studied under Mary Garden," as the billboards put it later on at home. What with the singing and writing, their stay in Berlin was not unprofitable, and on the whole enjoyable. But the best part of their trip was the visit to London, where they planned to spend a week, and actually remained, thanks to the indefatigable Cynthia Gladesborough, until just before college opened in the fall.

"Have you heard Florence Farley sing?" "Have you seen Florence Farley play yet?" These were the questions London society asked itself continually during their visit. She gave a few exhibitions, more than living up to her reputation as a World's Champion, mercilessly beating the English women pitted against her. Unlike those tough-

ened, tanned, weather-beaten specimens of British womanhood who opposed her on the fields of sport, she was still an eager, happy, attractive schoolgirl, smiling, frowning, anxious, impetuous, joyous, and dismayed in turn. She was a girl, not a human machine. London, and particularly London society and that part of London society eager for lions, had almost forgotten that a female champion in sport could flatter the lust of the eye. In ten days Florence Farley had captured the city. Her name was in every newspaper, her picture in every magazine, her songs upon every lip.

She and her mother were fêted and entertained wherever they went. Her fees rose with her popularity. To dine with Florence Farley and her mother was an expensive undertaking; to be asked to dinner when they were present was indeed a testimony to your importance in the great world. Several weeks before they left, a concert manager called upon Mrs. Farley with suggestions for one afternoon appearance. He was sent packing by Cynthia Gladesborough, who returned later in the day with a manager willing to put Florence on for five matinees in succession.

THE ONLY CHANCE TO SEE AND HEAR  
THE VERSATILE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

HEAR FLORENCE FARLEY SING HER  
FAMOUS AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

The performance was adequately advertised, and before daybreak on the first afternoon a queue was waiting in a chilling drizzle for the doors to open ten hours later. Seats were obtainable only from Keith, Prowse and Co., at an amazing premium; hundreds were turned away at each matinee.

Meanwhile back in Plainville, Jim Farley was parking his new straight eight in the garage which had just been built under his careful supervision. He had ceased looking for a job.

## VII

By the end of Florence's second year as Champion of the World, her relation-

ship to her mother had undergone a subtle change. The change was more real than apparent. Externally they were just the same "good pals" as ever. Outwardly Florence and her mother were inseparable; whatever they did, her mother's opinion was requested, wherever they went, her mother was consulted. At any rate in public. But in private, in their twin beds in the hotel room, in the privacy of their suite on A deck of the *Luxuria* (the one occupied by the Prince when he crossed in '22) an astonished world would have learned that the mother of Happy Florence Farley, the Girl with the Laughing Voice, simply did not count in the general scheme of things. Florence was her own manager now.

Nor could one deny that the champion was able to take care of herself in a broken field, either. The years of exacting discipline to master a sport in many ways as complicated as an art or a profession, the constant subjugation of herself to her work, the encounters with the keenest minds in championship matches, minds which had to be mastered and subdued before their possessors were worsted physically—all this had taught her many a stern lesson from which she did not fail to draw profit. Her relations with the press, with the officials of the Association upon whose favors so much depended, with her various business associates, were all nicely adjusted and attuned. She knew the men and policies as well as the politics of the National Association as her mother could never know or hope to know them; she kept a control of affairs that her mother could never keep and, using that lady as a shield, she ran her life upon the narrow ridge between amateurism and professionalism with a skill and hardihood that even her parent, who was frequently exasperated and always uneasy about her, was forced to admire.

Thus the telephone rang in their private suite. The secretary—Florence's first big dispute with her mother was over the secretary, it was also her first big victory—answered:

"Mr. Fletcher, Miss Farley."

"Oh—I'm too busy. Tell him to call later—no, give me the 'phone, I suppose I'd better talk now. . . . Hello, Duncan. What's that? Not to-day, my dear. I don't think I can. No, I'm all tied up to-day, Duncan. Well, let me see. Come up at one and take me to lunch. No, I'll meet you, meet you at the Ritz. Yes, at one. Good-by."

"Florence!" her mother expostulated. "How rude you're getting to be. Asking Mr. Fletcher to take you to lunch at the Ritz. And besides, he is such a prominent man in the Association, you'll get into trouble—"

"Well, if Dunc Fletcher wants to see me he'll have to buy me a meal, that's all. Besides, he isn't prominent any more. Or he won't be after next winter. Mr. Baker's going in. Yes, they're getting Fletcher out; he's much too old-fashioned for this crowd. They need some new blood, wake 'em up a little."

Her mother gasped at the news. Mr. Fletcher out of the Association? It was as if the President of the United States had suddenly died. As if the country had gone mad. Mr. Fletcher out. She could not foresee their future without his help and assistance, so closely had he been bound up in their lives for years past. Again the telephone tinkled.

"Mr. Baker," droned the secretary. "Oh, just a minute please, Mr. Baker." And she handed the instrument to Florence, who indeed had reached for it as his name was spoken.

The voice of the champion was as different when she answered from the casual tone she used with Mr. Fletcher as her game was different against different kinds of players. "Ooohh, Mr. Baker, it's so good of you to bother to call me up. . . . Yes, I want to see you, too. . . . There are just hundreds of things I must ask your advice about. . . . Baltimore? Well, I don't know about Baltimore; but perhaps you—that's one of the



things I'm anxious to discuss with you. . . . You don't? . . . Oh, he's a friend of yours. Of course, if he's a friend of yours that makes all the difference in the world. I'd love to play Baltimore. But when can I see you, Mr. Baker? To-day. . . . That'll be delightful. . . . Could you come up and have some tea with me here at five? Yes, at five. . . . Don't send up your name, just come up, 1486. At five. I'll be looking forward to seeing you. Good-by."

The doorbell jingled. On tiptoe the secretary left the room. She returned a minute later. "The young lady from the *Times-Despatch*, Miss Farley. That interview, you know. Mr. Smith arranged for it last week."

"A girl? But I thought—I imagined they were sending a man. I just hate girl reporters. Horrid things. Well, I suppose I'll have to see her. Take her into the parlor. And then get that interview out of the file and read it to me while I'm doing my hair."

Ten minutes later the girl reporter, notebook in hand, was getting from the lips of Miss Farley, the World's Champion, an interview which would please any managing editor.

"Yes, I take my sport, you know, just as a game. My music is the principal thing in my life. Of course, I believe a champion has a duty, a great duty to the public who support games. . . . A duty to play fair, to win or lose with a smile. Yes, that's the chief thing about sport, isn't it? A message to the girls of America? Tell them not to take any game too seriously. That's what I always say to my mumsy. Remember it's just a game, win or lose. Now music, that's a thing you can devote your life to, can't you? With me, my sport has always been secondary to my music, even when I was a teeny, weeny child. I remember Mary Garden—oh, yes, I know her very well; you see she gave me the benefit of her great knowledge when I was in Berlin two years ago—well, I remember Mary saying to me once that whatever one loves one should make the

really big thing in one's life. And I really love my music. Sport—oh, I've played off and on since I was ten, I think. Yes, but I always play in moderation.

"Engaged? To Lindbergh? Oh, dear, no. I just adore him; don't you? But we're simply friends, that's all. He likes to come out to the house when he's tired after a trip and have me sing, you know—sing something simple to him. My new songs? Some new spirituals. Negro spirituals, you know. I just think they're dandy, don't you? This one is new, 'Corn Chowder In De Cabin,' and so is this, 'Scrubbin' On De Ol' Washboard.' I got those from the dearest old mammy when I was playing in the Southern Championships in Tallahassee this spring. Mother thinks they're the best. You see I always talk all my songs over with mumsy first. In fact I tell her everything—all my problems. She's the darlingest mother.

"The new President of the Association. Mr. Baker? Oooohh, are you sure? You heard . . . you did? I just adore Mr. Baker. But you mustn't put that in the paper, will you? Mr. Fletcher was a lovely man, too. But Mr. Baker is—well, he's more dignified, isn't he? I mean he's more conservative. In a way. Not that I don't get along with Mr. Fletcher, oh, perfectly. We're old friends, very old friends. But I admire conservative people, don't you? I like all the officials, though; we never have the slightest difficulty. The amateur rule? Oh, no, there's never any trouble. I lean backward to observe all the rules of the Association—set an example; a champion should. Don't you think? Yes. Is that all? So good of you to take the trouble to come way up here on a hot day like this. Don't forget my message to the American girls, will you? Play fair. Don't take games too seriously. Lose or win with a smile. That's the one great lesson sport teaches us. Thank you so much. Good-by. Good-by. . . .

\* "God, what a woman! Miss Jackson!



## IS AMERICA A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

BY CHARLES FISKE

I AM writing just as the presidential election is over. Whatever our position may have been during the campaign, we are now all pledging loyal support of the President soon to be inaugurated. Meanwhile the shouting and the tumult has died; the captains and the candidates have departed. There comes a time to think. And the most serious thinking should be done by those who profess and call themselves Christians. For now that the election is over we may speak out in the open without accusation of partisanship. Speaking thus publicly, it must be confessed that the bitterest and most uncharitable things said during the late campaign were said by church people—on both sides, in some measure, but for the most part by those who lay special claim to represent the true spirit of “Christian America.” For myself, I must acknowledge the fact with shame. It humiliates me to remember what “Christian Americans” have said and believed about fellow-citizens of other faiths.

Naturally, it may be urged that those who argued in the highways, whispered in the byways, or shouted in the churches were driven to their course by serious conviction. They may have been narrow and intolerant, but our judgment of them must be tempered by remembrance that others were more tolerant largely because they had no such life-and-death beliefs; these failed to see any menace to Christianity, it may be said with some truth, because they were not working at Christianity very hard. Those who were most bigoted wanted to keep America Christian. And some who op-

posed them, though speaking their thoughts more privately, were equally intolerant and equally sure that they, too, were Christian Americans.

But is this a Christian land? Is the type of religion which the more urbane of us have looked upon with considerable pain really the religion of Christ? For that matter, my puzzled questionings as to the conduct of certain fellow-believers have led me farther. What is a Christian? Something finer and more winsome, of course, than these agitated folk suppose. But is not Christianity also something more courageous and adventurous, more virile, more daring, more splendidly self-forgetful and self-surrendered than modern America conceives it to be, or modern life would permit it to be? And, in this sense, is America's religion Christian?

Let me put aside the question of the sweet reasonableness, or the Christian charity, of those who are responsible for the ugly collection of printed propaganda and the still more ugly mass of anonymous scurrility which the late campaign poured into my possession. Let me push my questionings farther. Put aside for the time the type of professed Christian whom recent experience has brought into clear view. In asking whether this is really a Christian nation, I am not thinking, primarily, of that problem; nor am I thinking of church statistics, that is, of the increase or decrease in church membership, nor of the neglect of church worship or an improvement therein, nor of changes for the better or worse in methods of devotion, nor of the apparent loss of prestige of the



Christian churches, or the hope of renewal because of the new type of men who have been entering the ministry since the close of the War, nor of shifting moral codes, nor of cruder social standards. In fact, I have in mind something far more fundamental than any of these things. I am asking, What is our National Religion? Are Christianity and Modern Civilization really compatible? Are there now any real Christians? Does not our present difficulty arise out of the fact that many who believe themselves to be Christians are unconsciously putting various causes (for some of which they fight with all their might) in the place of true Christian discipleship—and that, largely because they have not had the intellectual courage and the moral earnestness to face the conflict between the religion they profess and the world they live in and, in consequence, have substituted the easy road of prejudice for the strait and narrow way of Christian conviction and practice?

## II

Some time ago I delivered in several of our larger cities a series of addresses on the difficulties of faith. I labored over many problems: the problem of what we mean by a "personal" God; the practical difficulty of conceiving of a present personal God, now that we know so much about the vastness of the universe; the seeming relative insignificance of man on this little earth, so lost in a million worlds, living so short a time in the rush of millions of millions of years; the supposed conflicts between religion and science, now that geology and biology and psychology have opened many new lines of approach to the subject—or, rather, subjects, because the two, religion and science, treat of two different things and their laws operate in two different spheres; the problem of evil—sin, suffering, sorrow, death. A host of such problems!

When the course was concluding a friendly critic came to me with a sugges-

tion. "You have not touched on the real obstacle to Christian faith," he protested. "It is this: that there are no longer any Christians." I thought I knew what he meant; he had in mind, perhaps, Chesterton's reply to the declaration made so often during the Great War that Christianity had been tried and found wanting. "No," he answered, "it has been found difficult and has not been tried."

"That is not the whole of the difficulty," said my friend. "I do not mean that it has not been tried; I mean that it *cannot* be tried in our modern civilization. I mean that, however beautiful Christ's teaching may be, it is wholly impossible to follow in a world like ours; it is unsuited to a modern community. The early Christians found it difficult, but not impossible, to obey Christ's precepts literally. Even Francis of Assisi inspired many to make the trial in his time. But the teaching cannot be followed to-day. Tolstoi tried it, and the orthodox excommunicated him. He tried, and brought tragic failure upon himself and sorrow and distress upon his wife and family. He tried, and even his admirers have often been moved to laughter. It would be difficult to decide whether he was a saint or a fool. When I say, therefore, that there are no longer any true Christians, I mean that the teachings of their Master are wholly unsuited to modern social, industrial, business, and financial life. In the literal sense, Christ has few followers.

"But it is worse than that. My charge is, that you know this is true, but that you haven't the courage to confess it; and in consequence those who profess to be Christ's disciples are guilty of gross hypocrisy in trying to persuade themselves and the rest of mankind that they actually do accept His way and believe in the life He demanded. The trouble is this, that down in the bottom of their hearts (or at any rate in the back of their heads) they know that His way of life is practically impossible; that He was an idealist whose ideals will not

work to-day, a dreamer whose dreams can never become actualities. They do not confess it. They do not even acknowledge to themselves the seriousness of the conflict. In consequence, they are hypocritically self-sophisticated. They are like reformers who agitate for some piece of moral legislation, get it on the statute books, and then blindly refuse to see that it doesn't work.

"It follows, therefore, that our whole religious life is unreal. We know that Christ's teaching would abolish property rights, change business methods, send to the scrap heap modern industry, enable the idle to live at the expense of the hard-working and the thrifty, make it incumbent upon all to suffer violence unresistingly, compel us to look askance at a police force, reduce to a negligible size our armies and navies, throw open our prisons, and cast most of our civilization into the discard. The so-called Christian believers of to-day know that Christianity will not work, yet they claim to accept it. The rest of us are too honest to profess what we do not believe. We are outside the Christian fellowship, doing the best we can in present conditions and circumstances, but making no professions because we will tell no lies. There is the real difficulty of faith to-day, the major problem for religiously-minded men to solve.

"I do not believe," he continued, "that the chief problem for us lies in a conflict between religion and science, though I have all respect for those who are endeavoring to correlate scientific truth and religious faith; and I know that the suddenly accelerated speed with which new ideas have become commonly accepted facts has eaten into the heart of faith. The chief problem is that of correlating Christianity and Western civilization and coming to close grips with the necessary readjustments which must be made in each if our faith is to be an honest faith and not a smooth, unthinking, uncourageous self-deception. We who make no professions are at least honest; pardon me if I say that you who

make many are deceivers and deceived. We are at least bold in our charges and denials; you are afraid to think things through, come to brave decisions, and take the consequences."

### III

It is a new objection to Christianity only in the boldness of its declaration. The difficulty has long been keenly felt. Picture for a moment the life of a modern American who attempted to follow Christ literally. Go with him through a single day.

He would start down to his office in the morning and on the way freely give his money to every whining beggar who came shuffling along at his side—only, of course, this would be his course for but one day; the next he would have nothing to give. Did not Christ say, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away"?

His wife, if he were starting on a business trip, would (if she were like most wives) urge him to consider possible changes in the weather and take an extra suit of heavier clothing; she might be a keen-minded young person who realized that a good appearance was a *sine qua non* to business success, and so would urge the purchase of new haberdashery, and even revise the family budget while worrying over the purchase of more radiant attire. But he would wave her aside with the Master's words, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He would "go the limit" in obedience and start on his journey unprovided; for he should "carry neither purse nor scrip."

As he entered the office he might find a burglar rifling the safe, and would promptly call him back to tell him that he had overlooked five hundred dollars in bills in the upper right-hand compartment. The astounded thief might suspect him of inveigling him to return and



be caught and, drawing a pistol, would shoot him, believing him to be either too clever to trust or perhaps dangerously insane. Of course, the victim would "turn the other cheek" and invite another shot.

When the excitement was over he would forgive the offending brother and then pass to a consideration of the ways in which to remove temptation from the sinner. In consequence, since he should "take no thought for the morrow" (being a Fundamentalist, and not knowing that he was only bidden to "be not over-anxious"), he would henceforth decline to open a savings account, or take out life insurance, or invest in land, stocks, or bonds of increasing value, or lay aside a dollar for his old age, or make any provision for an inheritance for his children.

If he found that he must work (did not St. Paul say that those who will not work shall not eat?) he might still have earned money undisposed of, or by chance he might inherit some from other less consistent Christians; and if in that case the will were contested, the gift denied, and his own right to his earnings challenged, he would call off any defense, refuse to contest the case, and again give away all that was left; for he would have read at his morning devotions the injunction, "If a man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

On his return home he might find the man next door brutally beating a child, or a tramp assaulting his wife, and necessarily he would assume a calm and kindly attitude and go no farther than gentle remonstrance. In fact, it would be his duty to arouse the whole community to a like course of action, and to try to get the city to abolish the police force, do away with traffic officers, discharge the vice commission, tear down the court house, dismiss the judges, open the jails, padlock their doors, and then throw away the keys. Did not Christ say, "Resist not evil" and much else of the same purport?

Of course, it is all absurd. And, of

course, there is a natural explanation. Christ's teaching is not to be taken with such bald literalness. He did not so act Himself, as could be shown in numerous instances. But, if not to be taken literally, how are we to explain the teaching without emptying it of all meaning? The answer is plain: By remembering that Jesus was a man of His own day, teaching in the fashion of His own time. His teaching is vivid, picturesque, aphoristic, paradoxical, proverbial. So the wise men of earth have always taught. We have such proverbs as "Look before you leap" and its opposite and contradictory, "Nothing venture, nothing have." We are told that "A penny saved is a penny earned" and then reminded of the complementary truth, "Penny wise, pound foolish." Nobody misunderstands the general meaning of such teaching. And nobody can be hopelessly at sea as to Christ's meaning. Had He set forth His teaching with numerous explanations and a careful statement of exceptions, He would have confused His thought instead of clarifying it. At any rate, nobody would have remembered very clearly for any space of time what He had said. In general, His meaning is clear: Be generous to the full limit of your ability. Be men of large heart and magnanimous spirit. Be ready in community service, gladly accepting public responsibilities. (The injunction, "If a man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," probably had reference to the public transport service.) Curb personal resentment; try to behave, in matters of injustice to yourself, as any fair-minded man, having nothing at stake, desiring to show a real sense of justice and right, would act in a matter which did not concern himself. Cultivate trust, serenity, and inward peace.

This means that the teachings of Christ are not cast in the form of precepts, but are the setting forth of principles. He requires brotherliness, kindness, friendliness, unselfish service, forgetfulness of one's own rights and privileges, abounding generosity, affec-

tionate consideration, the consuming desire to be of real worth, unremitting sympathy, self-forgetful love. The recognition of this as the true interpretation does not make Christian living easier, but it does make it more practical—while at the same time it makes it more adventurous. It is never easy to catch a man's spirit; it is often far easier to follow him in slavish imitation. No external authority can give one a right disposition; it can only restrain outward action.

There are indications that the early Church gave some such interpretation of their Lord's teaching. This is evident from the fact that it was not regarded as inconsistent with genuine discipleship that men should live normal lives in a community which they had, as yet, no power to change. Although there was in Jerusalem an attempt at a communistic fellowship where all things were held in common, this was a purely voluntary association and quickly passed. Very soon those even who had known and lived with Christ acted on the principle that His teaching did not forbid men to work and receive rewards for their labor; there were employers and employed, masters and servants, citizens rendering obedience to the established order. Private right to property was not denied. Christian fellowship was to be manifested through a new spirit which changed all such relationships without abrogating them.

#### IV

All of which is elementary, and all of it is only leading up to my friend's real difficulty and the answer to my own question, "Is America Christian?" and "Is Christianity a possible way of life in the civilized world of to-day?" To ask the questions is easy; to find the answers is the most difficult task the modern religious man faces. It would be quite natural, I suppose, for one who read the above interpretation of Christ's teaching to dismiss it with a shrug of impatience

as failing to show explicitly wherein Christianity is really different from general good-fellowship. There is plenty of good-fellowship in the land to-day. What is it, then, that makes one question whether the prevailing temper of our times is compatible with Christianity?

Suppose we get down at once to what the slang of my youth called "brass tacks"—I am not up on modern slang. Then our first question will be, "Can any nation be Christian which exalts high-power salesmanship?" If my friend who doubts the possibility of real Christian discipleship in this modern world looks hard at America, his doubts are surely multiplied. He looks at the American scene and discovers that we conceive of God as a sort of Magnified Rotarian. Religion seems to be degenerating into a Babbittist cult which cannot distinguish between what is done for God and what is accomplished for the glory of America and the furtherance of fairly decent business enterprise.

In spite of much pious talk, many of us seem almost hopelessly enamored of a religion that is little better than a sanctified commercialism. Sometimes hardly that. For we consider business as a game or struggle between self-interests; we believe in national honor, and glory in national pride; and although we endorse scientific philanthropy, our presidential candidates sweep into office on a promise of prosperity. I need not cite Scripture to show why one may question the Christlikeness of these various items in our national credo. And what is the average man's idea of a good Christian? An honest and public-spirited man who avoids immorality and bad behavior generally, and legislates against both, whose ideas lead him to carry a club for correction of sinners, who occasionally goes to his church on Sunday, and at any rate contributes to its support. He may be kind, charitable, and highly ethical, but it does seem rather absurd to call him a Christian, unless one is to take the comfortable position that Christ was dealing only with local, First Century



conditions when He spoke of treasures on earth.

Occasional incidents show that this description of American religion is not an exaggerated or distorted caricature. Religious conventions and similar gatherings are events from which I often ask to be delivered. One feature of such meetings, in particular, tries one's patience and wearies one's soul. If it is a large convention some Important Person is usually called upon to deliver a lay message. He may be a man in more or less high authority—a mayor, a governor, a United States senator, a member of the National Cabinet; he may be a presidential possibility, or even the President himself. I have read diligently the speeches such men deliver, and I have failed, usually, to find in them any conception of religion higher than the idea of it as a sort of protective tariff wall to defend and preserve Western culture and Western civilization by keeping out ideas that may be dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the nation. Religion—the American religion of these lay prophets—seems to be a combination of legalism and national pride; a belief in the glory of America as the home of business success and physical well-being, with which the forces of evil must not be allowed to tamper. I don't expect many of my readers to agree with me in this brief summary of the Christian theology of American public leaders; but it will take much argument to disabuse my own mind of such outrageous interpretations. I seem to see that, for many Americans of more than average intelligence, Christianity is little more than belief in the standard virtues of all prosperous civilizations, tempered by a fair amount of charity.

I do not find such Americans wrestling hard with questions of the application of Christ's principles—not as precepts, but as evaluations of conduct—to modern life. I do not find in them any anxious inquiry as to the compatibility of business and the spirit of Jesus Christ. I find, more often, that even though he is

sometimes and in some ways a rather splendid character, the everyday American is, first and foremost, a business man whose chief interest is to do his level best for himself or the corporation with which he is connected. His self-interest may be enlightened by fairness to competitors, and even generosity (which, he remembers, often pays in the long run), but there can be little doubt that self-interest bulks large as the fuel which makes the present economic machine go.

## V

What are we to do about it? Either we need a great Christian revival or we ought to face frankly the question whether our civilization is not fairly sound, so that the job of those who call themselves Christians will not be simply to try to temper it with as much charity as possible and frankly drop overboard some of the principles which are not adapted to this machine age. I sympathize with those who are disposed to regard the whole system as unsound. To try to reconcile the two systems of belief and conduct at all points, as some are doing, seems to me either cowardly or muddle-headed; at any rate, it does not satisfy me, though millions seem to like it because it persuades them that they are good Christians after all, and need not worry longer over casuistical questionings.

Not only, "Do we need a great Christian revival?" Must we not have it, to preserve civilization? It is this approach to the problem that may most interest the modern American. If the recent war taught us anything, it taught us that the failure to apply Christian principles to national and international life came near to putting to death our whole Western system of government, with all its economic and social organization. The failure to put Christ into all of life has ended in leaving Him out of most of life. Without a revival of Christian faith and living, leading to a deepening of Christian thought and practice,

our civilization may readily change to another. Many believe that it is already decaying. Decay is not evident at early stages.

The revival we need is something more than the old evangelism. It must attempt much more than the conversion of individuals. Evangelistic revivals in the past have failed to touch American life deeply or leave a lasting impression on the churches, just because they have been content to make this old-time individual appeal and have failed (perhaps through fear, perhaps through ignorance) to go down to the heart of things. Doctor Sunday, for example, never even skirted the edge of problems of industry or business life. He fulfilled perfectly the hard-headed business man's conception of the *raison d'être* of ecclesiastical organizations—the preservation of “the present order,” washed but not regenerated.

The new revival must appeal to the intelligence. It may have the emotional note, but it must be a “teaching mission” on a large scale, conducted by men able to correlate new truth and old, and to translate into modern language, without hypocrisy or evasion, the faith of the ages. But it must do even more than that, if my diagnosis of the present trouble is correct. It must show men how they can honestly give Christian allegiance in these days with sincere purpose to carry the Christian atmosphere with them into daily life and to put the Christian spirit at work in modern business and industrial surroundings. It must show men who would be honest in their professions, or make none, how they can reconcile Christian belief and “necessary conduct.” When once men face that question, they are well on the way to convert the paganized religion of America into something closer to the religion of Christ. They may not be able to do much, but they will be doing something, even though they have no set program, if consistently and persistently, on every possible occasion and in every possible relation, they bring to

bear upon all of life Christ's principles of love and service. They can show themselves forgetful of rights and privileges, and anxious to serve, though at the most they may feel that they merely give evidence of the possession of the Christian spirit while groping half-blindly in the endeavor to find for it an outlet in special actions.

Here, indeed, while the letter need not kill, the spirit will surely give life. It has been finely said that “when the best men cease trying, the world sinks back like lead.” A Christian is one who, at the least, has the courage to ask what the purpose of God is, even though for a time he may seem to make little progress towards its accomplishment. The true Christian is “the conscience of the community”—or, to put it better, the collective Christian membership is the community conscience. It should be a “permanently troubled conscience,” anxiously seeking to see to it that religion does not become a soothing medicine for the soul, with Christianity the gospel of a past age. If Christianity and modern business are incompatible, then the professed Christian (though he may not be able, alone, to correct the conflict) knows where his choice will lie when a break comes. Meanwhile we must remember that a change of spirit in any social system comes, always, from the influence of individuals or small groups of individuals who have studied the causes of present evils and have the courage to act for their removal, as opportunity arises and practical reform becomes possible. Out of their seeming futile struggling come “mysterious changes in human thought and feeling and aspiration,” which eventually bind masses of men together in a common purpose.

It is far easier to ask questions than to answer them; but it is not always easy to ask questions in such a way as to quicken the willingness to listen and the desire to answer. If this paper bristles with interrogation points, that is because the first step towards fuller faith and practice



is not a step, but a stopping. We must stop, look, and listen. We must be still at first long enough for the "troubled conscience" to sound its call. Our first task is to make people discontented, to make them think, to make them inquire whether all is well, and ask how, if all is not well, things can be mended.

## VI

In seeking to make modern American life really Christian, we need to recognize with sympathetic consideration that the difficulty of applying to present conditions the principles of Christ, even as general principles, is greater to-day than ever before. This is due to the fact that we no longer face an avowed enemy in the open. We are not sent, as were the apostles, into a sick and weary world, hungering for new truth and grace, after long feeding on rotten husks. We are sent to convert to Christianity a people who believe that they are already Christians of average worth. Perhaps I may put it in another way, which seems almost a contradiction. The apostles went out into a world hungering, yet hostile; we must convert a world satisfied and on the whole friendly, although sometimes rather disdainfully indifferent. The situation in which the early Christians found themselves was in this respect easier than ours. They faced a world so hostile that everything seemed either white or black. They met flat opposition. To-day we live in a society far from hostile, where things are gray, rarely black and white. It is a society shot through with Christianity, a glimmer here and a glimmer there, not the full light, but everywhere *something* of light. For, when all is said to the contrary, it is undeniable that Christian ideas are slowly penetrating modern life. It is no easy thing to make them penetrate more deeply when most men feel that they are already generally accepted.

Moreover, the early Christians lived an extraordinarily individualistic life. They were independent, separate per-

sons; they could suffer crucifixion themselves alone. To-day we have Christians in society, members of a complex system, entangled in all sorts of relationships; with a responsibility to improve the social and business organization, but often with no clean-cut choice between good and bad; with other people's rights to consider, often acting as stewards of the property of others and trustees of their interests; unable, therefore, to act with the freedom which they might be brave enough and true enough to use if they were standing for themselves alone; members of a modern community; parts of a system; having all sorts of complicated and inter-related associations. In this complicated situation a man ordinarily has the obligation to conserve the funds of other people. If he follows his conscience, he may not only pull down his own house, he may pull down somebody else's house and, of course, his right to do that may be questionable. He seldom has an opportunity to let himself be crucified. He cannot tread alone the road to Calvary.

Still more, the early Christians went out on their mission fresh from their Master's presence, with His teaching still new and thrilling, His purpose unchallenged and abiding, His return expected in the immediate future—perhaps still more important, cleaving their own way, making their own policies, unhindered by the massed mistakes and class-misunderstandings of predecessors. How different to-day! Many a manufacturer, for example, earnestly trying to act according to what he believes to be the will of Christ, finds his hands tied because of the accumulated sins of past employers. Many another, anxious to better conditions, must (because his fellow-employers will not unite in a like altruistic effort) make the choice between going out of business (and thereby throwing men out of employment and dissipating the capital of others) and patiently striving to do his best amid bad conditions. In other words, we are

to-day Christians in an un-Christian system, whose task is to change the system—a harder task than to change one's self.

The problem, therefore, is supremely difficult. It is the staggering job of the Christian Church to-day to formulate a casuistry for an industrial society and to apply that casuistry practically. We are at a terrible disadvantage, because through the Reformation we suffered a defeat that divided our forces, swept us off the field, and made us of no effect. We are creeping back, wounded and broken and feeble. We have the responsibility, however, and certainly, appalling as it is, the task is no less staggering than was the labor of converting the world of paganism which presented itself to St. Paul. Casuistry is a hateful word to the average Protestant, yet in matters of moral choice, such as meats offered to idols, St. Paul framed rules of casuistry. Casuistry is now the first necessity for the Christian, his own choices requiring high intelligence and an intense motivation. To engender the motivation and guide the intelligence in these choices is the duty of every Christian leader. It is our first responsibility. If we cannot do this in the face of a selfish world we are conquered. If once we can convince men of the seriousness of the problem, we shall be well on our way towards its solution—and this because the evils of the present system are not "the inevitable results of inexorable necessity," but are "the fruits of human blindness, wilfulness, avarice, and selfishness on the widest scale and over a long course of history." A change can come only through a change in men, a radical spiritual change in our social outlook, in the spirit of industrial life, a thorough conversion or change of heart in national, international, and interracial relations.

Bishop Gore, one of our earliest and also one of our sanest interpreters of the social gospel, points out this fact and at the same time declares that the fabric of

conventional Christianity is weakening and that the day may be near at hand when the world shall have revolted from real Christianity, as well as from what is only conventional, and from its moral principles as well as its intellectual dogmas. It may soon be a world in which "the active profession of Christianity will again subject a man, if not to persecution, yet to much unpopularity and ridicule," a world in which we must look to "an holy remnant" out of whose roots "a branch may grow." The task, then, will be the production of a new system of Christian ethics—not an impossible attempt to reproduce the early type of Christianity; yet the framing of a code equally consistent with Christ's teaching.

## VII

Three signs seem to point to a path of progress towards the new ethics. First, we have already a clearer recognition of the fact that self-interest, even when tempered with generosity and fair dealing, is not all that is needed for bringing reasonable success in business. A well-known Boston merchant has made some interesting statements bearing out this claim. He declares that, "you cannot make your own machine go very long, unless it is making its special social contribution; it will get its reward, its income, only as it makes this social contribution." This is especially true as industries grow older and competition becomes keener. It is still a question what the average business man means by "service" and what his real motive is in offering it. Is it in any real degree disinterested; or is it, if actually rendered, given for the sole purpose of increasing profits? Would the average business man consider it bad policy to undertake any service which might not be expected to add to profits? It seems to some of us who have been giving serious thought to the question, that there is a slowly growing sense of the real responsibility of business and a quickened understanding of the worth of service. An instance



of this may be found in the magazine advertising of a well-known insurance company, which I happen to know was planned as a matter of public education in health, quite apart from and with comparatively little thought of its publicity value for the company.

Second, there is an amazing progress in fellowship between employer and employee, showing how readily men's minds move together under the impulse of friendly intercourse. Out of this conference system between representatives of capital and labor has grown a real effort to resolve differences, in a spirit of unselfish (I might almost say Christian) co-operation. The men who used to talk about "smashing the economic machine" have found that with all its faults the present order is more than a machine; it is a social organism. A society grows, develops, changes; a machine must be broken and scrapped.

We have an instance of this new spirit of co-operation in the industrial program recently set forth in England, admitted by many of the Labor Party leaders to be far better than any plan which Labor had been able to formulate by itself; yet this program was drawn up through the initiative and at the expense of certain industrial leaders. While these "Melchett Conferences" may have originated in a desire to seize an opportunity arising out of the discouragement of the workers following the fiasco of the general strike of 1926, they developed into an effort to solve the nation's pressing industrial problems in a spirit of unselfish public service, and they have impelled the Labor Party itself to the sanest statement of principles it has ever set forth.

Third, while it is very difficult (and we must frankly admit it) for anyone inside the present industrial system to act consistently as a Christian, a very influential group are coming to feel that it is the business of the Christian, who is inside and cannot get out, to do all that he can to ease up the conflicts in the

competitive system (and many are doing a great deal) and to have continually in his mind its possible development into a system which will lend itself better to the Christian ideal. Because there have been Christian leaders declaring this to be their aim, some old-fashioned, hard-headed American business men have often taken alarm; they have denounced as Socialists, or Bolshevists, or (being somewhat ignorant of economic nomenclature) even as Anarchists, kindly intentioned Christian leaders who may not be as rabidly radical as their conservative critics think. For the signs all point, not to the death of Christianity, but to the ultimate failure of capitalism, unless we have a moral force pressing and molding our present system into something better. It is encouraging that some trade associations are attacking such problems in the spirit of mutual helpfulness.

It is in the power of the Christian Church, through its members who occupy positions of influence, to make possible this steady development in idealism. It is in its power to call upon its members to study all those principles of Christ which must be applied in modern life, especially to industrial and social questions. It is my own conviction that despite their foolish aggressiveness, despite their violent and antagonistic reaction to conservatism, their sometimes visionary impracticality, their captivating capacity for provoking opposition when they might be winning support—it is my conviction that, if we are looking for real Christians, we are most likely to find them in this socially minded group, even though a few of them are Parlor Socialists who preach poverty and the undergoing of persecution while themselves living comfortably in safe places far removed from the social dynamite they plant elsewhere. The reason for this conviction is that men like these are really grappling with the vital thing in Christian life to-day. They see that the religion of an Incar-

nate Christ must be incarnated in all the activities of life. They are impatient of a religion which permits a man to do what he pleases in business or politics while displaying Christian virtues chiefly in the home and family circle. They believe that religion cannot be a compartment thing; it must penetrate every department of life if it is to be the religion of an Incarnate God who entered into all life. They stumble as they move towards their goal; they often make a wrong turn; the theoretical pronouncements of some of their ministerial supporters are frequently an annoyance to those who know much more about the difficulties of the situation, and are amazed or amused at the abysmal ignorance of the over-confident preachers; but, at the least, these socially minded folk know where the trouble lies, and they are doing something about it instead of hiding their heads, ostrichlike, in the sands of complacency.

The revival of Christianity, if it

comes, must be a social revival. Until it does come, we cannot claim America for Christianity. Because the great mass of professing Christians have not thought this out, we may discount their professions, even though we question their intelligence rather than their sincerity, their courage and independence rather than their good intentions and essential honesty.

It is all to the good that men are thinking. There aren't many thinking folk in America, and one here and there has a real value and importance; just as there aren't any too numerous a company of downright, forthright, upright Christians; and those who try to be such—they, also, in their stumbling efforts, count for more than they know. If our National Religion is not the Christian Religion, there are men who give us hope that eventually the conflict between the Christian ideal and the present system may presage the birth of a new and better order.

## THE SOWERS

BY WITTER BYNNER

*(Variation on a theme of George Sterling's)*

**N**OW horses' hooves are treading earth again  
 To start the wheat from darkness into day,  
 And along the heavy field go seven men  
 With hands on ploughs and eyes on furrowing clay.

Six of the men are old; but one, a boy,  
 Knows in his heart that more than fields are sown—  
 For spring is ploughing heaven with rows of joy  
 In the voice of one high bird, singing alone.





# FLORENTINE DIANA

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

**W**OULDN'T it be dreadful, Mrs. Osgood was thinking, wouldn't it be dreadful if Henry Moray should turn up at Fiesole? With all of their friends in common ("all" in Mrs. Osgood's mind carried no obligation to exactness), it would be impossible not to ask him to stay. And one knew, if one knew anything at all, that asking Henry Moray to stay was an invitation to disaster. The only question was whether he was more dangerous in the house or out of it. It wasn't that one minded what such a savage said about one, except that he did get himself read by alarming numbers of people. And there was no safety anywhere nowadays, since people were reading exactly the same books from London to Kamchatka providing, of course, that they had taken care to get born into the classes which knew which books to read. Mrs. Osgood could hear with grim clarity the result of this encounter—a cumulative drawing-room whisper, rising irresistibly from Omaha, Antibes, and Pimlico, bursting at last into a shout which would be far beyond the bounds of Henry Moray's legitimate audience: "Henry Moray's new book is about Mrs. Osgood!" One would be pointed out in restaurants; one would be invited to houses as a sort of current curiosity, like the lady evangelist or the most recent film star; and the blessed gift of anonymity would be gone forever. Oh, it would be dreadful, dreadful! A little current of indignation, starting almost pleasurably somewhere in the interior regions of Mrs.

Osgood's economy, came thrilling up into her face and caused her to apply powder, with sharp, fervent dabs, to her moistened skin.

"Dreadful!" she said aloud, less to relieve her feelings than for the historical purpose of stating, of getting "on the air" what she really thought about the matter.

His last book had been about Adela, poor dear Adela, who had borne it with superb fortitude. One could not sufficiently admire the strength with which Adela had faced the ordeal. She had simply engaged a secretary, had her face lifted, and moved to a larger house in Eaton Square. In a sense (the most vulgar sense, of course) it had done Adela good. From being only little Lady Rudward, up from the country, she had flowered into the full celebrity of a figure known wherever Henry Moray was known. People she had never met asked her to their houses and, with that kindliness which was dear Adela's ruling characteristic, she always went. Mrs. Osgood could well remember the courage with which Adela, overcoming her natural mortification at the obviousness of the invitation, had gone to a dinner at the Duchess of Wigan's only a month after Henry Moray's book had come out.

"I know she only wants me on account of that foul book," Adela had said gaily, "and they'll all talk about it, and me, behind my back, but I do think they're entitled to their fun after all, and I don't mind." To add an æsthetic element to

their fun, she had even gone so far as to get over a new dress from Chanel, in which she looked—thanks partly to the face lifting—as expensively simple as it was possible for dear Adela to be. For in spite of a certain decorative solidity, Adela's figure, Mrs. Osgood reflected (looking without distaste along the more plastic lines of her own) was a little too lavish for true chic. Not that chic in itself constituted any sort of claim to distinction, of course: Mrs. Osgood had chic of the most unmitigated order, but she could not conceal from herself the fact that Adela occupied a more interesting position in the universe. She had sometimes even wondered if Adela—who was certainly a little tougher in fiber—did not rather enjoy the access of attention which had been hers after Henry Moray published his detestable lampoon. Adela went everywhere, and everybody went to Adela's—two circumstances which Mrs. Osgood supposed might constitute a high degree of happiness to those who cared for that sort of thing. For herself she preferred the true friends, as few in number, though as interesting, as possible; she looked back with a certain nostalgia upon the days, only three or four years before, when she had seen a great deal of Adela in their own little circle, and had discussed books and pictures and music without that bewildering familiarity with their origins which Adela now possessed. It was no trick at all for Adela nowadays to give luncheon to two cabinet ministers, three beauties, two novelists, a duchess, and a contortionist all on the same day. A more envious person might have resented this sudden apotheosis, but Mrs. Osgood, who thanked God that she was above such considerations, retained all of her fondness for Adela. The point of her indignation was applied rather to Henry Moray, whom, fortunately, she did not know. If she had had the ill luck to meet him, like Adela, in the certain intimacy of a Mediterranean island, she too might have undergone the humiliation of his satire with its train of consequences.

Nothing could be more repugnant than this thought to the sensibilities of a woman who had, bred in her bones from a long line of sturdy Iowa and New England ancestors, a distaste for all forms of vulgarity.

By a very odd coincidence, Mrs. Osgood had learned, only a day before she had herself decided to go to Fiesole, that Henry Moray was supposed to be there. She wondered—flicking irritably with her handkerchief at a fly on the train window—why on earth the man had chosen exactly the place in which, only twenty-four hours later, Mrs. Osgood was to take a house for the autumn.

"Stay away from Fiesole, my dear," Adela had said, with a look which Mrs. Osgood did not care to interpret. "That detestable Henry Moray has just gone there for the autumn; and I hear he's about to perpetrate another novel. If you were there he might victimize you as he victimized me, although of course I've forgiven the creature long since. I suppose he must live. Only *do* save yourself while there's time."

By one of those coincidences which so seriously interfere with our desire to believe in a rational universe, Mrs. Osgood perceived only an hour or two later that the place in all Europe where she wanted to go for the autumn was Fiesole. If she had been, like Adela, besieged with invitations for Scotland and the country, she might not have been so unhesitating in her choice. But it was apparent to her that no other town, village, island, peninsula, cape, district, or bailiwick presented quite the attractions of Fiesole for September and October. Of course it was tiresome to think of Henry Moray there (if indeed he did turn up), and of course one would have to ask him to stay; but perhaps he would not make her the butt of his next novel and, since life at best was a very precarious affair, she might as well take the risk. She had gone to an estate agent the next day, and by the persistence of her good fortune had been able to engage a place called the Villa Ippolita, which



belonged to a traveling Englishwoman. Already Mrs. Osgood, who had seen the most incontrovertible photographs, plans and specifications, heard herself talking intimately to Henry Moray on a low-walled terrace looking over Florence, with a Medicean villa lending her moral support somewhere in the background. Of course it would be dreadful if Moray . . .

Mrs. Osgood descended from the train at Florence, marshalled her maids and baggage, got into the car which had been sent on ahead of her, and drove up the hill like a returning sovereign. The household at the Villa Ippolita was a mechanism so perfectly adjusted that her arrival was absorbed with the minimum of disturbance, and in two days she was as much mistress of the place as if she had pre-existed there. The faded remnants of a Botticelli fresco, the condition of the grand staircase, the cook's passion for *pasta asciutta*, and the doubtful integrity of the drainage pipes detained her but a moment. In less than a week she had—pursuant to that stern New England tradition which made her, as she so often reflected, a slave to her duty—taken Henry Moray into her house as a guest.

All Florence, Moray considered, was divided into three parts: people he knew much too well, people he did not want to know, and people. Of the three he preferred the last, but found them almost inaccessible; for the fact was that Mr. Moray, in spite of the elegant little Italian phrases which it was his custom to spray over his books, spoke the language so haltingly, and with an accent so hyperborean, that no native was able to understand him. He thus found himself limited to the dismal intellectuals of the hills (crowded, as is well known, with culture), or to the still more dismal bridge-and-cocktail gentry of Florence. He solved his problem by taking a room in the little hotel at Fiesole, working at night and in the mornings, and spending his afternoons ambling meditatively over the hill towards San Martino a Mensola.

Since the afternoon was the time consecrated to the pursuit of companionship, he missed all of the calls made upon him by friends or enemies, spent ten days in relative solitude, and made a little headway with his novel. This state of affairs might have continued indefinitely but for the advent of Mrs. Osgood.

Mrs. Osgood was an American lady who lived in the Villa Ippolita. She possessed one advantage over every other woman in the hills—Moray had neither seen her nor heard of her before. That she belonged to a species with which he had always been acquainted was obvious, and yet there was a transatlantic variation: when she was being most predictable she would suddenly become most mysterious. She wore Paris clothes in all weather—silk stockings over Jaeger hills—and her heart was quite definitely not of oak. She had preserved voice, figure, and looks, at an approximate fifty, better than any of the leather-skinned Englishwomen thereabouts; and Henry was prepared at the outset to forgive her much on the ground that she retained her membership in the female sex.

Mrs. Osgood first appeared one day for luncheon on the terrace of the Aurora, accompanied by a pretty girl, and touched Moray with a vague stare which she allowed to pass tranquilly out over the valley when he became conscious of it. On the second occasion her gaze became a little less cosmic, and on the third, encountering Henry on a mountain road in the rain, she took him into her motor car and to the Villa Ippolita for tea. Two days later Henry moved his bags and his typewriter to Mrs. Osgood's house, alleging to his outraged conscience that the novel could be written there as well as anywhere else; that Mrs. Osgood was at least not an intellectual; that Giulia was a very pretty girl, and that there was really not much sense in paying hotel bills.

There were three people in the house besides himself and Mrs. Osgood. One was Giulia, a faintly freckled little

Florentine with blue eyes and a turned-up nose, one of those charming and accomplished baroness-countess-princesses who supply companionship at an unmentioned figure for the Mrs. Osgoods of the hills. Giulia was demure, competent, and polylingual; she kept conversation going and attended to the cook's accounts. She regarded Henry Moray with a quiet amusement which threw him almost immediately into the peculiar state of irritation he had learned to recognize as the prelude to surrender.

There was also a Miss Liggett, an American gentlewoman (no other word could fit her so well), who adored Mrs. Osgood and called her "Marie." Henry suspected Mrs. Osgood of valuing Miss Liggett's friendship largely on that account; for the other guest, Mr. Cyrus L. Garvin from Paris, a quizzical old exile who had known Mrs. Osgood through several avatars, called his hostess "Mamie." The frequency with which this name came hurtling forth was regulated by the state of Mr. Garvin's digestion or temper, the quality of his coffee, or the news he read in the papers of the day before yesterday. When he said "Mamie" with greater violence than usual, hooking it vindictively to the beginning or the end of each sentence, it was reasonable to assume that the stock market in New York had been behaving badly, or that Mr. Garvin's breakfast had been completely inedible. On such occasions he was known to refer to Mrs. Osgood's husband as "poor George," to recall incidents when (as he maliciously put it) "we were both young," and to compare the heights of Fiesole unfavorably with the eminence which gives its name to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Mr. Garvin was so old a friend of Mrs. Osgood's that it had been impossible not to ask him to stay when he discovered himself in Florence, but much of her exertion turned upon the effort to keep him from talking to Henry Moray alone.

So much was apparent to Henry within the first few hours, and he had a preliminary stir of curiosity about Mrs. Osgood

and her guests. But by the second day that mild interest had vanished in a much greater preoccupation, for he experienced a progressive inability to think of anything but Giulia. Mrs. Osgood appeared to him alternately as a kind and charming Lady Bountiful who had saved Giulia from the horrors of Florentine poverty, or as a plutocratic vulgarian who had no right to the services of such an angel. He did not confide these opinions to Giulia. Their intercourse was on a much more elevated plane. Standing with her by the wall of the terrace, looking into the mist of the valley, he would discourse with wit and acumen on the decline of Italian regional literature, the sonnets of Filicaja, the limitations of the diatonic scale, the significance of the division of light in modern painting, and the minuteness of the earth as compared to the worlds within the Milky Way. At moments Giulia would remark, "How interesting," and Henry (who under ordinary circumstances found this remark desiccatory to his eloquence) gathered new strength from the sound of her voice to go on. At times their hands would touch, quite by accident, as they walked, or she would sit on the wall and have to be helped down, or their elbows would encounter as they leaned over Florence; and a sudden quiver of agonizing intensity, like an internal blush, would sweep through him and leave him for a moment dumb.

How incomprehensible, he reflected, are the ways of love. Here am I, thirty-four years old and somewhat bedraggled by experience, having behaved swinishly on more than one occasion, reduced to this state of chaos by a creature whose comment on the perceptible universe is no more than "How interesting." And yet what do I say—what have I ever said, in all those hundreds of thousands of words—but that? What mysterious wisdom may not be ("unverbalized," as the behaviorist gibberish has it) behind her young masque? If one could ever get anywhere near it! But this sudden



overwhelming immobility when she is close at hand, this sentimental paralysis! Nobody ever called one shy before. It was the youth and freshness and (why not? there were such things!) purity that immobilized him; the long roundness of her cheek and the candor of her eyes, so much of accusation, of reproach, and of desire.

"My first husband used to say that I would end in a convent," Mrs. Osgood would chitter away, unaware that she was talking across an interplanetary space, chitter, chitter, chat. She made the most incomprehensible confidences. Even under normal conditions one's interest in her first husband would have been strictly limited by the good lady's narrative gift, which was negligible. But here she was, ladling out the most unappetizing quantities of autobiography with a generosity which expressed the last irony of misfortune. What would he not have given for a fragment of the memory of Giulia, so impenetrably concealed behind her monosyllables and her smile! To learn how she had come into this odd-job way of living, and who were her real friends, and what did she think about in the long nights when she had taken too much coffee to sleep—this was knowledge for which one would willingly have sacrificed Mrs. Osgood's first and all her subsequent husbands, real, potential, or imaginary. Yet Mrs. Osgood must have thought that one was interested in her remote affairs, for when politeness demanded a question, and the question came forth, "Is your first husband still living?" or "Have you known Mr. Garvin long?" the good woman would draw herself up in an access of dignity which almost suffocated her, and with an answer so evasive as to constitute a crushing rebuke to curiosity. These alternate states of indecent exposure and regal reserve might have been a puzzle of themselves, in the absence of Giulia, but in her presence it was flatly impossible to get them into focus.

Of Lady Rudward (a sore spot, Lady

Rudward; under Giulia's eyes Henry could not but feel remorse for what he had done to Lady Rudward) Mrs. Osgood would say:

"Poor dear Adela! She's a darling underneath it all, of course—I'm devoted to her—but how funny she is with her *salon* and her celebrities and her career! We all laughed for weeks when your book came out—it was dear Adela to the life!"

Under Giulia's eyes Henry could only defend Lady Rudward.

"She's a nice woman," he would say, "and really intelligent. I'm heartily ashamed of having given such a cruel and vulgar caricature of her in that infernal book, and so grossly inaccurate it was and unjust. Of course it wasn't altogether Lady Rudward, and I made her much worse than she appeared even to me, even in my most superior and insufferable days. I am most awfully sorry," he would add miserably, aware of Giulia's eyes.

"I assure you it was Adela to the life," Mrs. Osgood would chitter on gaily, "and frightfully funny, too. That scene at the dance, when she gets the Foreign Secretary to promise to come to dinner to meet the new German conductor, and the German conductor to come to meet the Foreign Secretary, or perhaps it was the Prime Minister, and all the other people to come to meet them both—dear Adela! How like her! How often I've seen her do it!—I assure you it's perfect portraiture, and not caricature at all. The technic's successful to a degree—hers, I mean, not yours, although of course I mean yours, too—but at any rate her technic's so successful that I have half a mind to try it myself!"

This sort of statement, which was conceived as a humorous and daring sally, not to be believed for a moment, engendered in Mrs. Osgood one of those refined, coloratura laughs which gave her such a wide reputation for amiability. "Dear Marie!" Miss Liggett would sigh, and Mr. Garvin would emerge from contemplation long enough to take his

cigar from his mouth and audibly question whether Mamie and Lady Rudward had not had a great similarity of technic all along. On one occasion, when Lady Rudward kept surging up in the conversation like the cry of the Valkyries through the magic fire, Mr. Garvin achieved his masterpiece of applied irritation.

"What you need, Mamie," he pointed out, "is somebody to write a book about you, just as our young friend here did for little Lady Rudward. You don't care what it says so long as it gets read and you get talked about. That's all that happened to Lady Rudward, and look at her!"

In the annihilation of sound which followed this remark, Henry dared not look towards Giulia's eyes. They could think him capable of caricaturing anybody, then, and Giulia must think so too. A creature with ink in his veins, they thought him, devoid of honor or gratitude or love. Mrs. Osgood murmured faintly, "Cyrus, what an appalling thing to say!" and Miss Liggett let out several of those small, catlike noises which served to express her most violent emotions. To Henry there was only one voice in the room, and even if it had spoken it would probably only have said "How interesting," but he listened for it in torture. He did not even call himself a sentimental idiot. He did not dare think of what he had been and was before the candor of her eyes.

"It's very fortunate," Mrs. Osgood said to Miss Liggett, "that Adela knows Octerbrush."

And indeed it was. For Octerbrush, Mrs. Osgood felt, was the only person in England who could be of the slightest assistance to her in the present crisis. The more she contemplated the spectacle of her approaching humiliation, the more she realized that grave measures were required to avert it.

As she sat waiting in Octerbrush's office for the five minutes which his importance demanded, she asked herself

why in Heaven's name she had been so rash as to ask Henry Moray to her house, or why, having asked him, she had given him such undammied rivers of confidence. It was perfectly clear that unless something could be done quickly she would be pilloried before all the world as the latest of Henry Moray's victims. For the novel—that novel which Mrs. Osgood had dreaded for a year, building up and tearing down and rebuilding its structure with more assiduity than its author himself could have displayed—was coming out. It had been announced in the reviews of the preceding Saturday. It was called *Florentine Diana*, and its scene was, according to the advertisements, "a Medicean villa at Fiesole." Mrs. Osgood had not been precisely astonished, but the realization of what this was going to mean had given her a week-end of continuous reflection. The fact that dear Adela knew Octerbrush, and was able to give dear Marie a card to him, constituted the one aspect of hope in the whole baleful affair. If she only hadn't told Henry Moray that her first husband had always called her "Diana"—if she only hadn't told Henry Moray anything at all, how placidly she might have seen his wretched book appear!

At a signal from the young woman who was charged with the custody of the heavenly gates, Mrs. Osgood rose and walked into the presence of Octerbrush. He was sitting massively in a great chair which looked as if it thought it was upholding a sixteenth-century cardinal. His pink jowls were parentheses for the broad and affable smile with which he thought fit to receive, as he put it himself, "any friend of Lady Rudward's."

"Dear Adela," Mrs. Osgood murmured vaguely, taking the chair he pulled round for her. She was remembering, most inopportunistly, how difficult it had been to wrench this card of introduction from Adela. ("I don't want to be in the position of asking the smallest favor from the man," Adela had declared, thinking that it might be necessary to ask him to dine some day. "It



gives him such an appalling advantage.") But Mrs. Osgood had a way, inherited, she liked to think, from her stern New England forbears, of getting what she wanted. She had merely recalled to dear Adela, in the most delicate manner and as if entirely by accident, the length of time they had known each other and the numbers of things they, like all good friends, shared in common memory. As much from sheer sentimental attachment as from anxiety over what Marie might say if thwarted, dear Adela had supplied the card of introduction.

"Lord Octerbrush," said Mrs. Osgood softly, conscious, as she said it, that the name was really a very grateful one, and that these newspaper magnates had a fine literary taste in titles, "I have a most tremendous service to ask of you, if you will or can do it. I've ventured to come to you because I believe you're the only person in England with the degree or kind of power to help me." Then, remembering that her situation was actually far too desperate to be suggested by such poor words, she added tentatively, "to save me." The final tremor in her voice awakened in Lord Octerbrush's sharp little eyes a shimmer of genuine interest, and she went on, encouraged: "I'm afraid I shall have to tell you a rather long story. Can you endure it? Have you time?"

A slight cloud passed over the great man's face, but it hastened its departure as he glanced at Lady Rudward's card on the desk. Gently, almost affectionately, with a semi-clerical, semi-medical, wholly professional sympathy, he leaned towards her.

"You may take the whole morning, Mrs. Osgood," he said magnificently. ("My time," his tone said, "is like the rubies and emeralds of Bokhara, and my morning is like the pearls of Comorin, and my minutes are chrysoprase and jasper. But these treasures, dear lady, are yours. I have nothing to withhold from a friend of Lady Rudward's—and such a good-looking old gal, too.") All this his tone said, and Mrs. Osgood heard it.)

"I went down to Fiesole last autumn," Mrs. Osgood began, forgetting that Moray had gone down to Fiesole first, "and who should turn up but Henry Moray. I cannot explain to this moment why I did such a wild thing: I asked him to stay in my house. He was there a month. And now he's written another of his detestable novels—a *roman à clef*—all very clever no doubt, and sure to be read by quantities of people—and it's about me!"

Lord Octerbrush, with his tongue and teeth, made that clucking sound which is used by old ladies in cottages to express pity.

"How dreadful!" he remarked, and waited for more.

"It will be worse than dreadful for me," Mrs. Osgood went on bravely. "It will be ruinous. I shall be quite unable to live in London for years. I am not a woman who can endure such things with calm. I should suffer horribly. I should have to go back to America, a country which," she sighed, "no longer enhances me, as Keyserling says, or perhaps it's Spengler. You remember what a fearful stir there was about poor dear Adela when she was victimized in precisely this fashion. She bore it admirably—with such gayety, such courage!—when the thing was really the most appalling caricature—no resemblance whatever to the Adela we know and love. London talked of her for months. She was pointed out in public places: the whole thing was unutterably wretched. My heart bled for her. I should never," she concluded, "be able to bear it."

Lord Octerbrush cleared his throat (not because of physical necessity, but because of the moral value attached to such noises) and asked, "Is the caricature in Moray's forthcoming book so—er—savage and personal as to come within any—er—legal provision?"

"No," said Mrs. Osgood. "You're familiar with his method. The character will be perfectly recognizable but in no sense libelous: apparently fiction

can't be libel. Oh, there's nothing to be done about it at all, in a legal sense, nothing whatever."

"Then perhaps something illegal will serve the turn equally well," said Lord Octerbrush jovially, with an artist's delight in his pretty wit.

"Extra-legal," said Mrs. Osgood. "That's the only thing—persuasion or pressure applied from, let us say, newspapers or publishers." Her agitation grew upon her so that she rose from her chair, walked to the window, looked out, and returned before she spoke again. "It was madness," she said, "sheer madness. I told him the most intimate things, the whole story of my two marriages, my whole life, the most ridiculous details—such a wealth of material! I told him how I used to allow my maids to call me 'my lady' when I first came to England, and how ill-natured people thereafter used to call me Lady Mrs. Osgood. Such details as that are the sort of thing he loves. And the very title of the book, *Florentine Diana*, will make me utterly ridiculous. I was rash enough to tell him that my first husband always called me Diana. I remember perfectly well the evening when I told him that. He looked into the fireplace with a certain rather poetic fixity—one can't deny that the creature has a poetic look—and murmured, 'Florentine Diana.' I remember thinking then that he was probably concocting some abominable way of dragging it into his new book. He had begun his novel fully a fortnight before he came to stay at the Villa Ippolita, but after he had been in the house three days he ostentatiously destroyed what plans or sketches he had made and announced that he had decided to do a totally different sort of thing. When I remember how I went on after that, revealing simply everything to him, I can't understand myself at all. I must have been reduced to idiocy for that month. But the man is so *easy* to talk to—you've seen him, great lanky creature with such trustful eyes—and he listens quite for hours, I assure you, scarcely speaking at

all—so different from most writers! And I cannot describe to you how *insensibly* one was led into it. One was simply squeezed dry at the end, one had nothing whatever left to tell. Oh, his method is perfection, and I'm at his mercy unless—unless you can help me."

Lord Octerbrush looked thoughtful.

"If you were a different sort of woman, Mrs. Osgood," he said, "this would please you rather than cause you to suffer. But," he hurried on, observing the look of distaste which came over Mrs. Osgood's regular features, "you obviously aren't prepared to allow such—er—vulgar exploitation, if I may use the phrase, and we must see what can be done. Any friend of Lady Rudward's . . . How *is* Lady Rudward, by the way?"

"She is very well," said Mrs. Osgood. "But can't you—isn't it possible to *stop* this wretched book from appearing?"

Lord Octerbrush looked at her benevolently.

"It is almost impossible," he said, "to stop a book when it has been announced for publication. It is probably already entirely printed, almost certainly, I should say. The only way would be to purchase the entire first issue of the book, and then what is to prevent a second edition? And if the author's contract is broken, what is to prevent his taking it to another publisher? The position seems to me, dear lady, to be rather difficult. There are certain abuses of the liberty of speech, of writing, which cannot . . . You quite see, of course . . ."

Mrs. Osgood sighed again softly, sadly, and a little color came into her cheeks.

"How dreadful!" she said. "How perfectly dreadful! Do you believe there is really no way—no way at all in your power—to stop the thing? I would go to the publishers—I would go to Henry Moray himself if he weren't in Asia or Africa or America or somewhere. . . . But you think it is hopeless?"

"Quite hopeless," said Lord Octer-



brush, still benevolent and kindly, but glancing at the clock on the wall in a manner which recalled that his minutes were chrysoprase and jasper. "If Henry Moray were a nobody one might perhaps try, but one can't suppress a book of his. One can't even influence his publishers. They make, if I may use the phrase, a great deal of money out of him."

Mrs. Osgood moved nervously in her chair, began to put on her gloves, and seemed lost for a moment in some secret recess of thought. She was like a diver after treasure, and he waited to see what she would bring up.

"If it can't be stopped," she said at last, "then it can't be stopped. But I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I did what I could, at least, and of feeling that a few of my friends realize how bitterly cruel the whole thing is to me. Somehow, I think, something could be done to lessen its force, to deflect it. . . . I can't help thinking that you could if you wished—and you are so kind, as dear Adela has always said—that you could make the whole wretched business a boomerang which would come back upon Henry Moray and punish him thoroughly. Your newspapers are so powerful, so much read!"

Lord Octerbrush nodded slowly. He looked as if he were considering this subject—so essentially different, as he instantly perceived, from that which had preceded it—with professional judgment and deliberation.

"You are suggesting that the Octerbrush press should take up a position on the matter," he said. "Do I follow?"

"Oh, to do something, to do something!" said Mrs. Osgood rather wildly, although her fingers went on efficiently buttoning her gloves. "If you could simply show in your newspapers what a cruel and vulgar thing the caricature is, how awful it is to hold up to the ridicule of all London the most secret existence of a woman who has never harmed a living being, one would be so grateful, so profoundly grateful! In times like this to be defended is everything—providing

one can't avoid being attacked at all; and you have such arms of defense! You could point out how perfectly recognizable the lampoon is, and how unjustifiable. It might lead into the general principle of this putting of real persons into novels, which is becoming so hatefully common, and in my own suffering I could at least feel that I was being of use to others."

Lord Octerbrush was a little puzzled.

"A polemic," he said. "A polemic. Things are rather dull just now. There has been nothing really interesting in that line since the great debate we carried on about Should Hostesses Expel Unwanted Guests? A polemic would undoubtedly be of considerable interest to our readers. Should Novelists Write About Real Characters? Is Fictional Satire Justifiable? The idea has its points. . . . But, my dear lady, it would magnify the extent of your own—er—notoriety, if I may use the phrase, one hundredfold. I do not quite see how it would be of benefit to you. Half of London would be writing in to the papers to state the case for or against Henry Moray, which is to say, for or against you; and the possibilities of the thing are simply enormous, from the point of view of—er—the inside pages of our newspapers. The Octerbrush press might keep interest alive in it for weeks. Quite possible. But what good would all that do you?"

Still more wildly, Mrs. Osgood rose and grasped her bag.

"Oh, anything," she said, "is better than doing nothing—than simply accepting the creature's lampoon. I shall send you an advance copy of the book. I am arranging with the publisher to have one, and I hope that on the day of its publication you will be able to leap to my defense, to punish Henry Moray, to save other women from the same dreadful experience . . . !"

Lord Octerbrush quivered with admiration as he took her to the door and assured her that "everything" would be done. What a clever old gal she was, he

said to himself. She had come in to get a novel suppressed and gone out with a promise that it would be given the widest and most valuable publicity. To save his life Lord Octerbrush could not have put his finger on the exact point in the conversation at which her real purpose had become apparent. He bowed to her with more than his usual exaggeration as she passed through the door. Should Novelists Tell? he was pondering; Is It Fair to Your Friends?

Mrs. Osgood rose at half past eight and opened her mail with deliberation. The little packet from the publisher she left to the last. She knew what it contained, and there was no advantage in precipitating her sufferings. She went through letters from America and bills and a few stray notes. She was in no hurry to see the absurd novel. It could wait. So far as she was concerned, it could wait forever. She emphasized her unconcern by reading over a note from dear Adela two or three times. Invitation to lunch. To-day. Another of dear Adela's afterthoughts—no doubt all her more distinguished guests had deserted her, so that space was left for less glittering friends. No matter: one always accepted dear Adela's invitations.

Wrapped in swansdown and warm with coffee, Mrs. Osgood stretched her feet to the fire and took up the publisher's package. As she opened it and saw disclosed, like a jewel on black velvet, the glowing words *Florentine Diana*, a little smile trembled across her lips.

"Dreadful little man," she told the fire.

She had no need to read the thing. She knew all he had said in it—all those details, that building up of her life of struggle, of aspiration, of occasional triumph, deformed by satire and disdain. . . . But she might as well read it so as to know *how* he had said these things. . . . It was with considerable admiration for her own courage that she opened the book at the first page and began.

By eleven o'clock she was reading very rapidly, with only the slightest twitch of an eyebrow now and then to betray the emotions Mr. Moray's work aroused in her. At twelve o'clock she rose, threw the book into the fire, pronounced a few words ("Cat!" was one, and "Sly little wretch!" were others), and went to dress for dear Adela's luncheon.

Miss Liggett, two or three other Miss Liggetts, and a Mr. Garvin or two. How like dear Adela to invite her to the most nondescript luncheon of the month! She ate grimly on, contributing her share of the conversation only when it was mercilessly exacted. It was towards the end that Adela threw the subject on the table like the boar's head at a banquet.

"I've heard the most appalling things about Henry Moray's new novel," said Adela. "Have you seen it, Marie darling?"

Mrs. Osgood faced the question with a cadenza of her cool, Donizetti laughter.

"I've just been reading it this morning," she said, not without a certain effort to avoid dear Adela's glance. "It's the most deliciously sweet and sentimental romance: rose gardens in moonlight, fair young maidens and guitars. Utterly unlike anything else Moray's ever done. I confess I had been frightened, for a moment or two: he began it while he was in my house, and I trembled to think of what he might have written about me. But it appears to be all about a sweet young Florentine girl—harmless creature named Giulia, who was helping me run the house, and who afterwards eloped with a music master and has already, I believe, had twins— Oh, the whole thing is most idyllic!"

Miss Liggett sighed a little mournfully. "Dear Marie," said she. Lady Rudward, not to be put off without a specific statement, finally succeeded in getting Mrs. Osgood's eye.

"Do you mean to say," she de-



manded, "that there isn't a single thing in it about you?"

"Not a single thing," said Mrs. Osgood in perfect serenity, "unless a reference to a shadowy sort of 'charming American lady' may be taken to mean me. Oh, I came out of it very well, my dears! You can imagine how infinitely relieved I have been to discover it."

Lady Rudward spoke no more of Henry Moray. It would not have been easy to make out the expression of her face. But there was a little access of

warmth in her manner when she took Mrs. Osgood to the door.

"You must come to luncheon next Tuesday," she said, pressing dear Marie's hand. "Rather a nice party. Arthur Comegys is coming, the wretch. I must warn you against him, however: he's rather susceptible to your type, and if he chose to put you in one of those outrageous books of his . . ."

Wouldn't it be dreadful, Mrs. Osgood was thinking, as she drove home through the rain, wouldn't it be dreadful if Arthur Comegys . . .

## APPARITION

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

**I** *STIRRED* once as the first cock crew.  
*My brain drowsed, but my heart awoke*  
*To see her standing by my bed,*  
*And never once she spoke.*

*Terrified at the miracle,*  
*I waited. Her lips never stirred;*  
*Yet her eyes spoke one syllable*  
*Which reached me but half-heard.*

*She turned away, lest I should mark*  
*The goblet of her pride and shame,*  
*Which glowed deep crimson in the dark,*  
*For it was filled with flame.*

*That was the cup I might not share,*  
*The cup that she alone would know;*  
*But by the shadows in the air,*  
*I saw its fire was low.*

*Her face was gray with ancient pain,*  
*The ache of everlasting ice.*  
*Then the last flame went black—and then*  
*The cock crew twice.*



## LADIES AND LAWLESSNESS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

CAROLINE and I were late for the party. Her kindly intention of picking me up at my hotel at seven had been defeated by traffic delays and beauty-shop complications, and now, as she remarked rather excitedly, we must run for it. But as Caroline, in spite of her charming vanities, can keep her head and hold a job of which many male college graduates of her generation might be envious, this announcement scarcely sounded like a challenge to the municipal peace and order.

Her efficient little roadster was, as a matter of fact, running less than ten miles an hour faster than the legal speed when we approached the red light of a through-street intersection. Caroline, with a quick look to right and left to make sure no one was coming, started energetically across it. A police whistle shrilled out of the November dark, and the roadster stopped with brakes squealing a fortissimo accompaniment to Caroline's annoyed "Oh, damn!"

The traffic officer, seeing that he had to do with a non-resistant lady of the fur-coat stratum of society rather than an obstreperous malefactor, accomplished his business in a tone of superiority reasonably polite. What did Caroline suppose a stop light at a through-street intersection was for—to encourage speed tests?

"But, officer, I had a perfectly clear field ahead," argued Caroline with rattled haughtiness. "You know perfectly well I did. You saw me look both ways to see if anyone was coming before I started across; so what's the odds if I did break one of your technical traffic

ordinances? Everybody does it anyway, and do I really look like a person who would risk a collision just because she was late for an important business appointment?"

"The judge'll have to answer that one for you in the morning, lady," the officer retorted severely. While he wrote out the arrest card Caroline fumed confidentially to me, "This through-street business, when there's no car around for miles and you use your common sense, is simply ridiculous. Why, there was no more chance of my getting in anybody's way or having a smash-up than there is of that policeman's catching the moon with his motorcycle. I wouldn't care if I'd been taking a chance; but when they pull up a careful driver for every little thing like this, I think it's an outrage."

"All right, tell the judge it's an outrage," said the officer, handing her the card and dismissing us.

"Thanks," said Caroline with the cold look of a victim of personal injustice, and we swept on.

When we reached the dinner party, not noticeably late, she was still complaining that society had wronged her and had insulted her intelligence. In my heavy masculine way, I had intimated that a minor traffic violation was not a terribly serious matter, and that there was no point in taking it as a personal affront from an unsympathetic civilization if one happened to be caught. But since she received my gentle admonition with intimations that I, her partner in crime, had turned against her, I decided to keep my deepest impression of her conduct secret. Ever so slightly she reminded



me of the first murderess in my reportorial experience who strode up and down her cell muttering to journalistic visitors and sundry that "killing that bum after the way he's been spongin' off of me all winter was the decentest thing I ever done in my life." Ladies, I had learned through a fairly extensive experience with their vagaries, are best let alone when suffering from their nobler motivations to lawlessness.

## II

Naturally, I recognize that exceeding the speed limit and running past stop signals are not behavior-phenomena peculiar to a single sex. If ladies are sometimes lawless in traffic, so even oftener perhaps are gentlemen. But gentlemen, when caught, though they may talk back to the officer, are inclined to accept the law and their guilt as inevitable facts in a naturally inconsiderate universe. They may stand ready to fight or lie their way out of the difficulty when the occasion offers, or to bemoan their luck when the battle or the evidence goes against them; but their attitude is that of recognizing themselves as temporary members of the criminal class who have taken a chance and lost. Hence, their defenses are lamely delivered and, whatever berserk personalities may be indulged in during their private encounters with arresting officers, the public and judicial penalties are accepted without personal rancor.

It is just this difference between the male's shamefaced air of being caught in mischief and Caroline's indignant sense of outrage which measures—if I accurately gauge rebellious imponderables—the superior vitality of feminine lawlessness. In it is the difference between a guilty conscience and complete self-justification, moral and otherwise. The masculine attitude, for all its objectionable sides, is that of a sportsman who says, "Here's a law that's a nuisance so we'll see if we can break it and get away with it." The feminine reaction, on the

other hand, is that of the superior person who complains, "Here's a law that there's no need for in the present emergency. It affronts my preferences and my intelligence; therefore, I am perfectly right in breaking it, and any attempt to enforce it against me is outrageous." In short, here is the difference between challenging the law respectfully to catch you if it can, and, with anarchic and one hundred per cent self-righteous disrespect, placing one's personality and one's personal emergencies above it.

But lest a single incident in the republic's daily grist of traffic offenses may not seem to warrant such extreme pronouncements, I turn for confirmation to a friendly newspaperman's file of ladies who have offended against the law by killing their husbands or lovers. Of these I select six who made no effort to deny their deeds, and who talked for publication or to the police before their lawyers reached them and began shaping their defenses along the lines of the male's fundamentally law-abiding duplicity.

Three of them conscientiously assured the world that their knowledge or suspicions of the man's infidelity furnished absolute moral sanctions for exterminating him—one adding, with possibly some stylistic assistance from the police reporter, that to kill a "lying rat" like that was "a service to society." One, with an air of assurance that such lapses should produce instant exoneration, asserted that in a quarrel over wild-party doings and family finances her "mind went blank" until the shooting was over.

Another seemed to feel that the emotional stress of having been in a rage and being "sorry afterward" justified the making of a personal exception in her case, and confidentially assured the visiting journalists that "they'll let me off when they hear how this happened." Only one seemed to have a clean-cut self-defense case against a husband who beat her and habitually threatened to kill her, and was in the act of menacing her with a bed slat when his domestic mannerisms

were permanently chastened. Yet even this seriously aggrieved lady presented her side not as a legal defense, but simply as a matter of righteous personal privilege.

In between Caroline and these extremes come certain less melodramatic but equally enlightening and possibly more typical transgressions. The law in my state, for instance, requires a year's residence in the commonwealth and six months in the county and certain definite allegations of cruelty, desertion, or infidelity before divorce may be sued for. Consequently, my lawyer friends frequently find themselves in this situation: A more or less charming woman client comes to their office asking them to represent her in a divorce suit, and her request is politely declined for the present, because neither her grounds nor her residence qualifications fit the law's requirements.

She sorrowfully accepts their advice to have patience, but a day or a week later the case bobs up in the hands of a rival firm of lawyers to whom everything that is necessary to qualify her as a divorce petitioner has been duly told and sworn to. Still later, perhaps, if the case happens to be contested, a conference between the two sets of legal advisers brings out the fact that the lady has undoubtedly perjured herself in the matter of her length of residence and probably in her allegations of cruelty.

A man under similar circumstances would either abandon his suit or suggest further explanations and perjuries more or less plausible. But the lady, when tactfully asked by her legal representatives what assistance she can give in extricating them from their embarrassment, replies as a rule (I quote her exactly in at least one instance), "Well, of course. Didn't that other lawyer tell me I had to have lived a year in the state and say my husband had really hit me? I've got to have a divorce from that loafer, and I've hired you to get it, so what's all this got to do with it?" In other words, far from recognizing the law

as a rule that applies at least as often as you happen to be caught by it, the divorce-seeking lady contemptuously dismisses it as a loathsome and inconsequential obstacle to her personal convenience.

For the essence of feminine lawlessness is that, in addition to being personal, it is almost invariably moral. This peculiarity, incidentally, applies to fractures of the conventions of their men friends quite as much as it does to misdemeanors and felonies. Thus it was a woman party committeeman and a woman stump campaigner who in the recent political Sadowa wrote letters urging resistance to Rome-ridden and rum-ridden menaces in the Republic and made speeches urging the Methodists to use their sectarian strength in politics against the un-Volsteadian candidate, while their male co-partisans trembled at these defiances of the code which outlawed religious issues. The masculine strategists, in their law-abiding respect for the code, were all concerned that such contributions to the campaign should be made, if at all, privately and anonymously, and at least not by such traditionally unoffending and tolerant fellows as professional politicians. But the women, being also professional politicians, were solely interested in seeing their side and the virtuous causes which had associated themselves with the Republican party triumph. If man-made codes of discretion and forbearance stood in the way, it was too bad for the codes, but, seeing that moral and religious issues were fundamentally involved, there were no apologies. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the gentlemen who were so terrified by these breaches did not demand apologies. If they had they might have found Mrs. Willebrandt's and Mrs. Willie Gardiner's self-justifying clamor even more overwhelming than their appeals to sectarian loyalties.

This sense that law and convention are mere immoral interferences with sacred personal privilege extends even



to the taboos of the lawless lady's erring sisters. Women are seldom prosecuted for adultery or other sexual indiscretions unconnected with more serious crimes; and a society somewhat romantically dedicated to the theory of female innocence in sexual matters has placed the burden of defense in Mann Act and seduction cases exclusively on the male offender. Nevertheless, to prove that wrong has been done, it is usually necessary for the feminine party to the transgression to testify; and my memory both as a reporter and a lay observer of social scandal reveals few women who by their own account have stooped to folly for other than the noblest and most personally creditable motives. The gentlemen in such cases prove their respect for the law which has caught them by pleading alibis, entrapment, the bewitching effect of their momentary passions, or by frankly begging for mercy as miserable sinners. But the ladies invariably have given all for love, or pity—either for themselves because their husbands are unappreciative of their finer feelings, or for *him* because his wife is cold to him—or for the night life of great cities which, as any jury knows, is every right-minded poor girl's proper dream of social advancement.

I do not profess to separate sincerity from persuasive posturing in these exculpations. No male, perhaps, knows any woman's sense of realities well enough to tell when fooling herself ends and intriguing others begins. But I have seen no man in trouble with the laws or conventions regarding sex who did not, in one way or another, tremble and make himself ridiculous; and few women above the class of frankly commercial offenders who have not maneuvered to the best of their ability to put law and convention in their places as sordid interferences with the romantic idyll which, as every lawless lady knows, life in the feminine gender ought to be.

Doubtless, my feminist friends could cite exceptions, and I am of course aware that the younger generation violates the

conventions, if not the laws of sexual conduct, in the name of pagan delight. But pagan delight among the post-war brood has become itself a form of moral justification. At the right pitch of self-persuasion it may put the law beneath one—where the lawless ladies want it—as successfully as a grand passion. However the fashions in ethics change, it remains woman's fashion to find her misdemeanors and her felonies more ethical than jurisprudence itself.

### III

Like all sex differentiations, this one, I suppose, can be explained in terms of feminine history. The ladies have been so long taught to consider themselves our better angels that they find it difficult, if not impossible, to abandon the advantageous pose of moral superiority even when indulging in conduct suggesting quite the opposite. They have been encouraged by so many generations of poets and admirers to believe that romance is their special province, that anything which seriously hampers the full and rightful operation of their powers of allurements—like traffic ordinances which prevent their seasonable arrival at dinner parties, or laws against shooting unappreciative husbands, and taking pretty clothes from fashionable department stores without paying for them—seems to them an intolerable and unjust persecution. For even longer ages they lived in a state of legal and domestic subordination when the only possible way of securing for themselves any rights or privileges in the home or society was to treat the all-embracing legal supremacy of the paterfamilias as a man-made technicality of no morally binding consequence in individual emergencies. Thus, from the earliest ages, women learned through their very subjection to evade and trample down the law as something which men make in their moments of ridiculous pomposity down town.

Out of this background of experience

the lawless lady has created her peculiar, and peculiarly effective, technic of resistance. The law itself pays tribute to her habitual attitude of superior virtue by holding her guiltless in all sexual offenses except the obviously commercial. Her airs of injured and usually pathetic innocence—fruit of her conviction that she is entitled to romantic indulgence—get her off with cheerful frequency in mayhem and murder. Most of all, her habit of treating the more petty and personal restraints of an increasingly restrictive civilization as mere man-made follies of no more account than lodge rules or drinking rituals, leads the lawless lady to defy vested authority with zeal and conviction where her mate scarcely defies at all but merely dodges.

I do not, of course, intend to present a twentieth-century Adam's alibi that women invented the arts of corner-cutting, smuggling, and repudiating orders to stock brokers. It is simply that in these and a score of other typically modern breaches of law and convention the woman rebel's great assurance furnishes a more stimulating example to the congenitally obedient. Man, if let alone, I take it, would shun lawless conduct rather more frequently than his traditional reputation as a roisterer would suggest. His centuries of discipline in business, politics, and war have persuaded him that when he has declared the last of his dutiable goods, or scrupulously obeyed a no-smoking sign, or refused an invitation to a drink at a speakeasy, he is a rather nobler and more interesting fellow than the average. His defiances, such as they are, tend to be confined to highly special occasions and to be invested with the ritual naughtiness of college students sneaking a cow into the chapel belfry or of small boys smoking corn-silk cigarettes behind the barn. He may enjoy being a mischief-making oaf in his off hours, but his self-esteem is bound up with being a law-abiding citizen who breaks no police lines at public festivals.

Consequently, when he smuggles a bit of antique jewelry through the customs at the end of his Cuban vacation, you will seldom find him talking about it. But his wife meanwhile is telling a circle of admiring women friends how she returned to the land of her birth so swathed under her clothes with Spanish shawls and serapes that, though it was midwinter, she almost died of heat prostration. He advises her—or at least did once in my hearing—to moderate such confidences in the interests of discretion, and she replies, with a tone of injured innocence, "But, my dear, you know we'd paid tourist prices for these things already." Her conscience is as clear as her concealment was perfect. The lawless gentleman has been temporarily criminal and knows it. The lawless lady, on the other hand, has been shopping expensively and is not interested in adding to the extravagance by supporting such obvious inconveniences as government and the domestic textile-arts industry.

Or, to consider an even more universally violated statute, the feminine spirit in prohibition nullification remains distinctive even though most of the illicit purchasing and possibly more of the drinking is done by men. The male, for instance, is at some pains to justify his conscience for his breaches of the Eighteenth Amendment. He drinks, he declares, because Prohibition was "put over while he was away with the army," when his countrymen were in a condition of feverishly unsound judgment. He drinks because no preachers and long-haired professional reformers can tell him that he can't, or for any number of other reasons which reflect his belligerent independence. In fact, to hear him talk, one might think he did not care to drink at all but merely did so reluctantly in order to assert his status as an abused freeman. Nevertheless, once he has taken this resolve, the lawless gentleman delights to make of his part in the forbidden traffic a devilish and dangerous intrigue. His dealings with his boot-



legger are conducted, when possible, with a clandestine secrecy. When he telephones his order, it is for "a dozen American beauties," "a keg of rose-water," "another dipper of that carbohic acid." He might be a small boy again, plotting mischief with his playmates in a home-made cryptic alphabet.

The lawless lady takes no interest in these subterfuges. She wants liquor for her dinner parties and bridge luncheons because these are occasions in her life when her glamour as a charming person will be judged among other things by her serving, or failing to serve, appropriate refreshments. The law forbids her to serve them; therefore, the law is simply the low attempt of persons of no social standing to inconvenience her. Also, the law is totally ineffective, since it does not prevent her from serving what she pleases and rarely catches even her boot-legger, who gets paid for such risks. Therefore, unlike traffic offenses for which one sometimes is caught, it is not even worth moralizing about; and her husband, for all the elaborate argumentation and jocosity with which he garnishes his breaches of it, appears to her masculinely ridiculous.

Hence she makes no bones about telephoning him at his office and reminding him, "John, remember I've got twelve people coming out for dinner Saturday night, and we're down to our last quart." Or "You'll be home tonight in time to make some gin, won't you? The Smiths have just 'phoned that they'll be over for bridge." Horrified at the thought that the switchboard operator and half a dozen of his fellow executives may be listening in, he may later and privately scold the lawless lady for her honest realism. But nine times out of ten all that he gets for his pains is the answer that it is "all nonsense," that "everybody does it" and that, as nobody knows better than he does, "a dinner without cocktails is a flop."

And if by any chance, as happened fairly often in the early days of prohibition, he has set his disciplined soul for a

literal course of law observance, his plight is even worse. "Tom, you know, is one of those conservative old dears," a charming and essentially conventional matron entering the restrained forties recently confessed to a circle of her intimates. "For a long time he insisted on believing that a law was a law even if it was a monstrosity. It was getting too embarrassing when every place we went we drank our share, so finally I settled him. I went around before one of our dinner parties to Bob Jackson's boot-legger and brought home a whole case of assorted necessities myself."

The challenging power of feminine lawlessness thus lies not so much in the bulk or seriousness of its transgressions as in the fact that, knowing no scruples, it shames male hesitancies and subterfuges into permanent hibernation. It would be ridiculous to assert that most men violate the laws because their women tempt them. But they break them with a less troubled conscience, a less humiliating fear of the consequences, and a less boyish delusion of their own devilishness because, by precept or example, the Lady Macbeths of their fireside have steeled them to it.

#### IV

It is hardly surprising that such total absence of scruple should extend into woman's new and even more promising field of incitement to lawlessness, that of law-making. At first sight it may seem incredible that law-making should have so vital a connection with law-breaking. But I believe it may be fairly suggested that woman's rapidly increasing influence in legislation, guided by her distinctive outlook and peculiar legislative experience, is giving it one.

For the lack of scruple which betrays itself in the woman citizen in her assurance of a personal prerogative to break any law which interferes with her convenience, betrays itself in the woman law-maker in a certainty of her moral mandate to secure the passage of any

law which has the look to her of being righteous and of good intent. With all their obvious deficiencies, male law-makers have learned certain practical lessons through their political experience. The more successful despots and the radical reformers, as well as the legislators of the liberal democracies, understand that to enact laws which are practically unenforceable because they go against the grain of custom and desire is to challenge the lawless spirit and to create the administrative difficulties and social havoc which widespread contempt for the law fosters.

These sane considerations, however, are precisely the ones which woman's long and highly specialized legislative experience has trained her to ignore. For her fundamental training as a law-maker was acquired in the nursery. While men were learning through civil wars and police duty what restraints could and could not be put over on adults, women for thousands of generations, as mothers or school teachers, were practicing their law-making talents on children. They were ruling and legislating effectively, no doubt, but for a class who, requiring despotic regulation in the most intimate details of their private lives, lacked at the same time the normal adult's sense of personal freedom as well as his fully developed capacities for evasion and resistance. Thus the suffrage movement turned woman loose in the grown-up law-making arena with a legislative point of view almost wholly fashioned by her experience in regulating the private morals of inferiors; and in regulating them, furthermore, with rules framed to meet trivial emergencies and not, in the vast majority of cases, applicable to herself.

Generally, such law-makers were capable of assuming that if federal daily apple or eight o'clock bedtime acts would promote the general welfare, they were entirely warranted, regardless of constitutional and judicial precedents, in using their new political power to place them on the nation's statute books. Gener-

ally, they were confident that enforcement problems would solve themselves as simply as in the schoolroom or home. In short, the idea that a sincere desire to improve society's private morals should be limited by constitutional precedents and the practicalities of enforcement was foreign to the average woman at her "emancipation"—as foreign to her as the idea that her personal desires and convenience might be interfered with by the laws already enacted. So from the moment when the "woman vote" became a potential danger to politicians, we find her the decisive agent in the passage of many laws, lawless themselves in the discord which they introduce into the constitutional structure, and provocative of worse lawlessness in their assumption that adult free citizens will submit to regulation and control like little children.

The politicians' fear of her vengeful purity-promoting complex is responsible for that admirable convenience to black-mailers and gold-diggers—the Mann Act. Her delight in gestures of independence is responsible for the charming perjuries and evasions and the occasional cruelties fostered by the Cable Act, which prevents the automatic naturalization of alien women who marry American citizens. In their virtuous effort to inflict school-yard morality on the adult population, the women of various Midwestern states a generation ago caused practically every tobacco shop in a thousand-mile area to equip itself with secret paneled compartments for the sale of bootlegged cigarettes. Yet to-day, in spite of the admitted failure of this noble experiment, an aggressive vanguard chiefly of feminine reformers is urging that its benefits be extended to the whole nation under an anti-tobacco constitutional amendment.

Women have credibly claimed also the chief responsibility for introducing into the constitution its first strictly legislative amendment. For liquor prohibition may justly be considered typically feminine in its assertion of the right to



break legal precedents in the interest of personal moral regulation, and a typically feminine product thus far in its failure to compel obedience among adults.

Nor, in spite of the growing distrust of the younger generation of women for programs of uncertain uplift, is the end yet in sight. The 12,000,000 strong female army of improvement would blithely commit us to various peace agreements, careless of the possibility that their effect, when war emerges, may be to embitter the carnage itself with accurate charges of sacred treaty violation and to plunge at least 11,500,000 of their numbers into raptures of belligerent patriotism. Their various federated bodies would commit us to federal control of child labor regardless of the probability that the federal authority will be flouted with the usual accompanying corruptions in regions not yet "educated up to it." They urge the federal supervision of education upon us, cheerfully unaware how easily such supervision may become an iron-clad bureaucratic control capable of suppressing unorthodox methods of instruction, including possibly evolution instruction, and all sanely realistic study of American history in our schools and colleges. In the midst of the demanding chorus, the recently defeated woman mayor of Seattle rejoices in the *Woman's Journal* that she has organized a corps of private volunteer informers on prohibition violators—itsself a typically feminine violation of the code against tattling—happily ignoring the psychological fact that such measures tend to raise prohibition violation from the status of a private indulgence to that of dignified firing-line service in a holy war against tale-bearers.

And on the fringes—where were started most of the feminine law-making projects which provoke our present day lawlessness—new and more magnificent absurdities still blossom. A Southwestern lady zealot writes to her newspaper, after her triumphant November referen-

dum on prohibition, urging that purchasers of illicit liquor be punished with the whipping post. And from the farthest front lines of the vanguard comes a recommendation to the open-minded *Dallas News* that laws be invoked to save the republic's morals from the contamination of too realistic lingerie advertisements in newspaper rotogravure sections.

## V

But I have not, I trust, insinuated that all women are lawless. Everyone in the normal course of experience has known a numerous assortment of women who break no ordinance of town meeting or congress because, in the sheltered rectitude of their strictly homekeeping lives, no law offends them. Others still advocate no improvements, monstrous or otherwise, in the present body of jurisprudence for the excellent reason that their status in the kingdom of things as they are supremely contents them. It merely happens that in forty years of consistently pleasant research among the sex, I have yet to meet a woman who has refused to break an old law or advocate a new one when doing either suited her sense of present moral emergency or personal convenience.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that the lawless ladies, both kinds, have an increasing civic usefulness. By affording us increasingly ludicrous examples of the futility of excessive regulation in a confusingly complex society, the lawless law-makers put us virtuously on our mettle to defend our surviving liberties. The lawless law-breakers, not infrequently lodged under the same skins with the law-makers, meanwhile teach us how to preserve freedom with a gallantly individual insouciance more stimulating to practical free conduct than a whole library of liberal orations. Although men may dread the increasing shadow of feminine legal tyrannies, the lawless lady's untamable indiscipline still stands between him and his complete subjection.



## PROSPECTS FOR PEACE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

IT IS the fashion among observers of the hard-headed school to point out the increase in armaments, the perdurance of chauvinism, the substitution of new grievances for old, the fight over oil, the renewal of commercial rivalry at high tension, and the weakness of the League of Nations. Having drawn a realistic picture of international relations, they shake their hard heads and cry out, "Nothing has changed in this vale of folly; deaths, bankruptcies, and revolutions have left the world as it was in 1914."

Standing amid the debris of a thousand exploded delusions, can we truly say that nothing has occurred in Europe to awaken in us hopes for a long peace? That perhaps is the most important question which friends of the good life are asking in all the countries of the earth to-day. And in anticipation, it may as well be confessed at the outset, the answering thesis set forth below maintains the proposition that the best pledge of peace lies in the decline of feudal aristocracy and the towering rise of international capitalism.

### II

By way of preface to a hopeful, if not an optimistic view of things, the highly competent French publicist, Alfred Fabre-Luce, opens his thought-provoking book, *Locarno sans Rêves*, with the query, "No change?" Then, without undue enthusiasm, he lists a few of the transformations which, he thinks, make our world different from that of August 1, 1914. The very idea of war itself has

changed; once military men dreamed of quick and glorious battles crowned by speedy victory and followed by the collection of rich booty. Poincaré said in 1914, "France does not fear war." Can any statesman say that to-day? Owing to the close interrelation of world economics, the prospects of a swift conquest and a quick get-away with the loot have been dashed; the experience of 1914-18 seems to confirm this view. Moreover, technology has revolutionized warfare, making military combat only one phase and robbing it of drum and trumpet splendor. There have also been changes in the intellectual climate of belligerency; the powers can no longer hide their intrigues behind the quarrels of the Balkans or Morocco; diplomatic hypocrisies are so well known in Europe, at least, that beer-hall and café philosophers make ribald jokes about pin-striped trousers and spats. Old notions of sovereignty, the direction of economic tendencies, and possible combinations in the balance of power have been subjected to alterations.

Supplementing the case presented by M. Fabre-Luce, emphasis should be placed on other changes in the political and economic scene, especially the decimation of landed aristocracies and the growing predominance of international finance in national economy and world relations. At first thought, this may suggest war rather than peace. In fact it is not difficult to find illustrations for the thesis that capitalism must bear the blame for the last war. France furnished most of the cash for Russian preparations and tied Rumania to Paris



with chains of investment. The rivalry of British and German capitalists inflamed both countries. The Morocco affair was at bottom a capitalist brawl.

But on second thought, these conflicts appear to be conflicts of national not international capitalism, and over against such illustrations must be set other data equally pertinent. Feudal agriculture had a hand in the great quarrel—a momentous fact given its due emphasis in an article in a recent issue of the *Europäische Gespräche*. No one can read the secret documents now published without coming to the conclusion that the most reckless, heedless, irresponsible, and belligerent diplomats of July, 1914, were the counts, barons, and other dignitaries who spoke for Russia and Austria-Hungary. In Germany, caution was to be found in the civil branch of the government rather than in the military division where the traditions and spirit of the landed aristocracy were strongest. The hardest battles against war in Berlin were fought by capitalists like Ballin, not by landed proprietors from East Prussia. Although it is customary to think of France as the land of peasant freeholders, those acquainted with her agricultural history since the Revolution of 1789 are aware that the great estates of feudal days were not all dissolved; on the contrary, one portion was sold to new bourgeois and another went back to the original owners or their representatives at the time of the Bourbon restoration. Reliable estimates, such as those of J. H. Clapham, indicate that the lion's share passed into the possession of big landlords old and new, not into the hands of peasants. In 1911 the population of France was reported as 55.9 per cent rural; about the same time admittedly inadequate figures revealed 134,000 "large holdings." In short, despite the ruinous revolutions and the establishment of a republic, France had a large number of old landed families, powerful in politics, diplomacy, and the army, and as loyal to feudal traditions as the Prussian Junker.

### III

At the head of the list of feudal powers, of course, stood Russia—overwhelmingly agricultural from the Baltic to the Pacific. Of the total population, estimated at about 160,000,000 in 1910, nearly seven-eighths, to be more precise, 138,000,000 in round numbers, were recorded as living in the country. In European Russia proper, exclusive of Poland, the state, the imperial families, and other governmental agencies owned, in the year 1905, 36 per cent of the land, peasants, 32.3 per cent, landlords, 23.7 per cent, and 8 per cent was classified as unfit for cultivation. About the same time it was officially reported that thirty thousand families owned as many acres as ten million peasant families.

In short, under the Tzar Russia was governed by a landed aristocracy, proud, warlike, and, even after stories of floggings and beatings are discounted, cruel and vindictive. This aristocracy dominated the army and monopolized the high offices of state. Restless, domineering, and bored with dull life on their primitive estates, Russian feudal lords, like their ancestors, welcomed relief in war. And on the government of their country must justly fall a large share of the responsibility for starting the World War; not without some reason is the chief burden placed on that huge aggregation of superstition and belligerency. At all events, Russia ordered the first general mobilization—an act of war—and made the conflict certain.

Next to Russia in the agricultural scale was the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On the eve of the War, Austria had about 18,000 landed estates above 250 acres—1733 above 2500 acres. Nearly one-third of the land in Hungary was embraced in approximately 4000 estates of more than 1400 acres. If the landed aristocracy of these countries was more cultivated than that of Russia, it was no less dominant and belligerent. Representatives of that class were supreme in society and high politics—state, army,

and church—and on their shoulders must rest a “war guilt” no less grave than that borne by the Russians. It will not be forgotten that Austria was the first power to begin war—on Serbia; and the levity with which Count Berchthold and his friends rushed into the fray was worthy of a fox-hunting squirearchy. Incidentally, it should be remarked that no small part of the hatred for Austria-Hungary in Bosnia, where the Archduke and his wife were shot, was due to the continuous favor shown by Vienna to the Moslem landlords of that province against the claims and agitations of a wretched and servile peasantry. Incidentally, also, it may be remarked that the tumultuous Balkan peninsula, which has furnished so many wars and pretexts for wars, is agricultural, not capitalist, from Brod to Constantinople.

Between two worlds, one dying and the other to be born amid the storm of war, stood Germany, dominated by Prussia, possessing about two-thirds of the entire population in 1910. At that time over one-fifth of the cultivated land of the Empire was in estates of more than 250 acres. In Bavaria and Baden such holdings occupied only two or three per cent of the area; but toward the north and east the proportion rose almost steadily, reaching in some regions more than fifty per cent of the total. Prussia had about twenty thousand landlords with 250 acres and more, and Prussia was the classical land of the Junker. “Whenever I sit among Prussian excellencies, the opposition between North and South Germany becomes strikingly clear. South German liberalism cannot cope with the Junker; they are too numerous, too powerful, and have the monarchy and the army on their side,” wrote Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, in his journal, on December 15, 1898. In every Prussian province the commanding general and his family were at the head of social affairs; in that fixed class system every person had his place; it was a frozen order, and woe to all who neglected the

code. At the apex was the King of Prussia, the German Emperor. Conscientious and proud of the fact that it had advanced the eastern frontier and had stood for centuries as a barrier to the Slavic flood, the *Junkertum* of the eastern half of Prussia refused to surrender to civilians and frock-coated bourgeois. “To fight the spirit of modern liberalism, the Prussian Junker feels himself justified by his conscience and before God. His battle has become a duty with him—therefore, he is so dangerous,” wrote Prince Philipp Eulenburg to his friend Holstein in 1897. Devotion to the traditions of war and awareness of its risks led the Prussian aristocracy to keep a firm hand on the army and insist upon preparations to the hilt.

As time passed and Germany became increasingly capitalistic, the Junker sank in the economic scale relatively, but were not conquered by the bourgeois. A number of reasons account for their ability to wield power out of proportion to their fiscal strength: the Prussian monarchy and bureaucracy; social dictatorship; fear of Russia on the east; the growth of socialism which frightened landlord and capitalist alike; and the Prussian class system of voting which gave those who paid two-thirds of the direct tax two-thirds of the representatives in the Prussian diet. And strange to say, the American protective tariff and the flood of American agricultural produce pouring into Germany after 1870 drove the Prussian landlord and the Prussian industrialist into each other's arms: protection for German manufacturers and protection for German farmers. Hence there is a certain truth in the half-humorous remark of a German scholar to the effect that the American Middle West and William McKinley are responsible for the World War. But the union of industrialist and Junker was not altogether happy, because the latter insisted on having a power in the state out of proportion to numerical and economic strength. Per-



haps more than anything else this insistence is responsible for the indecision and vacillation in German foreign policy from 1898 to 1914, for the fateful contest between civilian and military power at the end, and for the fateful outcome. In spite of all efforts to whitewash Germany and attach wings to William II and von Moltke, Germany must bear her share of the responsibility for the World War. The monarchist and aristocratic class in Germany rallied almost as one man to the support of Austria-Hungary. If near the end, when it was too late, the German government drew back in fright and cast about for ways to peace, the credit for that search magnificent is due to the civilian rather than to the military wing.

Now if through this statement there seems to run a critical note, loyalty to truth requires a confession that such a strain is without strict philosophical justification. The landed classes of Russia, Austria, Hungary, and Prussia were not composed of wicked people looking for whom they might devour. They arose in distant days out of perfectly natural circumstances and played their historical role, reacting to their environment as other human beings similarly conditioned would have reacted. They fought for their property and privileges as other classes have in other times and places. Their military spirit was a product of their profession, their profession a necessity of their day. The intellectual and political climate associated with them was appropriate to their ways of obtaining a living and to their ways of living. Perhaps, to know all is to forgive all. But whether just or not, the verdict of history is remorseless: the landed aristocracy was fated to go down before capitalism, sooner or later, in war or peace, in a storm of ballots or a hail of bullets. Wise are they who choose the happiest exit.

For good or evil, as anybody prefers, the landed aristocracies of central and eastern Europe have suffered more or less havoc as a result of the War and the

revolutions in its train. In Russia, prominent war culprit at the bar of history, the feudal landlords have been utterly ruined, and it is difficult to imagine any kind of restoration that will put them back where they were in 1914. Although the landed proprietors of Hungary have recovered their dominion at Budapest, they are decidedly weakened by the loss of estates in the regions annexed to Rumania and Jugoslavia. The landed families of Austria are shattered by the loss of outlying provinces and sequestrations from Slovakia to Herzegovina. Like frightened ghosts from a dead past, they flit here and there, write memoirs, and compose apologies. Whether Austria stands alone or joins Germany, they cannot hope to make their stars shine again over the blue Danube as in August, 1914. In Prussia the Junker managed to hold fast to most of their land, but that is about all. The army was struck from their hands by alien powers. Political revolution deprived them of their special privileges in the Prussian state. In vain does Reventlow cry out against "international capitalism" and "the Jews," as the enemies of good old patriotism: the election returns are against him. Reaction may come, probably will come, but will it tear down factories, close banks, dismantle ships, and give to land its ancient predominance once more? When the sea yields up its dead and Henry VIII rules in England again.

#### IV

"Ah!" Junker, communist, socialist, and Christian pacifist will say, "for the feudal directors we have only substituted a far more belligerent class—capitalists armed with guns and gas and searching feverishly for markets, everywhere spreading little wars in their train, killing brown and black men with a light heart (by proxy)." Let us concede all that is valid in this argument. No greater delusion has ever plagued mankind than the theory promulgated by Cobden and

Spencer—that trade is pacific, that capitalism substitutes the peaceful exchange of commodities for the ruinous exchange of hostilities. Everybody knows that the rivalry of German, British, and French capitalism over markets and raw materials was a powerful, if not a preponderant, force in bringing to pass the World War. Not without warrant did a Prussian Junker recently say, in a tone of dry and resigned bitterness, “Two of my boys lie dead on the battlefields of a war fought to decide whether German or British cotton spinners are to sell loin cloths to Hereros and Senegambians.” Did not French capitalism provide Russia the money which built her strategic railways, equipped her armies, suppressed her revolutions, and enabled her to plunge headlong into the World War? Did not British capitalism assist in the same belligerent enterprise? Ironical as it is, Austrian and German bankers helped to float the great Russian loans of 1905–6 which made St. Petersburg safe for autocracy and prepared for the drive on the Straits! It is just such incidents which cause pacifists to cry out, “Capitalism; there is the enemy!”

But the capitalist system itself is in process of transformation. The process had begun long before 1914, and the great cataclysm accelerated it. In the early days of capitalism the master of each concern extended his operations by means of profits and savings, supplemented occasionally by loans from local bankers. With the formation of national trusts and cartels, this localism in finance broke down; great enterprises called for great financing.

In time, therefore, sovereignty in industry passed from operators and from stockholders' meetings to directors of great capital accumulations. Now, while industries are national, protected by national tariffs and promoted by national bayonets, capital is international; it rests upon a universal standard which is gold and, unless controlled for nationalist purposes by politicians, is indifferent

to boundaries and flags; it flows where interest rates are high, considering security. Moreover, international capitalism, to protect itself, must form unions among competitors in different countries; German and French steel and chemical financiers shook hands across the Rhine almost before the thunder of the guns had died away. International capitalism was well under way in 1914; the War seems to have assured its ultimate supremacy over national capitalism, just as the supremacy of finance over industry was assured by an inevitable economic evolution from competitive to associated enterprise.

All the governments of Europe, except that of Russia, now owe their stability to international finance. If nothing else, debts and reparation claims tie them together in a single economic brotherhood. It is owing to loans floated in England and America and neutral countries enriched by the War that the German government is able to pay its reparation bills, finance enterprises, and recover its power at the council table. From loans effected under the League of Nations, both Austria and Hungary secured funds for their rehabilitation. Albania is held upright by Italian finance, and Italian finance is supported in New York. Poland was saved from a crash in 1927 by the big American loan and her finances are under American supervision; how far the dictatorship of Pilsudski extends is a matter of humorous comment on the Berlin bourse. On the New York Stock Exchange the following European countries are listed as bonded debtors: Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Irish Free State, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Poland, and Yugoslavia. To this calendar must be added states such as Bavaria, cities such as Bordeaux and Budapest, and semi-public concerns such as the German Central Agricultural Bank. Hard-headed American capitalists help to finance the Socialist city of Vienna in the extension of its municipal ownership



program. Of course the advertisements of the bonds in the financial columns of the New York papers do not tell investors that they must depend on the faith of red officials; but Socialist papers in the Austrian capital rejoice in the partial emancipation they enjoy from local bankers. Perhaps American travelers and singers carrying dollars abroad can meet the interest and the amortization installments!

In its minute filiations, the plexure of international finance is simply appalling; only one who spends days over the financial columns of the European papers can form even an outline image of its ramifications. Take for example the issue of the *Vossische Zeitung* for August 29, 1928, just one flying leaf from the blinding shower in the Valhalla of International Finance. Tucked away in a corner is a note on the talking machine and record industry. Attention is called to the relations between the Lindstroem-Columbia, Polyphone-Brunswick enterprises. German interests in the British Columbia Company have been widened by the acquisition of two smaller German concerns, among the oldest in the field. The Homophone Company and the Nigrolit-Werke Company have gone over into the hands of the English concern. Furthermore, the English group, under the leadership of the Duophone Company, have acquired the Vox-Schallplatten- und Sprechmaschinen A.-G. of Berlin. A third great group of world-wide operations, the American Victor Talking Machine Company, has won participation in the German Electrola Company. On the other hand, the German talking machine interests look abroad also; their business has experienced an extraordinary advance since 1919. They have acquired a major control in the Nipponophone Company organized in Japan and have extended their operations by buying into other national enterprises. These transactions have, among other purposes, the design of escaping nationalistic protective duties imposed for maintenance

of "infant industries." What becomes then of patriotic tariffs to uphold national rights and honors? Where are the people who solemnly resolved in the great days to hear no German, English, French, or Italian music respectively, according to flags and drums? What will the masters of these industries and the investors (if they have any voice) say about a rupture of peaceful relations for the purpose of re-consecrating our virility in the trenches or winning a piece of Basutoland or a volcanic peak in the Pacific? If such is the state of the talking-machine industry, the reader may imagine for himself the condition of affairs in other enterprises more heavily capitalized and better known to investors.

Besides the interweaving of ties among international investors in the same industries, there is going on a complicated interweaving of industries themselves through investment trusts, American, British, and Continental, which widely diversify their investments as against the securities they issue. From day to day, British and Continental papers tell of new enterprises in this field of network creation. Take a single example—also from the *Vossische Zeitung*. Not long ago the Frankfort-Berlin banking house of Lazard, Speyer, Ellissen, and Company announced that, in connection with Dutch, Swiss, New York, and Chicago bankers, it had formed a new investment trust to finance commercial and industrial undertakings, to acquire, underwrite, hold and sell securities in such concerns. At the same time, it was stated that the preferred shares with a bonus of common stock would be emitted in Holland and that a considerable participation had already been secured in Germany, England, America, and Switzerland.

Perhaps a still better example is afforded by the Financial Trust for Transport and Industrial Undertakings centered in Brussels and announced in October of 1928. This concern, widely international in character, is to operate

in public utility, manufacturing, and distributing fields. The American end is represented by the collaboration of the Electric Bond and Share Company, the International General Electric Company, and other financial corporations of great strength. Among the countries included in its range are the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Spain. The cities represented by one or more banking houses are Brussels, Zurich, Madrid, New York, Berlin, Barcelona, Paris, London, Amsterdam, Milan, Bilbao, Budapest, and Hamburg; and the branches of the banking houses participating in the incorporation spread like a railway network from the far Danube Valley across Europe to the borders of the Pacific. Stocks are to be issued and sold on the market of international capitalism. One might well ask how Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Wilbur, who propose to protect the American dollar wherever it is invested and endangered, will be able to dissect the said dollar from this complex and direct the navy and the marines immediately upon its locus. On the other hand, how will the company in question discover the right government to be chosen to do the protecting? Indeed the dollar, franc, mark, pound, lira, pengö, belga, krone, guilder, peseta, and zloty patriots of many countries will be perplexed in choosing their side of the next war for participation and propaganda. It is hard to imagine the alignment they can make in harmony with their interests and the form of the myth which will be necessary for the populace that is to fight and pay for the rescue.

If attention is directed from industries and banking houses to the economy of individual nations, the criss-crossing of international investments is equally striking. Recently the Minister of Industry and Commerce in Poland lifted the curtain on a part of that country—the sections formerly belonging to Russia and Austria—by publishing a report on alien holdings. Of 850 chartered stock

companies, at least 183, representing all important industries, were either controlled by foreign capital or were financed in part from abroad. Among the countries thus participating in Polish enterprises were France (with the heaviest investments), Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden, England, Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and the United States. At the same time Polish economy was being subjected to the influence of the huge government loan floated in America the year previous, a part of which was to be devoted to things more substantial than gunpowder. In the sugar industry, English capital was particularly active; in oil and coal, French capital enjoyed preëminence; in certain iron industries, American interests were steadily advancing; in textiles, especially of the Lodz district, Italian capital, operating through the Milan Banca Commerciale, held a respectable position. "We gladly recognize," writes a competent German specialist, "that Poland will orient herself to the West, will draw a sharp line against the half-Asiatic East, feels herself completely European, and presents the claim to be measured by European standards."

It is not only governments and industries that stand on international foundations. Even currency systems, such as they are, rest not alone on national gold reserves. The services of the House of Morgan in saving and stabilizing the French franc are so well known as to call for no comment. In the rehabilitation of the German mark, bonds sold in England, France, Holland, the United States, and every other capitalistic country played a determining role. Poland's zloty was kept from almost total loss, at least temporarily, by the huge American financing. Italy's lira is buoyed up by foreign loans, the United States participating. In August, 1928, J. P. Morgan and Company announced that "in association with banks and trust companies in New York and other parts of the country they have arranged



a private credit for the Bank of Spain in connection with the latter's plans for regulating Spanish exchange." The peseta of the land from which Columbus sailed is to be saved by gold from the land he discovered. Again, to recall history almost ancient, an American banking group, headed by Morgan, helped Belgium to put her currency on a solid basis in 1926. Indeed it would be difficult to discover a single recent rehabilitation, outside of Russia, which has not had the assistance of international bankers, public and private, including the Federal Reserve system of the United States. When England returned to the gold standard in 1925, an American group advanced a huge credit and the Federal Reserve Bank in New York made millions available to the Bank of England, to ease the strain. What America and England could do to the mark, the franc, the lira, or the dinar on the morning after a new outbreak of war is terrible to contemplate. The Japanese yen would not be worth even thirty cents if the American silk market were closed for a month.

Another significant feature of this international finance structure is the re-insurance or cross-investment practice now followed by various nationals—a feature that can be traced in an article by Dr. Gerhart Luetkens, formerly of the German consulate in New York, in a recent issue of *Die Gesellschaft*. Capitalists do not like to put all their eggs in the same basket and they feel more secure when strong governments stand behind investors. As Dr. Luetkens shows, a very large proportion of the foreign bonds floated in the United States are quickly transferred to Europe and re-sold. All German dollar issues brought out in America are freely circulated in Germany. Why? For what reason do Germans pay commissions to American bankers and then buy their own bonds back at a premium? It is not far to seek. The United States government has a reputation for solidity; it is known to support its investors with

vigor and understanding; it would probably insist on placing the debt services of American loans ahead of reparation payments if a crisis should arise. Hence German capitalists feel more secure with German dollar bonds in their strong boxes than with domestic issues. Even the directors of a social revolution in the Fatherland would be more careful about repudiating American paper than sponging domestic obligations. All through the network of international finance run the threads of re-insurance investing.

Conceding that the closer internationalization of capitalism is an indisputable change which is not just more of the same thing, does it make for war or peace? No one can answer this question categorically, of course, but one thing seems clear: international bankers can stop war, and enlightened self-interest appears to recommend peace to them as the safest policy in the long run. Europe cannot fight long without American credit; it saved the Allies in 1917, and saved Germany later. The almost dead certainty that the United States, with respect to substantial things, will throw her sword into the scales if hostilities open again, gives pause to the boldest of war-makers.

No doubt capitalists, on the whole, make money out of wars—lending money and selling munitions to belligerents. At the same time they also make money out of industry and commerce; and it appears from the advertisements of current issues that an increasing emphasis is laid on the financing of productive enterprises—utilities, railways, agriculture, and manufacturing. Again and again we are informed by the bankers that loans are earmarked for specific undertakings which, unlike armaments, will increase not diminish the wealth of the beneficiary and hence the security of the investor. For example, between January 1, 1914, and January 1, 1928, more than \$700,000,000 of American money went into foreign utilities alone—an essential feature of European state socialism, Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Poland,

Spain, and Great Britain being among the heavy European borrowers for this purpose. Will any banker in his right mind prefer to unload on his customers bonds issued to finance national sentiments of hatred and revenge rather than securities representing the increase of national wealth? Mad things are done in this world, but is mankind mad all the time? Perhaps the best evidence that international finance makes for peace is the rage of nationalists and communists alike against its operations and continual growth.

To this line of argument doubting Thomas may well reply that we had international capitalism before 1914 and that optimists were then demonstrating by mathematics how ruinous war would be to all parties involved in its iron process. Except for the old story about the two pigs and socialism, there was no yarn more familiar than the "wise crack" that, in case of a war between England and the United States, each belligerent would destroy the property of the other within its borders, thus wrecking its opponent. Yet, in spite of all such pious hopes war came and international finance did not prevent it. And bankers made more money than ever by floating loans and skimming the cream from war profits—what was lost on the bananas was recouped on the peanuts. By inflation Germany repudiated nearly all of her internal debt, but German banks still flourish. France did likewise, within more respectable limits; to-day France is looking for safe places to invest her surplus savings. Inflation in Italy also sponged a large part of the domestic debt; Italy has millions to risk in dubious undertakings in Albania. So the cautious may conclude that international finance may work for war or peace—play both ends against the middle, coming out of every conflict with bigger and better profits. Still it is not wholly chimerical to conclude that international finance, a bit more enlightened by the experience of the past twenty years, is perhaps the best hope for peace now on the horizon.

The Pan-European movement gathers momentum from the drive of the economic machine, in fact can make no headway otherwise, and it will inevitably broaden its sweep as it spreads to the borders of its own underlying reality.

## V

More closely related to this conclusion than may appear at first thought is another suggestion: Bolshevism has put a new face on the potentiality of war, for international capitalism at all events. Itself a war phenomenon—the frightful outcome of the cruelty and desperation of mass slaughter—a volcanic upthrust of undermen who suffer in the slime and blood of the trenches while directors sleep in soft beds at night and sit by warm fires by day—the full release of death agony—Bolshevism waits around the corner for gentlemen who lightly heartedly put the torch to modern civilization.<sup>1</sup> True enough, as a practical working scheme, it now declines in influence, but as in physics or chemistry the same conditions produce the same results, so in political science a repetition of identical desperation will revive the psychology of Bolshevism. Terrible as are its manifestations, for comfortable people at least, it is not much worse than the medicine which war serves out at the front where thousands are torn and burned to death every hour. Bolshevism has not disappeared; the flaming example of 1917 still illuminates the eastern sky.

By an ocular illustration, Bolshevism revealed the possibilities of minority action. First, it showed that a small but determined body of soldiers and workingmen, armed with rifles and machine guns, could overturn the engines of state and all its fine pageantry. Second, it proved that conscription, though more "democratic" than volunteerism, draws disaffection into the army and that despite iron discipline the virus

<sup>1</sup> Kautsky-Wächter and Grey were dimly aware of this peril before 1914 but they did not visualize its terrible realities.



of revolt spreads with desperation and defeat—which must come to one side or the other or both in every great conflict. Third, it established the fact that resolute strikes by a few thousand workmen in strategic industries can cripple hopelessly the whole war machine, thus vesting in the hands of persons likely to be affected by discontent a power over the state greater than that of soft-handed bankers. Fourth, it demonstrated that the wall of fire separating belligerents can be penetrated by revolutionary propaganda capable of making explosions transcending all ethical calculations. After November, 1917, the governments of France, England, Italy, and America were profoundly disturbed by “the labor situation,” which grew worse rather than better with the dragging months of war. Even in the United States, where labor leaders are also bankers, gentlemen who “had taken no sass from walking delegates” gave a thought to personnel work, until the armed conflict was over.

Deep graven in the pages of history are the deeds of the Russian revolutionaries; researches of the adding-machine school cannot erase them. No less certain is the fact that Bolshevik leaders and philosophers (who may be prophets or madmen) confidently believe that another war is being prepared this moment and confidently expect that it will complete the cycle begun in 1917 by bringing about a proletarian revolution in all the other countries. “A war of the imperialists against the Soviet Union is not only probable, but inevitable,” writes Trotsky (*The Real Situation in Russia*, pp. 140–171). . . . “It is perfectly clear now that imperial England . . . is preparing a war against the Soviet Union, having a ‘moral mandate’ from the bourgeoisie of several other countries. . . . If the years 1923–25 were years of recognition of the Soviet Union by a series of bourgeois states, the period beginning now will be a period of rupture. . . . We must get ready for war immediately, not folding our hands for

a single instant. . . . Socialist revolutions will develop without new wars. But new wars will inevitably lead to socialist revolutions.”

Although Trotsky is in exile, his Bolshevik foes in the government have not reduced the army; neither have they ceased to count on the potentialities of war. Indeed, a large school of Bolshevik thinkers, including representatives from the Trotsky and the Stalin wings, frankly declare that another world war leading to general revolution is far more likely than the success of a communist experiment in Russia. Even discounting such prophecies, it is possible that a single rifle shot may lead to a prolonged struggle, ending in the dislocation of the whole structure of international capitalism. That is why extreme nationalists in Germany can agree with extreme communists in calling international capitalism their enemy and in striving to produce a crisis for that Leviathan, each hoping to wrest the bombs from the other on the morning after, when the contest begins on the ruins. Bolshevism is a new force in the war and peace game—of dreadful potentiality.

## VI

Finally, among the new things, there is the League of Nations. The gods on our intellectual Olympus will begin to laugh—and not without cause. “Is not the League a coalition of capitalist powers holding down the vanquished and dividing the spoils?” it is asked in one quarter. “Has not the League avoided every great issue or failed to meet it?” runs the inquiry in another. Let every indictment of the League be conceded. But there it stands, whatever it is, a novel structure in international relations. Sessions of the Assembly are automatically held annually; in this congress the small nations with nothing to hope from conquest can vent their grievances against the great powers in front of a sounding board that sends voices to the uttermost parts of the

earth. Public opinion may be a phantom, but when masses must be mobilized for any enterprise their ideas cannot be entirely ignored. Sessions of the Council are held more frequently and must be held once a year. In that somewhat rarefied atmosphere, representatives of the great powers must meet face to face. Before this body must come, either officially or informally, all questions raising the specter of war.

If we assume that the pledges of the powers in the League Covenant and the Locarno treaties are lies (and in view of what went on before 1914 they may be), still the existence of the League makes more liable to exposure, and hence more difficult, such subterfuges, evasions, and double-dealing as those which eventuated in the World War. As M. Fabre-Luce suggests, it is hard to believe that any power could now with impunity use a mere incident like a frontier collision or an individual attentat to cover profound ambitions and produce a world war, without giving a thought to the potentialities inherent in the League and the public opinion which supports it. Of course, as he says also, the belligerent governments of the world may develop a new technic of propaganda adapted to the League requirements, but the process will not be so easy as it was before 1914.

The League stands as an institution; it is committed to conciliation as a policy; its members incur possible penal-

ties if they ignore its stipulations. If the powers distrust it, they are, nevertheless, compelled to work with it. If they pursue their interests as of old, they are aware that they must conduct their diplomacy in the rhetoric of the League which is not so belligerent as the language of national prestige; and they recognize the fact, even the German government notwithstanding the Silesian partition business, that they might be worse off without it and less secure. The League is world-wide in its reach. The nations outside its membership are really within its influence and must co-operate with it directly or indirectly. Even the United States is a member in spite of its myth of isolation. As an economic power, seen or unseen, present at every council table, as a signatory of the Kellogg peace treaty (assuming ratification), and as a master stake-holder in every play, the United States is in the League and it matters little whether or not its adhesion is indicated by parchment and seals. True, formal abstention makes negotiations more tedious and oblique, but it merely delays American answers and decisions. If the League is a joke, it is a joke hated by all frantic nationalists who love wars and by all those Bolsheviks who hope to conquer mankind in the next world war.

M. Jules Cambon is wrong when he says: "*Rien de profond n'est changé depuis la guerre.*"





# SUCCESS; AND HOW IT COMES

A STORY

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

**W**HEN I retired, after being very ill for six months, from business, the trade gave me a grand banquet at the Wald-Astoria, and everybody was there—the judge, the Congressman, and members of my lodge with their families. While the coffee was getting cold on the table the rabbi got up and made a long speech praising me as if I was already dead. Such nice things he said about me! I didn't know myself what a fine fellow I was. Then other people got up and said things to my face that weren't true, and I knew the speakers knew they weren't true. It's bad enough to hear bad lies about you told to your face, but good lies are even worse. Shame is worse than anger. You can call a man to court for spreading bad lies but you can do nothing to who praises you.

And the more I listened to the speeches, the more I believed they talked about somebody else. I turned around to look at my wife and at my daughter and my friends, expecting they should get red in the face for shame. But they like it and look at me as if they have seen for the first time. Samuelson, my partner, gets up and says I was an angel. And I think of how many times I have not been an angel!

Who can be an angel in business and make money? You got to watch everybody's mistake and make money out of it. For that is business. So I tell myself, "Samuelson, when you retire from business, you expect me to tell that you was an angel! But I won't." Samuelson and Lhevine angels! Angels in

business. If we had been angels there would have been no banquet and no speeches and we would have been in a pauper's home long ago.

You know how it is! When a man has been sick for a little while, away from business, he has done a little plain thinking. You know how it is! Everything is different. You ask yourself, "What is it all about?" Maybe you will die to-morrow! So you want to know what kind of mistakes you made, and should know how to act if you don't die. Of course, most people forget all about it when they get well again. I didn't. And I know I had made plenty of mistakes. Now I have enough money, so I retire to live quietly.

When everybody has said everything, Friedman, the Grand Master of my lodge, called upon me to speak, and to tell the younger members of my lodge the secret of my success. But I could not say a word. So they applauded and applauded. For this is how it is. When you make a nice speech they applaud because you are a capable man and because you have made a nice speech; but when you can't say a word they applaud because you are so modest, so simple, like a real great man.

The wife pulled at my coat. Samuelson had delivered a speech. Friedman had spoken. In short, everybody. Why shouldn't I deliver an even greater speech! She was ashamed of me. When everybody was silent again, and the wife pulled and pulled at my coat, I said like this:

"The Talmud says, 'Nothing in the world is worse than a nagging wife.'"

Everybody applauds, laughs, and looks at my wife. I took one look at her myself and I knew what I will get when I come home. So I said, "I am not speaking of my wife but of somebody else's." And so everybody laughs again. They were ready to laugh at everything just then.

"The Grand Master," I said, "has asked me to tell the story, the secret, of my success to the young people. The old people, he thinks, know already the secret. Proof—here they are all successful. The story of my success I can't tell, and the secret of it I don't know; because it's a great secret to myself. But I know the secret of success of another man, and it is of his wife that I spoke when I said, 'The Talmud says, 'Nothing in the world is worse than a nagging wife.'"

"But the Talmud knew nothing about business, and especially about business in this country. And so the Talmud has made mistakes and didn't know how a nagging wife can help a man in business. I wouldn't mention names, but I will tell the story of a certain manufacturer of jewelry, novelties, who is a well-known man in this community, whom everybody here knows. I wouldn't tell his name; for I don't like to mention people's names when they are not present. But he is a respected man, rated A-one in Bradstreet, and his note of a hundred thousand dollars is as good as gold.

"This man, Raphaelson, let's call him, who is now the firm called Raphaelson & Company, had a nagging wife. He had brought her with him from Russia. When he got married to her twenty-five years ago, people had already told him that her mother was a nagging wife. She was not beautiful and not very young. But her *nadan*, her dowry, was enough to buy two tickets to America. And other girls, young and beautiful, who did not have nagging mothers, did not have so much *nadan*, and he

wanted to go to America absolutely. So he married Rifka—Rebecca now—and the day after the wedding they took their four bundles and the feather bed, and sailed.

"Pretty soon they came to New York and he got for himself a pushcart with suspenders and notions and buttons on Hester Street right under the windows from where he lived. There were a hundred pushcarts in that street; most of us have started that way, and I don't have to tell you what it is. The stench from the garbage, the flies, the sun, the rain, the wind, and the noise, and the policeman—you know what a pushcart life is. And Raphaelson was that kind of a man who didn't like cold. That kind of a man he was, he didn't like cold. Nu, could you say anything to him?—He didn't like cold. But when winter has to come it didn't ask him whether it should come or not.

"Business wasn't bad and expenses were small, and anyhow it was better to be outside of the house, even in the cold, than inside with Rifka, his wife, who nagged for everything. He couldn't do a thing she should say, 'All right.' When he bought a new lot of merchandise, she would drive him back to the jobber's to give it back. When he didn't buy she cried he was no business man.

"And when she began to say that a thing was wrong, she mixed up everything that he had done since he was two years old. And so he stayed outside till midnight every night, and people thought that he was a hard worker, that he just loved to stay outside in the cold wind and the snow. The wholesaler gave him a chance, and the jobber gave him a chance, such a hard worker, and the business becomes better from day to day. And nobody knows that Raphaelson would have been satisfied not to do so much business and go home a little like the other people who had nice wives waiting for them with hot glasses of tea and warm slippers, and a nice word.

"After two years Raphaelson saved up



two thousand dollars his wife don't know anything about. He was so mad that she nagged him so much he wouldn't give her the pleasure to tell her that he got some money saved up! Anyhow, why should he?

"After a little while there was a big real-estate boom in the Bronx, and people that had a little money bought lots and sold them, and bought lots again and sold them again. People just got crazy buying and selling. So Raphaelson listens to what people speak on Saturday at the synagogue and the next Saturday he goes out to the Bronx with a friend of his, a man from his own town, and buys for himself eight lots for two thousand dollars cash. And the wife don't know nothing about it. He comes home from the lawyer, and she thinks he has been in the synagogue and why was he so late and it is terrible. He says nothing, for he is a little sorry that he has given away the money; and maybe he will lose it all . . . who knows?

"It got to be very cold, and so Raphaelson begins to think if he gets a little profit from the property he will buy for himself a candy-store. And he loves to think about that so much, he sits outside later than ever. It keeps him warm. He even laughs when the wife nags. So it makes her more angry. Why does he laugh?

"A candy-store was the best thing on earth, he thinks. You could keep warm in the winter, and in the summer it was shady inside. When there are no customers you could sit down quietly and read the newspaper and see what's going on in the world, and not sit outside where the wind tears the paper from the hands and the fingers freeze, and the eyes become so full of tears you cannot see the letters. There was a candy-store across the street which was for sale for three thousand dollars. Raphaelson watched it and counted the customers going in, and figured and figured the profits when he will have the store.

"But it's winter yet. And nobody buys lots. So slowly, slowly, Raphael-

son talks to his wife and tells her that when business will be good and he will make a little money, he will buy a candy-store.

"May be the wife herself had thought about a candy-store! For a pushcart was no business; and soon there will be a child. But when Chaim had said candy-store she jumped up in the air. No candy-store! 'A candy-store you want!' She would not have a candy-store if it was given to her for nothing.

"'A candy-store! No candy-store as long as I am alive!'

"And so the whole winter it was a great party in Raphaelson's home. The minute he came home the wife began to talk about candy-store. If he wasn't satisfied with the food she said how could it be good when he wanted a candy-store? If the tea was cold she said how could it be warm if he wanted a candy-store? And if business wasn't so good she said it was so because his head was not at the pushcart no more; that it was in the air instead of being six feet underground.

"When spring came and it got a little warmer, it was busy again in real estate. And the boom in the Bronx is great. People buy, sell, buy, sell. One day the president of the congregation, who had made lots of money in real estate, called Raphaelson to his home for tea. After the Sabbath was over, when the first star had come out, he said to Raphaelson:

"'How about your lots in the Bronx?' And just like that, without much words, he says, 'I know what you paid for the parcels. I give you a thousand dollars' profit, which makes three thousand dollars right away, cash money.'

"Raphaelson gets almost crazy. A thousand dollars' profit! And the first words he wants to say is, 'Show me the cash,' but he has been already two years in this country, and is no longer such a greenhorn. And so he says, 'Four thousand dollars. Not a penny less.'

"When he heard his own voice saying the words, he almost dropped dead. How could he have said four thousand dollars when the other said three!

"Three thousand, two hundred. Three thousand, three hundred. Three thousand, five hundred, the other offers. Raphaelson trembles, but he says four thousand or nothing. And so he goes home covered with cold sweat, but he won't sell for less. He sits at the pushcart but he sees himself the owner of a candy-store. May be he can buy the candy-store for two thousand, five hundred; may be two thousand. He got courage now. He will bargain. He will have yet money in the bank and everything! What a clever business man he was!

"But he watches the door and hopes that may be the president is going to come to his home. And may be he won't come! May be the whole thing was only to make fun of him. For why should they give him three thousand, five hundred dollars for lots in the Bronx? If the lots were so good why had the president not bought them before, when he has bought them? So he thought.

"To make a long story short, the president came. Rifka calls her husband, and he sits down with the president at the same table in the front room, and Raphaelson stretches out his legs like he was a great man already; and he talks to the president of the congregation like they were both presidents and he was not a pushcart peddler and the other a great business man.

"Well, nu," the president says. "So four thousand is four thousand, and let's shake hands on that. Here is a hundred dollars on account. And on Monday we go to the lawyer to settle the business and you get the money. Raphaelson," he says, "you will go far in America. Yes, you will go far."

"Rifka, Mrs. Raphaelson, stood at the door. She didn't mix in when two men talked. But when she heard lots in the Bronx, a hundred dollars account, four thousand dollars, she takes off the apron and springs in, 'What is it? I, too, want to know. I am his wife, am I not?'

"You don't know, my good woman? Why, your husband is a clever business

man in America. He pays two thousand dollars for lots in the Bronx last fall, and I give him four thousand for them to-day. I give him a hundred dollars on account, and on Monday we go to the lawyer to settle the business.'

"Two thousand dollars he has invested and I didn't know nothing about it," she says. And she starts up. So the president gives him the hundred dollars, takes no receipt for the money, for a word is a word, and runs out. He doesn't want to see no trouble between husband and wife.

"And when Raphaelson had explained how he had saved the two thousand dollars to make her a surprise, she doesn't believe a word he says. She cries and cries because he had saved money and she didn't know. That she had also saved up a few dollars, that he didn't know and she didn't tell him.

"What are you going to do with the four thousand dollars?" she asks, wiping her tears.

"The candy-store! I'll buy the candy-store across the street where three hundred customers go in every day.'

"Nu, nu; such a thing was in that house! A hundred cossacks could not have made more noise. The fire engines could not have made more noise. He said he would do nothing else but buy a candy-store, and she swears that she would sooner die than have a candy-store. Such a Saturday night it was in that house! And such a Sunday it was in that house! Raphaelson feels he got already four thousand dollars, so he says to his wife, 'I am the boss. It is my money! I will do what I want.'

"So you should have seen the plates fly! Whatever came under her hands she threw at his head. And such a Sunday that was! She came out to the pushcart to quarrel with him, customers or no customers.

"On Monday Raphaelson dresses up and goes to the lawyer to settle the business. So the lawyer says, 'You got to have the wife's signature to the deed.' When the lawyer says they got to have



the wife's signature, Chaim Raphaelson felt so bad they had to bring him a glass of water.

"But he goes home and tries to talk to his wife nice and tries to explain. But absolutely he wants a candy-store! And she absolutely does not want it! The lawyer comes to see her, the president of the congregation comes to talk to her. No, no, no! She won't sign the papers. So that is how it was in America. Husbands couldn't buy no candy-stores if the wives don't want to. Long live Columbus!

"And Raphaelson, you should see him! He dies for anger. But what the Talmud says is right, 'Nothing is worse than a nagging wife.'

"She swears by her mother and by her father she wouldn't sign. First, because he hadn't told her of the two thousand dollars he had invested, and second, because he wants a candy-store. And so the lawyer and the president go away, and leave husband and wife alone that he should convince her.

"But such a woman she was! Convince her! Convince her if you can! It passes a day, and it passes two. And they quarrel in the house; and she comes and quarrels with him near the pushcart even when customers are there; and her voice is heard louder than the cries of the express drivers and the fire engines and the whistles from the boats on the East River.

"And so Raphaelson thinks and thinks; and one day he goes to the bank, and takes out one hundred and sixty-five dollars that he still had and she didn't know, and disappears in the world, leaving lots, pushcart, wife, and house.

"Then you should have seen Mrs. Raphaelson! She cried to everybody that she had been the best wife to him. She looked for him right. She looked for him left. But no Raphaelson! So she advertised in the papers, 'Chaim, come back! I will let you have a candy-store and everything you want.' But no Raphaelson!

"So everybody took pity on her and

thinks Raphaelson was a bad man. A man that leaves his wife alone just when she has got to give birth to a child was a bad man. But no Raphaelson! The wife stays at the pushcart, and soon she gives birth to two children all at once. And people think, how will she live? When winter comes and it is cold outside, she, too, looks across the street to the candy-store. And so with the little bit of money she had saved that Raphaelson didn't know, and selling the merchandise he had left, and with a little bit of credit, she bought the candy-store for two thousand dollars. And it was a good buy. Three hundred customers a day and the mothers from the street telling the children when they gave them a cent, buy from Mrs. Raphaelson whose husband had run away! The man who had a candy-store two doors away went bankrupt because Raphaelson had run away from his wife!

"The children got to be a year old. The children got to be two years old. The children got to be three years old. And no Raphaelson! And such fine children they were!

"She publishes the picture of the two children in the papers. 'Chaim Raphaelson,' she writes, 'come back to your wife and children and the candy-store, which is prospering every day.' But no Raphaelson! Like the earth had swallowed him up. And it passes another year and another year and another year; and it is already seven years that Raphaelson has gone away. And no sign from him.

"And so people begin to say may be he died. For what sort of a father wouldn't come home to his wife and children for seven years? And a lawyer says may be he can fix it. A husband who doesn't come home in seven years is may be dead, says the law. She is a young woman yet, and has only two children, and she can get married yet. She has a good business which brings in a hundred dollars a week. She says, 'No.' And when she says no, it means no. She knows now that Chaim was right when

he spoke about a candy-store; so she doesn't want to believe that he was dead. If he was dead, she cries, then she has killed him. So she tells her children about the wonderful father they got, but who was lost and will come back. And the tears she has in her eyes every day!

"It is now eight years since he left. One morning, when it was very cold outside, Mrs. Raphaelson opens the door to a man who was knocking. It was Chaim. But what a Chaim! The mustache shaven, and he looked like someone had just taken him out from the grave. She gives one loud shriek and runs to him with the arms open to kiss him.

"Chaim, Chaim, my Chaim!" she cries.

"But Chaim holds her away with the hands like this, from far, and says:

"Wait a minute. Will you sign the papers?"

"I will sign," she cries. "I will sign a thousand papers."

"And a candy-store I get afterwards," he says, as he lets her come nearer, and people collect at the door.

"You already got one," she cries.

"But he wouldn't hear it. 'Will I get a candy-store for me alone?'"

"Sure!" she cries. "Two candy-stores."

"And then only he kisses her, and looks at the children. Two nice babies. Twins. And she tells them, 'Look, this is your papa. The papa that was lost and came back!'"

"In five minutes the whole street knew that Raphaelson has come back. And such a joy it was on Hester Street! People came in to buy cigarettes just to have a look at him. They took in more money that day than in a week. And already people began to make up stories as to why he has been away. And the door opened and closed and opened and closed.

"Hello, Raphaelson!"

"Sholom, Raphaelson!"

"People he had left with beards are shaven, and people he had left with black hair are gray and bent. 'Hello, Raphaelson!'"

"Late in the night they sit down, Chaim and his wife, alone, and he says to her:

"You started it because you didn't want to sign the papers at the lawyer."

"And she says, 'You started it because you bought the lots and I didn't know.'"

"He says she started it, she says he started it, so they started to quarrel again; and as he got already the habit of going away, he took his hat and was going away already again. She yells. The children get up and begin to cry, and it is peace again.

"Early in the morning in comes the president of the congregation. He is no longer president of that congregation. He lives uptown already and he has cut his beard and his mustache and looks a little like an actor. And he talks English only. Ah, but such English like Raphaelson talks already, he doesn't!

"The minute Rifka sees him and recognizes him, she says, 'Mr. President, I sign!'"

"So the president says, 'My car is outside. Let's go to the lawyer right away.'"

"Wait a minute," says Raphaelson, "wait a minute; how much?"

"Five thousand dollars," says the president, "like before."

"Raphaelson looks at Rifka; she is dressed already ready to go. 'What's the hurry, Rifka? He didn't buy it yet,' he says. 'Wait a minute. Come to-morrow, Mr. President. I am busy now. I just came from the West, you know. Come to-morrow. I must go first and see the property for which I paid such taxes every year. Such taxes, and every year more, like it was gold and not dirt in the lots,' he says. 'Five thousand dollars, eh? like before, eh? You are very good, thank you!'"

"When the president goes away, the wife says, 'Chaim, you fool, he has forgotten it was only four thousand! To-morrow he will remember may be.'"

"You begin again!" Raphaelson tells her.



"So he dresses himself up and goes to the Bronx. And what does he see? All around his eight lots, houses! stores! The streets are paved! Children! It is lively! Everywhere apartment houses and stores. And his lots in the middle! The only empty lots in that street, and people building everywhere. Houses with elevators and marble doors!

"Eight years in the Bronx was like five hundred years in Russia. Children who get what to eat grow up and get married. His lots were full of baby carriages in the sun, like it was a park.

"To make a long story short, Raphaelson got fifty thousand dollars for those lots a week after he had come home.

"When the wife has signed the deed and the certified check was deposited in the bank Mrs. Raphaelson looks at her husband and says with a smile:

"Well, Chaim, who started it? I started it!"

"Raphaelson, who only yesterday was ready to leave the house when she had said he had started it, says with great pride, 'I started! Who went away from home—you or I, eh? I started it!'

"You see, the Talmud says that nothing is worse in the world than a nagging wife. If Rifka had not been a

nagging wife, they would have sold the lots for four thousand dollars. And there would never have been a firm like Raphaelson & Company, novelties and jewelry, to-day.

"So when you ask me, what is the secret of my success, I say I don't know. For if you ask Raphaelson, does he know what is the secret of his success? He thinks that he was a smart business man!

"I know another man who had a great success in business because he made a mistake and said 'No,' when he wanted to say 'Yes.' But that story I will tell when Samuelson retires and you give him a banquet."

And then I said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and sat down. There wasn't so much applause. The photographer forgot to shoot the picture. The reporters who had come to write down my speech for the papers chewed their pencils and my wife looked at me quickly from the side and said, so that nobody and everybody could hear:

"Such a speech you delivered, full with advice, nu, nu! And you expected to have it in the papers. If a nagging wife can make a man be a business success, I'll make you be Rockefeller—yet!"



## THESE ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

BY E. E. FREE

**N**O ONE knows when doctors first began to trust the sun. Herodotus found the sun bath already ancient custom. In the hillside health temple of the Greek island of Cos twenty-four centuries ago—the combined French Lick, Mayo clinic, and Monte Carlo of its time—the father of Hippocrates, properly the Grandfather of Medicine since his son was to be its sire, taught the uses of sunlight to his more famous offspring.

Even that was not the beginning. Ten centuries earlier the fanatic sun-worship of that tragic genius, the Pharaoh Iknaton, first of all the world to believe that men might find a god content to let them think, must have been based on sure knowledge that sunlight gave men health. All his pathetic life Iknaton was ill. His adored sunlight, if it might not cure completely the gland disorder of his birth, perhaps kept him alive and active long enough to leave his mark on history perhaps graven more deeply than that of any other.

Modern devotees of sun cures are really but one step beyond Hippocrates of Cos; they have slave suns who do as they are bid. Stronger suns, too; for many of the modern lamps emitting the supposed health-giving rays possess the somewhat doubtful advantage of being many times more powerful than is even summer sunlight at noon. The sun-ray worshippers of 1928 need not journey to open hillside temples or build solaria in which to lure the sun. Thanks to the artificial sun-ray lamps, the modern devotee can snap his god on or off with

a switch; can toast his back in solar godliness while he takes his morning shave.

The invention of these artificial-sun-lamps—articles that threaten soon to be household furniture as common as vacuum cleaners—sprang from relatively modern discoveries about ultraviolet rays. To Hippocrates or Iknaton sunlight seemed, doubtless, to be one simple thing, an effluvium poured out by the unreachable godhead in the sky. A few observant Roman naturalists noticed the curious fringes of color sometimes produced by triangular bits of glass. In some incomprehensible fashion the glass was supposed to create these colors in the light rays that traversed it. It remained for Sir Isaac Newton, in an investigation still hailed by physicists as one of the world's great models of scientific research, to prove that white light is a masquerade; that it consists, in reality, of all the separate colors of what we now call the spectrum.

A lifetime later Sir William Herschel, a German-English music teacher whose curiosity and homemade telescope made him, quite unexpectedly, the world's greatest astronomer, let this same insatiable curiosity lead him, again quite unexpectedly, to the next great discovery about light. Trying his thermometer one day in the different colors of the spectrum of sunlight to see which of them would prove to be the hottest, Herschel happened to think of giving the thermometer a chance when placed outside the colored strip altogether, beyond the end where the red color ceased. To his delighted surprise, the thermometer got hotter than ever,



proving that invisible, heat-producing rays exist in sunlight beyond the least refrangible visible ones of red. That was man's first clear discovery of any invisible ray. It was made in 1800.

Others were soon discovered at the other end of the spectrum, where the last of the visible rays were a thin but vivid violet. In 1801 a German chemist named Johann Wilhelm Ritter was testing the power of these extreme violet rays to blacken freshly precipitated silver chloride, the reaction destined to constitute, years later, the basis of photography. Mindful of Herschel's experiment, Ritter put a little of his silver chloride in the lightless region beyond the violet. The silver blackened even more rapidly than under visible light. That was the discovery of the ultraviolet rays, so called because they fall in the spectrum just beyond the violet. Herschel's rays were named the infra-red because they fall outside the opposite, red-colored end.

In 1872 John Tyndall took a short vacation from the Royal Institution in London, came to New York City and delivered at Cooper Union what proved to be the most famous scientific lectures ever given anywhere. A famous New York engineer told me not long ago how vividly he remembered Tyndall's remarkable experiments, how promptly they replaced his boyhood ambition to be a soldier with the determination to copy Tyndall instead of General Sherman and to be a scientist too.

Among Tyndall's apparatus was a lamp producing invisible ultraviolet rays, and solutions of quinine bark or of horse-chestnut shells which took on, under this invisible illumination, the beautiful bluish luminosities which still constitute the easiest tests for the rays. Printed in book form, Tyndall's lectures went through three large editions in a decade. Every teacher of physics in the world repeated the experiments before his classes. Since then all educated people have known that invisible ultraviolet rays exist.

## II

At first no one thought of connecting these physical discoveries with the ancient knowledge of sun cures. That bit of inspiration is to be credited, it seems, to the greatest of modern heliotherapists, the sane and kindly physician, Dr. Auguste Rollier, still the presiding genius of the sun-cure clinic at Leysin, Switzerland, which he founded twenty-five years ago.

Even before the Leysin clinic was under way, Doctor Rollier had noticed that the clear mountain air of the Alps apparently made sun baths more effective than they were in the lowlands—a fact perhaps well known to that elder Hippocrates whose temple-sanatorium straggled sunnily along the highest hills of Cos. Rollier could imagine only one sufficient reason for this advantage of mountain climates. It might be, he thought, that the invisible ultraviolet rays of sunlight were the things effective, at least partially, in the cures. It was already known that these rays were apt to be filtered out and lost in the thicker, murkier air of lower levels.

Even partial proof of this conjecture lagged for nearly twenty years. In 1919 Dr. Kurt Huldshinsky of Vienna suggested that rickets, the familiar bone-softening disease that used to sprinkle northern cities with bow-legged babies, could be cured by ultraviolet rays. Taken up by one of the ablest medical experimenters of America, Dr. Alfred F. Hess of New York City, the idea was promptly justified. In the beginning physicians were skeptical; Doctor Hess sometimes tells how older professional colleagues would pat him kindly on the back, gently chide his too-youthful enthusiasm, and dismiss his revolutionary idea as being hopelessly and completely wrong. It was even accused—this was two years after the end of the War—of being pro-German. If rickety babies were to be cured at all, the medical pundits insisted, it would be by the time-honored lime water and cod

liver oil; not by any newfangled, invisible rays.

Nevertheless, Doctor Hess and Doctor Huldshinsky and their presently numerous followers have proved their case. The ultraviolet rays do cure rickets. Furthermore, it is enough to apply these rays to the proper kinds of food, to be eaten later by the rickety child. What happens then—investigations of Doctor Hess, of Dr. Adolf Windaus of Goettingen and of others leave no room to doubt—is that the invisible ultraviolet rays have power to produce, either in suitable food materials or in the living skin of the baby, an activated chemical which turns out to be one of the mysterious vitamins discovered several years earlier in some kinds of natural foods. This ray-created vitamin is really what stimulates the baby's bones to harden properly and thus cures the rickets. This explains, incidentally, the cures frequently obtained, before rays or vitamins were dreamed of, by the old-fashioned remedy of cod liver oil. That familiar household medicament, whose taste still casts shadows over many a childhood memory, contains, when suitably prepared, precisely this same vitamin which ultraviolet rays produce in suitable foods or in the human skin. This indubitable cure of rickets by ultraviolet rays is the chief reason why every well-equipped baby hospital now possesses at least one ultraviolet lamp.

Back in 1901 Peter Cooper Hewitt, experimenting in his secluded laboratory in the tower of the Madison Square Garden, discovered that when electricity passed through the vapor of quicksilver in a glass tube it caused a brilliant light. These lamps suffered, however, from a serious difficulty. When the lamp was forced to full brilliance its glass tube got hot and melted. To avoid this Doctor Hewitt made a more heat-resistant tube of quartz, the common mineral known as rock crystal.

There was an unexpected sequel. Assistants working near the new quartz lamp woke up in the middle of the follow-

ing night with pains in their eyes. The next morning every one of them had a violent case of sunburn. They were the first victims of "Klieg eyes," now a familiar malady of motion picture actors who have looked too long at arc lamps when they are bright. Invisible ultraviolet rays, to which Doctor Hewitt's new quartz tube was transparent, whereas the glass tubes had been opaque, escaped from the glowing mercury inside the lamps and bit the innocent bystanders, precisely as a powerful ultraviolet lamp in a modern hospital may bite its attendants or its patients if care is lacking. Thus Cooper Hewitt discovered that his electric quicksilver lamps were the most powerful known sources of ultraviolet rays.

Less powerful than these, but still providing stronger ultraviolet rays than average sunlight, are the lamps in which electric arcs play between two rods of carbon, like the old-fashioned arc lamps once used on city streets. Sometimes these carbon arcs for ultraviolet use contain electrodes chemically impregnated with cerium or iron or other elements, designed to make the arc emit still more of the ultraviolet rays or to make its rays resemble, as closely as may be possible, the natural rays of the sun. There is now no doubt that rays from either the quicksilver lamp or the carbon-arc will cure rickets if properly and sufficiently used. There is equally no doubt that these lamps may do serious, even fatal, harm if used improperly; the precise line between danger and benefit depending both on the lamp and on the patient.

Fortunately, many of the alleged sun lamps and ray lamps of dozens of kinds and titles now being hurried out on the American market will damage nothing but the purchaser's pocketbook. This is especially true of the cheapest ones. These do not emit any ultraviolet rays at all; or at best their rays are not far enough beyond the visible end of the spectrum to have the powerful bodily effects of the totally invisible, more



refrangible rays which cure rickets. To make a real ultraviolet lamp, like the quicksilver ones or the best of the carbon-arcs, needs money and manufacturing skill. These devices can never be really cheap.

The numerous cheap lamps, for example, consisting of tungsten filaments in glass bulbs, like overgrown electric lamps of ordinary type, are fortunately unable to emit more than the smallest and safest traces of the ultraviolet rays. For one thing, the hot tungsten filament does not generate the ultraviolet rays except infinitesimally. For another, the glass bulbs will not allow these rays to get out. What the lamps do emit is heat and, however beneficial or useless this heat may be for the kind of cure attempted, it will not burn anybody without his knowing it; something which real ultraviolet lamps delight to do, as does the sun himself if you expose your winter-paled skin too long the first summer's day that you visit the beach.

There is sure to be use for these real ultraviolet lamps in homes as well as in hospitals. The necessary caution is to let this future develop slowly and safely. Nitroglycerine, tamed in dynamite, has proved a useful tool, but if it were new in the world and purchasable by quarts at every drug store it would scarcely be the part of wisdom for everybody to take a pailful home for the children to play with. Ultraviolet rays are not so dangerous as nitroglycerine, but for an occasional patient, already weakened by febrile disease or for some reason especially susceptible, too much of the rays may be almost as fatal. There is ample justification for the medical opinion, officially expressed by a committee of the American Medical Association, that no ultraviolet appliance should be used by anybody until a competent physician has been consulted.

To buy an alleged ultraviolet lamp for less than ten dollars is probably safe enough physiologically, for in testing scores of such lamps one laboratory in New York has found none able to emit

enough real ultraviolet rays to damage a mouse. And if anybody can afford to pay more than ten dollars for an ultraviolet lamp he can well afford another ten in order to ask his physician first whether he really needs one and how he ought to use it.

Not many families are apt to need household ultraviolet lamps to cure rickets. Even now, rickets is a rare disease. It will become rarer as prosperity increases and food improves; for it is one of the "deficiency diseases" due to lack of necessary minerals or vitamins in the food. When physicians approve the household use of ultraviolet rays—eventually the sun god of every American bathroom—that will be because of other benefits these rays are believed to have on health.

### III

When Hippocrates' father stretched out his rows of portly Athenian business men on the porticoes at Cos he probably had no thought of rickets. Indeed, the Greek habits of loose clothing and frequent nakedness probably made them suffer less from that particular disorder than almost any other people. The object of Greek sun-therapy was the cure of other disease; like the truly marvelous cures of bone tuberculosis worked by Doctor Rollier, the similar benefits in cases of pulmonary tuberculosis observed repeatedly by Dr. Edward R. Baldwin, Dr. Edgar Mayer, and others at Saranac Lake, the analogous successes of Doctor Kellogg at Battle Creek and Doctor LoGrasso and others at Perrysburg; finally (to shorten a list that might run on interminably) the relief of painful and crippling arthritis now being accomplished by Dr. Bernard Wyatt and his associates in the new Desert Sanatorium at Tucson.

Just why these cures take place nobody knows. A simple theory like that of the vitamins for rickets is lacking. It is true that ultraviolet rays are powerful germicides when germs are

freely exposed to them; that is the reason for the use of quartz-tube quicksilver lamps to sterilize the water in swimming pools or to decrease the numbers of living germs in drinking water or in milk. Exposure of the human body to the rays seems also to increase slightly the normal germ-killing power of the blood but this cannot be because rays kill bodily germs directly, unless in ulcers on the very surface of the skin. It is reasonably certain, indeed, that ultraviolet rays penetrate human skin only to a tiny fraction of an inch. Living germs would be safe and sheltered below, just as are the body's living cells.

Many possible interpretations might be offered for these facts and for the hundreds of others which lie, still unexplained, on the tables of the somewhat bewildered experts. It may be years before some genius at imaginative synthesis brings all of them together into a new generalization about the physical or chemical effects of ultraviolet rays on life. In the meantime an interesting suggestion seems to be gaining ground. This is that ultraviolet rays heal by beginning to kill.

A severe sunburn is all anyone needs to convince him that ultraviolet rays can kill living cells. It is these invisible rays in sunlight that cause nearly all of the sunburn. This burn can be prevented, for example, by a thin layer of skin cream containing that same horse-chestnut chemical which Professor Tyndall used, or containing any other substance which will absorb the ultraviolet rays almost completely while allowing the visible light to pass. Without some such protection, either sunlight or the more powerful rays from a quicksilver lamp will actually kill the living cells of the skin much as though they were burnt with a hot iron.

In the skin this means reddening and blisters and finally the slow growth of new skin beneath. In the whole body it means nervousness and perhaps fever and other symptoms of poisoning, mild or severe, depending upon the depth of

the skin injury and the area of skin destroyed. The most dangerous feature of burns due to ordinary heat is not, physicians say, the mere loss of skin but is the poisoning of the whole system by waste products set free, like toxic fumes from a fire, from the skin cells that die. Everything indicates that precisely the same kind of poisoning by skin death explains the symptoms of severe sunburn or of injuries by too powerful ultraviolet rays.

Perhaps this explains the benefits also. The first action of a poison is not infrequently a bodily stimulation—an effective alarm, so to speak, rousing the germ-fighting police to defend the body, the street cleaning department to get rid of the offending materials, the bodily fire department to fight the conflagration from which the poisoning comes. Certainly something like this is true of drug poisons, like strychnine; for the effect of small doses is usually a quickening of many bodily activities. Something similar is true, too, of the bodily effects of germs; for no sooner have the first squirts of germ poison been set free from an infection into the blood than the heart begins to beat faster; the temperature of the blood begins to rise; the glands, Dr. C. E. de M. Sajous believes, begin to work more actively at their controlling and protective jobs. Everything begins to move precisely as we should expect were a competent policing and waste-removing officer beginning to get into action.

Suppose that a human being is vaguely ill—not victim of any well-defined disease but merely feeling generally below par. Suppose that you poison him slightly with mild sunburn by ultraviolet rays. What more natural than that the mild poisoning will wake up his sluggish departments of waste disposal and bodily defense? That theory is probably the best that can now be formulated of why ultraviolet rays are often found helpful in so many varied diseases: to prevent habitual colds, for



example, or to rescue scalps from threatened baldness, or to save Doctor Rollier's pathetic child patients whose bones are destroyed with germs of tuberculosis.

This theory might explain, also, why it is that too much ultraviolet sunburn is so dangerous, and why the dose of the rays that one person finds safe and beneficial may prove injurious to another. Such thin-edged balances between benefit and damage would depend, it is clear, upon two variables: the rapidity with which each patient's skin cells are killed by the rays and the efficiency of his bodily system for waste removal, probably chiefly the blood and the kidneys. But all these speculations about the why and how of ultraviolet actions are not really very useful until the experimenters shall have had time to provide another substantial installment of indubitable facts.

#### IV

A few practical questions are less conveniently postponed. What is to be believed, for example, about the propaganda for thinner and fewer clothes; about the hatless habit; about darkly sunburnt arms and shoulders and sheer-stockinged legs promised for next season by prophets of feminine fashions? Is the habit of unclothed sun bathing which persistently makes headway in Europe despite convulsions of the mores to be deemed scientifically respectable or the reverse?

On the whole the answer of science must be that anything which relieves the human skin from its role of a shameful secret is worth helping. Like cock-tails to the unaccustomed, sun baths are best begun not too many at a time. Except for this, they have few dangers; for the strongest possible natural sunlight is still too weak to do real harm to well-tanned human hides. Only those few individuals who are abnormally sensitive need seriously beware; the pink-skinned, for example, who never tan but merely burn repeatedly, or those curious indi-

viduals, usually women, who fall victim in brightly lighted countries to what is called the "desert madness," fleeing insanely from noonday sunlight to hide in cellars or wherever else it is dark. Compared with corsets or street-sweeping skirts or choker collars—to mention only three among recent memorable monstrosities—the cult of the sunburnt shoulder is veritable worship of health. It is probable that the mere increase of sunlight, as much or more than air or exercise, explains the benefits of golf. It would be better still, everything in modern physiology indicates, if most of the world's work could be done out of doors and much of it, at least in summer, out of clothes.

Unfortunately, that is a council of impracticable perfection. Authors, for example, cannot write comfortably among the insects in the garden, however alluring the scheme may sound when still untried. A wind-swept, rain-sprinkled counting house would be unsafe for paper money and sadly gummy for the stamps. Houses must continue, one imagines, a necessary armor for our homes. To fit them with ray-transparent windows is an expedient not to be wholly recommended. One type of glasslike material is capable, it is true, of admitting all of the ultraviolet rays in sunshine or skyshine that strive to enter. This material is fused, clear quartz. Unfortunately, its cost is still prohibitive: hundreds of dollars for a window two or three feet square.

Among twenty or thirty other window glasses offered or recommended as allowing all of the sunlight to pass, one kind admits about eight-tenths of the ultraviolet rays. Others admit as little as three per cent. The average of the glasses chiefly advertised is about twenty-five per cent, at least after a few weeks' exposure. Most of these glasses undergo, by the action of sunlight itself, internal chemical changes like that which gives to ordinary glass lying for years in sunlight its beautiful faint purple tint that every desert traveler has remarked.

These changes decrease the transparency for ultraviolet rays.

On top of all this, the benefits of windows to admit the rays apply chiefly to people who have time to sit always directly inside them, in the full rays of the entering sun. A percentage of the ultraviolet rays in sunshine is scattered and reflected, it is true, by the clouds, dust and gas atoms in the air, so that daylight from any quarter of the sky contains more of these rays than might be imagined. Even windows which face the north sky and into which direct sunlight never penetrates do admit a modicum of these skyshine rays. Up to the present, tests made of the average intensity of this skyshine ultraviolet have been too few to permit definite pronouncements; but there is no reason to doubt the common-sense conclusion that radiation thus received through windows not facing the sun is never more than a small percentage of that which enters in direct solar beams.

Dr. Janet H. Clark of Johns Hopkins University made tests not long ago in which a chemical indicator of ultraviolet-ray intensity was exposed inside an ordinary room in places where school pupils or office stenographers might reasonably be expected to have their desks. To admit all rays conceivably available, the windows were taken out altogether. The results showed that rays received by a person working all day in such an average room would be exceeded in quantity by two minutes of outdoor sunlight at noon. Instead of depending on any kind of ray-transparent window, a better plan would be to spend a few minutes in the outdoor sun. If a whole wall or a

part of a roof can be glazed with panes transparent to the rays, as has been done in some sanatoria and in one or two nurseries for sickly children, the benefits may be greater; especially if panes of clear quartz become cheaper, as there is good hope that they soon will.

Worst of all obstacles against ultraviolet rays for city dwellers is the smoke—a virtually impenetrable pall to these rays and one which robs the street levels of such cities as New York and Chicago, measurements show, of more than three-fourths of the rays which otherwise they would receive.

Just how much daily dosage of ultraviolet rays the average person needs to keep healthy physiologists do not yet know. Probably it varies with the individual. Anyway, it will harm no one to sit on the front porch in the sunlight whenever possible, as no doubt Hippocrates did between office hours at Cos. It will do no harm to let an arm or leg peep out occasionally, as the clothes of Hippocrates' day made unusually convenient. Perhaps it does good, too, that masculine moderns have escaped from hair and whiskers, a precaution which Hippocrates, if portraiture is trustworthy, regarded with conspicuous neglect.

If that is not enough; if your physician finds signs of ultraviolet starvation, there are still the remedies of the beach and half a bathing suit in summer, of the outdoor sun bath when that is practicable, of the carefully used ultraviolet lamp indoors. The sun god is a potentate unusually complacent. If you cannot visit him *au naturel* he will send a deputy to live with you at home.





## WHY HOLD BACK THE CHILDREN?

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

**I**T WAS Bernard Shaw, I think, who first suggested that human beings did not live long enough—though unlike myself he offered no practical solution to the difficulty. Some disaster—probably the medical profession—appears to have overtaken the race, so that from the state of well-adjusted Methuselahs, satisfied at the age of some odd hundreds to shuffle off these mortal coils, we have shrivelled to shabby inhibited butterflies, doomed to three-score years and ten at best, and so frustrated and confined by the narrow space of our existence and so hag-ridden by the fear of death, that we don't know how to live at all.

There seems to be a good deal to be said for the idea. At least, anyone can see that we don't know how to live. And considering the time allowed us to find out, we can hardly be blamed for giving the problem up as hopeless and ourselves to a wild dervish dance of futilities. Taking three-score years and ten as a very handsome average, we have to subtract, as things go, twenty years of preparation for this world and ten of preparation for the next. Of the forty years left to us to investigate our bewildering surroundings, our amazing fellow-creatures, and our still more amazing selves, at least thirty are given over to what we call, oddly enough, "making a living." It is true that we do what we can, in our spare time, to live. But naturally it is not a success. We make ourselves vague promises regarding the day when we shall really start in seriously. But as a matter of fact the day never comes. Or if it does

come, it comes too late. The world is too vast a proposition to be looked over in a few months or even years. It is a life's study, at least, and we haven't got even half a life to give to it. We are driven, therefore, to ignore it altogether and to whirl round earnestly in our own little individual orbit until such time as death throws in the inevitable monkey-wrench. As a further consequence, the majority of us enter the grave very much as we left our mother's womb, without the faintest notion of what it has all been about. And our description of our late residence, if anybody on the other side asked us for it, would be as misleading and prejudiced and unfair as our description to our friends of the foreign countries we had visited in our earthly vacations.

There would be less to lament if we ourselves were satisfied with the situation. But we are not. Some of us are so unhappy about it that we take to drink or commit suicide. We are like hungry seekers after knowledge set down in a magnificent library with half an hour to get what we can out of it and who in sheer despair take up the newspaper or go to sleep. We are aware of a fabulous wealth of interest about us. But the clock hands are whirling on their axis and the grim-faced taxi-driver assures that he will not wait a minute longer. Of what use to pull the books out of their shelves? Better to pretend that they are not worth reading.

A very few of us are born with a sort of burglarous instinct for breaking into the library early. These are naturally rather disreputable people who run away from

home in infancy to keep on running until they tumble into a pauper's grave. Compared to the serious citizens who go backwards and forwards from their homes to their business, growing richer and more important with every lost year of life, they are as the substance to the shadow. They are the real Men of the World. But they are few and far between and so contrary to the accepted notion of good citizens that they are regarded with wonder or disapproval. The fact that when the pauper's grave closes over them it closes over men who have really seen and experienced the world they lived in and who are, therefore, satisfied either to rest or to move on to a bigger adventure does not occur to the superior people who pay the poor taxes. None the less, the latter are not at ease about themselves. When grand old Trader Horn comes along they are filled with an obscure envy and dissatisfaction. If only they had had more time—time to combine life with making a living. They comfort themselves sadly, "Well, one can't do everything."

Thus it seems that the brevity of our existence is its real tragedy. With two or three hundred years ahead of us we could afford to live. Our present activities and distresses would appear in their full insignificance, and we could give ourselves over to a thorough clear-visioned survey of humanity and our universe. The mere losing of a fortune or a job, the possession of a disagreeable wife or an unfaithful husband would be mere trifles by the wayside, because nothing would last long enough to matter anyway. No human being could endure the same occupation or the same country or the same face at breakfast for three hundred years without losing his reason. So that our whole conception of permanence, importance, and morality would have to be thoroughly revised and brought up to date. We should cease fussing about trifles. We should have time to give attention to important matters. And in the end, having thoroughly digested this world, we should

really deserve the R.I.P. which at present derides our unsatisfied dead.

## II

Not that there is much hope of attaining this desirable longevity. For one thing, the doctors seem all against it and, for another, most people will tell you sincerely that they don't want it, which, for reasons already indicated, is quite understandable. For they are visualizing life in its present terms. They are thinking of their relations, their friends, their beloved country and the dear old homestead, and they know that two hundred years or so of these blessings would be more than could be endured. But if they had started life with time to spare they would never have made these things into important and distressing permanencies. The American husband, for instance, would look forward cheerfully from his villa in Brooklyn to the time when he would settle in Turkey as a pasha with a harem. This would make the villa and his family seem quite pleasant. Or the New York taxi-driver would visualize himself as chief of the Hottentots and, in view of this future release from the trammels of civilization, become an amiable and harmless citizen. In fact most of us, with time and opportunity to be all the people we potentially are, would become amiable and harmless and very much more intelligent. For one thing, we should become tolerant for the reason that we could not afford prejudices. To give another example, it would be unwise for ex-Mayor Thompson to be unkind about King George because it might easily happen that by the time ex-Mayor Thompson was a well-grown lad say of two hundred years his migrations and transformations would land him temporarily in the House of Lords. Mayor Thompson will deny this, but even he, if he had any imagination, might quail before the thought of three centuries of unmitigated Chicago.

It is certain, in fact, that we should



change our politics and our religions, together with our nationalities and families, at least once every fifty years. Even as it is most of us manage to squeeze in at least one re-shuffle; and the popularity of the practice has engendered a general increase of good-fellowing, so that opposing politicians, Catholics and Christian Scientists, ex-wives and husbands can dine together in the utmost friendliness. Few of us are able to believe anything for more than twenty years anyhow; and an extension of time would enable us to display our full versatility and a consequent toleration in matters of religion, nationality, and morals. Given a longer chance, even the Prohibitionist would cease from troubling. A drunkard could not remain a drunkard for three hundred years, and the Prohibitionist could not possibly keep on reforming him.

However, we are up against the difficulty that the longer chance is not likely to be vouchsafed us, and we confront the question—is there anything we can do about it? Can we by hook or crook prolong our experience of this world so that we can afford to take an intelligent interest in it?

### III

It is quite in accord with tradition that women should have been the first to tackle the problem. In spite of the home-shackles that have been imposed upon them and the weight of masculine ideas of what a woman should be, they have always been restless and inquisitive. I make bold to suggest that Eve ate the apple because it was the only way to get herself and the unenterprising Adam out of Paradise, and she was already heartily tired of the place. Home to the average woman, whether she admits it or not, is a place to escape from. Business cannot wholly absorb her. Her patriotism does not quench her eagerness to get out of her own country as often as she can manage it—and she adapts herself to foreign conditions with amiability and

alacrity. Divorce increases with her powers, and freedom to express herself reveals the fact that one home, one town, one country, and one husband is a conception of life that bores her to extinction. She thirsts for variety of experience and a first-hand knowledge of the world she lives in. It follows as a natural consequence that she has at last, as a result of flat and vigorous rebellion, extended her life by anything up to fifty years.

This is a demonstrable fact. When I was born forty-two years ago the ordinary prospect of a woman's life was about ten years. For twenty years she was kept in the nursery; for ten years—if she had luck—she lived in a fraction of the world as a more or less functioning adult—after which she settled down on the shelf or anywhere else where there was room for her, to a prolonged course of senile decay. What the average woman experienced outside the beatitudes of maternity and dishwashing could have been overlooked in a cocked hat. Mercifully for me, the revolution started at the psychological moment. By the time I was twenty bloomers had appeared and short skirts were on the horizon. Bonnets were out of date or most incongruously accompanied by cigarettes and hard swearing. Real old ladies were almost extinct. Now they are quite extinct. The modern woman lives until she dies. She knows nothing about age except that she realizes dimly that for a great part of her life she was very, very young—perhaps too young and for too long.

We must leave on one side the sad fact that her male companion has entirely ignored her discovery of the lost years and what can be done with them. He still persists in settling down and becoming bald and fat and forty. He still has no time, consequently, to be anything but what he was born, and he carries with him to his grave the ideas that were presented to him by his god-mother and godfather at the font. He is a slow creature at best and he allows

himself no time to change. One can only hope that sooner or later he will notice the new discovery and make use of it. Meantime the vital business of the discoverers is to look for improvements. Active life has been extended into what was once old age. Cannot it be extended in the other direction into the waste years of childhood?

#### IV

Now a great deal has been said and written about modern youth. The consensus of opinion seems to be that whatever else it is, it is modern. This is where I am compelled to differ. Present-day young men and women seem to me hopelessly behind the times, and modern children as outdated as crinolines. The mere fact that children are more studied, more fussed over or less fussed over according to the methods applied to their lucklessness, and that young men and women are now at liberty to indulge in drink and necking parties does not make them a whit less old-fashioned. The outstanding characteristic of our ancestors was that they wasted at least twenty years in a make-believe world preparing themselves for a make-believe life. And to my mind their descendants are doing neither more nor less. The Montessori child, the this-system or the other-system child, the cocktail-drinking young woman in her snappy roadster careering home in the early hours from the pink-lighted roadhouse is being prepared for just as blind and idiotic a middle-age as any Victorian. None of these systems or ways of youth has any relation to real life, and all one can wish for their victims is that they will stay in ignorance of what they are missing in this world until they are safely out of it. But in fact they don't—or at least not quite. They are sufficiently aware of the potential wonders in themselves and in the world about them to be obscurely but dangerously exasperated. They want to live vitally; and they know that the most

significant years have been already wasted in futilities and that there is no time left for anything but routine existence alleviated by bursts of misdirected energy. They may be Londoners, Parisians, or New Yorkers. But they can never be men and women of the world. The world is too big and they have started too late.

#### V

To support my own theory of life, I must produce witnesses. And it happens that my chief witness is myself.

When I was eight years my father presented me with a bicycle. And when I had learned to ride it—I took most of my preliminary canters in Regent Street, free-wheeling gaily in and out of the horse-busses and profane hansom-cab drivers—he put money in my purse and told me to go and have a look at the surrounding country. At the age of ten, except that I could read fluently and write after a fashion, I was quite uneducated. On the other hand, there was not a town or village or lane within fifty miles of London that I did not know as I knew my own street. There were few inns and public-houses where I had not been at one time or another an honored, if unusual, guest. At the age of eleven I set out with my bicycle, my bundle, a fraternal blessing reinforced by a five-pound note, and came by devious ways to the University Arms, Cambridge, and there ordered my room and my dinner with the sang-froid of the seasoned traveler that I was. I forgot what reception my precocity received. I was so convinced of the usualness of my proceedings that astonishment would have surprised me, and I have no doubt that my masterly and composed manner induced respectful reticence. I remember that I stayed a week, spending my days exploring the country round and my evenings at the local theater and a traveling circus. I made many friends in the course of my wanderings—mostly of a low-class male persuasion—and it was my special pride to “take on” the



sturdiest cyclist and beat him on the steepest hills—a challenge that often ended amiably with bread and cheese shared at the nearest pub. I admit to an occasional accident, due to rash trick riding, and a few consequent cuts and bruises. But as I thereby learned not to cry from pain and not to be afraid, the experience came in useful. As to my fellow-creatures, not the scurviest tramp among them treated me other than with decent good-fellowship.

In the course of our travels my chance friends told me of their lives and stories of adventure and hints as to the best roads and the best inns where one could get ham and eggs and a cup of coffee, all hot and fresh, for sixpence. From them I learned the meaning of hunger and bad times and many of the complications of human relationships. Those childhood days, set though they were in the midst of much grim distress, remain in my mind as the best, the freest, and in some ways the most real of all my life.

When I was twelve my father, who evidently thought it was time for me to spread my wings a little, gave me a hundred pounds and a round-trip ticket to Norway. Until quite recently I possessed my diary of that adventure. The spelling was atrocious, the observations shrewd and vivid and expressed with a simplicity and force of which subsequent education, alas, deprived me. I chose to stop off at Trondhjem and return by a later boat. As usual, I had made friends with my fellow-travelers and, more especially, with a youth who, misled by my precocity and encouraged by my apparently unprotected state, had had to be firmly snubbed. My knowledge of life, however, gave me a cool and complete control over the situation, and he became as a consequence an excellent playfellow. Indeed, touched by his respectful attitude, I wandered down from my hotel at midnight to say good-by to him and to such of the crew and passengers as had become my favorites, and subsequently lost my way home. Since I could not

speak Norwegian and had forgotten the name of my hotel, I spent the night exploring the docks and streets of Trondhjem and only with the dawn and by good luck stumbled upon my headquarters. It was the only time I can remember feeling faintly disconcerted.

In the intervals between my travels I read and wrote. I produced several newspapers and wrote uncounted short stories—of one of these T. P. O'Connor in the Sunday paper that he then edited spoke very highly, though he recommended a course of spelling as a preliminary to a great career. (It gave me a peculiar pleasure that he should have reviewed, also favorably, my last novel, written some thirty odd years later.) I read everything I could lay hands on—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, Du Maurier, Oscar Wilde, Dante, and all the vulgar comics of the day. I devoured cheap candy and *The Heavenly Twins*—a scandalous novel long since forgotten and unknown to my contemporaries—and thus made acquaintance with what was then euphemistically termed "The Wages of Sin." I patronized the British Museum and wrote a text book (unpublished) on the Ptolemies. I visited the theaters, coming home at midnight across an open park and letting myself in with my own latch-key. I saw Ellen Terry, Irving, Coquelin, and Bernhardt in their prime. I saw W. G. Grace send the ball over the Pavilion at Lords—a privilege which will mean nothing to Americans but which fills right-minded Englishmen with awe and envy and, I am glad to say, incredulity. I learned of injustice and corruption in high places through the "*affaire Dreyfus*" and became a passionate and articulate defender of that unfortunate gentleman. I witnessed, with the Diamond Jubilee, the passing of an era to which I had consciously and intelligently belonged.

I need hardly say that my father was unusual and his own career even more so. My home life amplified my personal experiences. Eventually however I was

sent to school and wasted several years acquiring so-called knowledge which, like most educated people, I promptly and efficiently forgot. Nevertheless, it was a useful experience. It revealed to me, for one thing, that there were a number of very queer people in the world and that I must be prepared to put up with them. Also that, from their point of view, I was rather queer myself. My teachers considered me slow and backward. I considered them borderland cases and my fellow-pupils as beneath contempt. Thanks to a greater initiative and better physical development, I could beat them at all their games, and their form of intelligence seemed to me puerile. They might know the name of every river in England, but they couldn't cross the street without their nurse. They might be able to add and subtract but they had no idea of the value or significance of money. They had never stood outside a pub in the pouring rain, with sixpence in their pockets, debating the relative sustaining value of two poached eggs or a ham sandwich. They might know the dates of the Kings of England backwards but they knew nothing about men and women and their capacities for good and evil. They knew nothing of sex or bankruptcy or divorce or crime or politics or poverty and nothing vital and real about art or literature. The real world was completely closed to them and, in all probability, would remain closed. For by the time they reached their own artificially prescribed maturity the power to see and think clearly and honestly would be lost to them together with a third of their active life.

I resumed my own career. I worked, I wrote. I pitched my tent in Belgium and in Germany and traveled wherever I could get to on the strength of my earnings. By the time I was twenty I was self-supporting and, except for the friendship of my fellow-creatures, self-sufficient. Most of the problems of life had been actual to me for ten years at least, so that I was not easily daunted

or taken off my balance. My long acquaintance with the facts of sex, presented to me when I was detached enough to take them coolly and as a matter of course, gave me a peaceful adolescence. I knew the worth and the unimportance of money. I could start for Timbaktu without concern. I knew my own weak spots enough at least to be on guard against them. I had satiated my appetite for cheap candy in all of its forms and had begun to discriminate. I made the mistakes inherent to my temperament, but few of inexperience. I had, in fact, traveled a long way in twenty years. I had arrived where my contemporaries might arrive, with luck, when they were forty.

It is difficult to evaluate the benefits of those early days. I have, at any rate, long interesting memories that give me a rather special appreciation of the changes that have been brought about in my own lifetime. I have been saved, I hope, from much second-hand thinking, not because of any unusual intelligence, but simply because it is almost impossible to think at second-hand when you have lived first-hand the greater part of your life. I have no class-consciousness whatever and relatively little race-consciousness. I believe the English to be the salt of the earth emotionally and instinctively, but my experience in childhood, when most prejudices are fixed, prevents me from making an ass of myself on the subject. Through the War I persisted in maintaining my conviction that the Germans were not all machiavellian devils and the Belgians not all martyred saints, and can thumb-nose my ardent friends who are now thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Experience has set me on guard against clichés and made me, I hope, immune to bunk. I don't believe that America is the home of the fair and the free and the brave—exclusively, or that Britons rule the waves—exclusively. I treat advertisements as a form of comic literature. And I don't even nurse the secret



conviction that I am the greatest writer of the century.

I hesitate to hold myself up as a complete model of perfection. But I do claim that I have been alive for thirty-five years out of forty-two and that I have reaped advantages which could be reaped by any average human being if he were given the chance. At any rate I flatter myself that when I come to die and move on to another sphere I shall be able to give my new fellow-travelers a fair account of the place I came from.

## VI

When I look at the modern girl or boy of ten I am baffled by the thought that at that age and size I was a full-fledged self-sufficient human being. They seem to me, in spite of all advance, still pathetically and most unnecessarily childish. They are probably as intelligent as they will ever be, and far more able to accept facts calmly and without hurt than at the period of adolescence. Yet they are held back and coddled mentally and physically as though they were half-witted cripples. Their so-called sophistication, which is most often a form of bumptiousness resulting from too much indulgence and too little real experience, is as little related to honest intelligent sophistication as the ignorance of their Victorian predecessors. They are not only unfit for freedom but, except for the few fighters and rebels, incapable of becoming free. In later life they continue an unreal existence as children with cocktail parties and late nights, and imagine that they are living. They carry their false values about with them until they die. They become the incredibly bigoted, stupid and sentimental and brutal herd that clutter up all our social systems and stand blockishly in the way of every vital human endeavor. Yet potentially they were fellow-citizens of a great world.

Maturity is an artificial conception. I was called upon to be mature at ten and became mature. Later I developed

mentally and physically but in the main I was then what I am now. I was as capable of reason and common sense as my circumstances required of me. I could have been entrusted with a revolver or a motor car with just as much security as any present-day youth of twenty. For in all essentials I was adult. And in my opinion all normal children of ten are potentially adult and should be given the corresponding privileges and responsibilities. To begin real life at fifteen or twenty is too late. It is out of proportion to the average length of life.

In answer to this contention there will arise the usual wail concerning the beautiful innocence and happiness of childhood that must be protected at all costs. But the idea that innocence is beautiful is in itself old-fashioned. Innocence is more often and more justly termed idiocy. And a so-called happy childhood is too dearly bought at the cost of a stunted and frustrated middle-age. It will be argued too that children handled as I was and as I advocate would run grave risks. Obviously this depends largely on custom. If all ten-year-old children were treated as adults they would run no more risk than they do now at fifteen or eighteen, or whenever it is decided that they have become reasonable. But even as things stand the risks are not appreciably greater than are normal anyway. Something might happen. But in any case something might happen, and one day must happen. The world is a dangerous if fascinating place, and to play perpetually for safety is as ridiculous as dodging lightning in a thunder storm. Much better enjoy the spectacle, since sooner or later we must be struck down.

We have, in fact, only one real concern in life, and that is to live—live dangerously since we must, but at any rate all the time that fate allows us. And to deprive a human being of years of living seems to me the greatest crime that can be committed against him.



## BEANS FOR TWO

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

WHEN Big Joe Gallagher came in the front door of "The Diamond" his hat was down over his eyes. He strode over to the counter, lifted the drop leaf, and went into the back room.

"Get one of the girls to watch the desk and come back here, Cork," he called to the one-legged man as he slammed the door.

Cork ran his finger down the list and then sauntered over to the stairway.

"Mayme," he shouted. "Come on down."

"What's the matter?" said Mayme.

"Never mind about that. Come on down and take the desk. Joe says so."

Cork went into the back room then but did not close the door tight. It was early. But someone might come in.

"What's bitin' you, Joe?" he said.

"That low-life is out looking for Eddie."

Cork shot a quick glance at Gallagher. "The Big Boy?" he asked.

Gallagher nodded his head. "Wanted me to go along. Some unlucky bastard's goin' to burn, but not me. I got out and come back here."

He raised a flask to his lips and drank before going on. He drew the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Hell'll be poppin' to-night, all right, and you know the Big Boy's not goin' over the road for it himself. He'll send somebody."

"Eddie squealed then?"

Joe nodded. "Gave 'em cancelled checks with Big Boy's name on the back. I'll say he squealed."

"The goddam fool. What'd he think?"

"Well, there's others'd like to put a dent in the Big Boy."

Cork and Gallagher looked at each other. Neither of them made any attempt to conceal his agitation.

"Who's with the Big Boy?" said Cork.

"The Kid and Eight-Ball. They were in Big Boy's car and they wanted me to come with them."

"I didn't think that nigger Eight-Ball had guts enough."

"I wouldn't be mixed up in it."

The screen of the outer door slammed, interrupting them, and Cork hobbled out to the desk. The newcomer saw Mayme who was already descending the stair. He went over to talk to her.

Cork said, "If you're busy, Mayme, you'd better get Stella to come down. Somebody's got to watch this desk."

Mayme was busy talking to the newcomer. She said to him, "What's your name?"

He laughed and did not tell her.

"For the love o' God, Mayme, will you send Stella down. I'm busy."

"You look it." Mayme turned to the other man. "Come on, Johnny." She took his arm and ascended the stair with him.

"I got to see Joe," Cork continued. "Tell Stella to get down here." Waiting for Stella, he called to Joe over his shoulder.

Joe came to the door. "What do you want?"

"I'd get out of there."



"Why?"

"I'd get out of there," Cork reiterated. "I'd stay in sight if I was you."

Joe was perspiring. He leaned against the doorway.

"I guess you're right, Cork. Better stay out of back rooms a while."

"I'd get with somebody that knows you—somebody they'll believe in court."

"I'll get Charley to come down. We can play some stud."

"I'd lay off of Charley. Get somebody you ain't with much. Get somebody everybody knows."

"Guess I'll get out of here too. Out on the street."

"I would."

"What time is it, Cork?"

"Half past ten. No, twenty-five minutes of."

Joe started to say something more, but did not. In a jam, say if they were called into court, Cork would remember all right about the time—about him asking him the time at twenty-five minutes of eleven.

He went out into the street. There was no one in sight. Down toward the river he could see a patch of light on the sidewalk. The light came from the window of Spike's lunchroom. He decided to go to Spike's.

As he started he heard someone coming toward him across the street in the darkness. He peered sharply and recognized Earl Cullen. Cullen was the cop on the beat by the bridge, up by Eddie's place.

"Hello, Earl," Joe said.

"Hello, Joe."

"Where you goin'?"

"Down to Spike's. Come on along."

"Guess I will."

A few steps farther and they stepped into the bright light. They slapped at the twenty-four-hour bugs that kept bumping against their faces. The windows of Spike's place were covered with the insects, clinging to the glass so close to one another that their wings made a constant whisper beating together. They crunched unpleasantly beneath

the feet of the men. In the doorway they were not so bad. The breeze from the electric fan kept them away.

"There ought to be some way of getting rid of these damn bugs," said Joe.

"I'll say. Wherever they see a light there's about a million of them."

"I seen 'em over across the river the other night. They was so thick on a window down on Front Street you couldn't see in."

"You shouldn't be lookin' in other people's windows." The cop laughed. "That's how Spike lost his eye. Somebody stuck a knitting needle through a keyhole and hit him. How about it, Spike?"

Joe laughed too. Spike had not heard them, but he called over the low partition, "Sure. Whatever Kelly says is all right."

"It's not Kelly," said Joe. "It's Cullen."

Spike looked over the partition.

"What's the big idea, Earl? Wearin' your uniform on your night off."

"I'm not off."

"On this beat now?"

"No, I'm on call. Just came over to have some grub."

"What'll you have?"

"Plate of beans."

"How about you, Joe?"

"Make it two."

Joe took a handful of toothpicks from the small china barrel at the edge of the counter and began arranging them in squares before him.

"Who's walking your beat, up by Eddie's place?"

"Nobody," Earl said. "What's it to you, Joe?"

"Oh, nothin'. I was wondering. That's all."

Earl called to Spike, "Hey, Spike, be sure you turn them beans over."

All three men laughed at that. Joe added, "Mine too. One by one, and don't miss any."

"You damn dudes," said Spike, resting his elbows on the top of the partition as he grinned back at them.

"What's goin' on up that way to-

night that they should call me in?" asked Earl, lowering his voice.

"Oh, nothing," Joe laughed. "Guess I'd be there if there was goin' to be any doings. Guess I'd know, wouldn't I, Earl?"

"Well, you mostly do."

Spike came around the end of the partition, bringing their beans.

"Coffee?" he asked.

"Coffee," said Earl.

"Two?"

"Two."

Spike filled two mugs from the tarnished nickel urn and set them down before Joe and Earl.

"And what else?"

Both men shook their heads, and Spike shuffled back to his place at the stove.

"Speaking of Eddie, he tells me he's gettin' out of the racket," said Earl.

Joe grinned. "Yeah?" he said.

"Yeah. Startin' a poultry farm out by Dogtown."

"The hell he is."

"He is, on the level. I seen his hens. I went up to his house. Up on the hill. His back yard is full of crates. He's got a couple of hundred anyway. Leg-horns."

"It's a good idea. Only he should have had it sooner."

Earl pushed his plate away from him, empty. He stirred his cooling coffee with a spoon held between his index and middle fingers.

Joe pulled out his watch. "What time you got, Earl?"

Cullen drew up his sleeve and looked at the watch on his wrist. "Quarter past."

"I've got twenty past."

"You're fast. I just set mine."

"What time you got, Spike?"

"Quarter past."

"Guess you're right, Earl." Joe set his watch and let it slide back into his pocket.

Earl said, "Well, guess I'll go back over to the station house."

Joe said, "I'll walk a ways with you."

"There you are, Spike."

They laid down their money on the counter and walked out.

"Damn those bugs!"

They approached "The Diamond" again. Joe's car was parked at the curb.

"Seen my new car, Earl?"

"No. When'd you get it?"

"Last week. Seen those new shock absorbers, work both ways?"

They stopped at the car.

"They work like this," said Joe, stooping over. "When you hit a bump, this catches it. On the rebound, this thing up here catches it. Both ways, see?"

Earl nodded. "Pretty neat," he said.

"I'll say. You ought to ride on 'em once. Smoothest ridin' car you ever saw."

Earl kicked at the front tires, testing their hardness.

"Come on now. Just around the block," said Joe. "It won't take five minutes. You can spare it."

"All right," said Earl. "Wait a half a second."

He went to the call box on the telephone pole on the corner of Elm Street and reported to the desk sergeant. Joe climbed in and stepped on the starter.

When Earl returned, Joe said, "Listen to that engine. Can't she sing?"

"I'll say," said Earl.

They backed away from the curb, rode down past Spike's, and turned at the crossing. They turned away from the bridge. Going over the tracks, Joe said, "See, not a quiver. You can hear the bump, but you can't feel it."

"Pretty neat, all right," Earl agreed. "This is some car. It'll come in handy in your business."

"I'm gettin' out of that business," said Joe. "I'm goin' to use this car for pleasure."

"You and Eddie, huh? Both gettin' out."

"Not the same way," said Joe. "Not by a damn sight."

"Don't you like farming?"

"Oh, farming's all right."



Joe stopped at Fifteenth, by the Red Front cigar store.

"Wait a second, Earl. I got to get a cigar. Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks."

Joe went in and spoke to Nick Vila. He asked Nick if his clock was right. The Mexican assured him that it was.

"Twenty minutes to twelve, huh? Guess I'll move along," said Joe.

He climbed into the car again, and drove slowly back toward "The Diamond."

"I'll drop you off at the station house," he said to Earl.

"What are you goin' to do when you get out of this, Joe?"

"Oh, I don't know. Aviation, maybe."

"Jees! You don't give a goddam, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Aviation ain't any more risky than the racket."

"The way you boys got it sewed up, I guess nothin' can happen to you. There's plenty of money in the racket, ain't there?"

"Yeah. But some guys don't know when they're done. I do."

They pulled in to the curb at the

Police Station. Earl got out, but he lingered beside the car.

"I think you're a sap," he said. "Don't you ever think about your wife and kids? Something could easy happen to you, flyin'."

"Well, what the hell? Anyway, it ain't goin' to happen to me."

"Eddie's got more brains than you, farmin'."

"Yeah? Listen, Earl. It don't make any difference if you go in for hens or airplanes when you get out of this game. It's all in knowin' when to quit."

Indoors, a telephone was ringing.

"That's the Sergeant's 'phone."

It rang again.

"He must be asleep. I'll go answer it."

Earl disappeared through the doorway. Joe looked at his watch.

"It might be, at that," he said aloud.

"They've had time."

Earl came running out. With him were others in uniform, a half dozen.

"For Christ's sake, Joe," he said, "give her the gas. Some lousy bastard has killed Eddie."

"Where?"

"Up by his place. The poor devil. Drive like hell!"





## THE CHAIN-STORE MIND

REFLECTIONS OF A SHOPKEEPER

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

I BECAME a hardware merchant in the spring of 1901. Our town had twenty-five thousand people then, and it is about the same now. But a big change has taken place in the business district. There are four blocks of stores on Main Street. When I went into business practically all the stores were individual enterprises and the owners were mostly old-time Americans, born in town or on farms nearby. Now scarcely any of these are left. Hardly more than a dozen. Chain stores have the best locations. There is a Woolworth, a J. C. Penney, a Grant, a Kresge, and others, big places with double fronts painted red, blue or yellow, and gold-lettered signs. There are besides a lot of smaller chain stores like Hazzard shoes, Thom McAn, A. & P. groceries, and so forth. I guess this gives a fairly good idea of what our business street looks like. It is just the same as a thousand other business streets all over the country.

I don't want to give the impression that I am finding fault or that it is a case of sour grapes. The chain stores wouldn't be here if people didn't like to trade in them. Besides, I have no complaint to make personally. I have done well enough considering that I started with less than fifteen hundred dollars back in 1901. The hardware business hasn't been affected so much as other lines. I own my own building, discount all my bills, and have some outside investments. But I can't get over the idea that it isn't altogether a good

idea to have the business section dominated by outsiders. To a certain extent the stores in every town set the standards for the public, because people go into the stores oftener than they go to other places. Chain stores represent a sort of absentee landlordism; and everyone knows there isn't the same sense of responsibility where an owner lives a long way off from his business.

I was especially impressed with this just recently when I happened to go into the Kresge store on some small errand. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the big place was crowded with people; there were a few men, but the bulk of the crowd was made up of women, many with children in arms, and troops of youngsters of grammar-school age. The clerks were so busy I had to hunt for what I wanted, and finally I came to a part of the store where there were two adjacent counters that seemed to be the center of considerable attraction. Peeking through the crowd, I saw that the merchandise on display consisted of cocktail shakers, wine glasses, fruit-presses, and other home-brew apparatus. Business was going on briskly as women and school children exchanged their dimes and quarters for the articles they wanted or had been sent for. I noticed one particularly good bargain. It was a pure aluminum cocktail shaker at fifty cents; or, as the placard said, twenty-five cents each for the top and bottom parts.

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merely to show the lack of personal responsibility where a business is owned by an outsider. The articles I have mentioned carry a good profit, and it is likely the Kresge store needs to sell them in order to meet its overhead expenses. I understand Mr. Kresge lives in Detroit. It is public knowledge that he has given many thousands of dollars toward the support of the Anti-Saloon League. The point I want to make is this: If Mr. Kresge personally ran his store on our Main Street and was a citizen of our town he would either have to give up his membership in the Anti-Saloon League or stop selling liquor-making apparatus. I know, for example, how it would be with me. For the past couple of years I have been president of the local Y. M. C. A., and if I were to add hip flasks or cocktail shakers to my stock of shelf hardware, the chances are I should be thrown out of the Y and blacklisted by every anti-vice society in town as a hypocrite and an abettor of lawbreakers. People hold me responsible for my actions because I live here and am handy to get at. But Mr. Kresge is immune because he lives in Detroit, more than three hundred miles away.

## II

When a man has done business in one spot as long as I have, his town becomes sort of a personality to him. The community is not, in his mind, just a collection of houses and stores and factories, but a living thing with a definite character like that of a human being. He senses any change of spirit as he would sense a change in a member of his family. I would say the character of our town has tended to become harder, more machinelike, during the past years. All the old-time merchants speak of this. People used to come into your store in a friendly sort of way. You had your regular line of customers, and their buying was almost as much of a social affair as it was business. Now all this easy-going atmosphere is gone. Busi-

ness is strictly business. The modern idea seems to be to get a customer in, get his money, and get him out again as quickly as possible so as to be ready for the next person.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge and say the old way was best. Everyone knows it was less efficient than the new way, which is probably the reason so many old-time merchants have been forced out of Main Streets everywhere. The most I hope to do in this interview is to explain why, in my opinion, the personality of my town, and a thousand other towns, has changed.

With no implied criticism or detraction, my guess is that the coming of the chain stores has had a great deal to do with bringing about the machinelike atmosphere that I spoke of. You don't go into a chain store and chat comfortably with the manager. To begin with, he is probably a stranger in town, recently graduated from a smaller place and expecting to stay only until he is promoted to a bigger city. And in the second place, he would risk his job if he mixed too much sociability with his business. From the nature of the business, a chain organization cannot afford to allow its branch managers to be individualists or to act according to their own inclinations. If it did that it wouldn't be a chain at all, but a mere collection of stores scattered all over the map, with no especial advantage over the local merchants except that of mass buying.

As every business man knows, mass buying alone isn't enough to make a chain-store organization succeed. Local merchants can club together and buy their goods just about as cheaply as the chains buy theirs. The only advantage a chain organization has is that it can make each of its branches conform strictly to rules of efficiency laid down at headquarters. In many chains the local manager is not allowed to trim his show windows except from a prepared chart, or even to move merchandise from one counter to another. Headquarters does

his thinking for him. The chain store is *in* the town, but not *of* the town. I guess every man who has ever served on a chamber of commerce committee knows how it is. You go up and down Main Street soliciting funds for the Spring Carnival or for the Children's playground. When you catch a local man in his place of business you get a Yes or No right away. It is usually Yes, because he is afraid to make enemies by refusing. But this is not the case when your committee goes into a chain store. The manager is sorry, but he has no authority to make subscriptions. He thinks it is a worthy cause and he promises to write headquarters about it at once. Perhaps he really does write, or perhaps he forgets to do so; but anyhow there is usually a long enough delay so that the drive is over before he gets his answer.

And so, on our Main Street, and on thousands of other Main Streets, there is a situation where policies are dictated and standards are set by men who have possibly never seen our town. This might be all right if the standards were always first class; but it is human nature not to be quite so careful of your actions when you never expect to come in contact with the people you are influencing. I said awhile back that if Mr. Kresge lived in our town he would be compelled by public opinion to choose between the Anti-Saloon League and his liquor-making merchandise. I will modify that by stating that I believe if Mr. Kresge lived here and ran the store himself he would make this choice voluntarily.

### III

You hear a lot of talk nowadays about the lowered moral standards, how people think too much of money and jazz amusements and all that; and you get every sort of explanation of it according to the periodicals you read or the minister whose church you attend. At our First Presbyterian you are told it is a temporary phase brought on by the ex-

citement of the War. At the Erie Avenue Methodist Doctor Hayward declares that gin and jazz are in the saddle because people no longer give their children home religious instruction. My own private opinion on the subject may seem to be too much from the point of view of a storekeeper; but I can't get over the idea that the changed situation in the business district has something to do with the changed behavior of people in general.

We don't do our own thinking the way we used to. We have got into the habit of taking our thoughts and ideas from somewhere else, just as the chain-store manager trims his show windows and arranges the goods on his counters from charts sent out from headquarters.

Perhaps I can best explain my meaning by mentioning a matter connected with one of our local churches. Our town was originally settled by a group of New England people with leanings toward Unitarianism, and the Unitarian church here has always been regarded as a center of original thought. That is the reason why the matter I am about to mention seemed to me particularly surprising. I go past the Unitarian church every day on the way to my business, and some time ago I noticed a signboard set out in front that each week carries a printed motto, intended to elevate the thoughts of passers-by. I took it for granted at first that these mottoes were prepared by the pastor or a church committee; but as time went on I was so struck with the peculiar tone of some of the weekly mottoes that I noticed more closely and saw they were not produced locally, but were bought from a concern called The Wayside Pulpit, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. This address was plainly printed at the bottom, just as a bill-posting company always puts its name on its billboards, along with the advertisements of merchandise, so as to get a little publicity for itself.

I copied several of the weekly mottoes. One was, "If you want to rise in the world, begin by raising the level of your



own thoughts." Another read, "A sad heart soon wears out. A glad heart can work overtime." There were others of a similar nature. To put it plainly, many of the mottoes seemed to me to stress unduly the idea of success, of getting on in the world; which of course has nothing to do with religion.

That, however, is not entirely the point I want to make. Perhaps the mottoes would have been no more spiritual if they had been written by our local pastor or his committee, though I believe this would be open to argument. But one thing is sure: If they had been written by home people, no matter how crudely, the mottoes would have carried greater conviction than was the case when the name of the producing firm at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, appeared so prominently. It is just the same principle that is involved when some manufacturer sends out stereotyped advertisements of his products for retail storekeepers to insert in their local newspapers, and in which everything is complete except for a vacant space where the storekeeper is supposed to have his name printed. I do not know of any successful merchant who would make use of such ready-made material. It is too pat, too professional. It carries nothing of the merchant's personality, and conveys no idea of the atmosphere of his store.

#### IV

This tendency to buy ready-made thoughts and ideas has spread amazingly during the past few years. In our town, and I suppose in other towns, its progress has pretty well paralleled the increasing absentee ownership of the stores in the business district. When I first went into business the banks represented the last word in individualism. There were four in town, and though three of them were National institutions no one ever thought of them as anything but personal affairs. According to the name of the president and heaviest stock-

holder, they were spoken of as "the Lampson Bank," "the Redfield Bank," and so forth. I used to do business at the Redfield Bank, the real name of which was the First National. You went up a flight of steps to get in, and the banking room was a long, low-ceilinged place with a walnut partition behind which the cashier and tellers worked. To see Mr. William Redfield you had to go to a private office at the extreme rear. He was a dignified man with whiskers parted in the middle and he always wore a Prince Albert coat and white vest. He sat at a large flat-topped desk, and all around the four walls of the room were shelves filled with books. He was said to be an authority on the banking history of Italy during the Middle Ages. Some people said he was not public-spirited, and a good many were afraid of him on account of his autocratic manner; but when, during the panic of 1907, it looked as though the Saw works would have to close down, he advanced eighty thousand dollars out of his own pocket so the employees would not be thrown out of their jobs. So far as I am personally concerned, I could never complain of Mr. Redfield's liberality. In the beginning I was not, certainly, a good risk from a strictly business standpoint; but there was never a time when I needed money that I could not get it.

Sometimes I wonder what Mr. William Redfield would think of his bank now. He died in 1913. The old building has been torn down and in its place stands a white-marble structure, evidently designed, inside and out, to resemble as nearly as possible all other bank buildings everywhere. Mr. Redfield's son Allen is president. He sits at the left just as you go in the front door, by the side of the vice-president and the cashier. All three wear belts instead of suspenders, and in warm weather they leave off their vests. They play golf and joke a lot about the game with customers who come in. There is no denying that the Bank has grown since old Mr. Redfield's time. Then it had deposits of less than

two million dollars, while now it has more than five millions. But it costs a good deal to get these deposits. Last year the First National hired a New York concern to send a crew of agents who rang the doorbell of every house in town and solicited savings accounts. The Bank paid the New York concern three dollars for every new account turned in, even though the initial deposit amounted only to five dollars. One day I asked Allen Redfield how he could consider it good banking to buy deposits at a cost of sixty per cent, and he answered that it was the modern way, that a bank must figure on big volume in order to earn a profit, just as the chain stores do.

Probably it is true that the First National, like all the other banks in town, must have volume. Its Greek temple-style building is carried on its books at four hundred thousand dollars and considerable volume is necessary to make up for that much non-productive capital. But what I don't like is the fact that none of our banks appears to do much of its own thinking in its efforts to increase volume. Even the leaflets that are scattered on the customers' desks to advertise the banks' services are nearly all bought ready-made from concerns in New York or other far away places, just like the ready-made mottoes of the Unitarian church, or the charts by which the chain store managers trim their show windows. Leaving everything else aside, I can't believe these mass production leaflets that the banks buy are good advertising. If I am thinking about making my will, or of appointing an executor of my estate, I want to talk with someone who has some personal ideas on those subjects rather than someone who has his sales talk prepared for him by a professional advertising writer in New York City.

Just this year the First National has been using a series of life-size photographs put out by a metropolitan advertising concern. Each week the Bank

posts a different photograph on one of the Greek columns at the front of its building. One week the photograph bears the caption, "I am a chauffeur," and the text goes on to tell how much the chauffeur values his bank account. Other weeks it is an optician, a railroad engineer, and so on. I don't believe old Mr. William Redfield would care to see these photographs stuck on the front of his bank if he were still alive, even though they did help build volume.

There is always the risk, when you constantly buy ready-made ideas, that they will lead you into illogical situations. For example, the photographs that the First National posts on its Greek pillar each week, and much of the ready-made literature on its customers' desks, stress the value of Thrift as a builder of character. The Bank is represented as intensely interested in Service and desirous of uplifting the working people through helping them save. But I was in there a short time ago, talking with Allen Redfield, and saw a fellow whom I knew negotiating a loan with the cashier. This fellow has been in town about a year and has a place across the railroad tracks where he sends out solicitors to sell silk underwear and beauty preparations on installments to the wives of laborers, white and colored, who live in that section. They pay fifty cents down and twenty-five cents a week thereafter. I was surprised to learn that this installment dealer was on a borrowing basis at the First National, and mentioned it to Allen Redfield.

"Oh, he's all right," Allen answered easily. "He gets three or four hundred per cent profit on his stuff, so he can afford to take a chance on the deferred payments. Anyhow he's a good collector. He doesn't hesitate to garnishee the wages of any laborer whose wife doesn't pay up. He's just as good a risk from the Bank's standpoint as any other merchant in town."

I explained to Allen that I wasn't thinking about the Bank's risk, but about the Bank's solicitude for the wel-



fare of the working classes as expressed in the leaflets on the customers' counters. At first he didn't seem to know what I meant, but after a moment he laughed and said:

"Oh, you're speaking of those leaflets. We just buy them by the thousand and put them out to stimulate deposits. I never bother to read them!"

This remark of Allen's sounds pretty cynical, I know; but really he was only reflecting the changed atmosphere of our town that I have been speaking of. His father would have seen how incongruous it was for the First National to pretend to help the people who live across the tracks and at the same time finance a fellow who was fleecing them. But then his father did his own thinking, while Allen gets a good share of his thoughts from the outside.

## V

I hope I don't give the impression in this interview that I am a man who condemns everything modern. I don't feel that way at all. But there are a lot of people here in town who have the same ideas that I have, and it isn't often we get a chance to express ourselves in print. Business is good in most lines and there is plenty of money in circulation. When this is the case there seems to be a widespread impression that any criticism is unpatriotic.

All that I am trying to do is to show how the tendency has grown for people in our town to accept outside standards without thinking whether the outside standards may or may not be as good as home-made standards. To do this I have to point out specific cases. One other example is the newspaper situation in our town. Up to 1921 we had two papers, the *Morning Call* and the *Evening Tribune*. Both were pretty good sheets for a town of our size, but we were especially proud of the *Call*. It was owned by the Thayer family from before Civil War times. The active head of the paper when I got old enough to know anything about such things was

Mr. John Thayer. He had a big reputation as a newspaper man, not only in our part of the state, but all over the country. His editorials were quoted everywhere, even in big-city papers. He had a faculty for training young reporters; he never allowed a word of slang in the news columns, or any cheap expressions. Several local boys who grew up under him later became quite well-known writers. I suppose his editorials carried so much weight because he never let the business office influence his editorial page. Once he went into a fight to break up a gambling ring that was operating under the protection of the Sheriff. The Sheriff himself ran the biggest gambling house in town and managed to scare a good many advertisers. But Mr. Thayer kept up the fight nearly two years and finally won out, though at the last he was borrowing money to keep the paper going.

John Thayer died in 1916, leaving two daughters. A real estate man named Rogers formed a corporation of local business men and bought the paper shortly afterward for sixty thousand dollars and continued to run it with a salaried manager until 1921, when the corporation bought out the *Tribune*, the two being consolidated and issued as an evening paper under the name of *The Call-Tribune*. That was about the last of our having what could be called a purely local paper. Neither the *Call* nor the *Tribune* in the old days ever printed more than eight pages; but the *Call-Tribune* put on a high-pressure advertising campaign and was soon able to get out editions of twenty-four, and sometimes on Fridays, thirty-six pages. Naturally there wasn't enough local news to balance so many pages of advertisements, and so it was necessary to print a lot of syndicated material, mostly produced in New York City. The editorial policy underwent a complete change. The paper cost so much to get out that it was dangerous to offend any prospective advertiser by expressing opinions. A man named Brennan from

Pittsburgh was business manager, and one day when he was in my store to see me about renewing my advertising contract, I asked him as a joke just what the policy of the paper was. He laughed and said, "The safest policy in the world, Mr. Galt. The *Call-Tribune* stands for the sanctity of the American home!"

Whatever the policy was, it paid. At the beginning of last year the Rogers Corporation sold the paper for four hundred thousand dollars to a man who owns a chain of dailies throughout the state. The general feeling, I believe, was one of pride that an outsider should be willing to pay so high a price for our newspaper; but there were a few like myself who disliked the idea of having any more chain enterprises in town. I suppose the new owner realized there might be some malcontents, because when the Chamber of Commerce tendered him a banquet to celebrate his purchase of the property, he made a graceful speech in which he stated that although other interests prevented his actually coming to our town to live, he, nevertheless, should consider it his home and the *Call-Tribune* would be run as a local newspaper just the same as though he himself sat in the editorial chair.

This speech made quite an impression, though the force of it was a bit weakened when later on it was learned the speech was an exact duplicate of one he had made a few months previously when he bought another newspaper in another part of the state. Anyhow, under chain management the *Call-Tribune* has got farther away than ever from being a source of local thought and standards. Practically all its editorials are written at the head office of the chain. Local news is overshadowed by syndicate features. Every afternoon it features Andy Gump, Jiggs, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Salesman Sam, and The Hotel Stenographer. It also prints two syndicated news letters from New York City that tell all the latest gossip of the Great White Way, what the big gamblers,

the song writers, and the hostesses of night clubs are doing. But in one regard the policy of the *Call-Tribune* is unchanged. It stands four square for the sanctity of the American home. It even prints a Bible text each day at the top of the editorial page.

I guess anyone can realize how upsetting all this jumble of piety and jazz, presented every afternoon by our only newspaper, must be to its readers, especially the younger ones. If the *Call-Tribune* was an out and out journal of sporting life, like the old *Police Gazette*, it would be ticketed as such, and people would know what they were reading it for. But when on the same page it prints an editorial on the sanctity of the American home, describes how Miss Texas Guinan was dressed when arrested on a charge of bootlegging, has a picture of Maggie blacking Jiggs' eye, a letter from the Reverend Dr. Cadman telling a wife how to recapture the love of her husband who is dallying with his stenographer, and tops it all off with a text from the Bible, it is bound to give the impression that all these are equally important things that ought to be investigated. You might compare it, I guess, to a case where a man like the Reverend John Roach Straton takes the job of reporting an event like the Snyder-Gray murder trial. The idea is that Doctor Straton does it to moralize on the evils of illicit love. But really, the idea is to increase the circulation of the paper that prints his articles. A lot of people buy the paper who might not do so otherwise, because they are led to believe they can have the thrill of the scandal and at the same time feel they are helping in a religious crusade.

Of course the *Call-Tribune* is a money-maker under chain ownership. It has a larger circulation than ever before. A great many working people across the tracks and hundreds of youngsters of school age buy it who would never have read any newspaper at all in John Thayer's time. Yet I can't help thinking that if the owner actually lived here he



would tone it down a little, even though he didn't make so much money. I believe it is another case where absentee landlordism begets a lack of responsibility. Just as in the case of Mr. Kresge and his liquor-making merchandise.

When you get too much in the habit of taking your thoughts and standards from the outside there is bound to come a time when you lose some of your ability to discriminate between what is good taste and what isn't. I would even say between what is right and what isn't. I think, for example, that twenty years ago our people would have shown their disapproval of any pastor who put up a mass-production motto in front of his church. It is sure that in those days they would have seen through the policy of a banker who held out one hand for savings accounts and financed a shady installment dealer with the other hand. I hate to think what might have happened to a local newspaper editor in John Thayer's time who frankly exploited sex as a means of increasing circulation.

## VI

Ideas that you buy from the outside are nearly always tainted a bit with commercialism. This is bound to be so, because the people who manufacture and sell ideas are in business to make money, just the same as any other manufacturers. They are constantly under the temptation to make their output salable, even though it may not be quite in the best taste.

This matter of taste has been a big question with the business men's luncheon clubs that have sprung up all over the country. We have a number of them here—Kiwanis, Rotary, Civitan, Lions, and so forth. I became a member of the first one organized in town, more than ten years ago. At first it was a frankly commercial organization, designed to promote the business of the individual members. But after awhile, when a national headquarters was set

up with a salaried staff, orders were sent on that we must change our policy. We were told that in order to strengthen the organization in public estimation we should go in for some sort of uplift work. From that time all local chapters became known as "Service Clubs," and promoted things like Boys' Work, Student Loan Funds, etc. The original policy of boosting one another's business was also followed, but not so frankly.

Some of the members thought this mixed policy of uplift and business was of questionable taste. It would not have been adopted by our club, I think, except by that time we had got used to seeing the chain stores, the banks, and even some of the churches, take their policies from the outside. The impression had gained ground that outside ideas made for greater efficiency.

It was natural, when the business men's luncheon clubs became Service Clubs, that a good many ministers, who had hitherto held aloof from such organizations, should seek membership. I know I am on delicate ground when I mention this, because of late it has become quite the thing for ministers to belong to chambers of commerce, advertising clubs, and the like, but personally I have always doubted its wisdom. I do not criticize a minister for joining a business men's organization, though I think he is apt to deceive himself as to his reasons for joining. Most of the ministers I have talked with say they value their memberships in such purely business bodies because of the opportunity it gives them for Service, for elevating the moral tone of business. But I think the real reason is generally something different. Most ministers are lonesome; after the first flush of priesthood wears away they begin to feel they are cut off from real life. To speak bluntly, I imagine some are just a little chagrined at the necessity for mixing so much with the women's activities of their congregations, and it is relieving to become a member of a one-hundred-per-cent man's organization like the

Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis, the Lions, or the Advertising Club.

Be that as it may—and here I am on delicate ground again—I have my doubts as to whether a minister really does elevate the moral tone of business when he joins a business organization. It can easily work the other way; instead of the minister making the members more spiritual, the members may, through mere force of numbers, make the minister less spiritual.

I guess almost any Service Club member will understand. The national headquarters tells the local chapter what uplift work it must go in for, just as the head office of a chain store organization tells its branch manager on our Main Street what lines of merchandise he must push. Yet the average businessman member doesn't take these things too seriously. First of all, he is in the Club because it helps his business. Aside from that, he enjoys the free and easy fellowship at the weekly luncheons and he is good naturedly willing to support the salaried men at national headquarters as part of the price. But with a minister it is different. He takes the Service part of it pretty seriously. To him the voice of the salaried official at national headquarters is like the voice of the Church. He is apt to be pushed often into the limelight because he is used to public speaking, while most of the business-men members are hopelessly inarticulate before an audience. Yet with it all the minister is a foreigner in this atmosphere of business, an outsider among those who belong. He is like a strange little boy in a new neighborhood who can only look wistfully at the gang, from afar. And unless the minister is a strong character indeed he may surrender something of himself in his effort to win acceptance.

A case of this sort occurred in the Service Club of which I am a member. Doctor Bennett was the minister in question. He joined the Club about two years ago. He is an Englishman by birth but has been in this country since

he was a young man. Doctor Bennett has always been quite a crusader. Several times he has led the police in raids in bootlegging joints, and more than anyone else he has tried to stop the boxing events sponsored by the American Legion. It would be a mistake to say he was really popular in town, but he was highly respected for his strength of character and his educational attainments.

I was curious to see how a man of Doctor Bennett's type would fit into a club of business men, and I used to watch him at the weekly meetings. I must confess he did not appear to advantage. It was evident he stood a little in awe of business as something he did not understand, and this made him uneasy in the presence of business men. He went out of his way to be a hail fellow, but could never strike quite the right note. His laughing and joking was a bit too hearty to be natural. He was palpably eager to be one of the crowd. Yet wherever he happened to sit, there was always a zone about him in which the other members were too noticeably decorous. They were painfully careful of their language. Even when they jocularly called him "Doc," there was a self-consciousness about it that only accentuated the difference.

It always seemed a little pathetic to me, this futile eagerness on the part of Doctor Bennett to appear a good fellow in a crowd of business men. I am sure the Club influenced him more than he influenced the Club. One day, six months or so after he joined, he came into my store on some errand or other and we had quite a talk. It was remarkable how he had already got into the habit of looking at life from the standpoint of business. Like most new converts, he went farther than those who were, so to speak, to the manor born. He was still militant on the subject of liquor, but mainly because drinking impairs the efficiency of the workingman. He said the modern conception of business was Service, and that business



would spread through and remake the world. When I spoke of the tendency to take our standards from the outside, he replied that he saw nothing to worry about; that the successful captains of industry could be trusted to promote what was best for the people. At any rate, Doctor Bennett said, he could describe the way out of every difficulty in a single word: "Ascent." As for himself, he believed everything was working for the best. He admitted that the attendance at his Sabbath Services was smaller, but he did not worry; his collections for the year were greater than at any time in the history of his pastorate. To show how things were looking up, he told me that every major executive of the First National Bank was enrolled as a contributing member of his church.

I suppose all this tendency to take our standards from the outside might have some justification if it made for economy. But it doesn't. The First National Bank has five million dollars in deposits, but it charges the same interest rate as old Mr. Redfield charged when he had less than two millions. As to the newspaper situation, costs have gone up. The *Call-Tribune* gets a dollar an inch for display advertising, while the highest rate on the old *Morning Call* was thirty-five cents; yet in my opinion the *Call* was the better advertising medium because its advertisers had the prestige of John Thayer's editorship back of their publicity, while no one in particular gives personal prestige to the *Call-Tribune*, unless you could count on Andy Gump or Doctor Cadman.

Even the chain stores fail to carry out their original promise—namely, a reduction in the cost of living through economical operation. As more of them have come to town the competition for good locations has pushed Main Street rentals up to a figure that would have been thought crazy a few years ago. Just three doors from my place a man named James had a book store for many years and paid one hundred dollars a month. A few months ago his lease expired and

he had to quit because the rent was raised to a figure he couldn't afford to pay. This left us without a place to buy books, except the seventy-five cent volumes sold in the chain drug stores. One of the Steele chain stores moved into the room at a rental of four thousand dollars a year.

I myself have had a dozen chances to rent my building to chains for more money than I can make out of my hardware business. My building is thirty feet wide and three stories high. The last offer, made by a real estate man who said he represented a big chain organization, was eighteen thousand dollars a year. I am enough of a business man to know that no concern can pay that much rent and sell merchandise at a close margin. I can understand a statement made just a short time ago by a chain-store magnate in New York City, when he expressed the opinion that from now on the chains would have to earn dividends by selling "quality" merchandise rather than by the attraction of low prices.

I said in the beginning that the character of our town has become harder, more machinelike, as we take more of our standards from the outside. This extends even to our charities. Like most other places we have adopted the Community Chest idea, and for several years past a money-raising concern in New York City has been hired to engineer our campaign for funds, on a commission basis. I guess almost everyone knows how it is done. The New York concern sends a representative here who sets a big wooden thermometer up in front of the Post Office building to register the daily subscriptions, organizes all the workers into two "armies," with colonels, captains, etc., and at the end of the drive the losing side pays for a dinner at the Mansion House for the winners. The New York representative establishes himself at Chamber of Commerce headquarters a couple of weeks in advance of the drive and, with the help of a local committee, makes out cards that bear

the names of all prospective subscribers and the amount each person is expected to give. This is called a "quota." When a committee calls on a man the card is shown him and he is expected to give the amount set down.

This year the New York concern sent a man named Evard, who used to be sales manager for a big real estate corporation that sold suburban lots. I will say for Evard that he is a past master in his chosen profession. He made pep speeches before the Chamber of Commerce, the Service Clubs, and the women's organizations, and got everyone pretty well worked up. More than two hundred people reported for duty the day the drive opened. Along about the middle of the afternoon a committee came into my store with my card and asked me if I was going to accept my quota, that had been set at five hundred dollars. This was a hundred dollars more than last year. I understand Evard had raised everyone's quota in order to rush the drive through in record time.

I was in a bit of an embarrassing position through a matter that had come up only a few weeks before. A friend of mine who is in the coal business came in to see me and told of a young man, whom we both knew, who was flat on his back with an ailment that was bound to carry him off before many months. He had been an automobile salesman. There was a wife and two children, and they were in pretty bad shape. They weren't the kind of people you could offer ordinary charity to. My friend suggested that five of us old time merchants should chip in thirty dollars apiece each month and place the money to the family's credit in the bank. The bank would notify the young man's wife that the money was there for her use. That was the way a good deal of such work was carried on in the old days.

Of course I didn't want to explain all this to the members of the committee who came into my store. All I said was that I didn't believe I could accept my full quota, but if they would leave the card I would think it over and let them know later how much I would subscribe to the Community Chest. There was a little argument, but finally they went away.

Bright and early next morning another committee came to see me. Evard called it his "flying squadron," and it was organized to work on people who had turned down the ordinary committees. There were four men, including Evard himself, and Doctor Bennett, who was one of the "captains" of the drive. They were so insistent that I finally told them in a general way about the private contribution I was making with the other merchants. I thought this would let me out, but I guess I underestimated the resourcefulness of modern salesmanship. Evard leaned across the counter at me, full of enthusiasm.

"Let us handle the case," he said. "We need something like that to use for publicity in this campaign. Give us the name of the young man!"

This made me pretty angry, but I tried to explain reasonably why I didn't want to do it. There was some further argument and then Doctor Bennett said he believed I ought to do what Mr. Evard wanted.

I am afraid I used some language that was pretty strong. The incident is so recent that I am still a little worked up over it. For this reason I hope I will be excused if in this interview I have shown too much feeling against our town's tendency to take its standards from the outside. But I feel strongly about this thing anyhow. I'm afraid our town is losing something that we old-timers used to prize, something that you might call character.





## WHERE YELLOW RULES WHITE

BY OLIVE GILBREATH

NOT even in the days of marsh monsters has the world been more packed with drama than it is to-day: the drama of the air, the drama of far continents, the drama of under the sea, the drama of ideas, of electrons, and of ether. Not least of all, that toward which all others seem to lead—the drama of changing peoples, of shifting social orders and races. Every now and then the center of the human drama leaps to a new corner of the globe. In the past few years it has reverted to those level plains from which the horsemen of Genghis Khan set out to conquer Asia and Europe. Let the man who does not believe this journey to China. And let him make the journey by way of Russia. In Russia he will see an absolute *bouleversement* within the white race—a new social order under the sun. In China he will be confronted by something even more astounding. He will see a reversal in the relations of the white and yellow races. The most memorable sight in the East to-day is not Yokohama struggling up from the ashes or the modern stone buildings of Shanghai or Tokio. It is in North Manchuria—a Chinese policeman beating a white driver.

Ever since the Kaiser coined the phrase "the Yellow Peril" it has maintained journalists in the style to which they were accustomed. But while the hue and cry have been hawked in the streets by newspapers, it is little realized that in one city in the world the thing is *a fait accompli*: the Oriental has ascended to the seats of power, is sitting there, and has been sitting there for some time.

This city is Harbin, the only white city in the world run by yellows.

In appearance Harbin is pure Russian. There is little to suggest that it is not a city of black earth Orel or Tver. Like most Slav cities, it has never been able to pull itself together but wanders over the plain, old Harbin here, new Harbin there and, in a different quarter along the magnificent Sungari River, the Port: all laced together by wide streets and mammoth bridges—the only scale that the Russian seems to know. The cobbled streets are the same as those of Moscow, and the horses' hoofs that clatter down them. The capacious stone buildings that line the streets, the shops, and the cinema are similar to those that rise in Vladivostok or Leningrad. The steamers on the river are Russian; the twisted green and gold spires of the churches and the little kiosks. The *traktirs* and gardens are Russian, and in them sit Russian crowds eating sunflower seeds. The music is Russian, the gaiety and melancholy, the cafés and the caviare. *The smell is Russian.* Need anything further be said?

In the bright Manchurian sun, however, flies one of the most curious flags in the world: the upper half is the Chinese five-barred flag, the lower—not the upper—half is the Soviet sickle and hammer. Down the street clatters a Russian *izvostchik*, swinging his long whip over his shaggy Siberian pony. In the old days that long careless whip would certainly have flicked any Chinese tardily crossing the road. Now the traffic policeman who puts up his hand at which the bearded Jehu stops short has a yellow

skin and slant eyes. If there is an altercation the Russian will be slapped or beaten before a crowd and there is no redress. If he is arrested, it is the heavy hand of the yellow that hales him to the *yamen*, and the justice he meets is yellow. The mass of the city is white, but the wires, the antennæ that control it are Chinese. The whole administration, in short, of this Russian city of eighty thousand is Chinese. If you rise early enough you may even see the Chinese mayor making his rounds. He is a Buddhist scholar and rises at six to see if the municipal plant is working.

To the man who revisits the Far East this spectacle is as astonishing as seeing the Mississippi run dry or the Statue of Liberty fall upon her face. After he has recovered from the first bewilderment the spectacle teems with questions. How did it come about? Is the administration efficient? If so, *why*? Especially does the traveler ask this if he has just come up from China proper and witnessed the chaos there: the threatened disorganization of the posts, the bankruptcy of the telegraph, the ruin of the railways under advancing Chinese control. Is it possible that this experiment here in the north suggests that, if once he could be extracted from the *melée* of rival war lords, the Chinese might not prove incapable of governing? How does the Russian react toward this Chinese overlordship?

## II

The history of the *bouleversement* is simple. It is another wave caused by the mammoth stone which the Russian Revolution heaved into the world pool. Up until 1918, though on Manchurian territory, Harbin had been a Russian city. But in 1918 the White Russians, mainly the officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway, seeing the Bolshevik wave advancing across the Urals and hoping to save Harbin, invited the Chinese to come in and rule their own house. The Chinese needed no second invitation. They came and they brought an iron

hand for their dealings with the whites. In spite of the defense measure, however, the Soviet took possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Their first step was to abrogate the former treaties and give to China half the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. But the Chinese did not halve the control of the city. In all that concerns city administration they are still the sole masters.

Does Chinese policing of a white city work well? It depends upon the standards—Spotless Town or East of Suez. As East of Suez goes, Harbin is clean and safe, but East of Suez does not go far in either of these directions. Its forte is neither soap nor salubrity. Perhaps the most one can say is that the city plant has not visibly deteriorated, but perhaps it could not! Chinese coolies armed with long brush brooms sweep the streets. After several months it was discovered that they only swept the dirt from one side of the street to the other. A few Russians were added, and the streets are now as clean as ever. The traveler need no longer give Harbin a wide berth. Not many years ago, the Harbin and Vladivostok papers read like a *Police Gazette*. The visitor venturing up from Peking or over from Japan, after perusing the police report of the night before, warily transferred his bags to Changchun and fled back to civilization.

He no longer does this. He can go to Harbin and take the trans-Siberian train or sojourn there unharmed. The money and the carriages are probably the greatest danger he will encounter. Every filthy ten-kopeck note—patched and repatched—carries the seeds of ten thousand deaths, every broken-down *droshky* twenty thousand. After the money and the *droshkies*, the traffic police are the next danger. A Chinese traffic policeman, when he is borne down upon by several cars, generally brandishes his arms and invites all, indiscriminately, to dash in all directions at once. A hospitable gesture—whether rooted in paralysis or politeness—but hardly safe. If one escapes the money and the traffic cops he



runs no special risk of being sandbagged—that is, no more than in Chicago—or of having his furniture moved, more than in Long Island. In brief, he is safe unless he be very poor or very rich. If he is either of these he has special attention from the police.

The worst crime in Harbin is poverty. Out of a population of eighty thousand Russians, a large percentage are *émigrés* who flooded over the Urals during the Revolution, sleeping four deep on the floor of the Siberian stations, leaving their dead unburied as they fled, and now clinging to life in the back streets of Harbin in a state little short of debasement. Over these the Chinese police keep a heavy hand. Many must beg for a living, but the police permit them to beg only on one day a week; then they go from shop to shop, receiving a penny or so at each door. Many poor in Harbin never appear until after nightfall and then only on the deserted back streets. All live in the daily terror of either being sent back to Russia or shunted farther into China.

But poverty is not the only way to attract police attention. The rich also receive their share. Whenever the police need money—and when do the police not need money?—a victim is selected, either Chinese or Russian, and gold-digging begins. Sometimes legal means are used, and the "prospect" is arrested for some heinous offense, such as appearing in a hat or buttoning his coat, and he is dragged to the police *yamen*. But often the refined circumlocutions of legal means are omitted as tedious, and he is simply kidnapped. Every rich Russian or Chinese anticipates falling into the hands of the police once or twice a year. One victim in Harbin is said to have already yielded two hundred thousand dollars in ransom money. The victims pay as they do in Shanghai, where kidnappings are frequent, and so perfect is the police system that they never discuss their treatment. Yes, cleanliness, law and order, and a good police system prevail—the cleanliness, order, and police of the East.

The Soviet have surrendered Harbin to the Chinese. There is no apparent friction over the city administration. With far-reaching schemes in the Orient, Moscow can well afford to let the Chinese rule Harbin so long as she does not lose her hold on that greater prize which is the key not only to Harbin but to all north Manchuria—the Chinese Eastern Railway. This, and not city administration, is the matter of first importance. Thanks to its exorbitant freight rates on parts of the line where there is no competition, the Chinese Eastern Railway makes stupendous profits. Twenty-eight million rubles were recently divided by the Dalbank, half to the treasure chest of Stalin and half to that of Chang Tso Lin (then alive). The money melts away like sugar in the Sungari but there is always more to come. This division of spoils and the lynx-eyed necessity of watching each other to see that neither encroaches on the control of the railway very comfortably occupies the Chinese and Russian Machiavellis. But underneath this official *status quo*, the relation of the two races *en masse* is a gruelling drama: persecution and abuse from the Chinese, fear and humiliation on the part of the Russians. Under Chinese rule, the man without a country is seen at his worst.

Two things are responsible for the loss of prestige of the white race: one is the fact that the white man now does manual labor; the other is the increasing number of Chinese-Russian marriages. Perhaps, after all, the most significant sight of the Orient is not a Chinese policeman striking a white driver. Perhaps it is a little ragged Russian girl with bare feet, her kerchief tied over her fair hair, washing windows in a Chinese house. For the first time in the history of the East white men work as coolies. Russian and Chinese porters together meet the trains. Russian and Chinese waiters serve together in hotels. Russian and Chinese longshoremen load and unload the steamers. The Chinese has never read William Morris or Ruskin. He knows

nothing of the "dignity of labor." He himself never works when he need not. He cultivates peonies or goes in for cricket-fighting or something that makes life worth while. Ever since the first voyager first landed on these shores of limitless coolie labor the unwritten law has been "the white shall do no labor with his hands." Now that the Oriental has seen the white man bent under loads of bean cake, the white has lost something he can never regain.

The second factor—both cause and effect of Chinese ascendancy—is that growing number of streets in Harbin given over to Russian women married to Chinese men. There have always been marriages between Orientals and whites since the first clipper ships landed on these shores without women in their holds. One of the pictures of Hongkong and Shanghai or Kobe has been the blond-bearded viking striding along the street, his lily-footed wife toddling in his wake at a respectful distance. In the old days of the China Coast, however, it was the Occidental man who married or kept the Oriental woman. A reverse order was a coast scandal. But the world now is full of reversals. Every modern war lord buys not only aeroplanes and alarm clocks from the West, but adds a few white wives to his harem as *zakouska*. And not only the war lords add Russian women to their menages, but among the poorer classes there are many marriages.

Since women are the home-makers, the families thus constituted live as whites—as slip-shod whites, for the marriages are usually among the very low classes. But in the physiognomy of the children Chinese blood dominates, as it always dominates the less well-established germ cell of the white. The effect upon the Chinese and Russians themselves involved in such a union is lowering rather than otherwise. In close contact with the Russian, the Chinese always loses something difficult to define but easily recognizable—perhaps an inner harmony, the heritage of the oldest

civilization in the world. The white women who thus marry seem to lose caste. The prestige of the white race is still sufficient for that. At least they form a society of their own and keep to themselves in company with the other white women who have married Chinese. At first impression it seems a curious rather than encouraging experiment of nature. Perhaps it is her first foreshadowing of her uncaring way of solving the race problem. Stranger things have occurred in her vast melting pot.

Certain it is that certain chemicals are exploding into new forms in the Orient. It would take a very astute intelligence indeed to analyze this changing psychology of Asia and the deep bases of it. One group of foreigners talks of the "inferiority complex." To them, the Chinese and Japanese have long been inflicted with an inferiority complex thrust upon them by the guns and commerce of the West, and are now revenging themselves. Another group talks of the "superiority complex." It holds that the Chinese have always known their race and civilization to be superior, have held the West in contempt, and are determined to seize and hold their own.

Whatever the basic psychology, the result seems to be the same. China is awakening and awakening arrogantly. Soviet propaganda, the mastership in Harbin, white men and yellows working together as coolies, the fresh accessibility of white women—all have left their mark on the Chinese mind. There are many other contributory factors too complex to analyze, but the main factor lies in that flood of Russian *émigrés* flooding over the Urals who now tread so warily with the Chinese. The moment the Chinese saw the first Russian standing on the street and selling matches the status of the white world changed. And the day the first ragged Russian went to drudge in a Chinese house was more important than the signing of the Versailles treaty. For on that day the constellations of East and West shifted in the heavens.



With what result have the constellations shifted? Is China awakening to assume her obligations or only to make demands? Does the Harbin experiment mean new potentialities in the race—strength, honesty, efficiency? (Every one of these is a volume in itself in China.) In this remote north is a new type developing which augurs well for the solution of national problems? Those who know China best are the slowest to answer. Only time can tell.

Certainly here in the north is a freer atmosphere. For years Manchuria, containing Harbin and Mukden, has been Chang Tso Lin's special province—his source of revenue and the sanctuary to which he fled when hard pressed south of the Great Wall. He has drained it regularly and ruthlessly. In spite of all this drain, however, it has prospered. Lying serenely to the north, cut off by the Great Wall, by Chang Tso Lin's armies, it has escaped the fever with which the rival war lords have kept China seething. Here, if anywhere in China, there seems the possibility of a new type with a clearer head and a stronger will.

And a good type does seem to have shown on the horizon: remarkably keen and intelligent in business, quick to grasp an alien language even as difficult as the Russian, shrewd in everything except the principles of government. It is the science of government that he must learn if he is to pull his great kingdom there to the south together and gain the confidence of the West. Not through theoretical schemes of government on paper—a million here for a power plant, a million there for radio when his treasury would not yield a copper cent if scraped—can he demonstrate his greatness but through the thing at hand: less arrogance and less abuse of the peoples over whom he has authority.

### III

The Russians would, perhaps, feel more keenly the humiliation of being ruled by

Chinese were they any other race than Russian and if their own world were not so laden with drama. Harbin is like one of these boxes one takes apart, finding always another inside. Within the drama of the yellow and the white there is another drama of the Red and White. The officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway represent Moscow, and whoever controls the Chinese Eastern Railway controls Harbin. But in population, Harbin is White Russian, the stand of the Old Regime.

There lies the rub and it is a hard rub. Go into a Chinese hairdresser's and a woman comes in straight from the Rue de la Paix. Attend an official dinner and you dine with Stalin. In Russia, the Old Regime has ceased to exist in sufficient numbers to affect the scene. In Harbin they sit side by side, with no other nation to obscure the type. The Chinese Eastern Railway dispenses its stupendous profits with a gesture of true Russian magnificence. It has built a smart railway club with a delicious cuisine, charming gardens, an opera. Last year it spent three hundred thousand dollars on the opera, with artists out from Leningrad and Moscow. At these playgrounds of the railway Red and White mingle. At one table in the gardens a group of the Old Regime—the women marked by their thin faces and fragile skulls, the men in well-cut clothes—are watching the sunset over the Sungari. At the next table is the shaven head and thick neck of a good Siberian bourgeois, tucking away a Gargantuan Russian meal: he wears a Russian shirt, his boots smell of oil. He is probably a profiteer in furs; the woman with him wears a pink silk blouse and many bangles. A few Chinese faces here and there give the scene the strange flavor of the Far East and the Far North. But mainly the scene is Russian: Russia old and mellow; Russia new and masterful. The railway—that great power which sustains, overshadows, and rules Harbin—is their common meeting ground. But there the line is drawn.

Here and there in the city are evidences of the gigantic contest: not bullet holes and wrecked houses but, none the less, evidence. Take a motor and rattle over the ill-paved roads to Old Harbin. There you will come upon a chapter redolent of the past: a little collection of one-storied houses, the dirt roads winding like cow paths. It was the outpost of the Trans-Siberian when Russia was an adventurous empire striding toward China and the sea with her advance guard of Cossacks. At the end of a road, overhung with trees, is one of the strangest bits of mosaic in the East, a white-pillared house of old Russian style, built privately for the head of the Trans-Siberian Railway when his state approached that of Viceroy of this wild country. Vast rooms, polished floors, a park where the nightingales of Turgenev might have sung—all at the end of the cow paths. It is unconfiscated because it stands on Chinese territory, but even in Harbin it is unique. All the other big houses are occupied by the Soviet, the former inhabitants eking out an existence as best they may—by selling milk and eggs, by being janitors. At least one new palace has been built on railway ground by the Soviet, and in both Old and New Harbin are Soviet parks, beautifully kept and open to the public—reminders of the new masters of the old land.

Why, one asks, does the Old Regime cling to this straggling frontier town at the top of the world, administered by Chinese and Reds and so full of tragedy? They cling here because pride dies hard; because, although poor, here they keep something of their identity; because they dread to be lost in the vortex of the West. For certain numbers the Chinese East offers a livelihood, though it is always haunted by fear.

The Soviet permits the White Russians to hold positions on the railway provided they have Soviet passports. Since in the beginning technically trained men were scarce, the pay-roll contained a large number of men who were not Red at

heart. Moscow has not found this agreeable and has been recently trying to replace them with Red disciples. This was all the opening necessary for the Chinese who, taking advantage of the Mukden agreement, that there should be an equal number of Chinese with Russians—the number now being somewhat less—laid claim to the posts here. The result has been an interlude in the Whites' terror of dismissal, though a temporary one. Those who have any means of livelihood at all are fortunate. Most of the Old Regime Russians stay in Harbin because they are too poor to move.

The Russian heart does not harbor bitterness, but with the drama so recent, the atmosphere resembles that of our Southern border states after the Civil War. There is much propaganda still in Harbin, the money coming in from Europe; and where there is such propaganda there is bitterness. The customs could tell a strange tale of the wares that cross their counters: jewels in quantities wrenched from their settings so that they may not be recognized, silver cigarette cases marked with a crown, the coffee cups of a Grand Duke. But who is there to buy? The Whites cannot and will not. The Reds need not, it is said. In this connection an authentic story is told in Harbin, names and dates of which can be supplied. The wife of a well-known Bolshevik official, wearing a valuable sable coat, was stopped on the street one day by a woman, her shoes almost worn through. "Madam," said the shabby woman, "will you come with me to the police station? That is my coat." The wearer protested, but was compelled to go. "There is name and date written on every skin of that coat," the shabby woman informed the police. "If the coat is hers she will know what they are." The wearer was unable to say what was written on the sables. The woman with the ragged shoes then gave a name and date. The coat was ripped open and the name and date were found as stated.

The most pathetic pawns in the game are the girls thrown on the market.



Whenever there is a break in the economic life of a nation it is always the women who are cheapened first. Never before has it occurred in such appalling proportions as in Russia. Shanghai is flooded with Russian girls who constitute much of the night life in that bizarre hybrid; not all are to be bought, but many are predatory to such an extent that it has been the subject of open debate in the Shanghai papers. In Harbin the life of man—especially of a bachelor with more than a sixpence in his pocket—is either a South Sea paradise or a case of St. Anthony, according to the temperament. When a bachelor moves into the quarters belonging to the customs or posts or one of the big business firms he usually finds a girl already established. She goes with the house like the furniture, and it takes more than a slant-eyed policeman to eject her. She does not appear at his parties but keeps discreetly hidden. Marriages have not been unknown, however, and any American woman with a fiancé in Harbin is warned to take the first steamer thitherward. "Ladies must live," and so must superfluous bits of froth on the stream of life.

Harbin, essence of tragic contrasts: of East and West, of old and new, of poverty and riches, the "City of Nechevo." And yet wherever are Russians there is life, and Harbin at night puts on a mask of hectic gaiety. There are ten cabarets which begin activity about midnight—tinsel affairs but clever and amusing. The cabarets are both expensive and cheap. The young "China millionaire" up from the interior with hungry eyes and his year's salary burning his monkey jacket can buy champagne, probably also the red-haired girl in green spangles with whom he dances, if he chooses. The artists are presumably *sans reproche*, but the girls who dance are in that borderland which adds piquancy to the *geisha*. The young China millionaire may spend his whole salary if he likes. But *pater familias* may also take the whole family for a dollar a head.

The cabaret is seldom vulgar, never abandoned. Sometimes there is a moment that touches the heart. Someone sings a gypsy song, the lights go lower. Out of the shadows seems to flow the deep river of the past, winding like a broad ribbon of memory; ahead stretches the misty, unknown future. One feels the Russian soul voyaging about on the bitter plain of experience: no longer friend and foe, the struggle against poverty, against exile, the struggle against yellow and against one another forgotten—all touched into a common race by memory. The moment passes. The lights blare on. A troupe climbs down swinging ladders, clad in powder and paint. Harbin, the "City of Nechevo."

While inside the city drama within drama unfolds—the drama of power on one hand against fear on the other—outside, Manchuria herself, twice as big as Germany, prepares the next battlefield of the world. One line of battalions already moves across the horizon. Through the gates of Harbin themselves flows a constant stream of blue: Chinese coolies who have fled famine-stricken, tax-ridden Shantung and Chihli pour hungrily over the empty brown plains. Through the break in the Great Wall and the ports they swarm, two million this year and millions more in the loins of these. They bring their wives and children with them, even now and then an aged father across a stalwart back. They carry bedding rolls and bundles that contain all they own in this world, some of them carry a hoe. The sunshine pours down into the plains, warm and golden; the flags hang limp in the air. The scene looks serene and peaceful and remote from wars. No enemy is in sight. Where are the antagonists?

One sits in Tokio: a small dapper gentleman who in his leisure has a passion for jade and gardens. The other sits in the Kremlin: a stoutish person in a peasant shirt. One holds the key of the South Manchurian Railway, the other of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the

Trans-Siberian. Both look with disappointed eyes at Manchuria. The figure in Tokio long ago had a dream: it was a dream of the rich stream of life, but pouring in from his own islands across the way. He has resigned it sorrowfully but finally; he knows now that the Japanese farmer cannot compete with that blue-clad figure with the grass-and-mud cake tucked in his coat. The peasant in Moscow—only he was not a peasant then but a suave gentleman in a frock coat—also once had a dream: it was of a great Slav empire with free outlets to the sea. That also has passed. Manchuria will be Chinese: only an act of God can stop that now. But the control of that output, the sovereignty over this rich virgin land? Who holds the key to that?

If the shield of Manchuria were drawn, it should be three figures *couchant*: the bear, and two dragons—a white and two yellows. A battle of railways and ports fought for the last west. Each has her weakness and her own strength. Against

Japan works the innate distrust felt for her by China and by Russia; for her, endless cleverness, her militant vigilance and her determination to keep the "special position" which she avers she won in the Russo-Japanese war, and which she states she will hold at the point of the sword. Against China is her chaos and her lack of organized resources; vastly in her favor, the mighty mass of twenty million coolies already on the land. The bear is probably the weakest of the three. Against him stands lost prestige in the Far East and complex internal problems. For him, ten years of experience which has developed some of the cleverest brains in the world, and the fact that as an ally or enemy Russia is the immediate giant of the future.

What happens in Manchuria will carry results for the whole world. It would be interesting to open one's eyes in Harbin a hundred years from now and gaze at the seats of power. White or yellow? And if yellow—which?

## KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**I** STOOD alone where the great Pembroke lay  
 Most gauntly still, as carved obsidian  
 Hewn at a stroke; in the slow waning day  
 So prone was he, and so much more than man.  
 And round him others, virginally young,  
 With sword long sheathed beneath the insentient hand,  
 Remote, serene, whose passionate minds were strung  
 To battle for the Cross in Holy Land.  
 I thought how many another man than these  
 Has borne a shield as starkly magical  
 Over gray land and white adventurous seas  
 Against his stand beneath the ultimate wall,  
 And thence returned with vacant eyes and frail  
 Spent feet and folded hands that clasp no grail.





## FRA ANGELICO AND THE CABIN PASSENGER

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

**A**MONG modern transatlantic travelers undoubtedly the lowliest is he who takes what is known as "cabin passage," that is, the better quarters on the slower boats. Such a passenger obviously is not an important personage in politics, finance, the movies, or grand opera, or he would be rich enough to travel first class on the *Ile de France*, the *Berengaria*, the *Majestic*, or some other of the great fliers. On the other hand, it is equally apparent that he is not a man of importance among the intellectuals or the creative artists, for if he were he would be too poor to travel except in student third class. The cabin passenger is just nothing. With movie actors, financiers, and ambassadors sniffing at him on the one side, and with the learned doctors, the poets, composers, and painters equally aloof on the other, he cannot fail to realize that among ordinary and undistinguished people he is the most excessively so.

Yet the books of the steamship companies reveal that what the cabin passenger lacks in distinction he makes up in numbers. Something attracts him to Paris in hordes every summer; and it is difficult to believe that he goes there either to damage his morals or to improve his mind. But he is, generally speaking, rather a dumb animal—inarticulate, I mean, not foolish. He does not often break into the public prints to argue his case, so the impression has become widespread that a trip to the City of Light must subserve one of two purposes—the purpose of getting

drunk or divorced, on the one side, or the purpose of polishing the intelligence, on the other. Students go to Paris, and butter-and-egg men go to Paris, to the satisfaction of both, as everyone knows. What is not so generally realized is that the place is well worth seeing, even by a man who is pretty well satisfied with both his present wife and his present education.

Angelique and I were recently cabin passengers. I make the confession at once in order that the great and the learned may read no farther and so avoid wasting their time. For what we have to say is not half so interesting as the tales brought back by the butter-and-egg men, and possesses none of the cultural impressiveness of the acquisitions of the worthy gentlemen with the thick lenses and the Greek lexicons who travel up in the bow of the boat with the horses. Angelique and I came back with morals, I think I may say, undamaged, and with minds certainly unimproved. About all we can say is that we had a thundering good time, and know exactly why we are crazy to go back.

Not every cabin passenger, I assert with unashamed vanity, can say as much. So many allow their respectability to overcome them. They think they must go to the Opéra and go all the way through the Louvre, quite unsuspecting that the Opéra alone can damage a visit to Paris and the Louvre can ruin it, while the combination tends to turn an ordinary cabin passenger into a violent Gallophobe.

A visit to the Opéra should indeed be on the itinerary of every cabin passenger in Paris, only he should not go at night, nor should he enter the building. He should obtain a seat on the sidewalk in front of the Café de la Paix about five o'clock in the afternoon. He can obtain it for the price of a drink.

So fortified, he is in position to enjoy the gaudiest show in Paris, with the Opéra as its perfect backdrop. All the world rushes by in a tremendous hurry to get nowhere. Every taxi is honking wildly, although the drivers must be well aware that traffic can move no faster than it is moving. All the busses are pulling up with squealing brakes, or starting with much clattering of the gears. All the traffic cops are shouting as they wave their white billies helplessly. All the passers-by are gabbling. Every actor upon the scene is making noises which don't mean anything and which are perfectly futile. And upon the uproar smiles down the incredible façade of the Opéra, monument of that immensely noisy and bustling emperor, Napoleon III.

A philosophical cabin passenger can be greatly edified by attending the Opéra after this fashion. Observing the modern French in a perpetual stew which means nothing and achieves nothing save a prodigious uproar and a certain diverting swirl of movement, he is far better prepared to sit in the visitors' gallery and observe his own American Congress in action. It is encouraging to realize that, after all, we are not the only ones given to this sort of thing. After all, not even the Corn Belt, fertile mother of political apparitions, has produced anything quite comparable to Louis Napoleon. Not that this is altogether gain, for Napoleon the Little, if he fell short of greatness, was at least genuinely grandiose. This Opera House proves it. Gaudy it may be, pretentious and ostentatious, and all that, but at least it isn't little and it isn't mean. Its builder led his nation into ruin. He destroyed its wealth and broke its pride,

but he never attempted to convert it into a sneaking nation, or into a sanctimonious nation. After all, Napoleon III might have left to France worse legacies than the Opéra and Sedan. He might have bequeathed it an American gospel of meddlesomeness.

Similarly, with the Louvre, the cabin passenger should carefully preserve a decent reticence. The Louvre is a very great art gallery and, therefore, entitled to the respect of all intelligent people. Those persons are in error who insist that it is to be viewed only on the inside; such arguments apply only to individuals who are in Paris for the purpose of improving their minds. By others the Louvre is best enjoyed from a different standpoint, and for my part I choose the Quai Voltaire, on the opposite side of the river. The procedure is simple. Select a spot where the stone coping is free from booksellers' boxes. Approach it after the fashion of our unregenerate forefathers when, in search of strong drink, they "bellied up to the bar." Bend slightly forward and plant the elbows lightly, but firmly, in the center of the coping, the hands loosely clasped and the cane dangling over the outside. In Paris public opinion demands a cane, and before you have been there a week you will feel indecently exposed without one in the streets. Thus gracefully draped upon the wall along the riverside, it is possible to remain immovable for hours, and one is then prepared to take up the study of the Louvre in a serious way.

Here, in order to be fair, I should pause long enough to file a dissenting opinion from Angelique. She dismisses the scheme *in toto*, and professes to be scandalized by the very idea of studying the great repository of French art from across the Seine. The only correct viewpoint, says Angelique, is from one of the benches in the Place du Carrousel. There is much to be said for the benches, it is true, but my private opinion is that Angelique prefers them because she cannot drape herself over a stone fence as gracefully as I can.



Be that as it may, the Louvre from the outside, I assert without fear of successful contradiction, is an eyeful. Such chimneys!

Inside, of course, is immortality, and I have nothing but the greatest respect for those who seek it, but it is rather overwhelming for a cabin passenger. Besides, there is some sort of magic about museum floors. They seem to be made of ordinary wood, and yet they have achieved a hardness of which mere wood is incapable—a hardness which is to diamond as diamond is to talc. Hard-working tourists develop museum feet as they develop sea-legs; but that appertains to improvement of the mind with which cabin passengers have nothing to do.

The only safety for a cabin passenger inside the Louvre depends upon securing a very special kind of guide. Like Diana. Diana is no cabin passenger. She always travels student third along with the archæologists, the philologists, the anthropologists, and the horses. Diana, to the best of my information and belief, holds nothing but a plain A.B., but she knows more than thirty-eight medium weight Ph.D.'s, because in addition to the store of information which goes with the doctorate, she knows what the ordinary Ph.D. has to ripen many years before he discovers, namely, how to convey information.

We went with Diana into the hall devoted to the Italian Primitives, toward whom I had always maintained the attitude which, according to our arbiters of taste, was abandoned by really superior people in the eighteen-forties. That is, I thought they were terrible. We halted before an altarpiece by Fra Angelico, and Diana began to talk. I don't remember what she said, but I do remember that little by little that picture began to fall into shape before my eyes, and from it arose the spirit of the early fifteenth century.

What a man was this John of Fiesole, and what a time he represents! A priest, of course, and concerned ex-

clusively with the job of subduing the world, the flesh, and the devil to the control of Holy Church; but by the ineluctable processes of bio-chemistry a painter, also, and a mighty one. He could paint saints and seraphs, virgins and angels, with faces of such tender, delicate beauty that one is almost afraid to draw breath for fear of losing the vision. He clothed them in blues like patches of the sky, and yellows that make the primrose crass and blatant. He dealt in gold and swan's down and filled his palette from the dawn and from sunset's afterglow.

Once Diana had pointed it out, all this was quite obvious to me, but she proceeded then to abolish the mystery of the bad drawing by bidding me observe its subservience to the design. I had thought it unskillfulness, and now I saw how it was all attributable to the exigencies of the design, how it had been made to contribute to the emphasis of the central idea, regardless of anatomy or of any other fact. This is undeniably power, and it is as undeniably a commentary on the good old days. Brother John knew that the earth is no longer without form and void. He knew that Heaven and Earth are arranged and run according to a fixed and unalterable design. He also knew what that design is, for was he not a priest, as well as a man of the early fifteenth century? All the world was full of moral certainties in those days, so there was little disposition to question the dicta when priest and king and noble asserted that human life must fit into the design, not the design into human life.

So Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, being a man of his time, brought his talent, too, to contribute to the great work of bending the human spirit into the mold made for it. No matter that his particular talent was an unparalleled appreciation of the exquisite, of the fragile, of the delicate. He stretched the arms of his angels to serve the design. He flung his draperies about contrary to all the laws of nature in order to serve the design.

He did not follow where Beauty led, but harnessed her and hitched her to his design and drove her. Out of butterfly wings he made hammers to hammer the souls of men into conformity with the design which all holy men knew perfectly.

Thus the Italian Primitives served their day and generation and their works are marvelous. But so are the works of their confrères who did not dabble in pigments, but served the same ideal. Jeanne d'Arc, screaming horribly when the fire really got at her, is one of their works. The head of the venerable Coligny on a pike is another. All the welter of blood and horror that constitutes the religious wars is part of the same fearful gallery. As Diana talked of how happily the name of Angelico fits this painter of the celestial, I remembered shudderingly an artist who was in his own way as great; for it was this same moral certainty which inspired the hell-lit genius of Torquemada.

Diana persuaded me to alter somewhat my view of the Italian Primitives. Now I *know* they are terrible.

So I enjoy the Louvre from the outside, where smoking is permitted and meditation may arrive at a happier conclusion. I observe and approve the works of great kings arrayed before me. Francis I did a good job when he erected that original building, even if it is a bit heavy for the taste of a cabin passenger, and so did Henry IV in his continuation. That device of the salamander, for example, is not only a pleasing touch in itself, but obviates the necessity of dragging *Baedeker* out of one's overcoat pocket in order to verify Francis I construction. Catherine de' Medicis also did well by the twentieth-century tourist, as did the various Louis, whose capital L's are woven into such fascinating designs in such fascinating places.

But when all is said and done, the entrancing feature of the Louvre is the way in which every particularly prominent spot, every spot which a really good advertising man would select for a billboard, is pre-empted by a vast N, no

matter who put up the building. I appeal to all infantrymen and cavalrymen—now isn't that just what a major of artillery would do? Then there is the Arch in the Place du Carrousel, smaller than the one up the hill at the Place de L'Etoile, but to my mind a more superb monument of egotism on account of the inscriptions, which lift it beyond anything of the kind, the palace of Versailles alone excepted. Napoleon, after all, is the lad for the cabin passenger's money. Francis I and Henry IV and Italian Catherine and the Well-Beloved and the Sun King doubtless were great in their time; but the Corsican was so incomparably the loudest of them all that the recommendation he gives himself at the Louvre all but drowns out the others.

Still, the tale is not finished with Napoleon. The Beehive followed the Salamander on these ancient walls, and the L's followed the Beehive, and the N followed the L's as the slow-footed centuries dragged past; yet through it all these remained the walls of a royal palace, and the Place du Carrousel was a king's garden. With more or less success, men were still hammered into shape to fit the design which holy clerks and the Lord's anointed sketched. And if the design required the stretching of limbs and the warping of souls, the limbs were stretched and the souls were warped in the sacred names of God and the King's Majesty. Humanity was valuable only in so far as it might be worked into the great composition which had as its center and climactic point the Throne, earthly or heavenly.

But N also has had in its turn a successor. Over the door of the north wing, where the Ministry of Finance has its headquarters, is the new sign. And because that sign is not N, but RF, the royal palace has become a museum, and in the garden of the great kings Angélique and I sit and pass approval on the works which they wrought. And here Angélique practices her French on a nursemaid who has pushed a perambulator into the place. And here I lend



a match to a workman in overalls who sits on the bench beside me long enough to smoke a cigarette and damn the administration. The Louvre is now the property of the French Republic, and the Republic is, in theory at least, the French people.

Human life is no longer an Italian Primitive design in which humanity is valuable only as it contributes to a composition intended to magnify and glorify the Throne. Apparently, there is still some sort of design into which we are compelled to fit. At any rate, limbs are still stretched and souls are still warped, God knows; but the torture is no longer inflicted with a clear conscience, in the belief that the holy clerk and the Lord's anointed necessarily are acquainted with all the plans of the Creator. So Angelique and I, in the Place du Carrousel, meditate with a degree of wonder and a degree of satisfaction upon the builders of the mighty Louvre—on Francis and Henry, on the Louis and Catherine, on Bonaparte the Great and Napoleon the Little, and how they have all given place to the République Française, which makes us welcome to sit and chat and smoke in the garden of the kings. And the sum and substance of our meditation on these ancient monarchs is not how great they were, but how dead they are!

For dead they are in this Paris that they ruled. It is in no sense purely a matter of the tricolor and the monogram on public buildings, or of the abolition of hereditary rank and the extension of the suffrage, or of any other political factor. It is a matter of the spirit of the city, the matter of a profound belief that man was not made to be forced into an arbitrary design made by holy men and noblemen, or by any other men. Paris repudiates the ideal of a mosaic, no matter how gorgeous, in which individual men are the chips. When she abolished rank and station, she did so in good faith. She has learned to use a man for what he is worth and for that alone. If he does well the work which

she desires him to do, he is absolved of other duties. He does not have to fit into an arbitrary design in order to hold any sort of place in the world.

So if a professor in the Sorbonne knows his subject thoroughly and teaches it well, he is regarded as a worshipful master, even though he may wear whiskers more incredible than any that Bud Fisher ever drew. He may live on the sixth floor of a tottering old house in a street eight feet wide without losing caste. He may be assiduously cultivating a case of cirrhosis of the liver, but if he keeps out of jail and comes to his lecture-room sober, the rest is nobody's business but his own.

Furthermore—and this is what makes a cabin passenger gasp and stare—not only does nobody raise a protest, but nobody knows, or cares to know. A teacher is hired to teach, and when his teaching is over his day's work is done. He is not expected to serve, during his spare time, as a sort of dressmaker's model on which the community may try the effect of all its new fads, fancies, and prejudices. He is not expected to furnish support to the Church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Parks and Playgrounds Association, the Musical Betterment Society, the Boy Scouts, the Campfire Girls, the Community Chest, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Y. W. C. A., and the Right Living Club. If he teaches geography, he is expected to know geography, but he is not expected to know the Westminster Catechism, the complete works of Emily Post, the Republican Handbook, the Twenty-Third Psalm, the Bartender's Guide, the American Experience Table, and What a Young Married Woman Ought to Know. Hence his opinion on subjects covered by these authorities is not regarded as particularly valuable, and so is not sought. If it should be discovered accidentally that he never heard of any of them, nobody would turn a hair, provided he did know geography.

Paris, in other words, is not "nosey,"

except on certain well-recognized occasions. If two cars nick each other's fenders the gendarme writes a novel on the subject, and while he is writing the size of the crowd is limited only by the width of the street. And if one of the Seine fishermen ever caught a fish I doubt not that hundreds would be injured in the crush. But any comedian from the music halls might parade down the Avenue de L'Opéra in full make-up without causing a single head to turn, for many artists are customarily rigged out more fantastically. What a man wears, or eats, or drinks, and how he amuses himself are matters that concern himself alone, for there is no rigid design into which he must fit his whole life, including not only his words and deeds, but even his beliefs.

The unlimited supplies of liquor and learning to be obtained there are, therefore, not the only features of Paris which astonish the visiting American. The superb indifference of the natives to what does not concern them is an unceasing fount of wonder and delight. Paris has a hard-luck story. She never tells it, but it is plain enough to the perceptive eye in the shabbiness of the crowds on the streets, in the almost complete absence of silk stockings, in pinched faces, and flat chests, and bent backs. For the millions that make up the population of the city, life is hard, desperately hard. But they do not leave, they will not leave; and I do not believe that it is beyond the capacity of an American to guess why.

For Paris, through great tribulation, has learned to confine her design to inanimate things. The development of the material city, the city of brick and stone and mortar, is ruled with an iron hand. This is apparent in every vista—not merely in the great central one, from the Place du Carrousel across the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde through the Champs Elysées up to the Star, but in a thousand others as well. No department store has been allowed to erect a packing case three hundred feet

high to obliterate the soaring beauty of the Tour St. Jacques. No filling-station modeled after some movie-director's dream of a Turkish harem has been permitted to obtrude its obscenity upon the Place de la Concorde. No chewing-gum or liver pill is advertised in fifteen-foot letters on the stone walls that line the Seine. There are architectural horrors in Paris, but they represent the infrequent failures of the system, not the customary procedure. On inanimate Paris the hand of Authority lies heavy, and the result is that beauty which all the world knows. Out of inanimate things Authority can create patterns lovely beyond description.

But there it stops in Paris. Humanity does not comprise part of the design. They are not able even to maintain traffic control in Paris, not to mention social control. And yet, somehow, the traffic moves and the city remains far more orderly than American towns. And right here the cabin passenger becomes aware of a certain uneasiness stirring his vitals. This is a hard-up town, a bedraggled, down-at-the-heels town and, therefore, by comparison with the speckless, shiny, luxuriously equipped towns which are the pride of America, it ought to be a woebegone town. But it isn't. It is far from anything of the sort. In fact, it is distinctly chipper, distinctly pleased with itself, and apparently grouchless.

We have abolished the design in America, too, as far as the political aspect goes. That is to say, our composition is no longer dedicated to the magnification and glorification of the Throne. But the social control remains as rigid with us as it ever was, and there is some reason to believe that it is tightening. Suppose these Frenchmen have hit upon a sound idea—where, then, are we? Suppose it is possible to maintain public order and public decency without compelling human beings to conform to all the prejudices, fads and fancies of the community—wouldn't the joke be on us in rather ghastly fashion?



Consider what life in America would be like if there were no question of striving to be a leading citizen, no necessity of keeping up with the Joneses. Suppose you felt perfectly free to contribute or not to contribute to whatever "drive" happened to be under way. Suppose you were at liberty to live in whatever part of the town suited your taste and your purse without losing caste. Suppose it made no difference whatever in your social standing whether you owned a limousine, a flivver, or no car at all. Suppose you were at liberty to be an evolutionist in Tennessee without going to jail, or a Communist in Massachusetts without being electrocuted. Suppose you might be a Roman Catholic and still run for the Presidency of the United States without a word of opposition based on your church affiliation. Wouldn't it be wonderful?

Such considerations as these trouble a

cabin passenger. Looking around him in Paris and noting, beneath the beauty and charm of the old city, the sternness of the struggle for existence, he returns thanks for his nativity on the western side of the Atlantic. Marking the extreme difficulty of making any change in this ancient, crowded land, he gives thanks for the limitless sweep of the American future, he thrills to the consciousness that his young nation "rejoices as a strong man to run a race." But when he observes how the Frenchman, in the midst of his difficulties and his hardships, has yet contrived to win and to hold his freedom of spirit, he bows his head. And it is in a rather subdued mood that he turns back to his own land where, behind the power, the opulence, the magnificence, behind the show of vigorous youth and boundless opportunity, Torquemada stands in the background.



*manuscript*

## The Lion's Mouth



### IN DEFENSE OF MILLIONAIRES

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I WAS reading, the other evening, a book which charmed and delighted me until I came to a single sentence that did not. Since then, by the unjust fate that seems to pursue authors as well as other public characters, I have remembered the volume not by the hours of pleasure and benefit which it gave me, but by the few words which aroused my irritation.

The author, in this case, was an essayist and philosopher who was describing a walking trip through one of the eastern states and, on coming to a little forgotten township where the landscape was still almost primeval, he spoke of it as being "as yet unspoiled by the millionaire."

Now why, I ask him, the millionaire? If he meant to say that many spots in the landscape would be spoiled by *anyone* who touched them—the gas station proprietor, the billboard artist, the Italian farmer, the mistress of "Ye Little Tea Shoppe," or even the indigenous Yankee—I am with him completely; but why pick on poor Dives any more than the rest?

The truth is, I do not believe that this author meant at all what he said. I believe merely that, in a careless moment, he allowed himself to slip into one of the commonest and yet one of the silliest catch-ideas of American literature, the assumption that a man of large estate is necessarily predatory, tyrannical,

ignorant, and, above all, hostile to beauty. It is an idea, unhappily, to which the nature-loving and philosophical school of literature is particularly prone. The vagrant, the whimsical violinist, the hermit, the toy maker, and the woman who knows the wild flowers are usually the heroes or heroine of its lyrics, while the man in the big house on the hill is usually the villain, when he is not the butt.

Such a point of view, I will admit, is comforting, as most of us have better chances of being whimsical violinists than we have of being rich men; but is it necessarily sound? As a matter of fact, in the particular state of the Union in which this author chose to ramble, there would be very little wild country left if it were not for the millionaires. While one may be annoyed by the "No Trespassing" signs in the forests that they have bought and fenced off, still it is the only practicable method by which they could still remain forests. The chances are, further, that if our friend had come on a nestling little farmhouse which breathed the whole spirit of Colonial purity, inquiry would have disclosed that it had been caught from the junk heap and restored at a cost of about forty thousand dollars.

If, moreover, this idea of millionaire-baiting is an axiom of philosophic-nature writing, it is a positive canon of more popular literature where it faces a still more ludicrous situation. For what is the one ever-present, never-failing theme of American fiction, the only motif that crowds out even the love interest? It is, of course, the advancement to success, material success—in other words, making money. Contrariwise, an American tragedy is a story



in which someone loses money. Horatio Alger became a classic on the one idea, and Edith Wharton on the other. Name five American novels, if you can, in which the action does not really rest on this theme. I honestly have tried and have got no farther than *The Scarlet Letter*, for if the Shelby family had remained solvent there would have been no *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In this idea, taken alone, there is, of course, nothing peculiarly American. It has been a basic theme of all literatures since the *Book of Job*. A wealthy marriage is regarded as the logical climax of all nursery tales, and every fairy story ends in a pot of gold. Since Americans are accused of being mercenary or vulgar, it is amusing to find that Lord Lytton, in one of his novels, gives the actual incomes of his leading characters and gives them right out in pounds, shillings, and pence.

The difference, however, is that Europeans and Orientals stop there and have, at least, the virtue of a clean-cut proposition. They take it for granted that the pot of gold is the end of the fairy tale and that a rich man is happy until he is proved otherwise. On the contrary, American fiction, while outdoing all the rest of the world in idealizing the "success" motif, has felt an obligation to accompany it always with the counter theory that a rich man is never good, admirable, or at peace. Incessantly you find the two ideas side by side in the works of the same author, in the pages of the same magazine, and frequently in the same story. Against the hero who is struggling to success in the rolling mills or the heroine who is coyly opening a new kind of bookshop, is always present the old millionaire who glooms and grouches and snarls and spits, or the wealthy lady who is valuable as a customer but detestable otherwise. Are we to believe that this is the end for which the young people are struggling? And if, in the eyes of fiction, it is undesirable to *have made* money (as distinct from *making* it), we are taught that it is posi-

tive degeneracy to have inherited it. In vain do we search the pages of American literature for a rich man's son who is not a sot, a nincompoop, or a sissy. There is only admiration for the father who is working manfully to provide security for his children. It is, however, apparently fatal if he succeeds in doing it.

Personally, I could never see in this trend of thought anything except an unconscious working of the old fable of the fox and the grapes, the old story of the "ins" and the "outs." Concerning the whole theory of vested property I am no more prepared to give a final answer than any mortal has been for the past three thousand years; but until the rest of us are ready to give up our washing machines, our radios, and our winter flannels, I can see nothing but cant and hypocrisy in pretending to scorn those who have more of them than we. Come now. Is there one of us who would not experience a tremendous uplift of soul if, in to-morrow's mail, he should find an unexpected and whopping big check? Which of us would not go forth feeling a rare beneficence and brotherly love towards all mankind, seeing new beauties in the sunrise, and finding exquisite artistries in every twig and branch? Why, then, assume that money acts any differently on the soul of a millionaire?

There are, of course, ridiculous millionaires, just as there are ridiculous writers, ridiculous paper hangers, and simply screaming naturalists; but both theory and observation would suggest that soundness of thought, in anything from art to agriculture, can best be found in the neighborhood of responsible minds. Great things, it is true, have been created in garrets—under the pressure necessary to get out of the garret—but, on the other hand, it was the garret point of view that reduced Villon to murder and Chatterton to forgery. And why continuously pick out a Villon or a Chatterton against the long line of well-fed and much better artists from Horace to Corot? One of these owes his life's work to Mæcenas and the

other was born rich. Without the appreciation of established wealth there would have been little art in any era, including our own.

To say that because a man is nurtured to a life of ease he is thereby devoid of intellect, sensibility, or character is to say something contrary to reason. The whole history of the British Empire proves the reverse. If you desired a brave horse, a clever terrier, or a highly maternal cow you would look for them in a stock which had produced others of the same kind and which had been watched and tended with care. It is not difficult to notice in any college that the boys from well-to-do homes are frequently the best athletes and almost invariably the most popular. This is not due to snobbishness but to a much more genuine reason—that ease of circumstance and security of position develop early a poise of mind and a good humor that find harder footing in yearning and want. The great curse of poverty is not deprivation but a meanness of mind that is apt to grow up when ambition is rubbed by envy. It has often been said that the collapse of Rome was caused by its luxury; but the obvious trouble was not that there were too many rich men but that there were not enough of them. There was no point in the history of the Empire when a good bankers' bloc, a good wheat bloc, or a good swordmakers' bloc could not have averted its downfall. A more startling fact is that when the end did come it was the aristocrats and the millionaires who survived the deluge. It was the bluebloods of the old era who reappeared as the saints of the new. St. Anthony, St. Basil, St. Benedict, St. Gregory the Great, St. Augustine, and the incomparable Cassiodorus were all aristocrats and men of wealth. So also were most of the founders of our own republic. On the other hand, the three men who did their best to wreck the American Revolution were all culls or wanderers—Arnold, Gates, and Charles Lee. According to one historian, the

last named, "*in order to gain public confidence*" (sic) purchased an estate in Virginia, and when this had secured him the rank of major general he asked Congress to reimburse him for his expenditure!

As I have said, I do not attempt to justify these conditions. I merely state that they are facts. I believe that the world would be much happier if many people had more money but, lacking a better distribution scheme than any that has yet been discovered, I do not see why it would be any happier if certain people had less. And what I do object to is the affectation of attacking wealth for any reason except the real one. When I, in print or otherwise, pick up a rock and throw it at my neighbor Midas he may know just why I do it; and until I myself am willing to wear haircloth I am not going to begrudge him his dress shirt.



### INDOOR MOTORING

BY RICHARD GARWOOD LEWIS

**M**Y FRIEND Barrington has some decidedly queer ideas about motoring. He has a big powerful roadster that he and his wife drive all over the country. He never goes more than forty miles an hour, stops at all the railroad crossings, and lets people pass him in pre-war Fords. He hasn't enough sense to keep to the well-paved highways but is always poking up side roads. He raves about the scenery and keeps the top of his car down till away on into the fall. Says he likes the fresh air and the smell of the country. Mrs. B. pretends to agree with him, but I know women better than that. Every once in a while the wife and I go over and take the Barringtons out for a real ride and, believe me, I do the driving.



We have a large closed car and, in spite of the fact that the women go around half naked these days, we can be quite comfortable in the car even in cold weather. We can close the windows so that there isn't a slightest draught, and I have a good heater. I don't like to boast about my driving, but once we get clear of the suburbs you see the figure "45" for the last time on the speedometer till we get home again. I get Barrington in the front seat with me and I certainly have a lot of fun watching him push down on the floor and grip his knees when we get near a railway crossing. I usually shave it a little close just to give him a real thrill. Why! any man who can't beat a locomotive that hasn't got more than half way across the road shouldn't be driving a car.

On a good day we can start right after lunch and go more than a hundred miles out into the country and be back in plenty of time for tea. You have to keep your foot on it to do that, no loafing along mooning at scenery but real driving, if you know what I mean. I'm not one of those nuts that claim to be able to pass every car on the road but I at least make a try at anything that comes along except the motor cops, and I don't take much dust.

The wife and I called around the other day to give the Barringtons a treat, and when I honked the horn in front of their apartment house Barrington came out and leaned in the window over the wheel.

"Come in, both of you, and have a jolt of my new grape brandy before we start," he said in a hoarse whisper.

I had had a bad day at the office and was feeling a little washed out, so we got out and followed him. Some people are afraid to take a real drink when they are driving a car, but I think it's just the thing to get you properly keyed up. He gave me a good stiff jolt, and I thought the stuff tasted even stronger than what he made last fall. The wife just sipped it and passed it up and went in to talk to Mrs. B. Barrington and I sat and talked

and I had a little more of his grape brandy. . . .

After a little while Barrington went out into their trick kitchenette and beckoned to me. I followed him out, thinking he was going to declare a dividend, but he closed and locked the door behind me. In the kitchenette were four large overstuffed chairs, and my wife and Mrs. Barrington were sitting waiting in them. They were comfortable enough as chairs go, but it was rather close quarters. Barrington lighted the oven, the broiler, and three of the burners of the gas range, and opened the tap of the fourth ring about a half turn but left it unlit. A strong smell of hot grease and gas soon filled the little room, but Barrington closed and locked the single window.

"Just what's the idea?" I inquired.

He had a wild look in his eye, his hair was ruffled, and his necktie was under one ear.

"We are going to play a new game," he said. "It's called 'Indoor Motoring' and I invented it."

He rolled his eyes and his face took on a slightly maniacal expression.

"I have here a loaded automatic pistol," he continued. "It is cocked and has a hair trigger so that it will go off at the slightest touch. Don't interfere with me in any way or even disagree with me, as I am supposed to be the driver of the Indoor Motor, and you should know better than to interfere with the driver. We are now passing through the suburbs, and you can all look out of the window and get a fleeting glimpse of the brick wall across the court."

He then produced a long, cylindrical package like a large candle wrapped in yellow oiled paper.

"This is a stick of sixty per cent dynamite that I have been keeping on the radiator all day," he explained. "It is nice and warm and, therefore, very sensitive to shock. It represents Railway Crossings."

He then produced a box of percussion caps and a coil of fuse. He put a cap on

a short length of fuse and then crimped it tight by biting on it with his teeth.

"If you bite too close to the end they sometimes go off in your mouth," he said parenthetically.

He inserted the cap in the cheesy substance in the package and lighted the fuse.

"We are now supposed to be dashing down a steep hill toward a level crossing, and there is a fast express trying to beat us to it. I am fairly sure I can make it."

He picked up a pair of scissors and waited while the fuse sputtered nearer and nearer to the cap.

"If I cut the fuse before it explodes the cap it means we have passed safely across in front of the train and we score one point. If not, the engineer scores a point."

He waited until the fuse was within an inch of the cap and then neatly snipped it off and said, "Good, I knew I could make it."

I got up at this moment and spoke in a soothing tone. "All right, Barrington, old chap, you win. Let's play some other game—outside."

He pointed the automatic pistol at the pit of my stomach and replied harshly, "Sit down, you idiot. Do you want to have us in the ditch?"

I sat down, and he continued.

"We are now passing along a road where the scenery is noted for its beauty." Here he produced a large pack of picture postcards and passed them to my wife.

"Glance through these and pass them on quickly. Don't keep me waiting too long as I am in a hurry to get on."

As the cards were being passed from hand to hand my wife whispered to me, "There is a man in the apartment opposite. If we could get the window open we might be able to attract his attention."

"Can't we have the window open a bit?" I asked as calmly as possible. "It's getting terribly close in here." And I made a move toward the window.

"Sit down!" barked Barrington as he

turned the automatic again in the general direction of my diaphragm. "Do you want us all to catch our death of cold?"

After collecting the post cards, he prepared and lighted another length of fuse and this time he let it burn down to within a half-inch of the cap, explaining as it sputtered that the powder in the fuse often burned for quite a way, inside, without showing. This, he explained, made it all the more fun, because you might snip it off and still have it go on burning without your knowing it until it was too late. My wife moaned faintly, and I loosened my collar.

"Good!" he said again. "I knew I could make it easily. A man that drives an Indoor Car gets to be a good judge of time and distance."

Finally he lighted another fuse and this time he told us we were going to race two trains, one coming each way and crossing just on the highway.

"This will be a darned good trick if I do it," he said with a smile. He lighted the fuse and let it burn till it was less than a quarter of an inch from the cap.

I made a snatch at the fuse and knocked the stick of dynamite out of his hand. There was a blinding flash. . . .

I felt someone shaking me by the shoulder and I looked up and saw Barrington bending over me. His hair seemed to be as smooth as usual, his tie was in place, and he appeared to be quite rational. I looked around and saw that I was no longer in the kitchenette but back in the living room in the same chair where I had been sitting drinking Barrington's grape brandy and waiting for the women to put on their make-up.

"Wake up, old sport!" Barrington said as he shook me again by the shoulder. "The women are waiting for us. Hadn't we better get out on the highway before the traffic gets too heavy?"

At the word "traffic" I thought I saw an odd, hunted, harassed, apprehensive look come into his eye.

"Look here," I said. "Wouldn't you



sooner we stayed here and let the women take the car out?"

"Well—yes. I would rather like to stay in and have a little game of pinochle," he said. "And we could have some more of my brandy if you like it."

"No thanks!" I said. "I've had enough."



## THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION

BY PHILIP WAGNER

**I**RISE to lament the growing prevalence of information—and what is worse, of accurate and specific information. There is an undeniable tendency these days to be well-informed on matters of moment; and the result is that conversation is being ruined. The rise of the daily press, of the encyclopædia, of books of reference bearing upon everything imaginable, of question-and-answer columns, and of the publicity industry has made access to useful information so lamentably easy that it is becoming quite impossible to make a simple misstatement of fact with any assurance of getting by with it.

This, I feel, is most unfortunate. Conversation has always flourished most nobly on a general lack of specific facts. What fun is there when your boldest and most dogmatic assertions are met by the blunt statement that the figures prove such and such, and that charts may be cited to controvert so and so? Speculation, that fine flower of conversation (which as everyone knows can be indulged in only when one does not know what one is talking about), has been driven to the wall. I begin to fear that fireside chats will shortly have to be conducted with a *World Almanac* in one hand, a *Conklin's Argument Settler* in the other, a volume of *Who's Who* at the feet, and the *Dictionary of Useful Information* poised on the knee.

I paint a gloomy picture? Perhaps; but no gloomier than the present trend of conversation would seem to indicate.

Only the other evening there occurred a case in point. I have a distinguished friend, an elderly gentleman grown old in the profession of medicine. Like many elderly physicians, he considers himself something of an authority on social and political philosophy. For several years he has been especially violent on the subject of the Soviet regime in Russia. And he has won many an argument about this Russian question (they have been good arguments, too) simply by the overpowering force of his eloquence. When the argument reaches what might be considered dangerous ground he turns and unleashes such a magnificent blast of rhetoric that his antagonist is withered into silence.

But the other evening the old gentleman was undone. His dinner had been excellent and he was in unusually fine shape. In no time at all he had annihilated about half the Russian nation. It was a gorgeous performance—something to warm the most truculent heart. Then a determined-looking young man spoke up. Did the venerable gentleman know (he inquired) that the Russian standard of living had described such and such a curve; that the Gosplan was engaged at this very moment in doing this and that; and that the growth of the Russian beet-sugar industry had performed no less than fourteen loop-the-loops in the last two and four-tenths fiscal years? No. The venerable gentleman did not know these facts; and that is why his views on Russia had always been so interesting.

Murder, polemic murder, was done that evening. The young man mopped up the floor with my distinguished friend and his arguments. I don't suppose the old chap will ever get over it.

Such incidents as this, which seem to recur with an ever-growing frequency, are behind my gloomy prophecy about the future of conversation. If earnest persons continue to bone up on the

economic aspects of Bolshevism and what not, we must all face the consequences. The urge for useful information, I am afraid, will not be denied. And I can see only one way out.

The solution which I put forward with all humility is that we find a moral equivalent for useful information. This, of course, is useless information. If mankind can be persuaded to cultivate useless information there is still hope.

A certain acquaintance of mine has been doing just this thing for a number of years; and I can say in all truthfulness that his conversation has a verve, a freshness, and a charm which is all too seldom to be found in these arid days. Several years ago he was placed by accident on the mailing list of the Anti-venin Institute of America, an organization which devotes its energies to the task (a laudable one, too) of thwarting the instincts of snakes and other venomous reptiles. Ever since that fortunate day he has been receiving the Institute's bulletins—well illustrated with pictures of snakes and lizards of all kinds, and filled with a store of information almost as useless as one could wish. My friend can describe in the most charming detail the home life of the so-called Frilled Lizard (a large Australian agamoid lizard). Oh, when the conversation leans dangerously toward the trend of business consolidation he regales his group of guests with some blithe anecdote calculated to instill a just fear of the South American Basilisk (a beast notorious for the membranous bag which rises above its occiput).

There is another friend of mine who goes to the government for his useless information. He will tell you that, in time of peace, the United States Army maintains no less than 1,251 carrier pigeons which are divided among 16 roosts located in various parts of North America from Alaska to the Mexican border. The odd pigeon, of course, is delegated to the service of the President. Or he will, during a lull in some vile discussion of Behaviorism, inform the group

that the little paper discs which are cut from sheets of postage stamps to make the perforations amount to 12,000 pounds a month.

There is still another of my friends who is interested in this sort of thing. If given half an opportunity, he will quote at memory from a book by Robert Morrison entitled, *The Individuality of the Pig; Its Breeding, Feeding, and Management*. Since he has never been within a hundred yards of a pig in his life, he considers this useless information. This same good friend will explain, if a suitable chance appears, just who the gypsies are and why they are what they are, or just how a certain Scotchman named MacAdam got himself famous by inventing macadam pavement. And I have heard him hold forth on the general subject of things to eat, telling, for example, of the West Arabian Bedouin, whose idea of a good time is to sit down and consume a sheep which has been boiled in a vat of buttermilk.

I have myself been a collector of useless information for years—of information, at least, for which there are remarkably few uses. My own inclination has always been toward useless bits of physiological or psychological information, such as the fact that a small boy can quiet an entire brass band (except for the drummer and the cymbal player) by sucking a lemon in front of it. And when a number of such collectors of useless information are gathered together—especially if they be collectors of diverse tastes—I maintain that the art of conversation is given a new vitality. Such a gathering is not, strictly speaking, the occasion for a rebirth of the *old* art of conversation; because that, as I said, depends upon the wide prevalence of no information at all. What comes into being is something quite new; a conversation of illimitable possibilities, which takes account of the new and growing urge for facts, yet is infinitely more sprightly than the actuarial orgies which now get by as small talk.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### MONEY, MEN, AND PROBLEMS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE size of fortunes is getting to be a bit appalling. I suppose that almost anybody who had a fair collection of securities ten years ago has seen their value doubled at least. A lot of people have got richer sitting still, simply out of the increased wealth of the country and, of course, a lot of others have got out with their bags and filled them while the season for acquisition was still here. So some fortunes have come to be enormous—Payne Whitney's and Mr. Ryan's for recent examples. When one notices them it is not so difficult to calculate how the colleges can be financed, and the hospitals, and other interests that the public money does not get around to. If you have three hundred millions producing, say, fifteen millions a year, what can you do? You will be apt to give a lot of it away.

Accordingly, it is nothing wonderful that some unknown person has presented Harvard College with three millions to spend on housing an experimental college physically separated from the rest of the University like the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Most of the commentators approve this plan and donation. For one reason or another, they seem to think it is a good thing, or at any rate a good experiment. So, maybe, it is. It was credited to Augustus Cæsar that he found Rome brick and left it marble. It was credited to Frank Munsey that he found journalism in New York a generous profession and left it an eight per cent investment. What is going to

be credited to Abbott Lawrence Lowell, sometime and now President of Harvard College? What was Harvard when it passed into his hands out of those of President Eliot? What did he find and what has he done with it? He has not turned it from brick to marble, for he has built chiefly in brick. Did he find it an institution of learning, and has it come to be like New York journalism, something in the nature of an eight per cent investment? Presumably not, but who can answer these solemn queries? The best a wondering beholder can do is to talk around them a little.

It may shed some light on the subject to consider who is the most illustrious living graduate of Harvard. I inquired as to that of a younger person, one about twenty years out of college. Being invited to name the leading Harvard graduate, he reflected a moment and suggested "Owen Young." "But, no," I said, "for he is not a Harvard graduate, though it is true that he is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, which is said to be the greatest place of instruction in the world." "Oh," he said, "you mean Harvard College. Well, I must think again." So he thought again. I had in mind a man, and when after a moment's reflection he said "Judge Holmes," he hit upon the illustrious person I had thought of.

I shall not venture to wind encomiums around Justice Holmes. My younger friend quoted above, who is a lawyer with an experience of the Harvard Law

School, spoke of him with profound admiration as, indeed, one of half a dozen great judges of all time, which certainly is strong language. Justice Holmes had read everything; he knew everything about law and most things about human life, and the relation of law to life as it had been and as it ought to be. My friend told a delightful story. He had had to read up on some case, and read among other things an opinion of Justice Holmes'. What it was about is no matter, nor can I recall it; but the Judge spoke of what would wash and what would not as law affecting that case, and how it would not have been affected by a mere decision of a pie-powder court.

Pie-powder court! What was that? My informant had to know and set about to discover. Finally, after some chasing, he ran it down. It seems that as long ago as the Norman Conquest, and even earlier, trading was done considerably in England, as also in Normandy, in fairs that were licensed and lasted a week or more. Of course there were disputes between sellers and buyers, and to settle them there were instituted courts of prompt and final decision, which were called *Pied Poudreux* courts; that is, courts of the dusty feet, a name which English tongues inevitably transmuted into pie-powder. Wasn't that a pretty turn of language! My lively junior spoke of it as an illustration of what was held in solution in Justice Holmes' mind ready to be drawn on for any turn of thought that called for it.

Ordinarily it takes time to become the leading representative of anything, and Justice Holmes has the advantage of being eighty-seven years old. Anyone who has come to that degree of maturity was trained in a different world from that which we live in now. The Justice came out of such a world, but the world he now lives in is this present one, and in that he is an active figure. How much he got out of Harvard College, Heaven knows. He went from it into still another school, the Civil War. In the English Parliament an ordinary M. P. is spoken of in

debate as the honorable member from So and So, but a member who has seen military service is the honorable and gallant member from So and So. It is a matter of record that Justice Holmes in the Civil War abundantly earned the title to be spoken of as the honorable and gallant gentleman. One likes to talk of him (though it is half impertinent) because he is so out of the common. And viewing the adventures and aspirations of Harvard College, one wonders if it has now in the making characters of such quality as the honored and gallant Justice we have been discussing.

PROBABLY it has every kind of good man coming along and due share of bad ones. Doctor Lowell's purpose is not to reproduce old patterns but to help in the development of men who shall be equal to the problems of this new, crack-erjack world which will afford the stage for their performance. The Business School which he and Mr. Baker have set up has been regarded with uneasiness by many observers who fear that it is a sign of a disposition to pursue material ends at the cost of the more spiritual interests. No doubt Doctor Lowell had that in mind in the address he made in November to the Chamber of Commerce in New York. He is an extremely good talker, does it easily, and always says something. He talked on that occasion about the business of colleges in producing men. He said that the concern of which he is the head has been in that business for nearly three hundred years and was the oldest corporation in the United States. He pointed out that usually the good scholars in college did better in after life than the poor scholars, and got bigger salaries. Of course they average better for they average abler; and yet in a way he disparaged mere knowledge. The real thing we want, he said, is not so much knowledge as resourcefulness. The real art of life, he thought, consists not in solving problems but in finding out what is the problem to be solved. To solve problems when they were stated



was, he thought, comparatively easy, "but the man who can see a new problem and state it is the man who makes a real advance."

Then he discussed how resourcefulness could be acquired. Not, he thought, by pumping information into anyone; not at all. There is only one thing, he thought, which will really train the human mind, and that is the voluntary use of the mind by the man himself. He might have used Alfred Smith as an example of that, but did not. But he said the only thing that is worth having is what one gets by his own exertion, and what he gets is proportionate to the effort he puts into it.

But is it true that the only thing worth having is what one gets by his own exertion and that what he gets is proportionate to the effort he puts into it? It sounds reasonable enough, but what about man as the heir of the ages? Even if one does not inherit a fortune in money, lands, or other such convenient valuables, he is still the heir of the ages and gets an immense deal he never worked for. It is true though that he has to exert himself more or less to come into his inheritance, and unless he does exert himself, he does not get what is normally coming to him in knowledge, in spiritual understanding, and nowadays in material things; but everyone gets an enormous donation as the result of work done by someone else, and it is a good part of the job of the colleges to teach him what it is.

Then as to the development of the mind. The voluntary use of it, Doctor Lowell says, is the only effectual training, and that is true enough, but possibly he would admit that there are many people who know a great deal more than they have ever learned by their own endeavor. There is a thing called personality that is not made by colleges, though it may come to them for training and development. What is talent? What is genius? They seem to be dividends for their possessors on work they never did—the work in some cases of

their progenitors and in other cases values that come from no discoverable source. How came Shakespeare, Milton, Daniel Webster, Lincoln; how did they come by what they had? There have been people, a good many of them, whose minds seemed to have access to invisible reservoirs of knowledge and power. It is not for the like of them that universities are founded and carry on; but the fact of their occurrence is worth noting even by the college-taught, for without the fruits of inspiration this would be a poorer world.

THE real art of life, said Doctor Lowell, consists not in solving problems but in finding out what is the problem to be solved. That is a timely suggestion; for life, personal and political, is full of problems just now, the solution of which might be very much helped by better and truer understanding and statement. Take the problem of Prohibition, as to which a correspondent, believed to be an officer of the Anti-Saloon League, has written to the Easy Chair a gentle remonstrance at its attitude. What is the real problem of Prohibition? Is it to contrive an enforcement so strict as to produce a complete divorce of alcohol from humanity? That seems to be the purpose of the misnamed Anti-Saloon League. The true object of rum laws is simply to diminish harmful drinking as much as the intelligence of the contemporary world will allow. Prohibitionists have attempted too much and fallen down in their effort. They might have learned something out of the very front of the Bible, to wit: the second chapter of Genesis, wherein it is set forth, that "the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Now why did the Lord God issue that curious order to the first man? It seems obvious that His purpose was to make sure that the man

would eat the fruit of that tree and learn good from evil and in due time die, since without that knowledge and terminal facilities he could hardly amount to anything as a progressive creature. The Almighty, it would appear, was already a master of psychology when he made Adam, and understood the attraction of forbidden fruit. Not so the prohibitionists. They have tried to forbid knowledge of good and evil in a certain particular and to obstruct the development of character that comes of the right use of such knowledge. They have tried to rule out all rum without distinction of quality or quantity and so they have diminished the use of the less objectionable forms of it and stimulated the use of its worst forms. That is a pity, and it seems to me that the real problem of Prohibition is somehow to correct that error.

But the great objection to Prohibition is something quite apart from alcohol. The great fault was to put liquor legislation in the Constitution. That stopped the wheels of progress by lawful means. It abolished the saloons and it effectually disciplined the lawful liquor dealers, both of which results are most universally approved; but it made legal crimes of actions which are not in themselves wrong, and it checked the great movement that had been going on in all communities in the direction of temperance and indeed of abstinence also. Finally it left in millions of individuals and in great self-governing communities the sense that a regulation of life not their own nor appropriate to their circumstances had been clamped upon them by the capture of an instrument of government which was originally drawn to secure to them the utmost practicable latitude in living their own lives in their own way. That is the great ailment of Prohibition and the fatal one.

**A**NOTHER pressing current problem, much more important, world-wide in its scope, is the great one of avoiding

war. It is approached with piecemeal solutions, covering this point or that but recognized as being still no better than attempts to do something. There does exist in the world, with force apparently undiminished, the conviction that wars must end. That was the lesson of the Great War and it was thoroughly rubbed in. Nevertheless, the habit of regarding war as the final solution of problems that cannot be settled in any other way is deep-seated in the minds of men. The more one reads the documents and stories which come out from month to month about the origin of the Great War, the more it appears that no great nation concerned in it really wanted to fight. They are now even more unwilling than they were ten years ago, and yet they all prepare for a possible war with a melancholy exuberance of expenditure.

Matters have got this far at least. There are a number of important nations who seem thoroughly determined that they will not fight one another. In that determination lies the best hope of a solution of the war problem. Somehow co-operation has got to succeed competition in the human family. Apparently there must be authority somewhere to keep the peace while that comes to pass, and that authority seems to be slowly taking form.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is doubtless also the price of peace. Keeping out of war is not a mere ordinary exploit like keeping out of jail which most people can still contrive without special effort. It is much more like keeping happily married, a matter that calls for daily attention, consideration, the cultivation of affection and a due share of one's best thoughts. Even diplomats have long understood that it is expedient for countries to cultivate affectionate relations with their neighbors, and at that just now the nations work pretty generally with anxious zeal.





## Personal and Otherwise



THREE months ago James Truslow Adams wrote about "The Mucker Pose," to the immense satisfaction of a wide circle of readers. Now *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* discusses a kindred phenomenon: the current craze for being, or appearing, hard-boiled. Mrs. Gerould, as almost every HARPER reader already knows, is distinguished both as essayist and short-story writer (in how many anthologies of American short stories is "Vain Oblations" not included?). We have been indebted to her during the past year or two for papers on such varied topics as prize-fighting, culture, hokum, and the nature of our national passion for lawmaking. She is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University.

*John R. Tunis's* portrait of Florence Farley and her mother is not based on any particular actual daughter and mother; it is a composite portrait or type-study of champions and near-champions in many a branch of sport and of those who engineer their careers. Many of the methods by which Miss Farley profits from her athletic skill are said, for that matter, to be as prevalent among masculine as among feminine stars. Mr. Tunis, tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post* and former sports editor of the *New Yorker*, has shown his familiarity with many a form of sport and his appreciation of the difference between the amateur and the "shamateur" in such HARPER articles as "The Lawn Tennis Industry," "The Great Sports Myth," "The Olympic Games," and "The Great God Football"; he is also the author of a recent book, *Sport\$—Heroics and Hysterics*.

The Right Reverend *Charles Fiske*, Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, who takes hold of a difficult and vital problem this month, will be remembered for previous articles on "The Church and the Law" and "The Church's Loss of Prestige," which are

included in his new book of essays, *The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson*. That Bishop Fiske has constructive beliefs and is not merely a puzzled proposer of hard questions, is shown by his life of Christ, written for the new generation: *The Christ We Know*.

Our first story of the month comes from an author new to HARPER's: *Vincent Sheean*, author of *The Anatomy of Virtue* (a novel), *The New Persia*, and *An American Among the Riffi*, who for several years has had a roving assignment from the North American Newspaper Alliance which has taken him all over the world—the sort of assignment which is the envy and despair of most writers.

*Duncan Aikman*, who contends that the ladies are lawless, has been until recently an editorial writer for the *El Paso Morning Times*; he is the author of *The Home Town Mind*, *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats*, and many a HARPER article, the most recent of which was "Not Quite Standardized Yet," published last September.

*Charles A. Beard*, former professor of politics at Columbia, is the author of several books on American and European history, co-author (with his wife, Mary A. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, and editor of that excellent symposium, *Whither Mankind?* Last month—in an article entitled "Bigger and Better Armaments"—he showed us what are the factors in present-day Europe which may make for another war; this month he reveals the opposing factors which are making for peace. Dr. Beard speaks with the authority of a dispassionate student of history who knows his facts.

The reputation of *Konrad Bercovici* as a skilful writer of short stories is based mostly on his tales of gypsy and Near Eastern life; but in "There's Money in Poetry" (October, 1928) and his present story he shows his skill in writing comedy with an American setting. Mr. Bercovici is a Roumanian by

birth but has lived in this country during the past twelve years. In our December issue he portrayed his friend Charlie Chaplin in action.

**Edward Elway Free** is one of the ablest American interpreters of science. He has had many years of experience in chemical and physical research with the Department of Agriculture, the Carnegie Institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, etc., and now has his own laboratory as a consulting chemist and physicist in New York; he has also served as editor of the *Scientific American* (1924-25) and science editor of the *Forum* (1925-26). He deals this month with the present popularity of the sun-cure, showing the nature and limitations—so far as they have been determined—of the value of ultraviolet rays.

In her brilliant article of last May, "Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West," **I. A. R. Wylie** described an interview with the editor of a popular magazine who refused to consider an article on the advantages of being brought up as she had been. The editor, she told us, would have none of this idea. "Miss Wylie," said he, "have you remembered the Middle West?" He preferred an article on "spiritual love." Not sharing this gentleman's fears concerning the Middle West, we present this month the article which remained so long unwritten. Miss Wylie, an English novelist who now spends most of her time in New York, will be remembered as the author not only of "Dumb Lizzie" but of an earlier article, "Gentlemen Prefer Wars."

**John Frazier Vance's** "Business Trip" appeared last month; it is now followed by another story of equal conciseness. Mr. Vance is connected with the publishing house of E. P. Dutton and Company.

**Jesse Rainsford Sprague** has been a shopkeeper himself: he was in retail business in Newport News and San Antonio before he turned to writing. During the past two years he has contributed to HARPER'S such articles as "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," "Putting Business Before Life," and "Prosperity Without Profit." In preparation for his present article he visited many towns and small cities, talking to the merchants along the main streets; it is the consensus of their

opinion which he puts into the mouth of an old-time shopkeeper somewhat skeptical of the benefits of chain-store thinking.

Returning from Manchuria by way of Russia, **Olive Gilbreath** (who wrote the recent account of Chinese northward migration entitled "China's Covered Wagon") brings back with her to New York a graphic picture of the one city in the world where the white race lives to-day under the full domination of the yellow.

If the editorial page of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* temporarily lost some of its savor last summer, it was because **Gerald W. Johnson** was in Paris regarding the Louvre from the opposite bank of the Seine and meditating upon Fra Angelico and cabin passengers. Mr. Johnson, biographer of Andrew Jackson, has written several articles for us, including "Should Our Colleges Educate?" and "The Rise of the Cities."

The poets of the month are **Witter Bynner** of Santa Fé, author of many books of verse and of the poem "Hay Wagon" in our last issue; **S. Foster Damon**, assistant professor of English at Brown University and author of *Astrolabe* (verse) and of one of the standard works on William Blake; **Helene Magaret** of Omaha, a newcomer to HARPER'S, whose grandfather was a widely known German poet, E. C. Magaret; and **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a Californian who has made many recent appearances in our pages.

The last time **Philip Curtiss** appeared in the *Lion's Mouth* he expressed his misgivings about bridge; now he defends the millionaire. He lives in Norfolk, Connecticut, and we are frequently indebted to him for amusing stories and *Lion's Mouth* skits. With him appear **Richard Garwood Lewis** of Ottawa, Canada, a new contributor; and **Philip Wagner**, of Schenectady, who works for the General Electric Company by day and feeds the *Lion* by night.

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**James Chapin**, whose "Ruby Green Singing" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a young New York artist who received his artistic education at Cooper Union Institute and abroad, and last winter



won the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition with "George Marvin and his daughter Edith."

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There have been many rejoinders to Mr. Davis's article on prohibition. "What Can We Do About It?" This letter comes from A. W. S. of Grand Forks, North Dakota:

I want to express my deep regret that you should have published Mr. Davis's article entitled "What Can We Do About It?" in the December HARPER'S. I have liked to think of your magazine as one in which only the best of literature and information appears, intended for the best-thinking people of the nation. Mr. Davis's discussion, full of open ridicule of the prohibition idea, full of smug lip-smacking at the mention of "good" liquor, full of unreliable estimates, thoroughly disgusted me.

Mr. Davis virtually says that "the majority of people under thirty-five" are so addicted to the use of hard liquor that they would not favor the legalization of wines and beer. I consider that statement one of the most completely foolish things I have ever read. And what is more, it is a terrible insult to the young people of the nation. Mr. Davis has no right to use his name as the means of making people believe such hokum, and HARPER'S should not be spreading it. Nor should HARPER'S repeat, as it did, the absurd calculations of the ex-secretary of the defunct Brewers' Association. They appear too much like the propaganda of a disgruntled and unrespectable minority.

I trust that HARPER'S will continue to maintain the excellent standards which I have noted in it in the past. I trust that its manuscripts are selected for their content rather than the name of the author. I trust that in an effort to make each month's edition greater than the last, you are not stepping down to appeal to the crowds.

Another reader—who lives in Otterbein, Indiana—says that Mr. Davis implied that "the American farmer is making home brew and hard liquor at home in a very general way," and that any such implication is false as regards the Mississippi Valley region at least. Let this reader's testimony be added to the record:

Mr. Davis may know something about the farmers of New York and Massachusetts that would support him in this statement, but I wish to say for the farmers of this great farming region that only in a very small per cent of the homes

will he be able to find either a still or a home brew outfit. Before prohibition many of the threshing rings of this vast region had the whiskey jug as a regular part of the threshing equipment. It was also deemed a necessity at many of the butchering gatherings. But to-day one can scarcely find a ring, butchering, or any other gathering of farmers where there is even a bottle, much less a jug. Even at a great gathering of sixteen thousand farmers at the National Corn Husking Contest a few weeks ago there was not a single drunk on the grounds. (This national contest was held in the township where this writer lives and he was present.) Neither were there jugs nor bottles of home brew nor moonshine to be seen anywhere. No, the American Farmer, as a whole, is law abiding and sober. He is for prohibition and has so spoken on November sixth.

I would like to take issue with the rest of the article but space forbids. Allow me, however, to say that there is this that we can do about it—*obey the law ourselves and require others to do the same.*

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An insurance man expresses no uncertain opinion on a problem which has been dealt with in many HARPER articles:

I was very much interested in your recent article concerning married women in business and even more interested in the correspondence which ensued. Inasmuch as I myself work for an insurance firm which permits its girls to remain working after marriage, my personal view of the condition as it exists in this office may be enlightening.

There are at present thirteen married women working here, this number comprising about twenty per cent of our force, for we are a small office as insurance offices go. Of these, three are widows, one by nature and two by law. The real widow has to support herself; one of the others has three children and is working for them. Of the thirteen women, those two are the only ones who really need to work and as they are widows they do not quite come within the bounds of the discussion.

The other divorcee frankly admits that it was her insistence on working that broke up her marriage. Her husband wanted a house and children. She wanted an apartment and freedom. They began to quarrel over that and it ended in a divorce for incompatibility.

The women with husbands, so far as I can see, are working simply because money is the great god of our day. It is out of the question to suppose that they are working because they could not possibly run a house on their husbands' salaries.

They all live either in very good apartments (some of them indeed in expensive ones) or in their own homes. Almost all of them own the respectable sort of automobile. All of them have radios and vacuum cleaners and the rest of the things that Mr. Hoover tells us mark us as the most advanced of the children of men. They all dress well, some of them a great deal better than the average single woman who has to pay her own way and has no husband to worry about her future.

It is my dispassionate opinion that almost all of these women will continue to work until the Company makes some kind of a ruling upon the situation, as it is very likely to do in time. They work because they consider money the most important thing in life—that is the long and short of it. Having children interferes with the quest, besides taking away something they call freedom and being a source of pain and so on, and as long as they can work, I seriously doubt if any of them will consent to be so burdened.

That seems to me to be the complete picture of the woman in business as it is found here in this prosperous insurance company. They are in business not at all because they need to be—simply because they want to be.

C. L. DOYLE.



Go to the ant, thou sluggard, as Mr. Utter has done; consider his ways and see if you can improve on them:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE  
New York City  
Sir:

Professor Utter's survey of an ant's career on a boulder in the midst of Alkali Creek, appearing in the December number of HARPER'S, is one of the most interesting pieces of reading matter that has crossed my path in many a month. I, too, have wondered at the honorable position accorded the stupid ant in the hierarchy of the animal kingdom.

Permit me to add my recent observation while idling during a lunch hour in a geologists' camp south of the Rio Grande. The country is flat and nearly barren. Here is a stump from an old mesquite tree chopped off to provide fuel during the unwelcome norther. A train of ants loaded to capacity with dead leaves and what not are moving at double pace and single file toward the stump. Reaching it they scale the vertical side, climb about four feet to the top, cross the jagged end and reaching the precipitous edge make the descent to the solid ground, and forge ahead energetically on the level earth, full of virtue, having overcome

the obstacle through sheer hard work and perseverance!

I am afraid these ant episodes are worth bringing to the attention of thoughtful readers. These, with Mr. Adams's excellent diagnosis of the cost of our prosperity, make the speculative bystander to sigh "Quo Vadis?"

Respectfully yours,

DJEVAD EYOUB.



Lack of space prevents us from printing a number of letters which deserve to appear in these columns this month. The comments on "The Mucker Pose" have been particularly plentiful and lively. Further examples of mucker-posing, to add to those cited by Mr. Adams, have been showered upon us. We have been told, for instance, of a brilliant American student, holder of a scholarship at Oxford, who met at a hotel his mother and a number of friends to whom she had spoken with pride of his intellectual achievements, and at the first meal with them called out, "Sling down the cow-juice!" Another letter tells of an able scholar and linguist, a man at the top of his profession, who revels in the language of the gutter and in the deliberate mispronunciation of French. Still another correspondent suggests that Mr. Adams paid insufficient attention to mucker-posing by women and especially by school-teachers. Says she:

I am a teacher and one of my private grievances is that in the United States women teachers are ashamed of their profession, in the sense that it implies a certain degree of intelligence which makes them odious to men.

One summer I chanced to be on the same boat with two attractive, youngish American school-teachers, one of them a Phi Beta Kappa but with no key in evidence. As soon as they discovered me, an old acquaintance, they took me aside and implored me not to tell the two young men whom they had annexed on board, the damning fact that they were school-teachers.

"Why are you ashamed of it?" I asked. "If these young men are Yale men, as you say, surely your education and profession should not be a drawback?"

"Oh yes, it will," replied one of the girls. "When we first met them, one said, 'Good, what a bunch of women on this boat—all of them school-teachers!'"







*Martin Lewis*

## RELICS

By Martin Lewis

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries





# Harpers Magazine

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## SEEING WOMEN AS THEY ARE

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

*Professor of Social and Political Psychology, Syracuse University*

**T**HAT the nature of woman involves an essential mystery has become one of the aphorisms of the human race. Practically everything that masculine ingenuity can think of concerning women has, at one time or another, been said. And almost every utterance has been challenged by a statement as sweeping and vehement upon the opposite side. Poets and mystics, viewing women through an erotic halo, have endowed them with some vital and cosmic principle. Dour philosophers have seen in them only irrationality, frailty, and evil. The man on the street has his stock of generalizations, or stereotypes, to use Mr. Lippmann's term, through which he explains feminine conduct as complacently as he discusses changes of politics or of the weather. No matter if his stereotypes sometimes go wrong; he will never revise them. When female behavior defies the traditional categories he has in reserve a final pigeonhole: "After all, you can never tell *for certain* what a woman

is going to do." As in the case of politics and the weather, a final element of unpredictability forms a part of her very nature.

Now the best way to approach any mysterious subject is by refusing to be mystified. My present purpose, therefore, is not to explain the riddle peculiar to woman's nature, but to question whether any such riddle exists. Inscrutable mysteries usually arise from clinging stubbornly to false categories as though they were infallible. The mystery, I suspect, lies not in woman's nature, but is of human making, and satisfies in us certain emotional demands, not clearly recognized but, nevertheless, potent. If popular opinion concerning the character of women is befuddled, it is, in other words, because we wish it to be.

The root of all speculation in this matter seems to be the assumption that some basic, inborn, mental differences between the sexes *must exist*. Just as there are contrasts of anatomy and bodily function, rendering men and women

physically different and complementary, so there must be corresponding differences in their native capacities, interests, and mental outlook. The sexual function looms so large in our thinking that it colors our view of other functions as well. It is interesting, however, that the burden of these sex differences is usually placed upon the side of the woman. The traits ascribed to men are not based in our minds upon the character of sexual activity in the male. They are merely natural or standard human traits. But the case with woman is different. Her peculiarities of sex function are believed to permeate her whole life, giving her thoughts, moods, and acts a cast quite different from that of man's. Practically nothing is said or written about the psychology of men as a group, for that would be equivalent, in popular thinking, to a treatise upon human nature. The books and articles, however, dealing with the peculiar nature of women and their place in the social order are already a formidable body of literature. Here, then, is the basic stereotype in its full form: (1) Men and women in their inherited natures are fundamentally different. (2) But it is not so much the men who are different, as the women. (3) The sexual functions in women have a potent influence in shaping all their natural tendencies.

When basic sex differences of some sort are assumed at the outset as axiomatic, it is not difficult to find them. It is not so easy, however, to prove them inductively, or to find comparisons which will endure when their usefulness in bolstering up prejudice is past. What wonder, then, that a welter of contradictory and emotional utterances has been poured forth? What wonder that women have been shrouded in mystery deeper even than the riddle of life, and forever baffling to the gaze of men? In the present state of our knowledge the assumption that there must be innate psychological differences between the sexes seems to me quite gratuitous. There is also no good reason for assuming that the sexual

basis is a more potent factor in the personality of women than in that of men. That these questionable views are widely and tenaciously held is an interesting fact, and one for which I shall try later to account. I do not say that it is certain no innate sex differences exist; but only that the evidence for them thus far submitted is unconvincing. Barring the primary and secondary physical characters of sex, men and women are strikingly similar in their biological make-up. Since, moreover, they are descended from the same parents and the same ancestors, their mental traits are probably inherited without distinction from both father and mother. On the whole, therefore, the hypothesis of fundamental psychological similarity is quite as reasonable as that of basic difference, and probably safer, since, generally speaking, that hypothesis is best which assumes least.

## II

The stereotype concerning the level of women's intelligence has had an interesting history. In the days before anyone thought of educating young women for professions it was considered that the girl had no abilities for any career beyond that of housewife. The fact that she seemed content with her position appeared to prove the point. Even in the attitudes of modern fathers there can probably be found a trace of the conviction that it will be the *boys* who will distinguish themselves and bring honor to the family name. Seldom has a popular fallacy been more thoroughly exploded. First, women began to enter the colleges and soon revealed a capacity for scholarship equal to that of men. Thereupon arose the cry that they were working more zealously than their brothers, whose positions were already secure. But this explanation soon went by the board; for feminine scholastic achievements continue now that women are recognized as properly belonging in colleges and are participating as fully as men in extra-



curricular activities. Then came the era of mental tests. Women, wherever tested, equalled their male colleagues in intelligence as measured by the psychological scales. There is at the present time no evidence that men and women differ significantly either in special capacities or in general mental ability.

A notion closely related to the intelligence myth, which was taught to college students early in the present century, and is still widely believed, is that one sex *varies* more than the other in its physical and mental traits. About a century ago an anatomist, Meckel, was certain that women varied more among themselves than did men. Thus male superiority was proved, since men approximate more closely to a single (and of course perfect) type. Fifty years later, when Darwin had proved variability to be the cornerstone of progress, this doctrine that the male sex was a fixed type became a bit embarrassing. Soon the theory of a greater *masculine* variability arose. Upon this reversed assumption, it was pointed out that although men must furnish more idiots, criminals, and paupers than women, they are also sure to provide a greater number of saints, geniuses, and leaders of civilization. But as we were settling ourselves comfortably to assimilate this doctrine, a new group of investigators set to work measuring thousands of babies and testing the abilities of larger groups of men and women. And they found, between the variability indices of the two sexes—no significant difference whatever! The higher incidence of males in asylums and prisons is now explained by the fact that the male is exposed to sharper competition than the female and has greater responsibilities to face. He is, therefore, likely, in case of failure, to become a social burden or a menace.

But how about the geniuses? After surveying many fields it must be admitted that we find a striking disparity of the sexes in number of creative geniuses of the first rank. Only a sprinkling

of women have attained this stature. Does this prove a greater variability of men toward the upper end of the curve? Surely this conclusion is premature. It ignores the heavy influence of family and social pressure, and the fact that we tend to praise originality in boys and to discourage it in girls. I, for one, find it difficult to refrain from fostering in my small daughter the sweet conformity which, in our conventional society, will give her poise and social advantage. To encourage her, as I do my boys, to be bold and independent, and to do something new and big in the world, seems precarious and a serious risk to the child herself. Thus the powerful hand of social approval frequently determines which course the child shall follow—submission to the herd, or the more difficult hazard of uniqueness in self-expression. The fact that certain women have broken away, revolting with their entire being against the conformity which was conventionally expected of them, and have made a place for themselves among the immortals, suggests that the gift itself may not be wanting, but only the early influences which direct the growing personality.

Apart from the question of intelligence and creative genius, many differences in *character* and *temperament* have been assumed to exist between the sexes. A few of the more common opinions are as follows: Woman is dominated by feeling, man by reason. Woman's knowledge of the world is intuitive; that of man is empirical or scientific. Women are interested mainly in emotional, æsthetic, or spiritual activities; men turn naturally to mechanical pursuits, science, and business organization. The general attitude of women is personal; that of men is impersonal. Women are subjectively-minded or "introverted"; men are "extroverts." As recently as 1914, one of the foremost psychologists of America wrote the following lines:

The average female mind is patient, loyal, reliable, economic, skillful, full of sympathy and full of imagination; on the other hand it

is capricious, oversuggestible, often inclined to exaggeration, disinclined to abstract thought, unfit for mathematical reasoning, impulsive, overemotional. . . . Her life, therefore, has more inner unity [than man's], and she shows more readiness to devote all mental energies to one idea. But for the same reason she must be influenced by prejudices, must show a lack of logical discrimination, must be under the control of the present impressions and too little directed by the arguments which reason and memory supply.

In the absence of reliable means of measuring character traits, it is impossible to pass final judgment upon assertions such as these. This much, however, is certain. If the traits listed above are intended as inborn qualities through which female nature is to be distinguished from male, the writer does not know of a shred of scientific evidence for their support.

Here, as in the case of mental capacities, greater differences occur among the members of one sex than between the averages of the two sexes. Probably everyone can think of many men who exceed the average woman in the richness of their emotional and religious life, their interest in æsthetic pursuits, and the personal character of their point of view. We also know many men who are highly suggestible and capricious on the one hand, while being patient and loyal upon the other. The "single-track mind" seems to be no peculiar possession of women. If love and marriage are their supreme goal, it must be remembered that upon success in this pursuit may depend their entire economic and social position. Surely one who considers the behavior of men in modern industry must observe that they too are dominated, heart and soul, by one central motive. If the women's goal is a fortunate marriage, the man's is bigger business.

But suppose it were found after careful study of the evidence (and assuming that such evidence could be secured) that these sex differences in character traits do exist. How should we then interpret them? Would they point to innate and

constitutional differences between the sexes? Not necessarily. Consider the family conditions under which the early characters of boys and girls are formed. In the average home, when a nail is to be driven, or electric wiring to be investigated, it is the boy who is called upon, and who undertakes the work with avidity. The girl, on the other hand, is expected to take part in the more repetitive, unskilled, and unscientific tasks of the household. Such activities, however, provide training in doing things beautifully and tastefully, and in rendering personal comfort to others. The father's interest in his sons is apt to be directed toward their skill, initiative, and success outside the family circle. His attitude toward his daughters is likely to be a more personal one. He takes pleasure in what his boy can do; but he enjoys his daughter for herself. This, of course, is merely a general picture, but it helps to explain why in adult life many men may exhibit a certain objectivity of attitude, while women retain that sensitive social adjustment and that interest in personal service which were the foundations of their early life.

### III

So much then for the evidence upon which the theory of psychological sex differences is supported. Flimsy and inadequate as this evidence may be, the theory has been held with singular tenacity throughout the ages. And this fact may lead the reader to question the sweeping manner in which I have challenged it. The weight of traditional opinion would indeed be a cogent argument were it not for the following important consideration. The traits popularly ascribed to women have seldom been offered as the fruit of disinterested, scientific observation. They have been adduced, rather, as an afterthought to explain the role which women play in our society, or to justify those who advocate some particular policy. This form of thinking is what psychiatrists call a de-



fense mechanism. It belongs in the class of bizarre superstitions which color the views of primitive men. Its character is not logical, but compulsive. Under these conditions it is possible for the majority of the human race, or at least the majority of males, to agree upon a characterization of women which may turn out, upon investigation, to be sheer illusion. History and anthropology afford many parallels.

The clearest example of "wishful thinking" in regard to women is to be found in the economic field. In the recent rush of women into occupations previously limited to men there has occurred a conflict, organized, perhaps unconsciously, upon sex lines. The opposition to women entering these remunerative fields cannot be made, upon its face value, to appear reasonable or just. A woman should have the same right to work for her support or the support of her family as a man. When, however, the stereotype of sex difference is invoked, the matter can be stated in a different light. If women are regarded as more frail, less emotionally stable, and more in need of physical and moral protection than men, the passing of "protective" legislation, limiting their industrial work to certain hours and stipulating certain working conditions, becomes not merely an act of justice but a duty to women themselves. It is natural that, in a setting of this sort, the doctrine of sex differences should be accepted by many with an almost religious conviction.

We cannot enter here into the full merits of this issue. Much can be said on both sides concerning protective legislation for women in industry. In so far as proven differences between men and women exist, as in the function of child-bearing, no one would deny the necessity of regulations making suitable provision. But concerning such statements as the proneness of women to occupational diseases, their rapid fatigability, and the insuperable handicap of their menstrual function, no final conclusions may at present be stated. There

is fully as much scientific and experimental evidence refuting these assertions as there is supporting them. Without in any way prejudging these questions, we may still maintain that the frequent sweeping claims of the unfitness of women for industrial work are probably based in part upon our habits of chivalry, and in part upon a rationalization of masculine economic motives. They reflect the manner in which men have wished to see women rather than the proven nature of woman herself.

We must look, however, to a deeper origin than economic interest if we would fully understand our stereotypes in the field of sex. The complex of male superiority is a part of our very personalities; it originates in the experiences of childhood. The earliest years of the boy's life, in both primitive and civilized societies, are spent under the protection and influence of the female kin. The imprint made upon the child through the character of an affectionate and solicitous mother is strong. He is likely, therefore, in his earliest years, to see himself and the world largely through his mother's eyes. A time comes, however, when he feels impelled to break from these influences. Renouncing the maternal viewpoint, he begins to ally himself, in his truly masculine role, with the father who, in strength and worldly experience, is the dominant person of the household. This "masculine protest," as Adler calls it, now causes the boy to recoil from the slightest suggestion of femininity in his person or conduct. The stigma of "being a sissy" is for him the worst form of anathema. He displays toward his sister, and toward girls in general, an overbearing tolerance or a mild contempt. There results that assertion of exaggerated masculine bravado which is often a trial to the other members of the family.

It is at this point that the notion of masculine superiority begins to form. Scarcely conscious at first, the idea gradually emerges into full acceptance. It occurs to the boy that the reason why

he is striving so hard to prove himself a man is *because the male sex is the superior one*. To be like a woman would be an admission of inferiority. Thus for many boys the unquestioned notion of male superiority becomes an axiom which they carry with them into adult life.

If this account is true, we can understand much of the opposition in vocational life against which women are fighting to-day. The boy, eager to prove his virility, has striven to rid himself of feminine qualities, and has rationalized his protest through the belief in male supremacy. So the man still clings to his beliefs concerning the status of women and upholds the dominance of males in our institutional life. Executives in all fields know the antagonism which is aroused by the attempt to place a woman in an important position heretofore held by a man; many men are deeply humiliated by having to take orders from a woman. This attitude results in an unjust discrimination against women in many fields. The struggle of women to gain higher political offices has been an uphill fight, and is still far from complete victory. A similar condition is true with regard to industrial leadership. The old ghosts are touchy; they may walk again if we give them provocation.

A corollary of the masculine protest should be noted in passing. When the boy departs from the mother-ideal, he does not necessarily renounce all that the mother has stood for. Traits of character laid down at an early age are not so easily eradicated. What the boy really does is to deny that he possesses such traits in himself; but he continues to value them highly in others, that is, in *women*. As he approaches maturity there opens before him the doorway of our double moral standard, and the glamour of experimenting in a man's way with the forces developing within him. Again, this does not mean that he has erased from his nature those more chaste ideals which are symbolized

to him through the memory of his mother. He values them; but since his is the "man's view" and he dreads being suspected of femininity, he must seek and enjoy these ideals in women. It is the suggestion of a woman psychiatrist, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, that a man seeks to live these virtues vicariously through the woman he marries. She must attain for him the moral perfection which he prizes but cannot himself achieve. And thus appears a new feature in our complex and stereotyped image: While they are inferior to men in all the genuine "masculine" qualities, women are by nature superior in the realm of the finer feelings and moral virtues.

Hence many men believe that not only their wives, but women in general, are endowed with a higher character than men. Depravity in a woman is felt to be more monstrous than in a man, because it goes against the very nature of her being. For the same reason women must be protected from the rough and evil influences of a man-made world.

#### IV

But this is by no means the whole story. Masculine notions about women are reinforced also by the urge of sex itself. When the youth approaches maturity the protest against being associated with the "weaker" or "inferior" sex, though still coloring his intellectual judgment, ceases to be his primary motive toward women. He now *desires* women; and precisely because he is a man, and different, he aspires to attain one of them as the object of his love. It is natural, therefore, that with such great satisfaction at stake, he will adopt the view toward women which will best keep the adored one guarded as his exclusive conquest. If he were to acknowledge that there is no difference between the moral nature and natural purity of the two sexes, his insistence that his loved one should retain her virtue and reserve the joys of love-making for one man alone would



lose one of its strongest rational supports. It is the accepted theory of innate moral difference which enables him to raise his proprietary attitude above the category of mere jealousy, and to place it upon a natural and moral plane. Thus the greatest obstacle to seeing women objectively is the vested sex-interest which men have in women themselves. Love is blind in more senses than one.

If we put together two stereotypes we have previously discussed, namely, that women are superior morally to men, and that their whole life centers in the function of sex, a remarkable conclusion follows: Women are signally virtuous only because, and in so far as, they are sexually chaste. The belief is still common among men that when a girl has yielded to sexual desire before marriage she has lost not only her technical status as a virgin, but also her "honor." A single performance of this act, apart from institutional sanctions, works upon a woman some special kind of moral harm, even if she is a victim rather than a willing participant. In a debate published not long ago in the *Forum*, a Southern attorney-general told of a court-room scene in which a girl who had been the victim of a brutal assault presented to the jury a most tragic picture. The assailant, who was later lynched, deserved death, he said, because, "he had destroyed both the body and mind of an innocent woman." The physical injuries were indeed clear, for the girl died from them later. But what was meant by the destruction of her mind is not so easy to say. There was no record of a breakdown in the nature of a mental disease. No doubt she felt an hysterical revulsion and shame because she had been brought up in an environment where a girl's virtue was held to depend primarily on her virginity. But aside from these natural reactions, it is hard to see where the "injury to her mind" existed—unless, perhaps, it was in the mind of the gentleman who described the event.

The belief in the innate purity and constancy of women is not limited to those who are mere laymen in the science of human behavior. An eminent psychologist has recently published a theory involving a similar assumption. Men, he says, are more generalized in their physical sex desire than women. Nearly all women are capable of becoming objects of desire to the average man. Women, however, experience in the presence of the male sex generally only a vague pleasurable excitement, their specific sex desire being restricted to one man in particular. This theory reminds us of another venerable dictum, namely, that men are more passionate sexually than women. If these characteristics are intended as fundamental and innate sex differences, we must reject them as devoid of scientific foundation. That they reflect the way men and women *usually behave* no one would deny. But here we are probably studying the effects of the masculine stereotypes upon women, rather than the nature of women themselves. It is peculiar logic to set up a double moral standard which women could not with impunity violate if they would, and then ascribe their conformity to a mysterious constancy inherent in womanhood. We place women upon a pedestal; then we cover the pedestal from view and believe them to maintain their elevation through a special virtue of their own.

To such smug psychology the only reply is: Give the ladies a chance. I might refer our women-worshippers, for example, to coeducational colleges where the heavy hand of tradition, including the double moral standard, is coming to be more lightly regarded. But there is no need of restricting our observation to the colleges. The experimenting which is going on everywhere among our young people at the present day suggests that, under different conditions, the sexual impulses of women might be quite as generally and vigorously aroused as those of men. On the whole, there-

fore, I mistrust the doctrine of the more conventional moral nature of the fair sex. It seems not so much a conclusion from observed facts as a rationalization for the wishes of the conventional male.

With the abdication of this stereotype must go also the notion that women are in greater need of protection against moral evils than men. Because of its false assumptions the prevailing code is bound to stultify women precisely in the measure in which it guards them. The custom (or necessity) which prevents women, in some regions, from being abroad alone after nightfall shuts them out from an interesting segment of human life. The law which in sixteen of our states bars women from employment in public places after ten o'clock at night is another notorious example. Such laws originate not merely in the economic competition for jobs between men and women and in the stereotype that women, being more frail than men, must be guarded against long hours of work, but in the feeling that the morals of women must be protected by keeping them from exposure during the hours given over to masculine depravity.

We begin now to see that the character men have ascribed to women has deeper significance than that merely of a bad guess. Though, like a guess, it has little discoverable relation to the truth, it proceeds not from mere chance, but from some of the most powerful human motives. Whenever we close our eyes to the scrutiny of facts and substitute our own guiding fictions, it is because we have some cherished interest at stake. And men on the whole have seen women not as they are, but as men wish them to be. Gentle, sympathetic, conventional, admirably fitted for home life, distinguished by virtues not of intellect but of character, needful of constant protection from moral shock—this picture of woman not only gives the aggressive male the fullest opportunity for his own drives, but relieves his feeling of inferiority, palliates his moral failures,

and enrolls him as the protector of home and civilization.

## V

To trace the social history and significance of this view of women would reveal to us the entire background from which modern feminism has risen. For the stereotypes of sex difference are no mere idle fantasies of male thinking; they are working habits, attitudes which have become organized as an integral part of our political, economic, and social system. The inertia of legal tradition has reinforced them. Statutes and court practices still preserve the philosophy that a woman's personality should be submerged in that of the man whose name she takes in marriage. The legal disabilities of married women in such fields as private contract remain in certain states, where they have given rise to a quaint confession of judicial helplessness in the phrase "the dangers of a married woman's papers." There are states in which the husband may still claim a wholly unmerited interest in his wife's earnings or in the property she inherits. Legal history reveals an amazing series of fictions which have been created to legalize the protection of a married woman's estate without facing the issue squarely and granting her full rights of ownership identical with those of man. Our legal and political traditions thus embody the notion that women are lacking in the qualities necessary for full citizenship, and require, in economic and domestic affairs, the supervision of the male sex.

The stereotypes regarding the emotional and moral nature of women have helped in shaping their civic status. Against these odds the fight for universal suffrage has, in many civilized countries, been won; but there are still many barriers to be overcome before women may aspire on equal terms with men to the higher political offices. With regard to the right to serve on juries numerous objections have been raised, the most potent, perhaps, being the notion that



women are governed by their emotions and sympathies rather than by reason. But the assumption of their greater moral sensitivity has also played a part. The view has been advanced in all seriousness that, in some jury trials, "evidence so revolting is given that women should not listen to it."(!) In keeping with this attitude, certain sex crimes have been described in such a way as to make the woman's fall from virtue appear more heinous than the man's. In thirty-three states prostitution is still legally defined as an act of a female; and in many cases the women are punished while the men go free.

In institutional religion the position of women presents a paradox. Notwithstanding their manifest interest in church activities, and their importance as functionaries in many of the earlier religions, women in our civilization are practically unrepresented in the official hierarchy of religious denominations. One explanation for this state of affairs is that men are considered to have more spiritual power and ability for leadership than women, combined with that emotional steadiness necessary for the guardianship of religious institutions. The writer, however, has another hypothesis. The Christian faith, and perhaps all modern religions, have in them a trace of asceticism. The lusts of the flesh must be subordinated to the more spiritual impulses of the race. Is it, then, too far-fetched to surmise that, precisely because it is difficult for men to regard women apart from the background of their sexuality, they have excluded them from conspicuous positions in the religious institutions which men control? Some will object to this explanation. It seems to the writer, however, quite plausible that the urge which has led men to connect the entire character of woman with her sexual function may have operated unconsciously to bar her from situations in which the sex interest must be forgotten.

But whatever the reason, it is clear that women are not at present welcomed

in ecclesiastical offices. The only way in which a woman can become a leader in the religious field is to start a revival or a new religion of her own. We have in our churches no established female cardinals or bishops; but we have such pioneers as Mary Baker Eddy, Evangeline Booth, and Annie Besant.

Even within the intimacy of the home traditional assumptions about the nature of women exact their wonted tribute. There are statutes fixing legal domicile by male choice, statutes giving to the father the chief custody of the children, statutes restricting women from entering certain vocations, and statutes preventing them from giving their time as freely as they choose to employment outside the family circle. It is astonishing that a man may not only misjudge woman in public affairs, but may live for years with a wife about whom, merely because she is a woman, he entertains the most profound illusions. J. M. Barrie's little play, "The Twelve-Pound Look," depicts the former wife of a successful and self-satisfied Englishman who has recently been honored by knighthood. Having tired of conventionally admiring and obeying her spouse, she has secretly saved the twelve pounds necessary for the purchase of a typewriter, having secured which she abandoned her husband for a career of her own. The astonishment and chagrin of the husband are increased when he learns, later, that her reason for leaving him was not her love for another man (the old illusion that a woman's motives are mainly sexual), but merely because she wanted to live her own life as she, not her husband, understood it.

It will be granted that many men are liberal enough with their wives, even though they may not understand them. If they cling to the old stereotypes, it is because they would be lost without them. But whether from self-interest or from sheer lethargy, the man-made character of woman still persists, condemning women in the home, as it does in government, industry, and religion, to a sup-

pression of their real talents and a distorted perspective of their life values.

## VI

It may be possible by future legislation to alter the discriminating rules which hamper women in so many fields. Considerable progress has already been made toward this goal. But even if rights everywhere equal to those of men could be gained, a deeper problem would remain. In our complex world individual initiative and personality are only a partial basis of conduct. What we can accomplish is not wholly determined by our legal rights, nor by our own ambition, but, in addition to these, *by the role which others expect us to play.* The story is told of a cross-eyed woman who went to live in a strange community. The neighbors, unaccustomed to her type of visual defect, misinterpreted it as a suspicious way of looking at people. The rumor spread that the newcomer, who could not look anyone in the eye, was possessed of sinister motives. Ostracized by hostility, the unfortunate woman was obliged to live the life of a recluse. Her sensitive withdrawal was further interpreted as evidence of a misanthropic nature. After years of this treatment she gradually came to accept the "social self" given her by the community, and became a sour and suspicious person in fact. Whether it be reality or fiction, this story illustrates a well-established psychological truth. John's "self" is not wholly John, but consists also of what James thinks of John.

Applying this principle to attitudes concerning sex, we can understand the profound influence which stereotypes of sex-difference exert upon the female personality. Reared from infancy in a world where she is regarded as a creature of tender impulse—maternal, home-seeking, unoriginal, submissive, and endowed with a kind of natural chastity—what is left for the girl but to adopt this character and to play the part through-

out life? Not through nature, but by early training, she becomes a reflection of a feminine image which men carry about in their heads. She has little incentive for disturbing this image. To live in accordance with it not only brings her the favor of the other sex, but soothes any troublesome questionings as to her nature and her ultimate destiny. Stereotypes, though they may be false as a picture of fact, are real enough as psychological forces. Men may fail to see women as they are; but women tend to become as men see them.

In fields where women have been given opportunities nominally equal to those of men, they are still controlled through the influence of their "social self." The fact that they are expected to reveal a personal and emotional type of judgment, fraught with sympathy and suggestibility, probably has its effect upon their behavior. In the few instances where women have attained high offices, popular stereotypes have stacked the cards against them. If a man in the office of governor gains undue power by playing politics, he is simply a corrupt politician. If a woman does the same thing, she is not only a corrupt politician, but a weakling, a ready prey to the influence of some evil man. When a woman in office misappropriates funds her conduct is unusually notorious: first, because, female standards being higher than male, she has farther to fall; and second, because her disgrace, unlike that of the male defaulter, is taken as a reflection upon her entire sex. And that which complicates the problem most of all is the fact that women are inclined to accept these judgments themselves.

Against the record of women in business two types of criticism have been urged. It is said, first, that they are unsteady and emotional, and that they inject personal motives into their dealings. In other words, they fail to play the game as men play it. Second, it is said that they have not succeeded in raising business to the higher moral level which one would expect of their sex.



They have failed, in other words, to devise business methods of their own. Both these objections are illogical. The first, because it assumes women's shortcomings in business to be an evidence of in-born traits unfitting them for that type of work. The second, because it blames them for not exhibiting in business certain instincts which they are gratuitously thought to possess. As to the charge of emotionalism and the exaggerated personal element, the fact that women have been expected to behave in this fashion from their infancy is overlooked. When men for centuries have taken toward women an attitude of chivalry, yielding them every advantage and form of protection, is it logical to suppose that upon entering business they can at once lay aside the habit of expecting favors of men? To one taught from her childhood to believe that gentlemen will always treat a "lady" with consideration, a brusque masculine opposition in business must seem not merely a part of the game, but a personal insult. Subjected both within and outside the family circle to intensely personal treatment, women have learned to capitalize the personal attitude in their dealings.

In many fields women are still patterning their careers in accordance with unproved assumptions regarding their natures. Entering the wider avenues of experience some of them, it is true, have begun to doubt. For the most part, however, they still accept the old stereotypes. Though keenly aware that something is wrong, and that gates are closed which might admit them to fields of genuine self-expression, they imagine this to be merely the result of unequal laws and outworn traditions. The full explanation they do not see; for it lies imbedded in their own habits. Instead of following freely the potentialities with which they were born, they live out a stereotyped image of what they are supposed to be. Unwittingly they play parts which were written not by themselves, but by others.

It is futile, therefore, to talk of attain-

ing full recognition for women by legal and economic reform alone. The mere shifting of our institutions will touch only the surface of the problem. Political and vocational equality may be acquired; but women will never be soundly established until they attain a *psychological* equality with men. And there is no way in which this can be done except by education. I do not mean education in the sense of schools and universities; for these institutions are often organized upon the very assumptions we are attacking. By education I mean a critical and self-searching insight on the part of parents and teachers, a determination that the old notions of sex difference shall no longer be implanted in the minds of boys and girls. Such education must not only open to women full opportunities for practical and creative professions; but it must refrain from prejudging the fitness of the sexes to enter them. It must forestall all preconceptions about the nature of women and all unfounded assumptions of how their behavior differs from that of men. Only in this way can the growing girl really discover herself and attain in her inner life, as well as her career, the truest fulfillment of her nature.

## VII

But the end of our quest is not yet reached. In proportion as we banish social inequalities and eradicate the old habits of thinking, a final problem will emerge. For while the sophistries underlying our present sex-stereotypes are being exposed, there must arise the question of what is to take their place. If the old notions gave woman a false place in civilization, they at least assigned her *some* position; and it may be better to have a warped social image as the pattern for one's personality than to have no pattern at all. Suppose that all the neighbors of the cross-eyed lady were, after many years, suddenly to drop their suspicion and regard her as a total stranger with no distinguishing characteristics whatever. Her lot, at

first, might be even more trying than before. Her entire social personality having vanished, she would neither know how to act towards others nor how to regard herself. If life is to become tolerable, she must face the problem of building up, without guide or model, a new social self and a new role in the community.

Such, then, is the issue which will confront the emancipated women of the future. The old social personality being destroyed, a new one must be established in its place. If women are not as men have always regarded them, and as they have regarded themselves, what, then, *are* they? What new and more genuine image can be built up? What pattern can be followed in selecting their careers and in developing their characters? That this is, to some extent, an already familiar problem may be seen by observing that young woman who is now in the vanguard of the new freedom—the modern “flapper.” Entirely sophisticated, she has liberty, but little else. Freedom, being achieved, ceases to be useful as a guide for further development. Her mother, and older women in general, are still living under the discarded pattern. Their personalities, therefore, can offer nothing in the way of a model for hers. Envisaging no ideal type of womanhood and disinclined to thoughtful experimentation, she drifts along, directed by her whims and her impressions into a pattern of life which, though innocuous, is mainly negative. The first step, then, toward preventing the new freedom of women from becoming their undoing, is for them to determine what they will do when they have acquired it. We may doubt whether the contemporary flapper knows what is wrong with her. The poverty of her personality, however, is obvious to others, and raises a problem to which the average woman may well give prudent consideration.

Will the women of the new era be

able to solve this problem? I, for one, am convinced that they will. The only requirement is that, in trying to solve it, they shall be let alone. Do women have inborn qualities which distinguish them from men? Time alone, and the freedom of women to investigate, can tell. Men must not prejudge the question. They must not legislate in advance; for by so doing they close all access to the test of experience by which alone the question can be answered. Let us, therefore, clear our minds of the seductive stereotypes of sex-difference. Let us wipe the slate clean. If there *are* innate characteristics which separate women from men, women will in time reveal them, and will themselves propose rules by which to provide for them. If inborn sex-differences do *not* exist, that too will be disclosed. Sex, in that event, will confer no privilege and impose no limitation. And under such a condition women, untrammelled by superstitions about their inherited nature, will be able not only to banish the old stereotypes forever, but to replace them with a new and truer ideal of womanhood.

What, then, is the key to that mystery which has vexed the philosophers of all ages? How can the riddle of woman's nature be answered? The reply is simple: *let the women answer it themselves*. Given time and freedom from biased assumptions, they will discover themselves, and will so remake their surroundings that their lives, no longer lived at cross purposes, will express the nature that is really theirs. The process will be slow, and the method at first may be one of trial and error. Age-old superstitions cannot be dispelled in a day; nor the mistakes of centuries set right by the passage of a few laws. But in the end women will gain a vision of their true destiny, and will go forward to meet it, the partners, rather than the moral bond-servants, of men.





## IF HOOVER FAILS

BY ELMER DAVIS

A change in national policies involves not—as some may think—only a choice between different roads by either of which we may go forward, but a question also as to whether we may not be taking the wrong road and moving backward.—*Address of the Honorable Herbert Hoover, September 17, 1928.*

Whatever the decision is, it will be right.—*Address of same, November 5, 1928.*

SOON after this magazine is issued, the gentleman who so prophetically envisioned on the evening of November 5th last the rightness of what was going to happen on November 6th will be inaugurated as President of these states. Many of us who had the infelicity to find ourselves, on Election Day, in the minority which by Mr. Hoover's implication is inevitably wrong, will hope that we were wrong, and that Mr. Hoover and the majority were right. There is here no question of being a good loser but of mere common sense. A candidate is the candidate of a party, but the President is President of the whole people; we prosper by his wisdom and for his mistakes we pay. Politicians of the minority party have a personal interest in seeing the majority proved wrong; but the private citizen to whom politics is a means, not an end, is a fool if he prefers the satisfaction of saying "I told you so" to the solid advantages which will be his if it turns out that he was mistaken.

This is particularly true at present. Whether the choice last November was between different roads that would take us forward, or between going forward and going backward, may be open to argument; but there can be no doubt that most of those who voted for Mr. Hoover registered their opinion that we are at

present, and have been for some years past, going forward on the right road. Now in the next four years Mr. Hoover is probably going to take us for a long ride; and it makes a considerable difference which way we are going. If we are on the right road, headed in the right direction, we might as well let the Republicans go on leading us. But if it should appear in 1932, or later, that the direction which we have thought was forward was really backward, we are going to find ourselves in trouble; for there is no one in sight who can lead us out of the woods.

There is now, and will probably be then, an opposition party whose machinery offers an alternative to Republican administration. But it offers at present only a choice of roads, not a choice of directions. The Socialists, of course, and the demi-Socialist radicals, profess to offer a choice of directions; but whatever the destination, their road is too rocky and roundabout to attract the average man. Yet there should be some alternative to Republicanism, for if Republicanism fails we shall need a good deal more than a mere change in the personnel of administration; we shall need a fundamental revision of the national faith.

### II

For what is Republicanism? Not a mere collection of political and economic theories. Even the protective tariff, as most Republicans adhere to it, is a religious dogma rather than an economic theory. Al Smith attempted to interest the country in a variety of political and

economic issues, raising considerations that must have been regarded as important, if true. The majority registered its opinion that they were not true; that there were no issues in the ordinary sense of that word. It was obviously, then, no difference of opinion on politics and economics that brought out the tremendous vote of the last election, any more than it was the personality of Mr. Hoover that gave him his great majority. Some voters were undoubtedly influenced by his high qualifications for the Presidency, but the Republicans would have won if they had nominated Jim Watson or Dr. Work.

What brought out the vote was the conviction that the faith of the fathers had been challenged. Not merely Protestantism, or theocratic prohibition, or "Nordic" pride; these were only the elements in the complex that dramatized a broader issue—whether the way we have so far done things is the right way, whether what we have been is what we ought to be. During the summer and fall I received a steady and copious stream of abusive letters, in reaction to editorials I was writing in favor of Smith, and the burden of nearly all of them was the same: We Americans who have made this country are not going to let those people tell us how to run it. "Those people" included such descendants of not very recent immigrants as Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Byrd, Thomas F. Bayard, Peter Goellet Gerry. No matter; their Irish Catholic leader personified a challenge to our present practice and the ideals that underly it. The challenge was not so serious as the Republicans represented, perhaps not so serious as it should have been; but the validity of the opinion is less important than the response. Millions of people voted for Hoover in the more or less explicit conviction that they were striking for their altars and their fires, home, and their native land.

The Smith campaign made it clear that Republicanism is essentially an

emotional attitude, a religious faith; the organization which embodies that faith is not so much a party as a church. What is the bond of union between a Pennsylvania manufacturer and an Iowa farmer? Not interest, certainly, nor political theory; but a common faith that God loves the typical American as he has been, and that what he has been he should continue to be. (And besides the common faith, perhaps, a common interest in seeing that the local postoffice is in the right hands.) And that faith includes most of the ideals which have come to be recognized as peculiarly and traditionally American.

It may be objected that to call the Republican party the embodiment of American ideals puts a stigma on fifteen million Democrats. But now that no specific issue divides the parties, most of the fifteen million ought to be Republicans. Especially the Southerners; the industrial South ought to be as Republican as Pennsylvania, and there does not appear to be any vital difference between a Mississippi farmer and an Iowa farmer except the memory of Reconstruction, which Mr. Hoover will surely be shrewd enough to dilute, if he cannot wholly destroy it.

Outside the South, the bulk of Smith's vote came from the newer racial stocks; and what most of them want is no more than recognition as Americans of full standing. Till they are so recognized by the dominant group they will usually vote with the opposition. So the Italians who were allies of the Roman republic, but not Roman citizens, wanted full civic rights; and until they got what they wanted they gave their support to every leader of the opposition—every leader who argued that Rome was on the wrong road. But when they finally got their citizenship it did not take them long to settle down and become supporters of the established order. The disabilities of the newer immigration are matters of custom, not of law; time will certainly, if slowly, wipe them out. When the Somerset Club in Boston is



full of Irishmen, most of those Irishmen will be Republicans.

If the religious character of Republicanism has not been generally recognized it is because we have restricted the content of religion to theology and morals. In ancient states, as in those medieval states which had a national consciousness, what Republicanism means to-day would have been of the essence of the faith, directly bound up with the nation's gods or patron saints. So, if Republicanism fails, it will be more than a political failure; it will mean a twilight of the gods which we have worshiped, even though we have not called them gods. An opposition which could retrieve that disaster would have to be prepared to rebuild everything from the ground up.

### III

There is only one way in which our present faith can obviously fail. The Republicans have persuaded the country that prosperity is the visible proof of God's blessing on Republican policies; and with prosperity they must stand or fall.

While prosperity exists, or seems to exist, they are safe enough. The Democrats tried last year to argue that prosperity was illusory; that it was spotty, regional, a prosperity of the rich. But enough people had enough of it, or hoped to have enough of it if the stock market kept on going up, to defeat that argument. And no attack could be made on the great weakness of prosperity—its dependence on the installment plan—by a party whose National Chairman was one of the chief advocates and beneficiaries of the installment plan. So far from serving the opposition, the perils of installment buying actually became an argument for keeping things as they are; it was the Republican, not the Democratic, National Chairman who described deferred-payment prosperity as an endless chain, in which the breaking of a single link would mean disaster.

So the Democrats, failing to disprove the existence of prosperity and debarred from criticizing its foundation, were reduced to trying to prove that the Republicans did not have it patented—that a Democratic administration could produce as much prosperity, and distribute it better. That did not impress those who were satisfied with the present distribution; nor those who, with the unquenchable optimism of America, believed that it would be their turn tomorrow and did not want to see the easy pickings abolished before they got there. Denying that eight years of Republicanism and eight years of prosperity were cause and effect, the Democrats had to talk of our natural wealth, of a Europe paralyzed by war—to argue, in other words, that prosperity was due more to our luck than to our merit. Patriotism rejected that imputation; whereas Mr. Hoover's insistence that prosperity was the fruit of our own virtue (and Republican policies) found an echo in every heart. The result was inevitable; an immense majority declared that the sun rises because the rooster crows.

The rooster will go on crowing for at least four years more, and so long as the sun also rises the public will believe that the rooster did it. Even that dangerous campaign slogan, the abolition of poverty, is unlikely to backfire, for Mr. Hoover set no date for this desirable achievement; the most he said was that we shall soon, with the help of God, be in sight of the day. Less responsible orators promised that the day would come in Hoover's administration; and if it does, that will end all argument. *Præsens deus habebitur Hoover; redeunt Saturnia regna.* I promise to join in the huzzas on that happy day, having a more personal interest in the abolition of poverty than has, for instance, Mr. Andrew Mellon. Meanwhile the qualification is important—"with the help of God." What goes right is the fruit of Republican policies; what goes wrong is due to bad luck—that is, to God.

But Mr. Hoover need not abolish

poverty to be a successful President. There is after all less of what used to be called poverty in America now than any great nation has ever known before. We have invented a new kind of poverty, but we call it by such euphemisms as pay while you wear, every family a two-car family, because she likes nice things, intelligent anticipation of future earnings. No one, as yet, has proposed to abolish that. All Mr. Hoover has to do is to keep up the present show of prosperity. It will not be easy, as he probably knows better than anybody else; but if that is what we want, as it seems to be, he is as well equipped as any man in the country to give it to us. And if he succeeds he may go down in history as the American Augustus, who restored the commonwealth and made an opposition party unnecessary.

#### IV

This analogy, suggested by the language of Augustan poets quoted above, needs of course considerable qualification. Augustus came to power at the end of a long period of civil war; what people wanted was not only prosperity but peace; and he gave them peace by establishing what was in substance, if not in form, a military autocracy.

But the Roman Empire, in extent, population, racial diversity, and wealth, was on the whole more like present-day America than any other nation in history; the public opinion which supported Augustus, and continued to sustain the emperors after him, was the public opinion of the class which is the core of the Republican party—the rich and respectable. And the emotional quality of the movement that put Augustus on top was amazingly like that of the recent Republican campaign.

The Romans had gradually, and without quite intending it, included in their state a great many people who were alien in race and culture. The kindred tribes of Italy, by Augustus's day, were pretty well assimilated; the grandson of

a Samnite enfranchised after the Social War could say "we Romans" as readily as the grandson of an Englishman or German who came to America in the eighteen forties can say "we Americans." But in the empire were Greeks and Gauls and Syrians and Moors who were not like Romans at all; and they were beginning to demand some recognition. Augustus capitalized the reaction of the old stock to that challenge. Precisely what Antony and Cleopatra intended to do has been obfuscated by the Augustan propaganda; but there is no doubt what Roman Italy believed they intended. It was substantially what good Americans lately believed Al Smith and the Pope intended. In the crisis all Italy rallied round Augustus who was "one of us," in the firm resolve that we Romans who have made this empire are not going to let those people tell us how to run it. Antony, it may be pointed out, was one of us, too; but he suffered from the company he kept.

Well, Augustus delivered the goods. He gave efficient and honest government, of which "those people" were the chief beneficiaries, and Roman rich men who could no longer plunder the provincials were the victims. Also he stopped the wars and gave business a chance; and the result was a prosperity beyond any previous experience. That prosperity endured for two hundred years—always more or less spotty, its incidence changing from generation to generation under the impact of economic forces; now one part of the country, now another, was getting the cream of it. (Italy, like New England, fairly soon fell behind.) But the empire as a whole was prosperous, or at least seemed prosperous; and while prosperity lasted everybody of consequence was a Cæsarian, a supporter of the Augustan constitution.

In those two centuries many things changed, but nothing shook the faith of the fathers in Rome's rightness and Rome's permanence, so long as prosperity gave visible proof of the blessing



of the gods. And no one more firmly upheld the faith of the fathers than the descendants of "those people" who had seemed to threaten it, in Cleopatra's day. In the Senate of the Antonine emperors sat Greeks and Gauls and Moors and Syrians who considered themselves quite as good Romans as Marcus Porcius Cato; and when such remote tribes and impoverished classes as still existed in the Roman state, but not of it, showed signs of discontent, Senators from Gaul and Syria and Mauretania seem to have felt that we Romans who made this empire are not going to let those people tell us how to run it.

So, in the presidential election of 1988, the old American stock may rally round a Republican candidate named Perugino or Malevinsky, defending the faith of the fathers against an opposition bloc of Filipinos, Haitians, Nicaraguans, and Hawaiian Japanese. But quite as possibly there will be no organized opposition by that time, as while the work of Augustus endured there was none in Rome. Politics was unnecessary, so long as the government preserved prosperity. There was a handful of parlor Bolsheviks such as Helvidius Priscus; there was discontent among the people who were not getting in on the prosperity. But Augustus had erected a standard to which the wise, the rich, and the good might repair; and while it kept them rich they stood by it. True, there was no room for organized opposition in a state where the commander of the army had almost autocratic power; but the earlier emperors, as a rule, knew that they could not safely affront public opinion. Septimius Severus was the first who frankly defied the wise, the rich, and the good, and ruled as a military despot; and that did not happen till prosperity had begun to decay, and faith with it. Men had begun to wonder not merely if Rome had taken the wrong road, but if they were not in fact going backward.

So with the Republican faith. The Hoover administration might be wrecked

by some misfortune now unforeseen—a disastrous war, a general shift of opinion on prohibition, a party fight such as that of 1912. Any of these things may happen; just as the sun may explode tomorrow and wipe out the solar system. But barring some such improbable accident, the success of Mr. Hoover and his party seems likely to be contingent only on the continuance of prosperity. For whatever the Democrats said about prosperity in the late campaign, they seemed as convinced as the Republicans that it is the most important thing in the world. Mr. Hoover, in his campaign speeches, insisted that there is more in life than making money, but that you must make your money first—that you cannot do much else if you are always hustling for a living. There is much truth in that; it needs some reservations, but the Democrats were afraid to offer them.

The task of the next real opposition party in American politics must be the finding of an alternative to prosperity, or to what is at present called prosperity.

## V

The suggestion that prosperity may not last forever, despite the admittedly superior virtue of the American people, is customarily denounced as the work of an enemy of prosperity, who hates the human race and wants everybody to be poor and miserable; just as whoever fails to regard the abolition of alcohol as the most important thing in the world, or doubts if the Volstead Act is the best way to go about it, is likely to be charged with loving drunkenness, debauchery, and sin. Let it then be hastily repeated that I hope I am wrong; that nothing would please me better than to find that the sun rises because the rooster crows.

But I observe, even since the election, symptoms of doubt and uneasiness among men who know a good deal about prosperity, both in theory and in practice; men who probably voted for Hoover but do not seem to feel that the mainte-

nance of Republican policies is the sole condition of the millennium. "Neither the government nor the business world can afford to rely upon an indefinite continuance of a rising stock market. Both should consider the possibility of a reduced national income when profits from capital appreciation are reduced." Who said that? A Bolshevik? No, the chairman of the Chase Bank of New York. A rising stock market is not all of prosperity? No, but it has been the choicest flower of what we have recently called prosperity; at times, almost the only flower that was in blossom.

Perhaps we might call something else prosperity—if we chose. A New Year's editorial in the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* observed that "we do not need more prosperity of the kind we have. We need a new kind, shaped and controlled by normal needs, a frugal society, and a natural economics." Amen. But how can we get back to normal needs when millions of people make their living by the creation and stimulation of abnormal needs? And if we did so get back, what should we do with the unemployed salesmen? Set them to work building levees for the control of Mississippi floods? A natural economics brings modest rewards. Who is content with that when fabulous fortunes can be made (sometimes) out of the unnatural economics of a stock market which diverts more and more of the nation's capital from production to speculation? And what is going to impress the wisdom of frugality on a society which has been taught that frugality is not merely folly but almost treason, that a man must spend not only all that he makes but all that he hopes to make?

Possibly Mr. Hoover is aware of these misgivings, though he betrayed no such guilty knowledge in his campaign speeches. Running for President on the Republican ticket, he could not afford to doubt that we were on the right road and headed in the right direction. But we are told that there are two Hoovers

—the politician, who emitted those dithyrambs on the American home in order to get the contract he wanted; and the engineer of human happiness, who now that he has got the contract will do the job with professional conscientiousness. It may be that this non-political Hoover means to lead us over gradually to another road. But he will have to keep on being a good deal of a politician to do it; too many distinguished Republicans are collecting tolls, on the road we are now traveling, to make a change of route easy.

Some of us suspect that this would not be enough; that we are going in the wrong direction. And the most disturbing factor in our "progress" is this—that we go faster and faster, that to all appearance we cannot stop ourselves, until we shall come at last to an automatic stop, after rushing violently down a steep place into the sea. Let us all hope that Mr. Hoover, or somebody, can find a way to slow us down before we go over the edge. For if we do go over it will be no easy job to pick up the pieces, and after we have picked them up we may not know what to do with them—unless we have at that time a real opposition party (it may still call itself Democratic, but it will have little in common with the Democrats of today) which can offer at least the framework of an alternative program, not merely to Republican policies, but to the whole philosophy of life of which Republican policies are the expression.

Our prosperity is a quantity prosperity. Yes, a quality prosperity too, thanks to the doctrine of obsolescence which has supervened on quantity production. We turn in last year's car for a new model—but that means one more car added to the total. Prosperity and happiness consist in the possession of an ever-increasing quantity of new things. This was recognized, apparently with satisfaction, by Mr. Coolidge in his last message to Congress. "The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region



of luxury." Luxuries are necessities now; we need more things to make us happy than ever before. In other words, we can have more than people ever had before and still be unhappy; with what our ancestors would have called riches, we feel poor.

Obsolescence means throwing away something that is still good enough and getting something better, or at least newer. This happy invention has brought great prosperity to automobile manufacturers, and much pride (however tempered with worry) to automobile owners. Its advantages in other industries are not so obvious. Everyone has a safety razor, for instance, as everyone has an automobile. Safety razors do not easily wear out; and the disgrace of still using a last year's model when the family next door has a this year's model cannot be used as a sales argument for an implement which is used in the privacy of the bathroom. Yet safety-razor manufacturers, like automobile manufacturers, must go on selling more even after their market appears to be saturated. The only thing they can sell is more blades, but there is not much room for improving the attractiveness of a safety-razor blade; the chief difference between a 1929 model and a 1912 model is that the old model gave you more shaves. More blades are sold because they do not last so long.

This is not the only case in which the American standard of living has gone down. Our prosperity is more than anything else an automobile prosperity, so much so that the theory has been gravely advanced that the American people have become rich and happy by selling automobiles to one another. Well, the automobile has given us blessings as yet immeasurable, but we have paid for them. In many rural districts, and small towns too, people no longer build houses; they buy cars instead. Part at least of the reduction in the demand for clothing, which has done so much harm to the textile industry, is due to the fact that a man who has to choose between a

new suit and gas for the car buys gas. Detroit goes up, Boston goes down. Our road system would have been beyond the dreams of our ancestors, and we owe it to the automobile; but the farmers who live along the roads are bankrupt and it is partly road bonds and taxes that have made them so. Your modern farmer drives into town in half an hour, over good roads. His father needed three hours to get his team through the mud; but when he got to town, he put money in the bank.

And quantity prosperity inevitably defeats its own purpose. The more automobiles, the more traffic congestion; and the less use to be had out of each automobile. When every family has become a two-car family, dividends on automobile stocks can be maintained only by insisting that it must become a three-car family. In past times a situation in which everyone was constrained by high-pressure salesmanship to buy more and more, in order that consumption might keep up with the enormous capacity of production, eventually corrected itself, but the corrective was painful. When people had bought all they could afford they stopped buying; production slackened, workmen were laid off, until the manufactured surplus was used up. We, it seems, have abolished the business cycle; when people have bought all they can afford they go on buying, a little down and the rest in easy payments. But I suspect that in general as in particular we have only deferred payment, not escaped it, and that the bill will be all the larger when it finally has to be faced.

At present all goes well. The installment plan has delivered us from the curse of Adam and the inconveniences of mathematical laws. For the first time in human history we can have as much as we want, not as much or as little as we can pay for; and we can have it now, while the bill will be produced only when the party is over. Buy now, pay later—but when "later" comes we are still going to want; and if our natural wants

show signs of flagging, the men who have made things that they have to sell will employ all the resources of salesmanship to set us wanting as hard as ever. We can satisfy those future wants, and the sons of the horse leech who create them, only by signing up for more and more deferred payments, in ever-increasing quantity. Much has been done by modern science to the ancient laws of Nature, but I am not aware that even Doctor Einstein has yet suggested that you can get more out of anything than there is in it.

Perhaps the installment plan, like the tariff, is a high and holy mystery, which should not be profaned by the speculations of the uninitiate. Great and good men have considered and dismissed all the objections that have been raised against it; they admit that it is open to abuse, that taken in excess it may be harmful; but there is nothing but good in it so long as it is employed in moderation, by people who can take it or leave it alone. That reasoning has been rejected as applied to beer, but it sanctifies the installment plan, which has probably done more harm to more American homes than beer ever did. The installment plan has given happiness too, but so did beer.

At any rate, we are not much given to taking anything in moderation. The limit is what the appetite desires, not what the traffic will bear. Excellent, if we can get away with it; let every man have a ten-thousand-dollar car and every woman a chinchilla coat, if the manufacturers of ten-thousand-dollar cars and chinchilla coats can recover from the purchasers enough money to pay their way. But I doubt if there is that much money, even now that we have called in the future to redress the balance of the present. It seems absurd—and it is absurd—to say that we make more things than we can pay for; arguments about distribution of the national income, saving versus spending, and so on, do not go down to the fundamentals. The basic difficulty is that we

have an industrial plant, and an industrial technic, that can make more things than we can use. We have tried, and are still trying, to adjust that inequality by making everybody use more; but there are signs that we are approaching the limit in that direction.

Well, say the faithful, even if all this is true, the condition will correct itself. So it will, but how? By defaults on installment payments, a decrease in consumption which will mean the closing of factories. The higher we shall have gone, the harder we shall fall. Just so the condition of the Gadarene swine—which, like ours, was an excessive acceleration under the impetus of misleading mental obsessions—corrected itself as soon as they reached the bottom of the steep place and fell into the sea. More than one of those porkers, as he went under, must have belatedly perceived that he had not only made a wrong choice of roads, but had been going in the wrong direction.

## VI

Such a dolorous termination to our present prosperity could no more fairly be blamed on the Republican party than the party can fairly be given credit for prosperity's present existence; but those who took the credit will get the blame. What then? If the Republicans are turned out and the Democrats brought in to clean up the mess, what would they do? Well, the present Democratic party, I am afraid, would do its best to "restore prosperity"; it might start us out on another road, but our excursion would end eventually at the same old declivity and the same old sea. With all respect to Mr. Hoover's opinion that the choice last fall was not a choice of roads but a choice of directions, some of us suspected, when we saw the high priest of the installment plan presiding over the Democratic National Committee, that we had an option only between two roads both of which led backward.

There was no real opposition last fall, except on prohibition. Some of us who



voted for Smith, because we believed that he was at once more courageous and more adaptable than Hoover, had no greater confidence in the organization behind him than we had in the Republicans. There has been no true Democratic party since Congress got away from Grover Cleveland in the middle nineties. What calls itself the Democratic party now is only a coalition of dissenting groups, which is neither strong enough to win under normal conditions, nor—and this is more serious—harmonious enough to do any good, if some great business depression enabled it to win by default. This assemblage of discontents needs a Tzar, to accomplish anything. Wilson cracked the whip and made it work; Smith could probably have made it work, and work usefully, because he was as completely master of his party, during the campaign, as Wilson had been. (Hoover has a long way to go before he attains any such happy position.) Smith's defeat and retirement took away the autocratic and intelligent leadership that the Democrats need. If prosperity is to endure even a few years more, the best thing the Democrats could do for the country—if not for their own politicians—would be to disband. Let most of the Southerners turn Republican—the Irish too, when they get over the soreness which the racial and religious aspects of the last election left behind. And the mugwumps who followed Cleveland and Smith and Wilson, but would not follow an ordinary Democrat, may turn their thoughts to working out an alternative to Republicanism, which can be offered to the nation whenever the rooster's crowing is not followed by the rising of the sun.

## VII

What could that alternative be? Well, its major premise is plain enough, in fact, inescapable. The root of our trouble is that we can make more than we can use. We have tried to cure it by increasing consumption, but however

willing a man may be to sign up for deferred payments, he has only twenty-four hours a day in which he can use the things he buys. For a while we can get rid of the surplus by selling it abroad, but there is a limit to that, and if the simple explanation of international trade which Mr. Hoover offered to his Boston audience last fall was anything more than a springe to catch woodcocks, we may reach that limit sooner than we expect. There is only one way out—instead of trying to use all we can make, we must make only so much as we can conveniently use.

The emphasis must be taken off of quantity; and of course as we decrease the quantity of things we buy, we also decrease the quantity of money which we make by producing things for other people to buy. That readjustment will be extremely painful; what it must do to the learned professions of salesmanship and advertising need not be pointed out; but—unless you believe that the protective tariff is a sufficient guarantee of eternal bliss—I do not see how it can be escaped. And if we have to come to it—if we are forced to become a frugal society, with normal needs and a natural economics—we shall have fewer things than at present, and less money, and more leisure. The chief problem of the next phase of American history may be what we are going to do with that spare time.

Curiously, this problem has been most pointedly suggested not by any calamity howler of the opposition, but by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge. "The end of government," said Mr. Coolidge in his final report on the state of the nation, "is to keep open the opportunity for a more abundant life. Peace and prosperity are not finalities, they are only methods." Methods to what? The more abundant life? Well, what is that? The Romans, in their golden age of peace and prosperity, never found out. In those two placid centuries between Augustus and Septimius Severus they might have done things that would have

saved civilization from the setbacks of the next thousand years. They had more leisure, for more people, than the world had ever seen before; but they did nothing with it. By and large, they merely went on doing what their ancestors had done, and doing it not quite so well. We show no signs as yet of the senile decay which set in on the Roman mind, but the more abundant life is something we do not produce in quantity.

We have built a more stately mansion for our soul than any nation ever built before, but the soul is not at home; it is off somewhere in an automobile purchased on the deferred-payment plan. We have—or easily can have—enough of the tools of living, but we do not seem to know what to do with them. Without doubt, in many ways we live better than our grandparents; the cult of the body—bodily beauty and strength and pleasure—is only one of a number of advances we have made in the direction of what Mr. Hoover calls a fuller life. Yet one does not note any alarming excess of happiness, except among people who got aboard the bull market. And if you say this is only the narrow bigotry of a writer resident in New York, it may be pointed out that the fact has come to Mr. Hoover's notice. "Increasing skill and prosperity," he told the Tennesseans last fall, "has brought us more material comfort and greater leisure, but also serious questions as to how we should use our leisure time." This is only the leisure of labor-saving devices, not the rather appalling leisure that will be ours when we all consume less, work less, and make less money.

Well, why not leave it to Hoover? He took his own advice; he made his money first, and put his leisure, thereafter, to admirable use. But Hoover, and still more Hoover's party, are tied up with quantity prosperity. They have promised to maintain it; if it falls, they fall; the Republican name and organization would doubtless survive that collapse, but not the present Re-

publican faith. Such leisure as we have now is generally mitigated by the use of the things we possess; we drive in the car, we play golf, we listen to the radio. If quantity prosperity bursts like an overdriven flywheel, there will still be automobiles, though not so many, and radios, though the programs will be thinner; even country clubs. But on the whole we shall have fewer things, less money, and more time; and we shall have to work out a way of life that is less dependent on things than the way we live now. We shall have to be content with less of the entertainment that other people provide us, and seek resources in ourselves.

I suspect we all might find more than we think, if we had to look. And if you say it cannot happen, that the American home which Mr. Hoover praises so highly will never be happy so long as its garage holds a car of last year's model, while the garage next door has a car of this year's model—well, I know a family (of the old stock, too) that in the year 1927 bought a 1914 model car, and seemed to get a good deal of fun out of it. The thing can be done if you have to do it, as perhaps before long we shall.

As to how it can be done, and what it will be like when we are doing it, I know no more than anybody else knows now. The new way of life will have to come, perhaps, from the common consciousness of the people, however much individuals may contribute to making that consciousness clear. Meanwhile, those who suspect that our present prosperity costs more than it is worth, and more than we can go on paying much longer, might find much of interest in the writings of a couple of Americans of a past generation, who were painfully out of step with what is at present called progress. If it turns out that our continually accelerated motion is really retrogress, these neglected prophets may have something to say to us.

Not impossibly, the leaders of the next opposition will be Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau.





## CAN THIS BE LOVE?

A STORY

BY ANTHONY GIBBS

**T**O THIS day I have never decided whether Richard Bartelmy Rivers was pulling my leg.

It is a temptation which comes to some undergraduates, increased, no doubt, by what, in all humility, I can only regard as a certain strangeness in my appearance.

The undergraduates are very young—not so young that they are altogether innocent of the difficulties of existence for a genus of beings who can never be quite sure whether they are animals or immortal souls, yet young enough to have a foreshortened perspective of the tasks ahead. They are easily moved to humor, by the suggestion of age, by the sight of an elderly gentleman like myself. Yet I have never quite decided about Richard Bartelmy Rivers.

For many years now I have been a professor of insectology at the University of Oxford. I have allowed, perhaps, those lovely creatures, those delicate, those exquisitely adapted organisms, to become too much the ruling passion of my life, to the absolute exclusion of all non-essentials. In matters of dress, for example, I have been content to leave things to the discretion of my dear wife. With regard to myself I have been careless. Yet I have sometimes thought (in silence) that her taste was not as it should be, that the extreme blueness of my cravat accorded ill with either the pattern of my trousers or the dignity of my years, that the velvet of my jacket was not quite so suitable to the stress of modern life as the indubitable robustness

of my boots. My habit of wearing the beard in a fringe under my chin is my own, and the unfortunate suspicion of redness I cannot be held accountable for; but I must admit that in the pursuit of my profession I have sometimes allowed the capillary covering to my scalp to fall into some slight disarray. . . . It was so in this instance.

Forgive me if I become prolix. I was nothing. It is an occupation which demands a small lamp for the attraction of the insects, a net in which to catch them, and no small display of agility. My old friend, Professor Ritchie, told me that he had observed one or two isolated specimens of the *Philoxdementia Bis-Jenkinsonia* in the meadows that lie about the river Cherwell, and to those meadows I had consequently repaired. I will not say that I doubted the veracity of my friend and colleague. Yet the species mentioned is a native of the Fen country, and has seldom been observed elsewhere. Macdonald, I believe, records its appearance in Westmoreland during the damp summer of 1891, and Frith claims to have obtained examples in Wales. Frith was always a liar, even if he is dead.

It must have been ten o'clock, and a little light still lingered among the tops of the poplars. For an hour I had sat, still as a mouse, with my torch burning, and my net ready, and a tartan rug about my shoulders to protect me from the dew. The bells of Oxford came to me pleasantly through the twilight, and somewhere down the river a party of

young people played a gramophone. I could hear their voices when the still air drifted my way. Of the Philox there was no sign.

Presently I began to be aware of a solitary figure standing by the river's bank. How long he had stood there I do not know. He had all the appearance of having been there some time. His head was hung upon his chest, as if in melancholy, and he never moved. I kept my eye upon him for ten minutes, and still he never moved. He seemed an undergraduate. He was quite close to me, and I could see the curly outline of his head. They are very beautiful, some of these young men. He smoked a pipe, for I could smell that. I have never been able to grapple with the mentality of the ordinary undergraduate, but it did seem rather extraordinary, this preoccupation.

So I gathered my rug about me and my torch and my net, and approached. Quite close. Still he did not see me. But I could tell now that he gazed into the dark surface of the waters, as though spellbound.

"D'you see anything?" I asked.

He did not start, but turned his face round slowly and inspected me smiling. He had a pleasant face. He took the pipe out of his mouth and pointed to the water with its stem. "I come here sometimes, sir," he said, "to think of Angelica Crawford." And he puckered his forehead and looked really most serious. I became quite alarmed.

"Oh?" said I.

"You see," he added, as though that explained everything, "I'm Richard Bartelmy Rivers."

I suppose I must have blinked at him a little stupidly. I am a trifle nearsighted. I could not quite catch the upshot of the connection. "I hope, my dear young sir, that I'm not intruding. I thought perhaps—if it is an affair of the heart, of course I—" and I prepared to withdraw.

"Love!" exclaimed this remarkable young man, and laughed as though he found something sardonic in the thought.

"That's what I could never find out. Listen." He took my arm that held the net. "This is where Angelica fell in. That is Lady Margaret College boathouse. We began here, but God knows whether it was really love or not. You see, I rescued her. I had a punt round the corner, and I was lying on the flat of my back reading Robert Bridges. And Angelica—of course I didn't know her name was Angelica then—came out of the L.M.H. boathouse and started piling things into a canoe. I thought then she was beautiful and looked intelligent, but I never realized how I should come to feel in a few weeks' time. Anyhow she fell in. That was the spot." He indicated the edge of the boathouse.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Yes," he went on. "Now that everything between us is over, I don't mind saying I believe she did it on purpose. I thought so at the time. It's the sort of thing a woman would do, you know, sir. I jumped in and rescued her, according to the best traditions of British manhood, and we sat in our wet clothes and talked. She told me her name and that her father was a South Kensington dentist. And all the time I had a most peculiar feeling. I'd had it once before and thought I knew what it was. But I didn't say anything at the time." He paused and fell into deep thought.

"You know, sir, I don't know what purpose all this impedimenta of yours serves, but I imagine you're some sort of nature-lover. When I tell you there were larks overhead, and that the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and that the midges danced on the water, it may help you to understand. And when I tell you she was beautiful and clever—I found she had written that book *Sad Winnowing* that I reviewed so caustically in the *Isis*. For hours we sat and talked, while our clothes dried on our bodies, and we ate the food I had in my punt and drank the beer."

"You fell in love?" I suggested.

He shook his head slowly and stared



into the dark interior of the boathouse. "I wish I knew. I don't think I shall ever know. I thought I did, but I didn't say anything because I wanted to be sure. Love, marriage—I'm afraid I take them seriously. But I went away and for three days forgot, or thought I did." He turned round and looked me in the face. "Have you ever suffered from indigestion, sir?" he demanded.

"Well, upon my soul, I—"

He interrupted my astonishment, this very astonishing young man. "Those three days were agony. It's an extraordinary thing how love seems to go to all the parts of one's body. My food seemed to get to about here" (he made a gesture high up on his chest) "and no farther. I got curious little beatings in different bits of me. I felt like death. This must be love, I thought. I thought I was sure. I wish I had been." His pipe had gone out, and he lighted it, with a flickering flame that bounced in and out of the bowl of it. The last twilight faded from the sky, and the distant wheezing of the gramophone went on.

"So on the fourth day I told her. I called at Lady Margaret's and asked for her. They put me in a little white room, and after a bit she came. 'Angelica,' I said, 'Miss Crawford, I didn't want to say anything about it, but the most extraordinary things have been happening to me, and the fact is I believe I've fallen in love with you.' Well, she looked at me, and said, 'What sort of things?' 'Oh!' I told her, 'indigestion, and all sorts of funny little twitchings.' Then I thought of something. 'I suppose,' I said, 'you haven't had anything of the same sort?' And I waited, absolutely wilting, for what she answered. She hesitated a long time, and then said, 'Yes, I have.'" (He imitated a lady speaking.) "'Then,' I said, 'this must be love. I felt like this only once before, and it was that time.' 'I suppose it must,' she answered."

It was almost dark. "Please don't tell me all this," I interrupted him, "unless you want to."

"I do want to. I find it comforting to tell a stranger who comes up out of the twilight with a lantern and a fishing net. I don't suppose I shall ever see you again. I must tell someone."

He still had hold of my arm and he shook it suddenly, so that the net waved before the sky.

"We became engaged. But not without provisos. We were sensible about it. We agreed that we were intelligent people. Marriage was something we didn't embark on lightly, don't you know? It's extraordinary how alike we thought. Looking back on it, I don't see how we could have acted other than we did. We agreed to impose a series of tests. I think it must have been Angelica's idea, but I thought it so good I'm inclined to take the credit of it for myself. . . . Why do these wretched people play the gramophone? We never did that."

"My dear young man, when you've attained to the very great age of the person you're addressing, you'll realize that no one will ever arrive at an explanation of the peculiar behavior of youth, short of the grave."

"Good for you, sir! Well, the first test we imposed was that we mustn't see each other for a month, just to see how we felt at the end of it. We came through that with flying colors. I never felt so ill in my life. I couldn't do any work. I had the most ghastly rows with my tutor, that devastating fellow Ritchie" (I made a mental note of the description for future reference), "and my interior utterly declined to function. I might have swallowed a mugful of atropine. And poetry! my hat, what yards of poetry, what reams of ectoplasmic muck! I thought I was in love all right. And as for Angelica, when we met again and fell on each other's neck and wept, I gathered she felt pretty much the same way. Worse if anything, what with one thing and another."

"Then we agreed to see each other for at least five hours every day for a month." He laughed. "That was easy."

We discussed every subject on earth and always came back to ourselves. We struggled desperately with boredom and couldn't find it. We were in love and yet not in love. We couldn't make up our minds. It was a silly situation. Does this interest you at all, sir?"

I determined to get in my word. "Do you mind in the slightest whether it does or not?" I asked.

"Not a bit!" he answered at once. And his voice went on quietly telling me, with a strange kind of tragedy in its tone. I am not accustomed to tragedy in the tones of undergraduates, and in an absurd way I resented it. It was quite dark now, and his voice droned on a little soporific in the solitude. The gramophone had gone.

"We're too blasted intelligent these days. I should think one has to be a little stupid to love in the good old way, nine parts of anæsthesia to one of hyperæsthesia, love makes the world go round and all that. What do you feel, sir?"

"Really I can't say," I protested.

"No—" he said thoughtfully. "Suppose not. Anyhow we had a third test, and got rather done in over that one. We thought perhaps it might be a good idea to practice up for married life, to fix a sort of foretaste of the joys to come, just to see if we could stick the sort of thing we might be let in for later." He gripped my arm harder and the net waved in the darkness. "It was a terrible business. We thought hard of the most difficult thing we should have to survive. Breakfast together, calling on rich aunts, we did them all. Then inspiration came to Angelica. It often did. She was cleverer than I was." He paused. "She read me her new novel," he said and groaned.

"It was a frightful novel. If it had been a better novel I might have endured it. *Sad Winnowing* was bad enough, but I might have tolerated even that. But this thing was insufferable. Chapter seven!" His grip stiffened at the thought. "We broke. I couldn't face

a novel a year for fifty years. That was too much. 'My good thing,' I said, 'my Angelica, there is a limit. As your reviewer in the *Isis* I'm afraid I cannot stand for the psychology of chapter seven. No young woman would behave like that in those circumstances. It's not consistent with her character.'

"I know that, Bartelmy," she admitted. "But I had to abandon some slight consistency of characterization for consistency of plot."

"It's too obvious," I told her. "Any conscientious reviewer could spot what you're doing instantly. It's not good Art."

"But all Art must submit to a certain extent to the convention of the Art-form."

"That's nonsense," I told her, "and you know it. All decent Art rises superior to the limitations of the Art-form. Take Pagliacci." So we argued."

He sighed profoundly. "And in that argument our love was lost. We hated to see it go. We struggled most desperately to cling to its remains, but the thing fled through our fingers. Tragedy—oh, tragedy!" He gazed intently at the black, oily surface of the Cherwell.

"Put your torch," he said, "so that it shows there. No, a little farther, so as to get in the edge of the houseboat. That's the scheme. We talked for hours, for days, for weeks. We lived again through all the times we had had together, the fatuous little tests we had put upon ourselves, the sophisticated absurdity of our engagement. We laughed, and we even cried a little. But we couldn't get love back. 'Can that have been love at all?' we demanded, and there was no answer from the sky.

"Then I had my great idea, born of that little thing by Yeats. You know—'I will live again . . .'

"I decided the only thing to do was to begin again at the beginning, to go right back to where we started, for me to park my punt just round that bend, and for Angelica to fall into the river."

"What?" I exclaimed.



"It was an absurd idea, but it was fun. We were amused at the quaintness of the conception. Angelica agreed to do it, always provided it was a warm day. And we thought that by an appeal to the elemental emotions, by the anguish of the wrecked, the noble reassuring shout of the rescuer, the bruised femininity of the pursued, the straining masculinity of the pursuer, we might recapture love, or at any rate discover the answer to that question, 'Can this be love?'"

"We chose a day a week ago. A day like this. I came with languor and a limp

volume. I tied myself to the roots of a tree. It was very good. Suddenly I heard a cry. It was a maiden in the river. I scrambled to my feet. I leaped to the end of my punt and shaded my eyes against the sun. I saw her as before. And I tried to capture the sensations of that moment, to find by searching inwardly whether I really wanted to save this lady for my wife."

"And did you?" I inquired.

The young man shook his head. "Angelica was drowned," said Richard Bartelmy Rivers.

## SAY THAT HE LOVED OLD SHIPS

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

*SAY that he loved old ships; write nothing more  
 Upon the stone above his resting place;  
 And they who read will know he loved the roar  
 Of breakers white as starlight, shadow lace  
 Of purple twilights on a quiet sea,  
 First ridge of daybreaks in a waiting sky,  
 The wings of gulls that beat eternally  
 And haunt old harbors with their silver cry.  
 Speak softly now, his heart has earned its rest,  
 This heart that knew each alien star by name,  
 Knew passion of the waves against his breast  
 When clouds swept down the sea and lightning's flame  
 Tore skies asunder with swift finger tips;  
 Write nothing more; say that he loved old ships.*



## WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE elusiveness of religion is puzzling many people. In their early and provincial days they may have been able to describe religion with definiteness and finality: it was identical with their creed and their church. With widening horizons, however, their dogmatism has dwindled. Religion, they see, is an ambiguous affair. It includes Christ and Buddha, Lao Tse and Mary Baker G. Eddy. It takes in polytheist, monotheist, and humanist. Bishop Manning, Billy Sunday, Professor Whitehead at Harvard, and Voliva of Zion City are all religious. Many, therefore, who began by believing in religion have first fallen into doubt about it, and now are not so much either believing or doubting as wondering what it is.

Science has recently been described as the art of giving the same name to different things: by which is meant that considering black coal, white paper, red apples, green leaves, and colorless gasoline, it requires science to reveal that they all are chiefly carbon. What, then, shall be said about the strange incongruities which comprehensively are called religion? Fetish-worship in Africa and fundamentalism in the United States; Hindus chanting "Om" before the vast impersonal Absolute, and Christians seeking gifts from a highly individualized Father; Shinto priests and Mohammedan mahdies; Quakers and popes; John Roach Straton and John Haynes Holmes—what common element can make one thing, religion, of such a salmagundi?

When the intelligentsia try to clarify

this situation by their definitions they only confound it the more. If anyone, confused about religion's meaning, wishes to make his utter bewilderment more utter still, let him become a connoisseur in definitions of religion. Matthew Arnold called it "morality tinged with emotion"; Professor Tylor, "a belief in Spiritual Beings." Professor Whitehead describes it as "what the individual does with his own solitariness"; but Professor Ames calls it "the pursuit on the part of the community or the individual member of the community, of what are thought to be the highest social values." Professor Stratton defines it as "man's whole bearing toward whatever seems to him the best or greatest"; while Professor Lowie sees its essence in the "sense of something transcending the expected or natural, a sense of the Extraordinary, Mysterious, or Supernatural." Salomon Reinach thinks it is "a body of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties"; but Professor Haydon exalts it as "the co-operative quest for a completely satisfying life." To George Bernard Shaw religion is "that which binds men to one another and irreligion that which sunders"; while Havelock Ellis writes, "Now and again we must draw a deep breath of relief, and that is religion." After which, and a great deal more of the same sort, one moves the previous question: What is religion?

That this inquiry, so far from being merely theoretical, is of practical importance, anyone acquainted with the younger generation in its lucid and serious intervals will testify. You can-



not sell them a foregone conclusion in religion any more. They will not repeat theological shibboleths or accept partisan church loyalties, supposing them to be religion. They do not any longer believe, to use one girl's phrase, that "God is a Baptist." They know too much about the protean exhibitions of religion in history, and the immense and sometimes splendid reaches of spiritual life that the historic Jesus never influenced, to have the old denominational patriotisms or even the old Christian formulas passed off on them as necessarily bona fide religion. Yet they are religious; at least, they are intensely interested in religion; and as they face the world's potpourri of faiths, above their mingled belief and doubt one feels their increasing wonder as to what, after all, religion is.

This paper does not propose further to confuse the tangled situation by another endeavor to define religion. Nor shall I seek, as so many have sought, some irreducible minimum that, like carbon in sweet sugar and in bitter strychnine, makes one substance of all faiths from Shintoism to Christian Science. What I should like to do is to describe the approach to religion's meaning which especially characterizes our own time and which is bound to have an important influence upon the religious thought and life of our children.

## II

Religion is increasingly dealt with to-day not in ecclesiastical or theological terms, but in psychological terms. Increasing numbers of people mean by religion, not first of all a true church or an orthodox system of theology, but a psychological experience. There, they think, lies the germinal nucleus of the matter; and this conviction makes a serious difference between them and many historic definers of religion.

The whole discussion, for example, whose bitterness makes a controversial waste of so much so-called Christian history, as to which is the true church,

seems to this school of thought a poor expenditure of time because there is no such thing as a true church. All religious organizations, like all secular organizations, are approximate endeavors to meet changing human needs; and one of the best things about them is that, in spite of themselves, they cannot remain as they are.

The envenomed controversy also as to which is the true theology, which for centuries has kept Christianity, in general, and Protestantism, in particular, fighting mad, seems largely futile, not because the discovery of the truth about God is unimportant, but because the idea that anybody has so discovered and defined God that he should controversially desire to enforce his opinion on another is absurd. All theology tentatively phrases in current thought and language the best that, up to date, thinkers on religion have achieved; and the most hopeful thing about any system of theology is that it will not last.

This does not mean that we are indifferentists about the church and skeptics about philosophy. To belittle the organization of religion will not do. As a bad trellis can ruin a good vine, or a poor government bedevil a civic community, so ecclesiastical institutions can either work havoc with religion or give it support and opportunity. As for doctrine, that always is important. Let a physician get his doctrine about scarlet fever right or he will bungle his task. So in religion we want the best churches and the truest thinking we can get. There are some kinds of theology and ecclesiastical practice in which most certainly we do not believe, and some kinds that seem to us wise, useful, and true. But religion is deeper than these. It created these in the first place, and it will persist long after their present forms have passed. Religion, therefore, cannot be essentially described in terms of its temporary clothes, its churches, and its creeds. Religion at its fountain-head is an individual, psychological experience.

## III

Between religion conceived primarily in terms of churches and theologies, and religion conceived primarily as a psychological experience, at least one distinction is apparent. Churches and theologies can be inherited; from generation to generation they can be handed on, their doctrines written in books and their institutions passed from the custody of fathers to the custody of sons. Almost inevitably, therefore, churches and theologies become in time objects which believing people try to preserve. How much contemporary religion consists in the earnest, sometimes militant, frequently desperate, endeavor to save the churches and their theologies!

When, however, religion is looked at and sought for primarily as an individual, psychological experience, it at once becomes not so much something which the possessor must save as something which saves him. This distinction is fundamental. We may have a religion toward which the preservative attitude prevails, as though our supreme concern were somehow to save it, or we may have a religion which we do not worry much about saving, because it so vitally and visibly saves us.

Multitudes of people to-day are trying to preserve the organizations and thought-forms of religion. They are habitual steadiers of the Ark. Often with feverish militancy, always with deadly earnestness, they have made up their minds that religion must be saved. Such an attitude is a sure sign of religion's senility; it has uniformly preceded the downfall of those historic faiths that have grown old and passed away. In a religion's vigorous youth, however, its devotees are not anxious about saving it, because it so powerfully saves them. And this is true because a young religion is not yet a static church nor a settled theology to be preserved, but a psychological experience to be enjoyed.

This difference between a youthful and a senescent faith is evident in Christianity. While the early Chris-

tians battled stoutly for the things they believed, their major stress was not somehow to save their faith, anxiously defend it, and see it through. Their faith saved them, defended them, and saw them through. It carried them. It was to them health, peace, joy, and moral power. And whenever men thus have a religion which vitally saves them they have a religion which they need not worry much about saving.

The difference to-day between prevalent attitudes toward science on the one side and religion on the other ought to give us serious pause. Nobody solicitously is trying to save science for the simple reason that in its own sphere science is saving us. That is to say, it saves us from taking a covered wagon to San Francisco when we wish to consult a friend—we can use a telephone. It saves us from being isolated at sea—we can keep in touch with the whole world by radio. It may even save us from bothering about the sea at all when we go to Europe through the air. From many a disease, disability, and fear science is positively saving us; and so long as science can go on saving us scientists need not worry much about saving it. Science is not yet primarily an organization to be maintained or a final creed to be preserved; it is still in the creative vigor of individual venturesomeness and exploration.

Turn, however, to religion! Read the books! Listen to the sermons! Multitudes of people are out with props trying to shore up religion. Theology endeavors it with new arguments; religious rotarians with new methods of salesmanship; practical ecclesiastics with new policies and programs, until the impression widely prevails that the major business of churchmen is somehow to keep religion going. That, however, was not the way Christianity started. The impression those first Christians made was that religion kept them going. What a pity when a religion that once was young and saved people now becomes old and has to be saved!



The school of thought, therefore, which this paper represents has no interest in the senile attitude represented by trying to save religion. The real task is to achieve a religion that saves people; and such religion must be primarily an individual, psychological experience.

We defend religion too much. Vital religion, like good music, needs not defense but rendition. A wrangling controversy in support of religion is precisely as if the members of an orchestra should beat folk over the head with their violins to prove that music is beautiful. But such procedure is no way to prove that music is beautiful. Play it! That, however, is a matter of spiritual creativity resident primarily in individuals.

#### IV

No brief paper can adequately describe the content of such a creative religious experience as we have in mind. Moreover, if it takes various folk from Havelock Ellis to Saint John to make plain what love is, anything that one man writes about religion will surely be segmental. We may note, however, that whenever one finds people enjoying a religion which they do not worry about saving, because it saves them, there are two aspects to their experience, one active, the other receptive.

The gist of the active aspect lies in a basic fact: life faces us not only with things which give themselves to us and serve our interests but also with things to which we must give ourselves and which we must serve. Some elements in life are our slaves. We harness, bridle, and drive them. They are our hewers of wood and drawers of water. But so far as this from being the whole of life, it is not even the principal part.

In this scientific age when we commonly command law-abiding forces to our practical advantage, we are tempted to suppose that life's glory lies in the things that we master. The fact is, however, that our greatest hours never

are associated with the things that we master but with the things that master us. Let a man compare the time when he learned to drive an automobile and felt the thrill of command over harnessed energy, with the day he first heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and was carried out of himself by something greater than himself, to which he gave himself!

Whenever anybody thus finds any goodness, truth, or beauty concerning which he feels not that it should give itself to him, but that he should give himself to it and be its loyal servant, that man has entered into an authentic religious experience.

That this approach to the meaning of religion is radically different from the common conventions of the churches is obvious. Here, for example, is a youth in straits about his religion. He has been reared in an inherited faith. It has consisted largely of a regimented system of religious opinions. He was drilled in them and consented to them as naturally as he consented to the fashion of his clothes or the articulation of his speech. Now, however, he has come to a university center. He is surrounded by new ways of thinking and fresh methods of dealing with knowledge. His religion begins perilously to disintegrate. At first he desperately tries to defend it, but it falls to pieces. For a long while he clings to the shreds, but now even these have gone. He has lost his religion.

The first thing to be said is that any religion which can be lost like that had something deeply the matter with it from the start, and that the youth would better not worry too much about losing it. What he would better do is to forget, at least for the time being, religion theologically defined and ecclesiastically organized, and go within himself to discover what religion means as a psychological experience. What if that youth, having lost an external and inherited religion, should discover that he is himself incurably religious and so

come through to a religion that he will not need to defend, because it defends him, nor laboriously carry, because it carries him, no longer weight to him but wings!

Try, then, saying to such a youth, "Your religion lost! Nothing more to live for!" Only recently a fine young fellow, in precisely this situation that I have described, came swiftly back at me when I spoke to him like that. "Nothing to live for?" he said in effect. "Upon the contrary, plenty to live for! Life is rich in things to give oneself to, truth to be discovered, beauty to create, social causes to serve, friendship to claim one's loyalty. I am in love with life because there is so much to be devoted to."

Then I laughed at that youth. Lost his religion! Yet there at the center of his real life he was being carried out of himself by something greater than himself to which he had given himself; and he did not recognize that wherever anyone finds any worthy thing concerning which he does not ask that it give itself to him but that he may give himself to it, he has discovered a genuine religious experience. It may not yet have got an adequate theological formulation, it may need clarification and development; but so far as it goes it is authentic religion and, because it is part and parcel of the man, not appended to him or merely inherited by him, but spontaneously in him and an integral portion of him, it is often more vital and morally dynamic than any conventionally formulated stuff.

Doctor Noguchi, for example, is our latest martyr in science. He isolated the germ of South American yellow fever and discovered the serum that would cure it. But the South American serum would not work in Africa. Some hidden differentiation eluded the investigators. So, against the protests of his colleagues, Doctor Noguchi went to the fever belt of Africa. It was his business, he said, and he was going to the heart of it. There, as his colleagues feared, he caught

the disease, lay for weeks with the infection, continuously experimenting the while with his own blood, until the end. He had found his loyalty and with rejoicing self-abnegation had given himself to it.

What Doctor Noguchi's formal religion was, if any, I do not know. But whatever it may have been, a life which thus had discovered its true meaning in self-committal to the more-than-self was in so far genuinely religious.

This approach to the meaning of religion is characteristic of many schools of thought to-day. Some put the matter one way, some another, but the diversity of expression only emphasizes the unity of intent.

Some say that the essence of religion is the sense of sacredness. Even the most carnal and insensitive mind must sometime have proved its human quality by feeling the presence of something sacred that ought not to be desecrated. Those things in human history of which the race has most reason to be proud spring from this sense of sacredness at its best. Truth for the scientist is sacred—to violate it is the unpardonable sin. Beauty to the artist is sacred—to wrong it is blasphemy. The rights of personality are to the man of moral insight sacred, and our economic exploitations are sacrilege. Why should man have emerged into this strange, compelling sense of the "holy," possessing rights over us so imperative that at our best we find our glory in serving it to the death? Huxley, the agnostic, flailed conventional religion but provided no substitute. Now his grandson, also eminent in science, rediscovers religion. "It is a way of life," he says, "which follows necessarily from a man holding certain things in reverence, from his feeling and believing them to be sacred."

This, however, is only to put into other words what we have just been saying. The sacred elements in life are those concerning which we feel, not so much that they belong to us as that we belong to them. They are not our



servants, but we theirs. They have a right to our utter loyalty, and we find life's true meaning in giving it.

Others say that the essence of religion is worship. We truly live, they insist, not by virtue of those things that are beneath us but by virtue of those things that are above us. Our appreciations, admirations, and worships liberate life and give it worth. We spiritually are freed, not by what we enslave and use, but by what we adore. Therefore, the practical mastery over nature's law-abiding forces, which science confers, never can solve our human problem in its depths. Not what we command but what commands us determines destiny. The things we look down upon and merely utilize are less influential than the things we look up to and adore.

Religion so considered is essentially worship, and many a modern mind is rediscovering this central meaning of the worshiper's attitude. "Worship is the only possible way," says Professor Wieman, "to form those most subtle and complex habits of the heart and mind which organize and mobilize the total personality . . . there is no other form of human endeavor by which so much can be accomplished." This approach to religion obviously agrees with what we have been saying, that religion is essentially the release of life through its committal to the highest that we know.

Professor Royce of Harvard used to express this truth in terms of loyalty. That to him was the center and soul of religion. Whoever finds his loyalty, so that life means not grasping what the self can get but giving to some worthy end what the self can expend, has found an authentic religious experience.

Such in our day is the characteristic approach to religion's meaning. It is primarily concerned not with formal creed and church but with inner experience. It should go without saying that from such individual experience of devotion to spiritual values comes the most sustained, tireless, and dependable service for social causes that the world knows.

## V

Alongside this attitude of active self-committal, a receptive aspect is always present in a vitally saving faith. Inward communion from which come peace and power is characteristic of genuine religion. No one who has followed the work of religious psychology from William James to Starbuck and Coe will doubt the reality of such experiences. They are not matters of faith but of fact. They do actually occur. Phenomena such as conversion, transformation of character, and integration of personality through prayer can be studied objectively; and while some may think it possible to explain them on non-religious grounds no one thinks it possible to explain them away.

Indeed, a great deal of the unconventional religion of our day that has broken free from the orthodox churches is motivated mainly by a desire to recover religion as a resource of power, health, peace, and vitality in daily life. The explanation of the rise of cults like Christian Science and New Thought is obvious. While the old-line churches were largely concerning themselves with dogma, ritual, and organization, multitudes of folk were starving for available spiritual power with which to live. These cults arose to meet this need; and with all their mistaken attitudes toward scientific medicine, and their metaphysics, that to some of us is quite incredible, they have genuinely served millions of people by translating religion into terms of power available for daily use.

The preachers would better spare the breath they use in assailing such cults. What the Irishman said about the Socialists—"The only way to beat them is to beat them to it"—can be said also of these vitalistic movements in religion.

Indeed, here lies one of the major reasons why many youths to-day, weaned away from orthodox religion, if ever they were suckled on it, still know that religion

itself is real. A typical young woman from the university, reared out of touch with organized Christianity and untrained in dogmatic faith, sought membership in the church. I wondered what the religion of this highly intelligent and unconventional young person was like, and was interested to discover that it consisted almost exclusively in the practice of affirmative prayer. That is, prayer did not mean to her reminding an individual called God to do something he had forgotten or urging him to bestow a blessing that otherwise he would not have been good enough to give. Prayer meant fulfilling inward conditions of attitude and receptivity and getting appropriate results in heightened insight, stability, peace, and self-control. Prayer was not magic, but the meeting of real conditions in a law-abiding, spiritual world and getting real results.

When religion means such commerce of the spirit it becomes as indispensable as food and drink. It is the vital center from which life's energies proceed. The possessor of this secret does not live from the teeth out, but taps resources of power that seem at least, as William James put it, to come up through the subconscious into consciousness from origins that are cosmic and not merely individual.

Such an experience secures power for daily living not by struggling after it but by inwardly releasing it. So driving a horse may be hard work, driving a spirited team very strenuous indeed, and handling a tally-ho and six an absorbing expenditure of energy. There is, however, a small room near Niagara Falls where a man sits quietly, speaks quietly, and at times walks quietly from dial to dial, and he is controlling five hundred thousand horse-power. When one knows how to do it, it is easier to release five hundred thousand horse-power than it is to drive one horse. Such is the secret of the spiritual adepts. They have achieved, not by the method of hard driving, but by the release of interior power adequate for life.

This experience is of the very essence of religion. It substitutes confidence for fear, a sense of security for a life lived on the ragged edge; it takes people who thought they had to lift twenty pounds with only strength enough to lift ten, and transforms them into people who tackle life as a ten-pound load with strength to handle twenty. It inevitably affects health. Said one of the world's most famous psychologists to a friend of mine, "For complete psychological health mankind requires, either a religion or some substitute for religion which has not yet been discovered." Certainly this experience makes a difference to the integration of personality, to the moral drive of character, and to the radiance, tranquillity, hopefulness, and power with which men live.

## VI

Take such a truncated description of personal religion for what it is worth! Let it stand as merely an indication of the major fact that multiplying numbers of people, when they think of religion, mean not a church, nor a system of theology, but a saving experience of inner spiritual devotion and daily spiritual power!

If now the reader is impressed by the vagueness of all this, its disembodied churchlessness and its intellectual vacuity, lacking often the bones of idea and, therefore, likely to go flabby and impotent, he doubtless is right. To try to have "experience," like a homeless waif, abstracted from intellectual setting and unincorporated in a social group, is to endeavor the impossible.

That, however, is the very nub of the theological and ecclesiastical problem as the school of thought from which this paper comes apprehends it. The present churches and the present theologies have too little to do with this saving experience of genuine spiritual devotion and daily spiritual power. Upon the contrary, a great deal of this vital religious experience has already fled from



the churches and shaken off the dust of orthodoxy in order to get air to breathe and room to move about in. What have the differences between Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians to do with such an experience of religion as we have been describing? Moreover, when the modern mind hears the creeds upon which many of the churches still insist, with all the corollaries brought out by controversy and urged as indispensables of religious truth—old cosmologies, doctrines of Biblical infallibility, miracles like virgin birth or physical resurrection—the reaction is not simply incredulity, although incredulity is undoubtedly emphatic—but wonder as to what such things have to do with religion.

As things are now, we cannot gather an ecumenical conference of Christians on church union without having three questions at once walk up stage as major matters of concern: the correct definition of the sacraments, the correct phrasing of ancient dogmas, the correct understanding of apostolic succession—before all of which an increasing number of religious people stand marveling that such things are supposed to be of interest to religion.

What we are driving at, therefore, is not what one writer scornfully calls “gossamer platitudes about the distinction between dogma and experience.” We are insisting, rather, that the sort of dogma now enjoying ecclesiastical ascendancy has no vital relation with the best spiritual life of our time, and that the sort of churches now existent are often stifling the life out of real religion.

As a matter of fact, we are deeply interested in theology. So far from thinking, for example, that humanism is right in supposing that religion, being basically a psychological experience, can get on without God, many of us are vigorous contenders for the opposite. Moreover, we find God very near at hand and visibly operative. Consider the experience, whose individual aspects we have been discussing—a life carried

out of itself by something greater than itself, to which it gives itself. That experience is not merely individual; it is racial. Something greater than humanity has laid hold upon humanity.

Richard Wagner wrote once to a friend, “If there were such a thing as a will capable of overruling the necessity of one’s own being, I should assuredly will *not* to be an artist any longer. . . . Unhappily, though, there is no way of escape for me, and anything I could do to flee from art would be more artificial than art itself.” Here was a man committed in spite of himself to something greater than himself, which commanded him as the necessity of his own being. That same thing has been true of humanity as a whole.

From our apelike progenitors in the forest we have come to our modern era of international hopes and, as the stars count time, we have done it in a few ticks of the astral clock. To say that we did it of ourselves is nonsense. It was the necessity of our being, as art was the necessity of Wagner’s. Something in the marrow of the cosmic life from which we came laid this necessity upon us. We have been under a drastic mastery greater than our own. Looked at in the large, man, with his stupidities, his cruelties, his wanton frivolities and wars, appears across the ages desperately struggling to escape from an imperious necessity which will not let him go. That necessity has lifted us up from the ape-man to the present day, although no ape-man ever dreamed of planning such a consequence. It has swung us up the long spiral of human ascent, bringing us ever back to old problems, but forcing us to face them upon higher levels, and driving us out, whether we would or not, to larger co-operations and more inclusive human fellowships. At times one can fairly see man digging in his heels as though resolutely refusing to go on. Something stronger than humanity—call it what you will, necessity, fate, God—has laid hold on humanity and will not loose its grasp.

To be sure, even the leaders of the race have often been tempted to discouragement. Man has given them hemlock to drink, crucified them, burned them at the stake. But always the falling torch has been caught by another hand, and somehow the light has gone on. Wagner in the relentless grip of his art did not more truly face the necessity of his own being than humanity as a whole has faced it.

Moreover, having with infinite cost come so far from the Neanderthal man to modern society, from stone-age huts to Chartres Cathedral, from primitive tom-toms to Beethoven, from the savage right of tooth and claw to the outlawry of war, we know well that, no matter what the cost, we must keep on going. No more than Wagner can we "will *not* to be an artist any longer." Something stronger than mankind has laid hold upon mankind.

Squirm and twist as we will, we cannot be rid of this experiential fact which, of old, theologians phrased as the sovereignty of God, and which a poet like Francis Thompson calls the Hound of Heaven.

The materialists in all their various degrees and kinds are forced to attempt the explanation of this fact as due to the fortuitous organization of matter. But that, as an explanation, means nothing. For matter, to which has thus been ascribed the potency to become love and beauty, truth and honor, creative science and human brotherhood, is no longer matter at all but something else. All materialism labors under this fatal disability, that in order to get the actual human world explained as a material creation, it must endow matter with such potencies as make it no longer matter but a spiritual force gifted with the attributes of God.

If, then, materialism cannot even be materialistic without conferring on matter spiritual powers necessary to do what actually has been done, we need not be hesitant about using the word God. Indeed, it is precisely this factual and

realistic approach to the idea of God which is characteristic of our time. Less and less do we want a God who is merely a matter of faith. More and more we want a God who is a matter of fact.

Of this demand in present-day theology, men like Professor Whitehead of Harvard and Professor Wieman of Chicago are typical. Wieman, in particular, is weary of the conventional God of "sugar and spice and all things nice." He understands, as any psychologist must, that the too comfortable God of our saccharine hymns is not real but a "defense mechanism" by which weak souls ward off disturbing contacts with this vast and often ruthless universe. But thus to perceive the falseness and futility of current ideas of God is not to have done with God. As one of our most radical college presidents has lately put it, the word "atheism" has passed from the vocabulary of the intelligent, and the real question now is, How shall we frame a true concept of God?

Such a concept must indubitably stop, as David Starr Jordan says about science, "where the facts stop, or thereabouts." But if this narrows its boundaries it also increases its reality. There is a Creative Factor in this universe favorable to personality, or else personality never would have arrived. A Cosmic Power is operative here, propitious to enlarging truth, creative beauty, and expanding goodness, or else they never would have existed. If by the term God one means this, then one does most certainly mean something real and efficient in this universe whereof the picture-thinking of our religious symbolism is only the partial representative.

Some such confidence in God as this, to-day as always, is characteristic of religion. From Lotze and Höfding on, the interpretation of religion as faith in the conservation of life's spiritual values has been powerfully influential. Indeed, this would better be included in our description of religion as a psychological experience. That experience begins with devotion to spiritual values; it goes



on to confidence in their Conserver; it issues in such communion with him as brings peace and power.

## VII

One immediate effect of such an approach to religious experience as we have been describing is to make its possessor sympathetic and tolerant. Within the framework of many creeds and rituals the inner realities of this experience thrive and grow; and one who cares primarily about the reality is generous toward its diverse and often incongruous settings. In a Buddhist temple I have heard a Japanese peasant praying with passionate devotion to Amida; in a Mohammedan mosque I have worshipped with a vast throng who bowed toward Mecca; at Assisi I have knelt long at the tomb of St. Francis; and in more than one Protestant church, with sermons and hymns representing ways of thinking almost as strange to me as the worship of the Aztecs, I have found God. The very fact that one cares most about genuine devotion to moral values, confidence in their Conserver, and personal communion that brings peace and power, makes one sensitive to the presence of these factors in all sorts of places, and generous toward all environments that may contain them.

On shipboard we say "eight bells," on land, "twelve o'clock"; but if a man is interested in the essential matter he will not feel quarrelsome about the difference in terminology. So the approach to religion as a psychological experience undercuts ecclesiastical and theological diversities and makes its possessor at home in many religious settings from which otherwise his opinions would banish him.

Nevertheless, while the true possessor of this approach will be irenic and tolerant, he cannot be blind to the revolution that is involved in his major emphasis. For when one thinks of the present churches, the lines along which they are divided, and the theological

doctrines on which many of them still insist, it is clear that our existent ecclesiastical establishments are in their effect largely alien to, and sometimes antagonistic to, this inner meaning of religion. They are insisting on things that do not matter to it. Their major emphases, controversies, rituals, and customs often draw attention away from it until one is not surprised to find some of the best religion of our time leaving the churches altogether and regarding them as hostile rather than friendly toward vital, spiritual life. Homiletical assault upon this attitude will do no good. This attitude has too much solid ground beneath it.

I expect no sudden revolution—history does not usually turn sharp corners. Dogmatic authoritativeness meets the need of confiding and unadventurous human nature too well to peter out soon. Denominationalism, although lacking a leg to stand on so far as common sense or serious care for the Kingdom of God is concerned, has too many strong loyalties associated with it to topple speedily. But if religion essentially is what we have said, then it cannot permanently be encumbered with the irrelevant sectarianism and antagonistic world-views in many of our contemporary churches.

Meanwhile, some of us, so far from deserting the churches, are redoubled in our devotion, like citizens who choose difficult days as the time when it most is necessary not to despair of the republic. We will not reduce ourselves to any denomination's lowest common denominator; we will not put our necks into the yoke of any official creed; we will try to see straight and say honestly what we see. To call young men of this spirit to the ministry, as though to be a Christian preacher meant not to enter a conventional profession but to undertake an adventurous prophethood, is the great desideratum. The need of the churches is leadership.

The tragedy of American religion to-day is that multitudes, hungry amid the conventionalities of our ecclesiasticism, are wandering homeless, like Kip-

ling's cat "by his wild lone." Wanting religion as a saving experience, one sees them on all sides getting help by nibbles, lacking intellectual articulation for their thought or any sense of human companionship in seeking what they desire. They want spiritual homes to which they can belong. They want intellectual justification for a sustaining faith. And up through all this uncertain welter come at times sure signs of bona fide religion—folk within the churches and without them who know what is meant by genuine spiritual devotion, confidence in the Conserver of life's spiritual values, and communion

with him that brings peace and power.

The one thing that backward, sectarian, and obscurantist churches need most to fear is such religion. They need not in the least fear the attacks of the irreligious. Religion can whip irreligion on any field at any time. But from the days of Buddha in India and Christ in the Roman Empire, an aged and decrepit religion clinging to its crutches has always needed to fear a youthful movement of the spirit, a vigorous and spontaneous emergence of religious experience in its essential meanings.

The only thing that ever yet has been able to reform religion is religion.

## THE ISLAND

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

*G*OD was an artisan  
Working away,  
Eager his fingers were,  
Covered with clay,

*Making a world  
Out of ice and desire,  
Agony, innocence,  
Secrecy, fire.*

*God snapped his fingers,  
Caked with all these,  
Down fell a particle  
On the high seas.*

*Island so casually  
Through ether hurled,  
Flecked from God's weariness,  
Dust of the world!*





## SOCIETY, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

BY MARY BORDEN

THE word "Society," the single word, unaccompanied by an article or qualified by an adjective, not a society of some sort of crank or the society of an intimate friend, or good, bad, or polite society, but simply society with a capital S, and meaning roughly the world of fashion, has become almost exclusively an American term. One seldom hears it in England.

In England, people occasionally mention an undefined yet absolutely definite thing called good society which people do or do not belong to, and they speak of this or that set, and call someone "an awful outsider" or "a frightful bounder," but the life of the great world is not referred to as "society," partly because it is not centered in a town where street lamps and the lighted doors of restaurants give the man or woman in the street the chance to gape and gossip, but goes on mostly in the country, behind park gates, and is hidden from view by hedges, glades of oak, beech or ash, paddocks and stables, and a drifting mist of rain. Everything that really matters in England is shrouded and misty and pursues its course without noise or fuss. Not London, but the big country house, or the pack of foxhounds, or the race meeting is the social center of England. There are hundreds of centers, not one; and the good society of England is based on county society. But again the phrase is not used. The word county is enough. The word society doesn't figure. It is almost as if there was something slightly vulgar about it. Those who are in it take it for granted; those who are not, don't talk about getting into it. For the

social system of England is more like a mountain than a ladder, and to be taken up by a smart set in London is quite a different thing from being accepted by England as a gentleman.

The world of fashion and good society are not synonymous in England. No one takes London's social life seriously. Socially, one may say, London has no society of its own. It is too big, too human, too good-humored and slovenly and generous. But people use it, the grand people, as a meeting ground. They come up to town for six weeks or a month, or a couple of nights, to attend committee meetings and board meetings or debates in Parliament, to go to a play, or attend a function or give one, to bring a girl out and take her to Buckingham Palace, and have the children's teeth seen to, and so on. Perhaps they have a house in town, perhaps not. The house in town, in any case, is merely a convenience. One of its chief attractions is that it is easy to get away from, to Ascot or Epsom, to Ranelagh or Hurlingham, or home again from Saturday to Monday. However that may be, for a couple of months in the summer the sublimely inconsistent English County pours into London, leaves its gardens in full glorious bloom, puts geraniums in the window boxes of Mayfair, and lends its presence to the town, filling Bond Street with flowered chiffon frocks, parasols, and garden hats; and big grimy indifferent London partakes for a moment of the glamour of the country and is touched with magic. The Quality in frivolous mood gives London every year an elegant appearance.

It takes, roughly, fifty years, or three generations, for a family of intelligent and determined outsiders to climb up the English mountainside as far as that high plateau where leisured folk securely rooted in rustic class-prejudice stand aloof above the smoky valley of the industrial world. It is a slow process in England, this climbing, yet not so slow as some would like to believe. There are people scattered all over lovely England who would turn pale with horror at the idea that a county family or a gentleman's house could be built in three generations. Nevertheless, if one has the aptitude, and is serious about it, it can be done. Indeed, one can watch the process. It is going on all the time.

One can observe the three generations living out their lives simultaneously on the three levels, sometimes all under the same roof. It isn't a case of buying family portraits or a Rolls and clothes from Paris. Clothes have nothing to do with it. It is all much more drastic. It is a case of uprooting and transplanting, geographically, of moving in fact into the country. The workman's cottage gives way to the big house on the outskirts of the town. It is here that the old people stick, with a view of the family's factory chimneys from the windows. They are rather lost, the old people, in the big house. They are shy in the presence of the butler and the footman and very lonely. They have no friends, and secretly long for the old days, when they had high tea in the cottage kitchen; and because she has nothing to do, the old lady trots timidly round the rooms upstairs after the competent housemaids with a duster in her hand. Not so the young married couple. The son divides his time between the factory and the hunting field. He plays bridge and dines out in a dinner jacket and goes to hunt balls. He has married a sporting girl from some other part of the country and is determined, once the old people are gone, to move away from the sight of those chimneys. Perhaps he doesn't wait. It is important to get away from

streets and trams before one's children are out of the nursery. He gets himself a hunting box or a farm in a good hunting district. The boys are put down for Eton or Harrow the week they are born; and by the time the children take notice the scene has changed, the third generation is surrounded by horses and dogs, a home farm and a garden, women in tweeds or riding clothes, men in pink coats or men with guns. The talk in the autumn is all of partridges, pheasants, and grouse, in winter of foxes and hounds, in spring of cricket and salmon. And, lo! an English gentleman is in the making.

It all goes on in the country, the real thing, the real process of transmutation. The ranks of the gentry are filled up slowly by people who have had the patience to mold themselves to type, to the required rustic type, the type of the country squire. London has nothing to do with it.

Self-made Englishmen with ambitious wives don't descend upon London from Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, or Leeds to get into society. They don't think about society and never hear the word. They merely know that they want something from life for their children which they did not have themselves; and so they move into the country, buy horses and dogs, cows and pigs, take to farming and gardening, and presently their children's children have become gentlefolk. The way up the social mountain in England is through the animal and vegetable kingdom. A house in town, a season in London, being put up for this or that club, going to smart parties, presenting the girls, putting the boys into the Army, all that automatically follows. It is the horses and cows and pheasants and partridges that lead the way.

## II

But America, someone objects, is a young country and a democratic country and takes no interest in all these old English customs. America doesn't be-



lieve in leisure. It believes in work. The hundred-per-cent American has no use for Society. He has other things to do than go to lunch parties, dinner parties, and tea-fights. He has his business, and at night he is tired. All the society he wants is the society of his family. His idea of social life is the family circle. He gets all the excitement he wants in the office; when he leaves it he wants to be quiet, to loosen his collar, to sit in his shirt sleeves if he feels like it.

Unfortunately his wife does not agree with him. She has social ambitions and plenty of time to indulge in dreams of their realization. The poor man is forced into a tail coat and dragged out to dinner parties, theater parties, and dances. He goes meekly enough, for he is a submissive male and too tired to fight, but inwardly he swears and rebels. Secretly he despises Society and Society women. If his wife is one he secretly despises her too. He hates all that English class rot. He loathes loafers and fears leisure. A man who doesn't work is a waster. He has no use for him. The privileges and responsibilities of birth, breeding, or culture? Nonsense. All men are equal or should be in the eyes of the Lady who stands at the entrance to New York Harbor. "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*" He has a vague impression that the French Revolution was a movement which would have commanded his sympathy. It was a revolt against privilege and snobbery, a protest against the right of a class to cultivate idleness and an elaborate technic of pleasure. Our hundred-per-cent American believes in simple pleasures. In spite of his contempt for society he is a gregarious sociable creature who doesn't like to be alone, and he has the habit of crowds, of noise, of hustle and bustle more than anyone; but his pleasures are the pleasures of children. He likes games and he likes toys. A motor car and a gramophone and a pal who plays golf are the only companions he needs outside his family. He is, moreover, the descendant of men with

moral convictions somewhat similar to those of the revolutionaries in France, and who sailed to America, carrying an outfit of stern ideals with them in the *Mayflower*. These ideals of our Pilgrim Fathers are still powerful and they have made the normal development of polite society difficult. For worldliness is still considered rather wicked in America.

The fact is that a great many people in the United States who are most fitted by tradition and instinct to lend grace, dignity, and elegance to American Society will have little or nothing to do with it. They don't, as the saying is, go out. Well, the world is the poorer and they perhaps are too. Who can tell? In any case without them social life can never be what it should be. For it should be an art and, if it is to be taken seriously at all, should be judged as architecture, music, or painting are judged. The social life of a nation, or the art of human intercourse as it is practiced in any given country, is the index of its civilization.

Our hundred-per-cent American would not admit this. Most likely he despises art too. Painting, music, poetry, these belong to the woman's world. He knows nothing about them. He has no time to listen to music or look at pictures. If I told him that one of my friends, an officer in the Life Guards, did beautiful needlework, he would immediately jump to the conclusion that the man was an idiot or a milksop and that the British Army would be routed the next time it went into battle. It has not yet occurred to him that variety is the spice of life, and that it is worth while to adorn life with as many beauties, interests, and graces as possible.

But climbing and the social climber have always been words of opprobrium. I wonder why? Except in the nostrils of saints or hermits, why should they have such a nasty odor? Why not admit that snobbery is one of the very greatest forces for refinement in the world? Surely, it is an excellent thing that men and women should learn to discriminate between good food and food, for instance,

at between a loud noise and wit. Surely, unless one is going to withdraw from the world altogether, it is desirable that the men and women in it should treat one another with gentleness, and know how to make themselves agreeable. Compare for a moment the chattering of the monkeys in the zoo with the repartee of a French dinner party. There you have the measure of the dynamic energy contained in the force of snobbery. Snobbery or, in other words, the striving to imitate one's betters, is the humble housemaid in the house of evolution.

The French, who are the great artists in life, have always looked upon social intercourse as one of the fine arts. The manners and modes of the *beau monde* have always seemed to Frenchmen of intelligence worthy of critical attention. The French are stylists. They adore elegance of form, and the style of a social group, perhaps because it is an ephemeral thing and can leave behind it no monument in stone nor portrait on canvas, has for them a special precious interest. The Eighteenth Century in France marked for the Western world the culmination of a social technic that was a creative achievement. Its creation was a thing called taste. It took some hundred years to develop, and it imposed itself as something of absolute value in a world where men were in the habit of measuring one another by thousands for a religious idea or a moral prejudice.

This question of taste is the crux of the whole matter. The function of Society is to make the life of a community agreeable and to add to it grace, beauty, and dignity. The fact is that life in the raw is a dreary business for most people, or an exciting nerve-racking business, an exhausting struggle full of disappointments, failures, hard knocks, and heart-breaks; and men demand relief from this and sympathy, and they want pleasure. They go to one another for these things because they cannot supply them to themselves. They huddle together and band together in the search for pleasure, and this huddling is Society in em-

bryo. Society is simply a community of pleasure-seekers. Its quality and its style depend upon the taste shown by its members in their choice of pleasures. Eighteenth-century France produced the "salon" and the art of conversation and chose wit as its special form of amusement. England evolved the elaborate comfort of the great country house and its lavish decorous hospitality. America—well, America is still choosing. It imitates the French sometimes and sometimes the English. It has built palaces on Palm Beach and has organized many magic cities where stunts and thrills abound. It depends for its enjoyment very largely upon jazz and cock-tails and games of contest.

The more subtle pleasures of social life are as yet, for the most part, unknown in America; for they grow on very old vines like bunches of purple grapes that ripen very slowly; and he who would taste their delicate flavor must go gently, else the fragile glass house will come down on his head with a crash, vanish like a dream, and he will find himself stranded in a resort very like Coney Island. There are a great many Coney Islands in the world, but there is very little good society; for taste and a sense of the proper use of leisure are not acquired in a day. Merry-go-rounds and joy barrels, jazz bands and football have nothing to do with the social life of civilized people. They are merely a sign of its non-existence. Children do not know what social intercourse means. Charming little savages, each isolated in his own bounding and eager ego, they meet to engage in make-believe death-struggles, just as all barbarians do. Social life is the antithesis of the football scrimmage. Yet in America many people have not yet learned the difference between the two. The American as a social being is still a child.

### III

Good society is like a pudding. It requires certain ingredients. Its founda-



tion must first of all consist of well-bred people. They are the eggs and they must be real. You cannot fake eggs. No one that I've heard of has invented a substitute. There are no patent machine-laid eggs that I know of. By well-bred people I mean gentlefolk, people who by instinct and tradition are gentle with one another and who know that the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would be done by"—is a very good guide to agreeable intercourse with one's neighbors. If the majority in any social group is not gentle, then society breaks down, and you have the football scrimmage and the joy barrel. The second ingredient in the social pudding is intelligence, the third is leisure, and the fourth, alas, is money. Some of the group must have money. Not very much, not too much. If there is too much money about the tendency is to pay professional entertainers and cease to exert yourself; but there must be enough to insure that margin of freedom from toil and worry which is necessary for the elaboration of a technic of enjoyment. These things are absolutely necessary if the pudding is not to go flat and soggy.

Gentleness produces tact and all those ways of showing that you are more interested in other people than in yourself. Gentlefolk may be hypocrites and villains. They may be complete egotists, but they don't show it; and in society it is what appears that is important. Morals are of no importance in society so long as they don't protrude. This is a cynical saying perhaps, but it is true. The young woman who is out to reform the world is not a social creature. The people who feel bound to make a display of intolerance have no place in good society. They are bores. They may be infinitely more worth while to the State and the body politic; that has nothing to do with it. They are out of place in the drawing-room; and society won't tolerate them, not polite society, unless they can drop off their militant bonnets and warlike weap-

ons when they go out to enjoy themselves.

As for intelligence, without intelligence there can be no conversation, and without conversation society again lapses into barbarism. It has so lapsed to a great extent everywhere. Why talk when one can dance? The jazz bands do the talking. Why be witty when one can go to a play? Why, in fact, think or use one's wits at all, when there is so much cheerful noise going on and the champagne is flowing?

Too much alcohol will of course ruin any social pudding. Those who are under its influence are no doubt persuaded that they are conversing. I have sat at dinner tables in America where the men on either side of me, knowing dimly that they wished to say something about the weather or the latest play, went on repeating it again and again till the end of the meal and then were not certain that they had said it. I have also been to an entertainment given in a home for the mentally deficient. The patients sat together watching a comic film, laughing and sniggering. No one was aware of anyone else, though they all talked and babbled, nodded and grimaced to one another. Each was talking to himself, blowing vague sounds from his throat into the great vague shapeless world. A group of tipsy folk are in an exactly similar case. If any of the convives are sober and sane they must necessarily suffer the extremity of boredom.

There are other less important ingredients than those I have mentioned, that give the pudding an extra fine flavor. Indeed, the more spices there are, the richer it will be. Beauty of women is one; though the French can do without this. They prefer above all else that their pudding should be flavored with a caustic and elegant wit. Erudition as something apart from intelligence is good too, but in small doses, lest it give heaviness to the dish. Nothing must be overdone. All the elements must be carefully proportioned and lightly mixed,

The result should be as succulent and complicated as a plum pudding or mince pie and as light as a soufflé. Incidentally, the male and female ingredients must balance. Whatever people say to the contrary, you can't have a society worth the name made up all of women or all of men. A society composed entirely of women becomes in the end hysterical and silly. Men, left in a bunch and told to enjoy themselves, play games for a bit, talk shop for a bit, then go to sleep like so many hibernating bears. One of the great drawbacks to social life in America is that society is almost entirely a woman's affair.

The truth is that, if good society is like a good pudding, American society is more like a popover. It looks like a soufflé. It is a lovely golden color but it is empty inside. There is no body to it and no substance. It contains nothing but air and, since the air of America is very electric, it is likely to explode in your face as you bite. Seriously, who has not noticed it, there is a certain feeling of danger in the air at parties in America—I mean of course respectable and conventional parties—that is quite lacking at similar entertainments in London or Paris. As one enters the great blazing portals of a ballroom one is aware of a peculiar excitement, a menacing vibration in the atmosphere. One is not quite certain what is going to happen. Something strange and unexpected, some wild burst of jubilant energy or some exhibition of primitive passion, seems to promise a thrilling diversion, perhaps even a tragic disruption of the elaborate scheme. The party seems not quite real. It appears to be stretched in midair like a net in a circus, over a rushing torrent of reality that is tremendous and magnificent in itself, but as menacing to the tranquillity of polite society as the Mississippi River in flood.

As one looks about at the faces, listens to the voices, watches the movements of the beautiful girls and lithe young men, one becomes less and less convinced that

these people have met together for the sake of the rare pleasure of social intercourse. What they seem to be after is something quite different and much more exciting. Adventure perhaps, or perhaps oblivion. There are, at any rate, always two strong elements at an American ball: those who seek adventure and those who seek oblivion at the bar or in the supper room; and of course the cocktail party—that most famous concoction of American society—is a truly dangerously clever mixture of the two.

It is all very exciting of course and very strange. One is asked out to dinner and gets nothing to eat. I have come home from dinner dances in America faint with hunger because food was put at my place at table while I danced and taken away when I sat down. And I have been to lunch parties of women where the table groaned with good things and no one but myself was indelicate enough to partake of them. The joys of the palate are evidently unknown and completely neglected.

I have also been to dinner parties given in clubs where wine could not be served at table, with the result that the men did not remain at the table two minutes on end, and I spent most of my evening between two empty chairs. And all this takes place in the most elaborate setting. Everything looks quite too lovely. The women are beautiful as exotic birds, their frocks are even more so. The table decorations would make Kew Gardens pale with envy. The silver, the damask, the carpets, the tables and chairs, everything is superlative. It is all golden and glowing. Infinite pains have been taken, thousands of dollars have been spent upon food that no one eats, flowers that no one sniffs, frocks that no one can see, at least that the men don't see. Ah, the men! They are bored. Their attention is elsewhere. If not too exhausted, or too filled with the fumes of alcohol, they are dreaming of oil wells, of machinery, of fields of grain, and prairies dotted with cattle. They are off to Texas, or



Chicago, or Pittsburgh, or Mexico. They are simply not there.

If the poor things had a chance—if the women would only listen to tales of Wall Street or a description of the latest thing in steel girders. . . . But the women won't listen. Talk of business bores them so they do the talking; they chatter on while the men beside them escape behind the semblance of an admiring if somewhat sleepy grin.

The ingredients of the social pudding in America are not right and they are badly mixed. There is too much of one thing and not enough of another, and some essentials are almost completely lacking, while other extraneous astringent substances that have no right to be there are very evident. There is too much money and too much femininity. The amount of money lavished on entertaining is bad because it creates an illusion of brilliance where there is none and makes people socially lazy. The preponderance of the female element, as we've said before, makes for silliness and hysteria and general abnormality. Then, there are not enough gentlefolk and, in fact, not enough Americans. There are too many savages and too many half-breeds and too many questionable foreign adventurers. This makes, particularly in New York, for confusion and chaos in matters of taste and it drives the well-bred people out. They know what they want of Society and, not getting it, they keep away. Finally, there is very little intelligence displayed and almost no wit. The masculine intelligence of America cannot be bothered with social things, and the feminine intelligence, forced in upon itself, becomes an elaborate narcissism which is inimical to the very basis of social intercourse. If every woman at a party has gone there in order to force admiration from an envious world of other women, or from a reluctant and exhausted world of men the chances are that she will go home feeling "peevisish."

The whole thing has on the other hand a barbaric splendor. There is a wealth of beauty and of natural bounding ani-

mal spirits. It is this that saves it. These wild children have something, they have youth. They are ardent and fiery and electric. They have brains too, some of them, and an inordinate capacity for enjoyment. All the raw materials of social life are theirs, when they choose to use them. At present they don't. At present this great big show called Society in America is a farce, in spite of the emphasis laid upon it, because no one really cares about the pleasures of social life, they only care about fun, adventure, love, money, work, and the biggest country on God's earth that has the future in its grip.

The American voice comes to my ears as I write. "There's plenty of time. Wait a bit. In another couple of hundred years when we're middle-aged and settled down, we'll go in for those hot-house grapes of yours. Just now we're in too much of a hurry. And look here, our popover's all right. Don't make any mistake. If it explodes, well, we like excitement. Fried chicken with waffles and maple syrup is a lot better than any of your French messes. As for parties, gee whiz! what do you know about that? Do you think anyone can teach us how to throw a party or mix a cocktail? And don't be too down on Coney Island either. Our Coney Island's a great place. What I mean is that Coney Island's good enough for us and will be, till we're a lot more tired than we are now."

#### IV

There is an American story in verse called "The Wild Party" which is creating something of a sensation in London. It is a vivid, ice-cold description, inspired by hatred, of the boozing animal idiocy of a certain savage New York set. The same set was described in a weaker and more frivolous temper by Anita Loos. Mr. Carl Van Vechten would perhaps be surprised did anyone tell him that he often writes of the same sort of people in a slightly different dress.

Mr. Van Vechten's sophisticated social figures are the savages of the Wild Party imitating what they think is the civilization of Europe and cramming themselves with culture as dyspeptic youths cram down undigested facts for exams. Mrs. Wharton gives us something different. Her *Age of Innocence* is a portrait of the polite world of New York as it used to be, and it has something of the same charm that breathes in Henry James's *Washington Square*. But no one writes like that of New York nowadays. How can they? If they did, few would read their stories. The gentle ghost of Washington Square is not interesting to the American public. The skyscrapers have obliterated the old landscape, and the roar of the city drowns the sound of these mild voices and tinkling tea cups.

The lazy charm of the laden tea table, the deep chairs by the drowsy fireside, and the half-dozen men, some hoary-headed and distinguished by achievements in the world of great affairs, talking quietly and without hurry or emphasis of the absurdities of life, to the charming woman whom they have known for twenty years—this sort of thing is, I fancy, unknown in New York. It is English—the stodgy, comfortable, enduring English version of the French salon. New York has no time for it and is antagonistic to what it stands for, since New York, the great machine, is inhuman, and this is the quintessence of human intercourse. The truth is that New York is the enemy of social life just as machines are the enemies of human beings, but it will come all the same. Americans will escape from the machines and build themselves human habitations out of reach of skyscrapers, subways, elevateds, and bars. They will build in the country just as the English have done. They are doing it now. The aristocrats of America are already consciously or unconsciously adopting the English Idea.

Imitation? Yes, why not? Call it rather adaptation, by the knowing, of

the very best that an older country has achieved. For the best is the best and endures because it is the best. The Wild Party is having its day and will drop out of sight. There will always be wild parties just as there always have been in any Nero's Rome or Ancient Babylon, but they will be ignored in time by artists in life, or noted merely as the freakish expression of men's capacity for beastliness. It is not, after all, the drunken orgy that makes an epoch or stamps a civilization.

Leisure will come to American life and the knowledge of how to enjoy it. Frenzied youth will be put in its place by wise old age and middle age. The mellow qualities of old port will win out against the kick of the cocktail, and the life of the country house will become the center of social life. It won't be, of course, so very like England. The climate and the soil and the geography of the United States will mold it. It will be wider and more magnificent. It will always contain greater contrasts and more excitement. The summers will be hotter, and winters will bring sharper frosts. Distances won't count. Airplanes will whirl men for hundreds of miles back and forth from offices in American towns to their homes in Carolina or the Catskills, to ranches in Colorado or on plantations in Kentucky and Tennessee. The point is that the mountains and the prairies, the forests and the rivers will impose themselves upon the life of men. And the talk will be of shooting and foxhunting, of racing and fishing, of cattle breeding and horse breeding. And the animal and vegetable kingdoms will reign just as in England because horses and dogs and prize cattle and pigs will be the real luxuries of life, not machines. Machines will be cheap and will lose their fascination. Even New York will be ignored by indifferent men of leisure. They will use it just as the great families of England use London. It may even be that, in time, in a very long time, they will make it human.





# THE NEW VISION OF SCIENCE

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THE attitude which the man in the street unconsciously adopts toward science is capricious and varied. At one moment he scorns the scientist for a highbrow, at another anathematizes him for blasphemously undermining his religion; but at the mention of a name like Edison he falls into a coma of veneration. When he stops to think, he does recognize, however, that the whole atmosphere of the world in which he lives is tinged by science, as is shown most immediately and strikingly by our modern conveniences and material resources. A little deeper thinking shows him that the influence of science goes much farther and colors the entire mental outlook of modern civilized man on the world about him. Perhaps one of the most telling evidences of this is his growing freedom from superstition. Freedom from superstition is the result of the conviction that the world is not governed by caprice, but that it is a world of order and can be understood by man if he will only try hard enough and be clever enough. This conviction that the world is understandable is, doubtless, the most important single gift of science to civilization. The widespread acceptance of this view can be dated to the discovery by Newton of the universal sway of the law of gravitation; and for this reason Newton may be justly regarded as the most important single contributor to modern life.

The point of view for which Newton is responsible is well exemplified by the

remark often made that every particle of matter in the universe attracts to some extent every other particle, even though the attraction is almost inconceivably minute. There is thus presented to the mind a sublime picture of the interrelatedness of all things; all things are subject to law, and the universe is in this respect a unit. As a corollary to this conviction about the structure of the universe, an equally important conviction as to man's place in the universe has been growing up; man feels more and more that he is in a congenial universe, that he is part and parcel of everything around him, that the same laws that make things outside him go also make him go, and that, therefore, he can, by taking sufficient pains, understand these laws. These two theses so closely related—that the world is a world of order and that man can find the guiding motif of this order—have come to be the tacit cardinal articles of faith of the man of science, and from him have diffused through the entire social structure, so that now some such conviction essentially colors the thinking of every educated person. It is to be emphasized that the justification for this conviction is entirely in experience; it is true that, as man has grown older and acquired more extensive acquaintance with nature and pondered more deeply, he has been increasingly successful in reducing the world about him to order and understandability. It has been most natural to generalize this experience into the conviction that

this sort of thing will always be possible, and to believe that as we delve constantly deeper we shall always be able to give a rational account of what we find, although very probably the difficulties will become continually greater.

The thesis of this article is that the age of Newton is now coming to a close, and that recent scientific discoveries have in store an even greater revolution in our entire outlook than the revolution effected by the discovery of universal gravitation by Newton. The revolution that now confronts us arises from the recent discovery of new facts, the only interpretation of which is that our conviction that nature is understandable and subject to law arose from the narrowness of our horizons, and that if we sufficiently extend our range we shall find that nature is intrinsically and in its elements neither understandable nor subject to law.

The task of the rest of this article is twofold. In the first place I shall try to give some suggestion of the nature of the physical evidence and of the reasoning that has forced the physicist to the conclusion that nature is constituted in this way. This task is by no means easy; for not only is it impossible to indicate more than very partially the physical evidence, but it is often necessary to compress into a few sentences steps in the reasoning that can be completely justified only by long and difficult mathematical or logical analysis. The second part of the task is to envisage a few of the far-reaching consequences on the whole outlook of mankind of the acceptance of the view that this is actually the structure of nature. This aspect of the situation can be appreciated without a detailed grasp of the preliminary analysis.

## II

The new experimental facts are in the realm of quantum phenomena. Comparatively little has been written for popular consumption about this new

realm which has opened in the last fifteen years. The man in the street has been much more interested in relativity, which to him has seemed extremely interesting and revolutionary. Occasionally, however, there has filtered down to him the news that nearly all the theoretical physicists are occupied with a new order of phenomena which they find very much more exciting and revolutionary than any in the realm of relativity. For after all is said and done, the practical effects of relativity, measured in dollars and cents or in centimeters and grams, are exceedingly small, and require specially designed experiments executed by men of the highest skill to show their existence at all. The phenomena with which quantum theory deals, on the other hand, are of the greatest practical importance and involve the simplest aspects of everyday life. For example, before the advent of quantum theory no one could explain why a tea kettle of water boiling on the stove should not give out enough light in virtue of its temperature to be visible in the dark; the accepted theories of optics demanded that it should be visible, but every burned child knew that it was not.

One reason that the man in the street has not sensed this new domain is that it is much more difficult to explain than relativity; this is partly due to the nature of the subject, and partly also to the fact that the physicist himself does not understand the subject as well. I shall not in this article rush in where the angels have not ventured, but it is, nevertheless, necessary to try to give a glimmering of an idea of what it is all about.

Although all the phenomena of ordinary life are really quantum phenomena, they do not begin to stand out unequivocally in their quantum aspect and admit of no other interpretation until we have penetrated very far down into the realm of small things and have arrived at the atoms and electrons themselves. It must not be pretended that the nature of the quantum phenomena met



in this realm of small things is by any means completely understood; but a suggestive characterization of the general situation is that atomicity or discontinuity is an even more pervading characteristic of the structure of the universe than had been previously supposed. In fact the name, "quantum," was suggested by the atomicity.

We were a long time in convincing ourselves of the atomic structure of ordinary matter; although this was guessed by the poets as early as the beginning of the Christian era, it was not generally accepted as proved, even by physicists, until the beginning of this century. The next step was the discovery of the atomic structure of electricity; there are indivisible units of positive and negative electricity, and the atoms of matter are constructed of atoms of electricity. This situation was not even guessed until about 1890; the proof and acceptance of the doctrine have taken place within the memory of the majority of the readers of this article. Finally comes the discovery that, not only is matter doubly atomic in its structure, but that there is an atomicity in the way in which one piece of matter acts on another. This is perhaps best understood in the case of optical phenomena. It used to be thought that light was infinitely subdivisible—that I could, for example, receive at pleasure on the film of my camera either the full intensity of the sun's radiation, or, by interposing a sufficiently small stop, that I could cut the intensity of the light down to anything this side of nothing at all. This is now known not to be true; but the light which we receive from the sun is atomic in structure, like an almost inconceivably fine rain composed of indivisible individual drops, rather than like the continuous flood of infinitely subdivisible radiation that we had supposed. If I close the stop of my camera too much I may receive nothing at all on the film, or I may receive a single one of the drops in the rain of radiation, but there is no

step between one drop and nothing. The recognition that radiation has this property means that in some respects we have come back very close to Newton's ideas about light.

The proof that this is the structure of light can be given in many ways. Perhaps the most illuminating for our purpose is that discovered by Arthur Compton, for which he received the Nobel prize. Compton's discovery consisted in finding that the drops of radiation behave in certain ways like the material drops of ordinary rain; they have energy and mass and momentum, which means that when they collide with matter they behave in some respects very much as ordinary bodies do. The laws which govern the interaction or collision of ordinary bodies are known to any graduate of a high-school course in physics; he could calculate what would happen after two billiard balls had collided provided we would tell him exactly how each of the balls was moving before the collision, and what were the elastic properties of the materials of which the balls are composed. In making the calculation he would use, among other things, the two fundamental principles of the conservation of energy and the conservation of momentum. Now Compton showed that what happens when a drop, or better a bullet, of radiation collides with an electron is also governed by the same two fundamental principles. The proof consisted in showing that the way in which the electron rebounds is connected with the way in which the bullet rebounds by equations deduced from these principles; this is one of the features which makes Compton's discovery of such a fundamental importance.

But Compton's experiment contains another feature, and it is this which seems destined to revolutionize the thinking of civilization. Go back to the billiard-ball analogy: An expert billiard player can, by proper manipulation of the cue ball, make the two balls rebound from the collision as he wishes; this

involves the ability to predict how the balls will move after collision from their behavior before collision. We should expect by analogy to be able to do the same thing for a collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron; but the fact is that it never has been done and, if our present theories are correct, in the nature of things never can be done. It is true that, if someone will tell me how the electron bounces away, I can tell, on the basis of the equations given by Compton's theory, how the bullet of radiation bounces away, or conversely; but no one has ever been able to tell how both will bounce away. Billiards, played with balls like this, even by a player of infinite skill, would degenerate into a game of pure chance.

This unpredictable feature has been seized and incorporated as one of the corner stones in the new theory of quantum mechanics, which has so stirred the world of physicists in the last three years. It has received implicit formulation in the "Principle of Uncertainty" of Heisenberg, a principle which I believe is fraught with the possibility of greater change in mental outlook than was ever packed into an equal number of words. The exact formulation of the principle, which is very brief, is framed in too technical language to reproduce here, but I shall try to give the spirit of the principle. The essence of it is that there are certain inherent limitations to the accuracy with which a physical situation can be described. Of course we have always recognized that all our physical measurements are necessarily subject to error; but it has always been thought that, if we took pains enough and were sufficiently clever, no bounds could be set to the accuracy which we might some day achieve. Heisenberg's principle states, on the other hand, that the ultimately possible accuracy of our measurements is limited in a curious and unsuspected way. There is no limit to the accuracy with which we can describe (or measure) any one quality in a physical situation, but if we elect to measure

one thing accurately we pay a price in our inability to measure some other thing accurately. Specifically, in Compton's experiment, the principle states that we can measure the position of the electron as accurately as we choose, but in so doing we must sacrifice by a compensating amount the possibility of accurately measuring its velocity. In particular, if we measure with perfect accuracy the position of the electron, we have thereby denied ourselves the possibility of making any measurement at all of its velocity.

The meaning of the fact that it is impossible to measure exactly both the position and velocity of the electron may be paradoxically stated to be that an electron cannot have both position and velocity. The justification of this is to be found in the logical analysis of the meaning of our physical concepts which has been stimulated by the relativity theory of Einstein. On careful examination the physicist finds that in the sense in which he uses language no meaning at all can be attached to a physical concept which cannot ultimately be described in terms of some sort of measurement. A body has position only in so far as its position can be measured; if its position cannot in principle be measured, the concept of position applied to the body is meaningless, or in other words, a position of the body does not exist. Hence if both the position and velocity of the electron cannot in principle be measured, the electron cannot have both position and velocity; position and velocity as expressions of properties which an electron can simultaneously have are meaningless. To carry the paradox one step farther, by choosing whether I shall measure the position or velocity of the electron I thereby determine whether the electron has position or velocity. The physical properties of the electron are not absolutely inherent in it, but involve also the choice of the observer.

Return to the analogy of the billiard ball. If we ask our high-school physicist



what he must be told before he can predict how the billiard balls will rebound after collision, he will say that, unless he is told both how fast the balls are traveling when they collide, and also what their relative positions are at the moment of collision he can do very little. But this is exactly the sort of thing that the Heisenberg principle says no one can ever tell; so that our high-school computer would never be able to predict how a bullet of radiation and an electron behave after collision, and no more could we. This means that in general when we get down to fine-scale phenomena the detailed results of interaction between the individual elements of which our physical world are composed are essentially unpredictable.

This principle has been built into a theory, and the theory has been checked in many ways against experiment, and always with complete success. One of the consequences of which the man in the street has heard a good deal is that an electron has some of the properties of waves, as shown so strikingly in the experiments of Davisson and Germer. Of course no one can say that some day a fact may not be discovered contrary to the principle, but up to the present there is no evidence of it; and it is certain that something very much like this principle, if not this principle exactly, covers an enormously wide range of phenomena. In fact the principle probably governs every known type of action between different parts of our physical universe. One reason that this principle has not been formulated before is that the error which it tells us is inherent in all measurement is so small that only recently have methods become accurate enough to detect it. The error is unimportant, and indeed immeasurably small when we are dealing with the things of ordinary life. The extreme minuteness of the effect can be illustrated again with the billiard balls. Suppose that at the instant of collision the position of the balls is known with an uncertainty no greater than the diameter

of a single atom, a precision very much higher than has ever been attained. Then the principle says that it is impossible to measure the velocity of the balls without a related uncertainty; but on figuring it out we find that this uncertainty is so small that after the lapse of one hundred thousand years, assuming a billiard table large enough for the balls to continue rolling for one hundred thousand years, the additional uncertainty in the position of the balls arising from the uncertainty in the velocity would again be only the diameter of a single atom. The error becomes important only when we are concerned with the ultimately small constituents of things, such as the action between one atom and another or between an atom of radiation and an electron.

### III

It is easy to see why the discovery that nature is constituted in this way, and in particular is essentially unpredictable, has been so enormously upsetting. For the ability to predict a happening is tied up with our ideas of cause and effect. When we say that the future is causally determined by the present we mean that if we are given a complete description of the present the future is completely determined, or in other words, the future is the effect of the present, which is the cause. This causal relation is a bilateral relation; given the cause, the effect is determined, or given the effect, the cause may be deduced. But this means, in the particular case that we have been considering of collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron, that the causal connection does not exist, for if it did the way in which the electron rebounds after the collision would be determined, that is, it could be predicted, in terms of what happens before the collision. Conversely, it is of course impossible to reconstruct from the way in which the electron and the radiation rebound the way in which they were moving before collision. Hence the

rebound of the electron is not causally connected with what goes before.

The same situation confronts the physicist everywhere; whenever he penetrates to the atomic or electronic level in his analysis, he finds things acting in a way for which he can assign no cause, for which he never can assign a cause, and for which the concept of cause has no meaning, if Heisenberg's principle is right. This means nothing more nor less than that the law of cause and effect must be given up. The precise reason that the law of cause and effect fails can be paradoxically stated; it is not that the future is not determined in terms of a complete description of the present, but that in the nature of things the present cannot be completely described.

The failure of the law of cause and effect has been exploited by a number of German physicists, who have emphasized the conclusion that we are thus driven to recognize that the universe is governed by pure chance; this conclusion does not, I believe, mean quite what appears on the surface, but in any event we need not trouble ourselves with the further implications of this statement, in spite of their evident interest.

One may be sure that a principle as revolutionary in its implications as this, which demands the sacrifice of what had become the cardinal article of faith of the physicist, has not been accepted easily, but there has been a great deal of pondering and searching of fundamentals.

The result of all this pondering has been to discover in the principle an inevitableness, which when once understood, is so convincing that we have already almost ceased to kick against the pricks. This inevitableness is rooted in the structure of knowledge. It is a commonplace that we can never know anything about anything without getting into some sort of connection with it, either direct or indirect. We, or someone else, must smell the object, or taste it, or touch it, or hear it, or see it, or it must affect some other object which can

affect our senses either directly or indirectly, before we can know anything about it, even its existence. This means that no knowledge of any physical property or of even mere existence is possible without interaction; in fact these terms have no meaning apart from interaction. Formerly, if this aspect of the situation was thought of at all, it would have been dismissed as merely of academic interest, of no pertinence at all, and the justification of this would have been found in the supposed possibility of making the inevitable interaction as small as we pleased. The defender of the old point of view might have flippantly remarked that a cat may look at a king, by which he would have meant that the act of observation has no effect on the object. But even in the old days a captious critic might have objected to this easy self-satisfaction by pointing out that light exerts a pressure, so that light cannot pass from the king to the cat without the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical repulsion between them. This remark of the captious critic now ceases to be merely academic because of the discovery that light itself is atomic in structure, so that at least one bullet of radiation must pass if any light at all passes, and the king cannot be observed at all without the exertion of that minimum amount of mechanical repulsion which corresponds to a single bullet.

This evidently alters the entire situation. The mere act of giving meaning through observation to any physical property of a thing involves a certain minimum amount of interaction. Now if there are definite characteristics associated with the minimum interaction, it is conceivable that no observation of anything whatever can be made without entraining certain universal consequences, and this turns out to be the case. Let us return again to the useful billiard-ball analogy. What must our high-school calculator know in order completely to calculate the behavior of the balls after collision?



Evidently, if he is to give a complete description of the motion, that is, give in addition to direction and velocity of motion the exact time at which the balls are in any particular location, he must know how long the collision lasts. This means that the act of collision itself must be analyzed. This analysis is actually possible, and in fact rapid-moving pictures have been taken, showing in detail how the balls are deformed during their contact together.

Returning now to the collision between a bullet of radiation and an electron, in order to determine completely the behavior after collision we must similarly analyze the details of the process of collision. In particular, if we want to predict where the electron is after collision we must analyze the collision sufficiently to be able to say how fast the electron is moving at each instant of the collision. But how shall this analysis be made? If the analysis means anything, it must involve the possibility of observation; and observation involves interaction; and interaction cannot be reduced below a minimum. But the collision, or interaction, between the electron and radiation that we are analyzing is itself the minimum interaction. It is obvious that we cannot discover fine details with an instrument as coarse as the thing that we are trying to analyze, so that the necessary analysis of the minimum interaction can never be made, and hence has no meaning, because of our fundamental dictum that things which cannot in principle be measured have no meaning. Therefore, the act of collision cannot be analyzed, the electron and radiation during collision have no measurable properties, and the ordinary concepts, which depend on these properties, do not apply during collision, and have no meaning. In particular, the ordinary concept of velocity does not apply to the act of collision, and we are prepared to expect something curious as the result of the collision. In fact, the detailed working

out of the theory shows that the meaninglessness of velocity during the act of collision carries with it the consequence that the electron emerges from the collision with a certain nebulousity or indefiniteness in properties such as position, which according to the old point of view depend on the velocity, and it is precisely this nebulousity which is described in Heisenberg's principle.

The infinitesimal world thus takes on a completely new aspect, and it will doubtless be a long while before the average human mind finds a way of dealing satisfactorily with a situation so foreign to ordinary experience. Almost the first necessity is a renunciation of our present verbal habits and of their implications. It is extraordinarily difficult to deal with this new situation with our present forms of expression, and the exposition of this paper is no exception. The temptation is almost irresistible to say and to think that the electron *really* has *both* position and velocity, only the trouble is that our methods of measurement are subject to some limitation which prevents us from measuring both simultaneously. An attitude like this is justified by all the experience of the past, because we have always been able hitherto to continue to refine our methods of measurement after we had apparently reached the end. But here we are confronted by a situation which in principle contains something entirely novel, and the old expectations are no longer valid. The new situation cannot be adequately dealt with until long-continued familiarity with the new facts produces in our subconsciousness as instinctive a grasp as that which we now have of the familiar relations of everyday experience.

#### IV

The implications of this discovery are evidently most far-reaching. Let us first consider the scientific implications and, in particular, the implications for physics. The physicist is here brought to the end of his domain. The record of

physics up to the present has been one of continued expansion, ever penetrating deeper and deeper, and always finding structure on a finer and finer scale beyond previous achievement. Several times in the past even eminent physicists have permitted themselves the complacent announcement that we were in sight of the end, and that the explanation of all things was in our hands. But such predictions have always been set at naught by the discovery of finer details, until the average physicist feels an instinctive horror of the folly of prediction. But here is a situation new and unthought of. We have reached the point where knowledge must stop because of the nature of knowledge itself: beyond this point meaning ceases.

It may seem that we are getting back pretty close to the good Bishop Berkeley, but I think that actually nothing could be wider of the mark. We are not saying that nothing exists where there is no consciousness to perceive it; we are saying that existence has meaning only when there is interaction with other existence, but direct contact with consciousness need not come until the end of a long chain. The logician will have no trouble in showing that this description of the situation is internally self-contradictory and does not make sense; but I believe that, nevertheless, the sympathetic reader will be able to see what the situation is, and will perhaps subscribe to the opinion that to describe it the development of a new language is necessary.

The physicist thus finds himself in a world from which the bottom has dropped clean out; as he penetrates deeper and deeper it eludes him and fades away by the highly unsportsmanlike device of just becoming meaningless. No refinement of measurement will avail to carry him beyond the portals of this shadowy domain which he cannot even mention without logical inconsistency. A bound is thus forever set to the curiosity of the physicist. What is more, the mere existence of this bound means that

he must give up his most cherished convictions and faith. The world is not a world of reason, understandable by the intellect of man, but as we penetrate ever deeper, the very law of cause and effect, which we had thought to be a formula to which we could force God Himself to subscribe, ceases to have meaning. The world is not intrinsically reasonable or understandable; it acquires these properties in ever-increasing degree as we ascend from the realm of the very little to the realm of everyday things; here we may eventually hope for an understanding sufficiently good for all practical purposes, but no more.

The thesis that this is the structure of the world was not reached by armchair meditation, but it is the interpretation of direct experiment. Now all experiment is subject to error, and no one can say that some day new experimental facts may not be found incompatible with our present interpretation; all we can say is that at present we have no glimmering of such a situation. But whether or not the present interpretation will survive, a vision has come to the physicist in this experience which he will never forget; the possibility that the world may fade away, elude him, and become meaningless because of the nature of knowledge itself, has never been envisaged before, at least by the physicist, and this possibility must forever keep him humble.

When this view of the structure of nature has once been accepted by physicists after a sufficiently searching experimental probe, it is evident that there will be a complete revolution in the aspect of all the other physical sciences. The mental outlook will change; the mere feeling that boundaries are set to man's inquiry will produce a subtle change of attitude no less comprehensive in its effects than the feeling, engendered by Newton's conquest of celestial mechanics, that the universe was a universe of order accessible to the mind of man. The immediate effect on scientific inquiry will be to divert effort away from



the more obviously physical fields back to the fields of greater complication, which have been passed over by the physicist in his progress toward the ultimately little, especially the field of biology.

Another important result of the realization of the structure of the world is that the scientist will see that his program is finite. The scientist is perhaps only a passing phase in the evolution of man; after unguessable years it is not impossible that his work will be done, and the problems of mankind will become for each individual the problem of best ordering his own life. Or it may be that the program of the scientist, although finite, will turn out to need more time than the life of the world itself.

But doubtless by far the most important effect of this revolution will not be on the scientist, but on the man in the street. The immediate effect will be to let loose a veritable intellectual spree of licentious and debauched thinking. This will come from the refusal to take at its true value the statement that it is meaningless to penetrate much deeper than the electron, and will have the thesis that there *is really* a domain beyond, only that man with his present limitations is not fitted to enter this domain. The temptation to deal with the situation in this way is one that not many who have not been trained in careful methods of thinking will be able to resist—one reason is in the structure of language. Thought has a predisposition to certain tendencies merely because of the necessity of expressing itself in words. This has already been brought out sufficiently by the discussion above; we have seen how difficult it is to express in words the fact that the universe fades away from us by becoming meaningless without the implication that there really is something beyond the verge of meaning.

The man in the street will, therefore, twist the statement that the scientist has come to the end of meaning into the statement that the scientist has pene-

trated as far as he can with the tools at his command, and that there is something beyond the ken of the scientist. This imagined beyond, which the scientist has proved he cannot penetrate, will become the playground of the imagination of every mystic and dreamer. The existence of such a domain will be made the basis of an orgy of rationalizing. It will be made the substance of the soul; the spirits of the dead will populate it; God will lurk in its shadows; the principle of vital processes will have its seat here; and it will be the medium of telepathic communication. One group will find in the failure of the physical law of cause and effect the solution of the age-long problem of the freedom of the will; and on the other hand the atheist will find the justification of his contention that chance rules the universe.

Doubtless generations will be needed to adjust our thinking so that it will spontaneously and freely conform to our knowledge of the actual structure of the world. It is probable that new methods of education will have to be painfully developed and applied to very young children in order to inculcate the instinctive and successful use of habits of thought so contrary to those which have been naturally acquired in meeting the limited situations of everyday life. This does not mean at all that the new methods of thought will be less well adapted than those we now have to meet the situations of everyday life, but on the contrary, since thought will conform to reality, understanding and conquest of the world about us will proceed at an accelerated pace. I venture to think that there will also eventually be a favorable effect on man's character; the mean man will react with pessimism, but a certain courageous nobility is needed to look a situation like this in the face. And in the end, when man has fully partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, there will be this difference between the first Eden and the last, that man will not become as a god, but will remain forever humble.



## HIS SUNSETS

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT WAS just the way he had wanted to die, when dying should become a necessary gesture. Even the pain was not unwelcome, for those attacks were rare and brief, and the intervals between them were clearer, more useful to him, than days and hours of painless increasing weakness could have been. He seemed to recuperate when the pain went, to be quite himself for a little time. Yet he was aware that the intervals between his acute attacks, though they were growing longer, and the pain itself, when it came, less bad, were becoming less valid, less clear. He was going to muddle down to the grave like everyone else, in the end. But it wasn't going to be much longer now. The worthless heart was ready to stop, any time.

No, it hadn't been bad at all, this "last illness," once he had accepted it. Of course Miles Carruth had not wanted to die; but from the moment he knew that death and invalidism were his alternatives, he was passionately on the side of death. He had never wished to die suddenly, as most of us do—he had wanted a warning. The warning had antedated his dissolution by just the right period. He had had time enough to savor his memories, and not time enough to brood, to acquire the dreadful moribund habit. He hadn't lost his personality; he could feel his "faculties" still stirring within him, he had only to cock an eye at the nurses to realize that his charm still worked. He would have hated to go out as a continuing glassy stare.

It was full spring, before the year had

grown up to savage summer. The sun flowed through his windows magnanimously and tenderly, and the delicate flowers—not too many—brought him the perfumes he liked best. Angela, the perfect wife, was the perfect companion. He did mind losing Angela—yet what, in heaven's name, would he do with Angela if he could take her with him? She belonged in this home they had so casually and charmingly made; belonged in their full, exciting life; belonged with him, wherever he took his grace and power among men—his shield and amulet. She certainly did not belong in a grave. And, by the way, she would be in a grave if she didn't leave him more, get some air and exercise. Already she was paling, getting patches of wan flesh under her eyes and wrinkles round a mouth too often compressed. He couldn't have her losing her looks before he died—he needed them to the very end. He would insist on her going out for a walk or a drive this very afternoon. He wasn't going to crack for a few days yet. He wanted her to look her best at his death-bed, even at the funeral. He wouldn't see her in St. Stephen's, but the others would.

Besides, he had an increasing, comfortable desire to express himself once more in a familiar gesture. This dying before you died, living among mortuary lilies and saying supreme and ultimate things to your wife, composing your features to face eternity, wasn't his way. When he didn't feel himself Miles Carruth, to his finger tips, he would shut his eyes and



lock his lips. Just to prove to himself that he was Miles Carruth, he would play, once more, on sensibilities that didn't matter; get his effect (and know that he was getting it) though he couldn't see the poor dears register. He didn't have to see them; he knew their tears and flushes by heart. Though no one mattered to him but Angela, it was a necessary part of his life to play on these other women and note the perfection of his own technic. Cruel to the women? Why, like all *virtuosi*, he loved his instrument while he played it, wouldn't have hurt it for the world. Can you imagine Kreisler stamping on his Strad?

Having disposed of what they ridiculously called his luncheon, he broached it to Angela.

"You are pale as anything. You must get out into this ripping weather this afternoon. A long walk would be best, but if you don't feel like that, there's the car."

Angela smiled upon him. She did not need to phrase anything, for they understood each other marvellously well.

"Miss Holbrook." He crooked a finger at the day nurse. "She's looking rottenly ill. Tell her there's no reason on earth why she shouldn't."

"But, Miles," Angela Carruth began.

"Yes, I know. I might crack any time, and you want to be there. I don't know that I want you there, anyhow, when that happens, darling. I imagine one always looks—and is—an awful fool at the very last. But if you have a gruesome desire to witness it—"

She shed no tears, only smiled deeper and deeper into his eyes.

"My darling child," he went on, "you mustn't thwart an invalid. I'm not going to die to-day. I know I'm not. Cross my heart!" He took her fingers to make the childish gesture with. "I want you fit, dear. You don't know how I need your fitness."

Angela Carruth knew every intonation of that voice. She had heard him plead a hundred times; seen human beings sway and succumb like grain

before a wind. She herself had always succumbed.

"I'm quite all right, Miles. Truly."

"You're not. You're turning into an old woman. The beastly soul eats up the only less beastly body. I can't have it. Out you go. Doesn't she, Miss Holbrook?"

"I really think, for an hour or two, you might as well, Mrs. Carruth."

"You haven't stuck your blessed nose out for days and days. And you show it. Oh, Angie dear, how you do show it!"

"I'm sorry I show it, Miles. But I'd rather stay." She knew, as she spoke, that she would have to go. She couldn't risk even the mildest altercation. If her pallor and weariness were worrying him, that settled it. Nothing must worry him—for every reason. "I thought we'd begin Mellowes' new book."

"Springes to catch woodcocks'!" He laughed outright. "Mellowes, who is a silly ass, shall charm us later. I'm feeling very well, and I have other fish to fry."

"You are *not* going to make another will," Angela Carruth said firmly. "You've made so many already that Mr. Asch is desperate. You never change anything essential. If there are any new frills, you can tell me about them, and I'll make a note of them. But I am quite outdone with your wills."

Carruth laughed, and the sun was in his throat as he laughed. It always had been.

"Oh, no, that game is played out. I don't care who has what. You can change all the tags on all the mementoes if you want to. Only, don't you give Asch Sarah Bernhardt's corset."

"I'll give Sarah Bernhardt's corset to your Aunt Fanny, if you aren't reasonable. And tell her just how and when you got it."

"Ah, don't," he pleaded. "Then she wouldn't wear black for me, and I do want Aunt Fanny to mourn. You've never seen her mourn. I have. I'm fond of New York—it's been good to me.

It deserves to see Aunt Fanny in mourning. . . . My precious"—she heard the sun set splendidly in his voice, as she had so often heard it before—"I truly want you to get a breath of air. It worries me as nothing else could, your being so pale . . . my lovely darling." It went off to a silver whisper.

She bent over him. "All right—Miles. For a little while. But what is it you want to do? Couldn't I help?"

"When you come in, yes. Not now. Miss Holbrook will do what I want."

He was not only concerned for her, she saw; he had some plan for which her absence was necessary: something Miss Holbrook could do better than she—something, perhaps, that she would interfere with by staying. On every score, she must go—and she went, quietly.

"Now, Miss Holbrook," said Carruth, "I want some letter paper, please, and my bed table, and that beastly fountain pen. It's all right—this is the time you let me sit up in bed, you know. I won't be long at it."

She propped him up slightly and gave him what he wanted; but before taking the pen in his hand, he thought for a little, knitting his brows. "Which?" he whispered to himself. "It's hard to choose. I must be eclectic." He raised his voice. "My address book, please, Miss Holbrook. No, not that one—it's all business. The purple one in the second drawer. Thank you."

He addressed the envelopes and laid them aside, then pulled a sheet of note paper towards him. The first sentences were easy—the fact that you are going to die almost immediately is the best of light gambits. Then, too, a dying man may uncover any memories he pleases, and twist them as he likes. After the very first it was not so easy. He must find words that would ring true for any woman since his strength would not suffice to the creation of more than one formula. That, in itself, was a pretty problem.

Carruth closed his eyes, remembering their faces, their voices, the separate

music of them, now conjoined and flowing towards him, over him, soothing him with an old assurance. He would be dead presently, but from his grave he could still "start" something; from the grave, he could still give pleasure and pain. What was life worth except as it enabled you to deal pleasure and pain according to your desire? Couldn't he trust them (and a score of others) to mourn him sufficiently? Well: each would mourn more richly for the little hint that she was last in his thoughts. Not pain, but a richer regret—that was what he wanted to give.

Miles hit at last on the delicate grave sentences that would do for these so different women. He had never been heavy-handed; he was not heavy-handed now. The weight of the letters lay not in their phrasing, but in their being the last anyone would ever get from Miles Carruth. Just a breath of remembered scent across their gardens . . . no, you never really had me, but I never quite forgot, for you were different from all the rest. No denial of Angela, no magnifying of light loves, no departure, since he had indeed remembered them, from truth. Yes, the letters would do admirably. He signed them, placed them in their envelopes, let Miss Holbrook take away his apparatus, and waited, resting, for Angela.

She came, not long after, a little color in her face—not so much from the exercise she had painfully and obediently taken as from the excitement of coming back to Miles and finding him still there. He opened his eyes and smiled at her humorously. There was a deal of Puck in Miles Carruth, and Angela had always given Puck her hand. He counted on her doing so now.

"How do you feel, Miles?" She tried not to ask him that every five minutes, but surely, after an absence, it was permitted.

"Oh, the same old thing. It's getting time for the hypodermic."

"Did you do what you wanted to do?"

"Yes. Here they are." He stuffed



the letters into her hand. "See?" He expected her, evidently, to relish his little game.

Angela read the addresses swiftly. "Dear, if you want to see anyone, you'd better let me telephone. Not that I think the doctors would let you see anyone unnecessarily."

"Lord, Angie, if I'd wanted to see anyone I'd have told you. No, I should grin them out of the room if they came. Heavens, no! I just want you to put those in a safe place and post them the minute I'm gone."

Her face contracted, but she did not protest. "Don't you want to seal them?"

"Do I ever seal a letter if I can help it? I hate sealing letters. You seal them for me, dear."

It was true, she reflected. Miles always hated sealing and stamping things. "Very well. I'll seal them now."

"Aren't you going to read them?"

He sounded so like a child—a child who, in his egotism, confuses your curiosity with your affection—that she smiled pityingly, in spite of herself. "I don't doubt they're beautiful, Miles dear, but I think it would be kinder if I didn't."

"I don't think they could mind your reading these letters. They'd never know, anyhow."

"No, of course not. All the same, I think it's better manners if I don't. But, Miles dear," she went on, "are you sure you don't want them posted now? Won't the date make it seem as if—as if they'd been purposely held up?" If he wanted to do this kind of thing, she meant to tell him, he had better do it correctly.

"Oh, Angie!" He was reproachful. "Don't you trust my technic any better than that? If you had read them" ("as you should have done" his tone seemed to hint) "you would have seen there was no date. Each one is headed 'The last day, probably, that I shall be able to write.'"

"Miles, you are cruel!"

He knew what she meant—cruel to

her. "Yes, darling, it was horrid of me. Forgive me. I've no reason to suppose it's true, physically. But I doubt if, ever again, I'd have had a strong enough impulse. So, in that way, it *is* true." He panted a little as the nurse entered. "Yes, Miss Holbrook, I'm quite ready for your errand of mercy." He gave one hand to Angela, who held it firmly while the needle went in.

Three days afterwards, when night fell on the house suddenly made masterless, Angela Carruth slipped out, under a heavy veil, and put the letters into the post-box at the street corner. The pile on the hall table she left for others to attend to. She had promised Miles, and she must needs keep her promise, but she was glad to have them out of her hands and to be done forever with Miles's many ladies. With Miles there, she had been able to share his amusement. With Miles gone, the joke was gone. They were really more than she could bear.

St. Stephen's had emptied at last. First, the swathed widow and her kin, then the honorary pall-bearers and the coffin with its great robe of woven roses and forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley; then all the friends, acquaintances, representatives of clubs, guilds, professions, and the general public that disliked to miss such a show of solemn magnificence. The organ had moaned out its last notes; the very echoes of "Jerusalem the Golden" were dead in nave and choir.

Viola Payne, still on her knees in the darkening transept, was waiting to leave the church alone. She had a fancy for going out in a sort of pious solitude, pretending that the memorial service was all for her, panoply of her sole sorrow, being, for a moment, chief mourner. Could anyone mourn more than she, even his wife? That was not for her to judge; yet Viola said to herself that Angela Carruth had at least loved Miles a shorter time than she. She antedated Angela.

It was hard to leave the place where,

for the last time in her life, she would have been near Miles Carruth; but she could not linger in an empty church. Moreover, he was gone. By no figment of reasoning was Miles Carruth giving her warrant to stay here longer. One forget-me-not had dropped near her from the catafalque, and she bent to pick it up and press it in her prayer book. Then she rose, to hurry through the empty church to her car.

A sobbing figure, half way down the nave, crouched in a pew, arrested her. Viola, belated and solitary, felt suddenly responsible. She had thought herself the sole survivor of that service; here was another, to be pulled to land.

"Can I do anything?" she murmured as she bent over the other woman.

The woman, in tailored black and white—Viola herself was in midnight blue and sables—only shook convulsively. Viola Payne bent nearer. To anyone who mourned like that for Miles Carruth she had a duty.

"No—no," the woman managed finally to say. The presence of another person slowed her sobs, and she did her best with a soaked handkerchief. It was only a useless wet ball, however, and she threw it down, uncovering her face.

Mrs. Payne felt in her bag, brought out a handkerchief, dry and delicately folded, and sat down beside the other. "Why, it's Miss Whiton! I'm Viola Payne. Take this; do."

Miss Whiton used the fresh handkerchief and looked up with sodden eyes.

"I suppose we shall have to go," said Viola, "but you must let me take you home. My car is here."

Miss Whiton rose. She seemed content to obey, to cast the difficult, daily, human burden of self-direction wholly upon Viola. Viola felt warmer within, her own sorrow comforted by this abandonment. Her duty, her right: her duty because of her right. As they walked down the nave together her mind worked on this unhappiness beside her. She remembered that Abby Whiton, after the

Whiton fortune had gone, had relapsed to the suburbs, and of course she was not fit to take a train in her present condition. She, Viola, must take her home first, give her tea, ease her off. . . . From her heights, she could bend down to do that, and postpone the luxury of brooding solitude. Poor Abby Whiton: to suffer like that, without her, Viola's, secret balm. Some hint of her plan she whispered to Miss Whiton as they neared the great door, and Miss Whiton nodded as if hypnotized. She was too wretched and shaken to stand alone as yet.

They had but a few yards more to go when a third figure rose from one of the last pews and confronted them: a slim, painted woman in adventurous mauve. Viola looked round the great church. There were three of them, and three of them only. Her eyes, accustomed to the dimness, could see no other head or form. Three survivors—three women who had cared enough for Miles Carruth to cling to this gloom which he had not long since left. The painted face was familiar to her, yet Viola felt sure she had never met the woman. Abby Whiton was walking very slowly, and needing the gentle support of Mrs. Payne's arm: they could not have hurried by if they would. The third woman was using her powder-puff, not surreptitiously, but hastily, as if the mark of tears were unclean and intolerable. As they came abreast of her and half stopped, she stepped into the aisle and eyed them frankly. Identifications were not necessary; no one had lingered in that church from mere inadvertence or fatigue; the three women who had remained thus long to mourn were, in spite of themselves, a sisterhood. The third woman's manner cut across all this, taking it in the stride of her thought, disdaining to explain. She swept Abby and Viola with a keen stare.

"You, too?" she murmured. "Only three of us. Where are all the others, I wonder?"

The words were mocking, but with a



trained mockery that pierced every cranny of one's consciousness. This was mockery as it should be uttered, guarded, delicate, golden. However cheap or common her words and the emotion behind them, the expression would be perfect. "The stage, of course," Viola thought to herself; and she began to grope among memories.

The woman in mauve saved her the trouble. "I'm Beatrice Lake. I played in 'The Treasure-House.' They were great days."

Was it stage training, Viola wondered, or cold, remembered fact, that could so assert romantic adventure in one simple, slangy phrase? She straightened herself. It did not matter. Her seniority could not be questioned. She must needs pity Beatrice as she had pitied Abby.

"Of course I saw you, Miss Lake. Yes, there are three of us who cared for Miles Carruth. Miss Whiton, you, and I—Viola Payne. My car is here, and Miss Whiton says she will come back with me for some tea. Will you come?"

They were at the door now. Miss Lake took advantage of the harsh daylight to mend her face into perfection.

"I sent my car away," she said. "I don't like to be conspicuous." She looked the two women up and down. "Yes, thanks, I'd like some tea—" she cast about for a term of address.

"Mrs. Payne," Viola said quietly.

"Mrs. Payne," she finished. "There's sure to be a crowd at my place, and I don't feel like a crowd."

The three got into Viola's car, and very soon they were in her drawing-room, with tea before them and the parlor maid dismissed. Beatrice Lake had asked for a cigarette before tea, and while the others drank theirs—Miss Whiton still tearful, sunk into the deepest chair, and clattering her spoon, Viola Payne very straight and hostess-like behind the tea things—she ranged the room, moving from picture to window, window to chimney-piece, with

motions that, less graceful, would have been nervous.

She turned at last and, still standing, took her teacup.

"Three of us," she repeated. "Three out of the hundreds. There must be some reason."

Viola smiled. She was not going to tell *her* reason. Queer, intimate, unprecedented as this gathering was, it was ordinary compared with her reason. A gush of sympathy carried her forward. "Doesn't it mean that we three valued him more than anyone else? It gives us a kind of dignity for one another. Isn't that why we're here? Don't we three feel a great respect for one another because we cared enough to stay on like that—with the memory of him?"

Abby Whiton frankly snuffled. "I can never hear 'Jerusalem the Golden' again!"

Miss Lake's glance appealed, over Abby's head, to her hostess, as one woman of the world to another. Then she spoke, with impatient frankness.

"This is all very queer . . . I don't mind saying that I had a bad hour, this afternoon. I knew I should have, somehow, so I told my man not to wait. I—" she looked from Abby's collapse to Viola's rapt control, "I guess I'd better admit that I'd written Miles off. I didn't exactly forget, you understand, but he wasn't for me, and I wasn't for him, as it turned out. Then—I had a letter from him, the day after he died, and it knocked me over, for the time being. I cried like a baby. It seemed to me I owed Miles Carruth an hour—if he had really cared."

Abby Whiton bent forward. She had had no advantage of mirror or powder, and her over-delicate fair features were blotched as if with disease.

"I had a letter, too," she said with an eagerness almost ugly. "The newspaper with the headlines lay on the table—and his letter to me lay beside it. But your letter can't have been like mine. Mine was the most beautiful letter in the world."

Beatrice Lake's face, for an instant, was like that of a detective reconstructing a crime: thought turned intensely inward and backward.

"Ah," she said quietly at last. "I thought mine was. That's why I made such a darned fool of myself." There was no malice in her perfect tone.

"Give Miles Carruth some credit!" Viola Payne's voice rang out. "Why shouldn't he have written two beautiful letters? He was beautiful, himself. He had the grace, the gift, the power."

Beatrice smiled at her kindly. "I don't doubt Miss Whiton's letter and mine were both beautiful. The point is that there were two of them. It sounds suspicious to me—knowing Miles. And yet"—her voice changed suddenly—"why shouldn't there have been two? Miles Carruth was deep. There was no limit to his capacity for experience. He could take in things—people—who were worlds apart. Every sort of person amused Miles—once, anyhow. And he was often very kind."

She did not seem annoyed; rather, she envisaged Abby Whiton with humorous pity, Viola thought. Obviously, Abby was, in Miss Lake's estimation, a case where he had been kind. Thank heaven, they didn't seem likely to quarrel, yet she felt for soothing words.

"Does anything matter except that we three cared and respect one another for caring? For my own part, I am very glad not to be the only one who stayed in church. I am glad you both had letters."

Beatrice Lake turned to her. "No woman who cared about Miles Carruth could be glad to have any other woman get *my* letter from him." She spoke impersonally, as a critic.

"Oh, or mine!" Abby Whiton murmured.

Viola said nothing, but Miss Lake turned to Abby, then to her hostess. "Look here . . . It's not a thing to boast about, and I know what discretion means as well as anybody. But our being here together isn't exactly a con-

ventional situation, is it? And Miles Carruth is dead—with a widow to mourn him, by the way. Well, I shouldn't be here at all—I shouldn't have cracked, this afternoon—if Miles hadn't said things to me in his letter that he couldn't have said to anyone else. If he had said them five years ago, I might have smiled. But when a dying man uses up his little strength to tell you that, though he never really had you, he never forgot; that he seemed to be going down into the grave by the light of one long-extinguished sunset"—she dabbed at a tear—"in short, that you were different from all the rest—well, it gets you, and I'm not ashamed of having been got. I don't know what he may have said to you"—she turned to Abby—"but that is what he said to me on his deathbed. Perhaps the words aren't exact, but that's the idea. It's why I cracked—to know that across all the years he'd remembered a sunset."

"Did you ever watch a sunset with Miles Carruth?" Viola asked very slowly.

"I must have. It would be very strange if we hadn't, you know—some time or other. And he remembered it at the last. And I had thought, for years, he was light come, light go! It's my having misread him so that upset me."

"Perhaps," Abby Whiton cut in, her dulled eyes shining again, not pleasantly, "it was *my* sunset he remembered. Miles Carruth and I did watch the sun go down, more than once, those summers on Mount Desert. You're not even sure you ever saw a sunset with him. Did he say it was your sunset?"

"He did not. But would he write to me about *your* sunset, you stupid woman?"

Viola Payne was distressed by the growing acrimony. She put aside—supreme test of a hostess—the clashing confusion of her own thoughts. "Don't quarrel," she begged. "The man was dying. Whatever he said is sacred. Even if he had been wandering, it would have been sacred. Don't! Don't!"



Miss Lake, lighting another cigarette, walked to the window and stared down at the blue, gold-dotted canyons of the twilight city. In a moment she turned with a new air of resolution.

"Miles couldn't have foreseen our meeting like this." She spoke slowly. "So you couldn't say he planned it, exactly. But I'm not sure"—she seemed to reflect—"that he wouldn't have considered our quarreling over his sunsets the high spot of his career. Miss Whiton"—she took her bag from a sofa where she had flung it—"here is my letter. When I came in here, I'd as soon have missed a cue as show it to you or anyone else. Here it is," she repeated. "What I want to know, more than anything else in the world, just at the moment, is whether I've been stung. Miles Carruth never fooled me once in the old days. If he's fooled me on his deathbed I'd like to know it. Will you put your cards on the table?" She stood back, folding her arms.

"Don't, Miss Lake!" Viola cried. "Whatever they are, they're not letters to be shown—compared. He did write them when he was dying."

"It strikes me that that's perhaps just what they are—letters to be compared," Beatrice Lake answered coolly.

Abby Whiton rose, fumbling in her own bag. Her eyes were on Beatrice Lake. With her letter in her hand, she stopped, holding it back. "I don't think I can give you mine to read—yet. But if you'll let me read yours, I'll tell you, on my word of honor, if he said the same things to me."

Miss Lake shook her head. "Nothing doing. I want the facts. You read my letter and I read yours. Or—we both resume our own property."

"How can you, how *can* you?" Viola Payne wailed softly. If she could only get rid of these two, with their talk of letters and sunsets!

Neither woman noticed her. After an instant's doubt, Abby Whiton gave in. With the solemnity of lawyers, they exchanged letters; simultaneously opened

them, turned the page, replaced them in the envelopes—nodded. Then each took back her own. Abby Whiton moved to the fireplace and, taking her letter neatly in the tongs, placed it on a flaming log and watched it burn. Her face was a stained white.

Beatrice Lake, her letter in her hand, spun it in her fingers for a moment, then laughed. "I don't even care to burn mine," she said. "Anyone may read it who wants to." She shrugged. "Mrs. Payne, may someone telephone for my car?" She gave a number, and Viola rang for a maid to attend to the matter. "I can drop you wherever you like, Miss Whiton," Beatrice Lake went on. "I fancy this party has lasted long enough. It was awfully good of you, Mrs. Payne, but you see it has fizzled out now." She smiled.

Miss Lake dropped into a chair, and the mauve folds of her dress draped themselves cunningly about her slimness. She drew on her gloves slowly. Her smile deepened as she smoothed them, became at last frankly, richly ironic.

"I'm immensely grateful to you all the same, Mrs. Payne," she went on. "I might have had a sore spot in my heart for weeks if I hadn't come here. To think how we three left St. Stephen's, and all it has amounted to is to show Miles Carruth up for what he was! Poor old Miles—he wouldn't have liked that curtain."

"I don't consider that Miles Carruth has been shown up," Viola answered frigidly. Her delicate emphasis on his name left inferences to be drawn at will.

"For what he was, I said, woman! Miles didn't do anything but express himself. Those deathbed letters—alike, to the last comma—were Miles Carruth, all over. I wonder how they got past his wife. Some darn fool of an efficient secretary, probably."

"I was a friend of Miles Carruth's," Viola said faintly. "I can't let you speak of him here without respect."

Miss Lake rose. "Don't you see, Mrs. Payne, the gorgeous joke of it?

Of course Miles Carruth never expected this extraordinary thing to happen, but if he could have seen himself, this afternoon, beaten at his own game, his laughter would have been the loudest of all. And *such* laughter"—she sobered an instant—"better than any on the stage to-day. I always loved Miles, after a fashion, and I'm not sure I don't love him better than ever, to know that he never changed. It was splendid of him to go out, philandering, in the same old way. But he very nearly caught me, this time. I'm glad he didn't, and I forgive him everything. *Ave atque vale*, Miles Carruth!" The perfect modulation of the voice made the words ache intolerably in Viola's ears.

"Me, too." Abby Whiton also rose for departure. "I had got over Miles Carruth—and then this letter came, and I thought my whole life was destroyed. I mean: if Miles Carruth had really cared for me, all the time, it would have brought back everything. It would have meant something was real I had come to think wasn't. It would have meant I had to take up the old love and go on with it. . . . I'm engaged to another man. I couldn't have married him. Now I can . . . You see?"

Viola Payne bowed her head: yes, she saw. She wished they would both go. As if to answer her wish, the maid announced Miss Lake's car. Both women walked to the door, and Viola Payne rose. They did not shake hands. At the door Miss Lake turned.

"Thanks again, Mrs. Payne. It's the queerest party I ever was at, but I fancy it has saved the lives of all of us. That's the way I feel about it."

"And I, too, Mrs. Payne," Abby seconded her. "Aren't you glad it happened? For now *you* see what he was like, too."

Viola shook her head and smiled faintly in farewell. "I am glad for you if you are glad," she said gently.

Beatrice Lake shot one keen glance back at her as she stood in the dim doorway. "I'd be willing to bet you had a

letter, too!" For one dreadful instant Viola thought she was coming back, and she waved her off, pretending not to have heard.

From the window she watched them enter the car and watched it drive away. She could not begin to think until she saw them go. The queerest party that Beatrice Lake had ever attended was now over. Standing by the table whereon Miss Lake had flung her letter, Mrs. Payne took out hers, from within her dress. She looked long and hard at each. The other two had been identical—that had been the meaning of their solemn nods; and hers, she could not doubt, was the same. Certainly, the phrases she had heard quoted were out of her own letter. She knew them by heart as they came from the other women's lips. For a few moments she pondered. Then she took Beatrice Lake's letter in her hand and walked to the fireplace, where she thrust it into the embers. Still she fingered her own letter, but finally she shook her head. She could not doubt it was the same, to the last comma. Therefore, it was nothing for her to keep. She was not, as she had flattered herself, uplifted above these others. She had no secret balm for death. Miles Carruth had circularized three women of his acquaintance. . . . You don't keep circulars. Viola bent down to the fire and, after Beatrice Lake's epistle had fallen to black tinder, she burned her own.

She brushed her hands delicately together as she rose and stood leaning against the chimney-piece, thinking hard. She was different from all the rest, Miles had said. He had said the same thing to the others. How very accurate of Miles! Among them, they ran the gamut of possible reactions to his little experiment. Beatrice Lake, hard hit and gasping, had been the first to recover and forgive; she saw the joke, and even, by some miracle, enjoyed it. The Miles Carruth Miss Lake had known was the Miles who did such things—probably she had never known, or cared



for, any other Miles. Abby Whiton, poor creature, had floundered and staggered in her bog of sentiment, and then thanked Providence for pulling her out. She had really hated Miles's tender clutch upon her heart. It had threatened to keep her from arranging her future.

Oh, they hadn't loved him! Their flame shone or slackened only as he fanned it. She had felt, when she left the church, so strong, so well able, from her pre-eminence, to be kind to the less fortunate, since heart had come back to heart at the last, all wayside inns forgotten. If she had not stopped, in her pride, to pity and succor these other women, she need never have known . . . for hers was a perfect letter. No one could have guessed, not even that hard and frivolous Beatrice Lake, that Miles did not mean it. Nor could Viola say that he had "meant" hers and not the others, since, if he had "meant" even a word of it, he could not have—mimeographed it. There was comfort nowhere.

Beatrice Lake, who did not even know whether she had seen a sunset with Miles Carruth; Abby Whiton, who had seen so many, one summer, that one of them must have been sacred! She, Viola, had had only one, and Miles Carruth had not gone down to death in its remembered light. It was left for her to do that, even as she had lived in its reflection these many years—never deprived, wherever

she perched, however she wandered, of a western window. She sighed. Sunsets, she supposed, were an easy guess, for a man who couldn't have had much time or strength to search for formulas. But why had he had to ruin for her her one moment when she had stood beside him and been, with him, engulfed in the light that never was on sea or land? Oh, Miles hadn't meant to ruin it. If she had not stopped, in her pride, to pity and succor . . .

Viola Payne went into her bedroom, took off her hat, and loosened her hair with her fingers to ease her tired head. No, they had not really loved Miles, for they could stop loving him. When they thought they knew what he was really like, they threw him over. Yet you loved people, if you loved them at all, for what they really were. At least, it was the only way she had ever been able to love. Whatever Miles did, it could only make another reason for loving him. Perhaps some day she would enter into his high humor and love him even more. Viola groaned—she did not desire that. Her job was to love him less, if possible, since she couldn't face herself vulgarly dying of love.

To begin with, she would give up her lease, which she had been on the point of renewing. She would take up the subject to-morrow, and tell the agent, first of all, that she must have an eastern exposure, and the morning sunlight.



## "I'M HUNTING FOR A JOB"

BY PAUL PETERS

THERE was no employment office. We stood outside the iron gates which were fastened with a padlock as big as a fist. To look inside—past the time-clock, past the racks of time-cards, into the twilight of the factory—made us feel like convicts waiting for a cell. Still we were all anxious to get in.

The sun was hot. If you got tired you could go back and sit down on the levee, but then you might miss your chance. So we waited and fidgeted and eyed one another furtively, and talked as strangers talk who are not especially interested in one another; or stood with our hands in our pockets, staring up at the water tank inscribed in prim, school-ma'am's script "Ford."

By nine o'clock there were two hundred of us. Then a man came to the iron gate, opened the lock, and stepped before us. He had a steel-trap mouth and the eyes of a petty boss. The mob grew silent. Those in the back tried to push forward. The eyes slipped over us: everybody tried to catch their attention.

He couldn't possibly choose with any discrimination. He didn't try to. He pointed his finger at random, saying, "All right. You . . . you." Half a dozen others stepped out, smiling, extending their hands. He recognized three, beckoned to them, cried, "That's all!" and led the lucky five behind the bars. The lock snapped. Outside, we stood looking fixedly into the blue haze of the plant: cranes swinging, belts whirling, a chassis floating through the air, a completed car rolling by. The blue haze seemed cool, seductive. To be in it

would mean to have a job. To have a job . . . !

The mob began to drift apart. Single file and double they trooped down the levee. A stubborn dozen remained.

One turned to me with bitterness. "If you knowed somebody, if you could hand 'em the big mitt . . . that's the way to get in." He clasped and shook his own hand.

"Is it like this every morning?" I asked.

"Worse. Hell, they ain't no use of comin' back. You can stand here all day for six months, and they don't know you're livin'. You'd think you was lucky if you got in, wouldn't you? Well, believe me, kid, old man Ford don't give you nothin' for nothin'. Five bucks a day, but he works sweatin' hell out of you. You got to go round like this."

He twirled his arm in the air till he was out of breath.

"You worked in there before?"

"Eighteen months. At the end of that time I was gettin' five and a half. I guess if I'd a stayed on for ten years more, I'd be gettin' six—maybe. The hell with 'em. I wouldn't be comin' out here if they was somethin' else. Jeez, everythin's dead."

We parted at the levee.

Half a mile down the river a sugar refinery rose in a jungle of towers, smokestacks, elevators, silos. At the gate I met one of those shabby gatekeepers, the toothless old watchdogs of factories all over the world.

"They taking any hands on here, dad?" I asked.



"Mebbe. A few, I reckon."

"What're they paying?"

"They ain't payin' you much, I'll tell you that. Twenty-five to thirty cents an hour."

I grunted in disdain. Once I had worked in the machine shop of a cotton mill in Tennessee: ten hours a day, the most gruelling kind of labor that wore me down, tore at my muscles, burned into my feet, so that I could barely grit my teeth and keep going; could barely crawl home at night, swallow my food, stumble into bed. For thirty cents an hour, sixteen-fifty a week: no, not that again. I'd sooner . . . but I'm not *going* to starve.

"If I was you, bud," said the old man, leaning closer, "I'd go down and get me a job with Henry Ford. When you work there you're makin' somethin'. You're from the North, ain't you? Yeh, I kinda thought so by the way you talked. Me too. These factories down here, they don't pay you nothin'. You better go get yourself a job with Henry Ford."

It was good to feel the grass underfoot on the levee, with the river heavy and brown below, and the ships riding down to sea, silent, like big black cats, their noses in the air, their haunches curled back. The sky was deep water, and the Louisiana sun penetrated everything, drenched your clothes and stung your skin. It was hard to keep the feet going. The sun simmered in the mind. It would have been sweet to lie down, to sink in the flood of sunlight.

"You've got to get a job. You've got to get a job. A job . . . job . . . job . . ."

Br-r-r-rap! came the iron voice of a compressed-air rivet hammer. I had drifted into a drydock yard. Ships hoisted out of the water, their secret parts laid bare and strange; scaffolds swung under overhanging iron cliffs; tugs butting boats about, leaning against them like a man throwing all his weight into one shoulder; booms dipping and swinging in a drunken waltz; locomotives,

tractors, trucks: grotesque dancers in a ballet. . . one step forward, now one back, this side, that side, whoa! whoa! And everywhere, on the ships, on the tugs, on the drydocks, on the booms and locomotives swarmed men. Here they were tearing the roof off a bridge; there, far below, with brushes on yards of rod, they were curving paint down a keel. In and out of hatches they crawled, grimy, sweaty, dragging wrenches, pipes, hammers. Foremen stood in little circles on the bowdecks and bulkheads, shoving their hats back, arguing.

I breathed it in, sucked up its movement and energy. It whipped away my despondency. Several years ago I had said farewell to the little clique of New York artists with whom I had long shared a padded isolation. I had grown tired of theories; art; interminable arguments about the working classes between aesthetes who despised them and radicals who sentimentalized over them, while neither knew anything about them. I felt a need for air, for rough-and-tumble experience, for wholesome dirt and hard work. Above all, as a writer, I needed to get back to masses of people, to touch hands with laborers, to eat the food and share the thoughts of fully three-quarters of America. Oh, the disgust I had felt for the sterility of our writers, their precious aloofness, their faint-heartedness, their toadying to fashion and society! Fear—that's what eats them up. They're afraid. They huddle together—out of fear; feverishly they hug their unimportant little personalities—out of fear, fear. And this fear they call being civilized, sophisticated. To cut yourself voluntarily off from the great human life current is to belong to "the civilized minority." No wonder Whitman cried you must run, run for your life, from "the civilized minority."

And in those years I had touched the earth I was famished for. I drew incalculable strength from it. There were weeks when I could feel myself grow: tougher outside so that I could be more

tender at heart; surer of myself, so that with a world of faith, I could yet be freer in mind. It was not always easy. I have no illusions about working men; I don't believe I ever had any. I never expected to find in them as a class the grandeur which the *New Masses* exhales about them like a cloud of gold. And there have been days when I wanted to howl for the friends I really loved, for my old books, my old comforts, the *security* of my old life: days when I lay on my belly in an undershot seam of a coal mine; days in blazing Californian canyons when my wrists swelled from swinging a shovel; days of sweltering under the steel decks of ships in tropic waters; and of long-drawn-out agonized fatigue in factories and stores.

Has it been worth it? I can't say. As I write these lines I am still in the woods, perhaps deeper than ever before. But this much I know: that among poor and toil-ridden people I have seen unthinkable heroism in the face of suffering which was shattering them, body and soul; and now and then I have touched the grandeur of those "strong uneducated persons" who were for Whitman the flower of the nation.

## II

Here on the river front of New Orleans I saw again the soil I was after.

Climbing over several drydocks and two or three ships tied side by side, dodging workmen and booms, I found the foreman.

"I'm hunting for a job," I began.

He was a big man with blunt features and a skin like a cooked tomato. Like so many sub-bosses in American industry, he was obviously chosen for bulk and brutality—a born driver of men. He shot me a glance of colossal contempt as he snarled, "Ain't got no time to fool with you now, boy." But a few minutes later, seeing that I hadn't moved, he shouted, "What can you do?"

What can you do, what can you do? How often they had slung that barb into

me! Barb, because I cannot do *anything*. I was brought up on books; I never learned a trade. I'm ingenious enough. I love to putter around. And by puttering around I have won some deftness for my hands. I'm half a carpenter, half an electrician, half a painter, half a pipe-fitter. Actually I'm nothing: I couldn't hold down a first-class workman's job for five minutes. If I ever have a boy, before he's out of high school he's going to know a trade and be ready for a union. Then, if he has any dreams, any talents: "All right, kid . . . you've got your feet on the ground now: you'll never starve to death. The rest of the world and all of heaven is yours if you can get it."

I felt the man's eyes travel over me. Always that same slow, incredulous, measuring look. God, why wasn't I cut out a husky and tough? Why, in spite of everything, do I look so young—always dubbed "boy," "bud," "kid," "son"—years younger than I really am? Why am I saddled, to my despair and chagrin, with what my friends call "the honest face of an Alger hero"? My face has cost me a score of jobs.

"Well, what are you? Carpenter? Mechanic? Painter?"

I lied. I told him I was a pipe-fitter. Once for a month I had been a pipe-fitter's helper. At least I could make a bluff with a wrench. I had to get a job.

"See Marks. He's got charge of all the pipe-fitting."

A wild search brought me face to face with Marks in the engine room, up to his ankles in grease; a tall, dry, stringy man squirting tobacco juice and obscenity. He didn't stop for me. He didn't even look back. I ran along beside him, stumbling over valves and coils of pipe.

"Ain't got nothing," he shouted.

"Anything going to open soon?" I shouted back.

"Can't tell. May be busy as hell to-morrow." Then, as he ducked through a door, he paused for a moment. "There's a ship coming in any time now. Come around in the morning, early." He was gone.



The ship hadn't come in the morning. But Marks was in better humor and less haste. I learned that master workmen got a dollar an hour, helpers only forty-eight cents. We didn't discuss my status, but I should have been satisfied with forty-eight. That was twenty-one dollars a week, and I can live on ten or twelve. I managed to win his interest. In the end he gave me his telephone number and told me to call him up at night. The world began to look more rosy. All the way home I figured how much I could lay aside by cutting down on food and tobacco; and how many weeks would pass before I had scraped together the two hundred dollars it costs me to live while I write a play.

The ship, for all I know, never came in.

The next night he told me to-morrow; to-morrow he told me next week. "I'll tell you the truth, bud. There ain't nothin' doin' out here. Shippin' ought to be pickin' up now. This is the season. But it ain't. It's dead. The whole harbor's dead."

All New Orleans was dead. For days, for weeks, I tramped from one office to another, from shop to factory to store. Nothing. Endless chases after elusive bosses. Endless waits to see them. Curt no's. Churlish rejections. Sometimes a flicker of hope, telephone calls, promises. They all smoldered out into smudge.

"Business is dull." "We just laid off a bunch of men." "We haven't enough work to keep our old hands going." "Well, the election's over now; come around again." "This is the season, things ought to be picking up now, but times are hard." "New Orleans is shot. It's the same everywhere, I guess."

Unemployment, unemployment: when I went hunting for a job that was all I heard. Wails and groans and discouragement. Yet down on Canal Street people laugh and prod one another with costly sleeves, and flash bills, and keep the shop-doors swinging. Windows roar with beads and bracelets, spangles and

furs, red shoes, brown hats, striped pajamas. French restaurants splash music through lace curtains. Automobile gears grind mighty choruses to the pr-r-ring of traffic signals. The "largest phonograph in the world" blares "I loved you then as I love you now." Two lovers kiss in hundred-watt bulbs over the million-dollar lobby. The new eighteen-story hotel spins its headlight through the sky. Money, perfume, light, luxury, a torrential sweep of life: where does it all come from? Who *pays* for it all?

"You're broke. You've got to get a job. What's to become of you? Starve? That's absurd. In America nobody ever starves. You've got to get a job."

"How many out in the middle of this stream, all smooth, all dapper like you are broke like you? How many *thousands* are hunting for jobs like you? Jobs . . . jobs. . . ."

I would walk the streets for hour on hour, aimless, turning corners at random, hands in pockets, half sunk in morose thoughts, yet all eyes, all ears. (A hundred cities in America, from New York to Minneapolis, from Chicago to New Orleans, from Omaha to San Francisco have known the pound of my aimless feet on their sidewalks. Not altogether aimless, for always there are notes, pages and pages of minute notes. Most of them I never look at again. It is as if the overcharged senses were easing off their burden.) Then I would drift into the old French Quarter. Its somber mood would dovetail mine. How furtive the narrow streets slink away down lace-iron balconies! How bitter is its forlorn grace, the resignation of its age! It has no tinsel, no bright-lights, no loud-speakers: it isn't go-getter enough: it's been left behind. Like me it is down-at-the-heels.

"Say, mister, can you stake me to a cup of coffee?"

From the arch of a courtyard, "Ssss. Come 'ere, baby. Come on, baby, I want to tell you somethin'."

An imitation Greenwich Village tea-room.

"Got a spare butt on, Jack?" The match flares against his face.

A taxicab driver, huddled against the damp, smooths out a crumpled newspaper under his spotlight. An old man munches his gums, staring into a show-case full of doughnuts. New Orleans, gay, fabulous New Orleans, city of Mardi Gras and romance!

Crushed, shuddering with pity, vicious under the smart of injustice, I would crawl up the steps to my room, crawl into bed. God, how good it was to sleep!

And in the morning: away with pity, away with moods. Action, action. You've got to have courage. I would make out lists from the classified telephone directory: contractors, electricians, plumbers, oil companies, railroad yards, shipping agents. At first I would make six to eight calls a day. By nature I am shy. I've never been able to overcome a shrinking from meeting people; and for each interview I had to screw up my will. Sometimes I would walk up and down outside the door fighting with myself. Grown tougher, I extended the number to ten or twelve. One day I made fifteen. If a man were at all sympathetic I asked for suggestions. At the next office I brazenly introduced myself as sent from the last. I lied monstrously. Sometimes I tripped over my own lies and fled, burning with confusion. I wrote numberless applications. Oh, the senselessness of those applications! "What did you do as a boy outside of school hours?" "What was your father?" (What's that to you?) "What makes you think you will succeed with us?" (Rubbish. I want a job.) "State fully . . ." "List completely . . ." "Do you use liquor or narcotics in any form?" (What idiot would admit it?)

Nothing ever came of it.

"New Orleans is dead. Everything's dead." I can still remember my rage when I read one morning in the newspaper a report by the Louisiana bureau

of the Department of Labor on the employment situation. Factories everywhere operating at full blast; everybody working; everybody happy. Well . . . here and there a slight surfeit in unskilled labor (that means negroes in the South, and any Southerner will assure you that "niggers can get along on nothing"). But in general, prosperity: that great American mirage, prosperity! All our wealth spins slowly down a vortex into the diamonded hands of a few, and we bellow, Prosperity. The more arid the desert, the more shimmering the mirage.

And our newspapers, what pusillanimous rags they are! How the good quick brains that write them cringe before the money that pays for the advertisements! One day you are warned against the calamity-howlers, the professional belly-achers. The next day—oh, discreetly, discreetly—you are urged to push your business enterprises, to build and ship and buy so that "the slight slack in employment may for the health of the community be absorbed."

### III

My last dollar was gone. I acquired a hang-dog air. I saw insults where none was intended. And this I knew was disastrous: above all, you must keep up a front. I borrowed ten dollars from my landlord, a homely old French doctor who radiated benignity; and with a terrible surrender of pride, I wrote back home for more. I have a blind horror of debt. To be in debt: that means that even when I get a job, what I can lay aside above my living costs I must pay out again instead of saving for the next play. The next play is always the big thing. I live, I work, I skim, I dream always for the next play. How I clung to those borrowed nickels as they slipped away! I made budgets which, to my anguish, I never kept. I washed my own linen. I avoided street cars as a plague, plodding through endless broiling streets. For breakfast coffee and doughnuts for a dime. For lunch a ten-cent sandwich.



At night, for a quarter, a dozen raw oysters over a bar and a cup of coffee. Thank God for Bayou Cook oysters. But I was hungry, always hungry. My stomach clamored for more food. My hard, restless body balked against this shortage of fuel. I would weaken and give way: first an apple, then some dates, a bunch of carrots, a cluster of raisins. In the end, for the same money, I could have had meat and satiety. Instead, all I had was a stomach-ache and that agonized remorse which follows my lapses of will. In despair I would then throw my money away, a whole half-dollar at a time on a miserable movie or a magazine which, an hour later, I would hurl in disgust across my room.

My room was my one solace. It was small, dark, bare. Its besmirched white walls added to its bleakness. Its only window opened into a hallway, which in turn led to a balcony overlooking a half dilapidated Creole courtyard. Yet here after the chagrin and futility of the day, was peace and solitude. On the way upstairs I would sometimes stop to greet the doctor, who would talk to me about his early years of globe-trotting, or about French books and writers, or his slant on life, shrewd, still somewhat French-provincial, yet big-hearted, warm. His wife would join him, plump, gray, laughing like a little girl. "You find something? No? Oh!" She understood, she and the doctor had had hard times too. "You find something yet, you see." And her laugh was full of comfort.

How good it was to feel their affection around me! How good it was to talk to somebody without the need of "selling yourself." "Selling yourself" . . . that gorgeous American phrase.

On the dresser she had placed a piece of fruit cake for me or a slice of *pâté de foie gras* with homemade French bread.

Then I would lie on my belly in bed and read. From the library I had drawn Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*. Poverty, joblessness, rebuffs, hunger, despair, everything melted away. Only Chris-

tophe existed. How I suffered with him through those first weeks in Paris! Wasn't New Orleans for me the gehenna that Paris had seemed at first to him? How I rejoiced with him when he found the charming and melancholy Olivier, whom I too grew to love! And when, at midnight, I laid the book tenderly aside, what courage to face the next day I had absorbed from Christophe's stormy courage! It was not only my emotions and my mind that were aroused. The book bolstered up my will, steeled my determination. "Let's see, to-morrow—to-morrow I'll look up the rest of those shipping agents and those contractors I jotted down from that sign on St. Charles, where they're driving the piles."

Ah, to have had a friend like Christophe or Olivier.

Only in your blackest hours does the strength of the books you read really become apparent. It is then that a great book takes you away from a bruising world, and yet brings you back to it, refreshed and strengthened. Weary, despondent, lost in a swamp, you see the sudden miraculous glow of a lantern; and with a fierce joy you know that someone else has wandered that wilderness before you, someone with surer step to find his way. You take new heart. You will find your way out too.

Letters began to come. Friends to whom I had written of my troubles sent money and, better yet, that priceless aid known as contacts. There used to be a time when I scorned contacts. What, cast my pride, my independence to the wind, go toadying for patronage? My pet illusion was that I could blow into a strange city and convince the first-comer (anyhow, the second) that here was a man of intelligence and ability who ought to get a job. I am wiser now. I know now that not one man in a hundred thousand has even the faintest flair for judging at first-hand brains or character or skill or any quality except the most superficial. Ability has to be pointed out to the ordinary man. His real genius lies in steering a bee line for

the unmistakably tenth-rate. I suppose that explains why Mozart died of poverty and Beethoven looked like a tramp; while Puccini and Verdi splashed in wealth and fame. What the average business man needs is for his customer or his friend to write, "Look, here's your man. He's good. Besides, he's So-and-So's friend. Hire him." Then, if he needs you, you're hired.

So armed with letters announcing to the world of influence that I was a "promising young writer," I marched out to see the first of the contacts. This was the head of an importing concern, a large man, round, smooth, soft, pompous. He leaned back in his chair and talked about art. How business men these days love to talk about art! And what asses they make of themselves when they do! "At a luncheon club the other day," he said, "we got to talking about the plight of artists in New Orleans, and do you know, one fellow got up and moved that we give them our 'moral support.' That made my blood boil. I got up and said that that was just the chief trouble with us business men: we are always giving artists our moral support when what they need is something more tangible, something to butter their bread with. Moral support!" he snorted.

Then I asked him to help me find a job. He was taken back, visibly annoyed. With the smoothest kind of insolence he answered that "artists are always taking advantage of business men. They think because they're artists everything ought to be handed them on a platter."

I tore up the names he wrote down for me when I reached the street. I realized that to him, as to most people who toy at culture, the patronage of arts is a social accomplishment, something linked up with luncheons, clubs, tuxedos, above all: good taste. To ask a man for a job isn't good taste.

At a second and a third office, finding men even more unctuous than the first, I left without mentioning the purpose of

my visit. Compared to their polished emptiness, the curt rebuffs of foremen seemed the height of compassion. Disheartened, I called it a day.

Another to whom my list took me was the head of a large food-shipping company. From my old French doctor I learned beforehand that he was a big man in the city, prominent in public affairs and clubs, as sharp as a whip in business. I was kept waiting an hour. Then I found myself in an office with the light full in my eyes. At first I could see only a mountain of flesh blocking out the window. Later I discerned features, sensual, bald, coarse, full of ruthless energy. You could sense at once the man's Gargantuan appetites for food and drink and women. Lust, acquisitiveness, love of power and display were stamped all over his face. Yet here this man sat before me as solemn and intractable as a Buddha on a dais, not opening his mouth, *staring at me out of one eye*. Ill at ease, I stammered out an explanation. He let me tangle myself up in knots (would to God I had some smoothness); then interrupted with a question, asked it again; and when I began to repeat my original answer, snapped, "You told me that." He pondered for several minutes. "Come back in couple of days, and I'll see what I can do for you," he uttered. When I did he sent out an application blank with his office boy.

The man was under no obligation to give me work or even to see me. I could have understood his being annoyed or his saying bluntly, "I haven't a thing for you," or, "I don't like your face." But why this pose of the demigod, the strong and silent superman swaying a vast domain from a flat-topped throne—a pose I have seen struck time and again in business men? Whom do they think to deceive besides their office boys? I used to be disgusted with Greenwich Village artists because of that air of bonhomie and reckless living which in most of them is humbug. But back of bohemia there is at least a kind of re-



nunciation, a fine revolt, even if only weakly carried out. Like the monk, the bohemian lives by poverty and faith—if not by chastity and obedience. The business man's only faith is his faith in money. His pose is simply small-time hokum.

I had one name left. This proved to be a young Jewish lawyer whom I shall call Marcus Schulman. At first he seemed odd, even grotesque. While I talked he kept fumbling through the papers on his desk. Then he would stop, open his mouth wide, and study me minutely. The letter my friend promised to write him about me had failed to come, and Schulman was puzzled; he couldn't make me out. Little by little his distrust faded together with my confusion. A warmth sprang up between us. His eyes, alert and clear with a beautiful candor, stopped edging off and came to rest on my face. I could feel that he was interested, though I suspected his was a straw-fire interest which to-morrow would be burned out. Still, for the first time in New Orleans—no, for the first time in the South, I bumped into a really fine mind. It flashed swiftly and without fear over personalities, ideas, books, places. What

a joy it is to run headlong into a man's free mind! I felt unbound; I laughed; I talked in a rush of words. For months I had been alone, utterly locked in. Now it seemed as if I had come up from the bottom of a deep pool and was sucking in fresh air.

Oh, I liked this man with a burst of impulsive affection. And my affection found an echo in him: he couldn't help liking me too.

#### IV

Two days later he got me a job on the freight docks in the harbor. The cold wind whips the damp through my clothes. I rise in the dark at five and it is dark when I come home, bristling with dust and cotton lint. Yet how good it is to work again, to know at the end of day that you have earned your bread! Already the mists of depression begin to lift from my mind. Look, at night I even start writing again.

But the sword of Damocles hangs over my head. "It's a bad year. Shipping is dull. Naw, sir, it ain't what it ought to be this time of the year." Any day it may shrink till my job is gone.

Then the ordeal will start over again.





# THE AMERICAN INVASION OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

"**H**AVE you a room for the night?" ask the Americans in pure Connecticut German as they drive up to the door of a promising hotel in Nikshich on the way from Dubrovnik to Cetinje.

"I sure have," replies the keen-eyed Slav in correct Missouri English. "I can make you as comfortable as in St. Louis where I used to live."

This is symbolic, symptomatic of the great American invasion of Europe. Go where you will—behold, Americans are there, native-born and returned immigrants. Tramp to Gréville, tarry at old Gruchy, linger dreamily in the churchyard, and admire lovingly the statue of Millet in the open road; and before you have composed your soul, a limousine full of bustling compatriots will sweep up in a cloud of dust and away again, "doing" the sacred spot—between train and boat. On rubber wheels they dash along the Roman roads that Cæsar's legions trod. Try the Forum where Cicero poured out his sonorous periods and there they are, the youth in the full strength of years, matron and maid, the speechless babe and the gray-headed man, not dead but quick and in a hurry. Climb the Acropolis (or go up in a Ford for a few drachmas with a Greek chauffeur who knows Third Avenue), and you are lucky if a boat load of Mediterranean tourists does not descend upon its "ruinous perfection," to view what is left after the British carried away choice things for their famous Museum. Sweep northward on the express toward the land of Philip and Alexander and as you approach Olympus read this sign:

"Irrigation work carried on by the Foundation Company of New York."

## II

And these invading Americans are of every kind and description. Bespectacled students, male and female, thin and gaunt, long and short, looking wise and acquisitive. Cheery mothers with their daughters, just about to enter college, neat, smart, and young—all busy with lip sticks. Professors on sabbaticals, with their wives, hard at work stretching a few dollars over much space. Artists to copy old masters, when their turn comes. Musicians hunting more technic with living masters—who certainly are glad to get these "good old dollars." Singers to swell the chorus of Vienna. Bedraggled fathers in knickers, secretly wishing for the mahogany desk or the greensward while trying to look impressed by paintings full of meaning for those who live in the great land of illusion. Gay flappers from Miss Prim's School for Girls, painting their faces while the teacher of the fine arts does a rhapsody on Phidias. Sales agents and hustling boys from the Department of Commerce, hoping to unload an automobile here or a gross of razor blades there or longing to cable home to Washington news of a juicy "trade opportunity." Diplomatic and consular agents, military and naval attachés, on vacation or engaged in observation. Social workers, winding up old relief enterprises while pining for new occasions. Scholars, fellows, researchers spending the money of foundations in



the hope of "the larger service." Shrewd financial agents watching government revenues with eagle eyes and certifying that deposits are made to meet coupon payments and amortization obligations. Certainly, the American who goes to Europe does not go alone.

Descending from persons to things, the symbols and symptoms of the American invasion of Europe are not less obvious or impressive. Blazing billboards in Berlin announce the comforts of our favorite chewing gum—*Kau-bon-bon*. A whole street in London is lined with shops displaying American office supplies and efficiency machines. Paris is plastered with American signs. Great crowds in Munich desert the beer halls to see the long-awaited new model of Mr. Ford's machine for transporting people quickly from one place to another. Members of the Yugoslav Parliament, dismissed by a military dictator, stop in front of a near-by shop to gaze with admiration on Packards and Cadillacs. Our highly democratic five-and-ten-cent men boast that they have stores in nearly every British city, about three hundred in John Bull's tight little island. In Hotel Bristol in distant Skoplye, ardent gypsy musicians pour out wailing and groaning jazz, from the U. S. A., fairly rattling the bones of the Turks who sleep in the mosque yard not far away. In Budapest, the American plutocrat is portrayed as a silly and futile fool in a comic opera which for smear and smut passes comment under the American press law—amid great enthusiasm on the part of Magyars of rich old culture. Blazing electric advertising, in American style, illuminates the Ringstrasse of Vienna, and bourgeois newspapers approve the "advance." From Stockholm to the Golden Horn, crowds are thrilled by American movies—ninety per cent of the world's film business is controlled by American directors, boast the kings and princes of the screen realm. Straws in the wind—symptoms of a cataclysm akin to that which shook down the Rome of Orosius, Salvianus, and Sidonius.

Less visible to the naked eye, but signs of a more significant power, are the American investments abroad. At the close of 1927, the Department of Commerce announced that American foreign loans had reached a total of \$13,000,000,000 exclusive of the \$10,000,000,000 odd owed by the governments of the Allied and Associated Powers, with prospects for bigger and better business. American capital builds railways, electric light plants, factories, and municipal utilities, finances agricultural banks, supports governments, and underwrites churches in Europe. With fine impartiality, our capitalists lend money to whites in Budapest and reds in Vienna, counting seven or eight per cent interest abroad, protected by the flag, better than four-and-a-half farm loan mortgages at home. If there is any government in Europe that has not borrowed in New York, it is no fault of aspiring officials or energetic financial agents.

In connection with these loans frequently runs a certain degree of American fiscal supervision. By way of security specific revenues are often pledged, and representatives of the creditors are sent to see that the terms are daily executed. When, for example, in 1927, the great Polish loan was floated, the finances of that republic were simply nailed down and copper riveted, much to the discomfiture of General Pilsudski and to the amusement of financial editors in Berlin. To make sure that the money was applied as stipulated and the revenues were collected as provided, a general staff of American experts was installed in Warsaw—heavy expenses to be met as a part of the "service" of the loan. With a great deal of anguish a Polish correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* lamented that the daily cable bill of the American fiscal experts was more than the sum annually received by a working class family in the land of Pulaski and Kosciusko! As the loans increase and the burdens multiply, the necessity of close supervision will become more imperative. Political sovereignty, pale re-

flection of kingly majesty, is no doubt touchy and resents control; but governments cannot live without cash, and it is easier to swallow pride than to endure revolution. If American bankers buy up the new billions to be floated to liquidate the World War and restore "normalcy" along the Rhine, will they be content to accept green and yellow pieces of paper without specifications as to revenues to meet debt charges when they fall due? Scarcely. Then the American invasion will take a still more formidable shape.

Three other features intensify the realism of the American invasion, involving the government of the United States with its military and naval power. Nearly all the late belligerents owe money directly to the Treasury in Washington, and Congress looks to the executive department to collect as written in the bond. That is item number one. More complex is the second item. A very large part of the securities floated by Europe in the United States is bought back by European capitalists; what proportion no one knows, but in totals it doubtless runs into the billions. Now the European holders of dollar paper have paid a high price for it because they believe that the government of the United States will give ample diplomatic protection (and something more) to creditors who have risked their cash in the European game, thus automatically conferring benefits upon investors on both sides of the water.

It is this assurance of protection that constitutes the third aspect of the American invasion. True, the State Department has been very cautious in its public declarations respecting the rights of investors to call for the marines to make collections. But Secretary Wilbur and President Coolidge have spoken in tones as clear as a bell on a frosty Vermont morning: American citizens and American dollars are followed by the flag wherever they go on the broad surface of the earth. Their language has varied from time to time, but such is the upshot

of their ukases. Latin America has already a taste of the medicine. China caught a glimpse of the bottle not long ago. Europe, acquainted with its own pawnbroking methods, thinks America hard; while squirming a little, it takes cognizance of the unseen specter of power that sits at every green council table. What Alaric did to Rome is a matter of debate still among antiquarians; what a Coolidge or a Hoover might do to a recalcitrant European debtor is a fair certainty.

### III

It is not only the part of America transported abroad—travelers, goods, and money—that invades the Old World. The part that sits firmly at home, strange as it may seem, makes a still more profound impression on Europe. Seen through the haze of romance as the land of promise, or through the murk of poverty as the capitalist tyrant that murders Sacco and Vanzetti, reported in the press, and described by travelers in a hundred new books, America in the guise of mirage or vision invades Europe as a hope or menace, in either case looming immensely on the western horizon. Whether considered as an economic system or as a type of civilization, it rises ominously in the minds of Europe's thinkers. In the dervish whirl of ideas and realities, America as a land of things and as an abstraction bores it way into European consciousness. Those who praise and those who scorn agree on the fact. Superior persons pretend, of course, to ignore the presence of the transatlantic Leviathan at every diplomatic council and conversation in Europe dealing with world affairs or the tendencies of the age; but they know that they are deluding themselves. Even the very superior, aware that all things will pass and looking upon America as a symptom of temporary fever previous to a return upon the Church and Legitimacy, are frightened lest their wishes may betray their fears. If anyone has doubts on this



point let him read fifty of the French and German books on America that have appeared since the World War and spend a few weeks with the newspapers of Paris, Berlin, Prague, and Vienna.

Readers familiar with European literature about America—from Peter Kalm and Chastelleux in the eighteenth century, to Siegfried and Bonnin in the twentieth—know that, broadly speaking, it all divides into two departments—one favorable and the other critical, with an occasional freak like Bryce's *American Commonwealth* which wears the air of description. Until political democracy overtook western Europe, most of the written attacks on the United States were made by Tories and clearly designed, whatever the guise, for home consumption, while the praise was from Liberals, likewise with reference to domestic uses. In other words, travelers saw what was behind their eyes and reported for or against American democracy according to their previous social affiliations and predilections. What is Harriet Martineau's book without Harriet herself? Or De Tocqueville's classic without Alexis himself? Or either of them without respect to the political storms then raging in England and France?

About 1870, even before the democratic and republican menace of America had ceased to disturb the dreams of Excellencies in Europe, another item, more realistic, entered into the calculations of the Old World, that is, American competition in the sale of pork and steel and in the grand scramble for imperial possessions in the Caribbean, in the mid-Pacific, and the Far East. Recognizing the potentialities of the new economic drive, the British Foreign Office, somewhere near the middle of the nineteenth century, deliberately sought to soften the ancient antagonism and to steer the American giant into quarters less dangerous to British interests, finally substituting conciliation and flattery for hostility and reaping a grand reward for foresight in 1917.

In Germany, likewise, the same economic competition was keenly felt but with different results. With extraordinary rapidity it changed ancient sympathy into coldness and then active hostility, driving German capitalists and agriculturalists into a nationalistic combination equipped with armies, a navy, and protective tariffs. When ambassadors were exchanged, of course, there were the customary phrases about Frederick the Great and his friendship during the American Revolution; but the tone of the press became angry, and the intellectual climate for the discussion of issues was utterly transformed. American pork could undo in the districts east of the Elbe all the cultural work of American students who took their doctor's degrees at German universities. If the conduct of the German government was more circumspect and generous than British news agencies allowed Americans to believe, the air was heavily charged with electricity and did not clear until after the great thunder storm passed in 1918. Since that time, Germany, an industrial republic needing American capital, has acquired a new intellectual medium through which to look at the transatlantic colossus.

Similar economic considerations, and others also, have entered into French thinking about the American republic, in spite of all the stage business about La Fayette and Rochambeau. Besides hatred and contempt for the American republic, the crowd around Napoleon III, who shared his political opinions with zest, had economic as well as political interests in the invasion of Mexico and the attempt to establish a Hapsburg empire there during our Civil War. Even Napoleon's illegitimate half-brother, the Duc de Morny, who ardently supported the enterprise, held shares in the banking house of Jecker, the notorious financial pirate whose maneuvers helped to bring about that ill-fated expedition. Until the overthrow of the third Napoleon, the relations of France and America were more

than strained. Then for a time the tension was relaxed, only to be renewed when the competition of the United States as an imperial power was felt in every world market. Illuminating glimpses into French mentality during these years are afforded by Professor Rippy in his important work, *Latin America in World Politics*; but the clue to the whole business is given in a single passage from Comte d'Haussonville, written after his travels in America in 1905:

When crossing large rivers by which I knew wheat, cattle, and fruit were carried to the sea for export to Europe; or when I saw the glare of mighty furnaces and the accumulation at the depots of great vats of petroleum, I became conscious that a powerful rival was preparing himself to deal terrible blows to our agriculture and our industries and that it would be necessary to defend ourselves against the invasion of his products.

To the friction created by direct economic competition was added the heat generated in 1898 when "Latin civilization" girded itself to resist "Yankee barbarism," in the Spanish-American War. "All that could be done by criticism, denunciation, and propaganda," says Professor Rippy, "Frenchmen did; and they proved themselves the more able in this line of effort because there was little else they could do." But for reasons explicit to those who have studied propaganda, the people of the United States heard a great deal more about German ill-will and the adventures of Dewey and Diederichs than they did about the atmosphere thus created in France by the press. And as the Entente steadily prepared for its Day, British friendship for France became contagious, and more was heard about La Fayette again than about Napoleon III. At last in 1917, friendship bore fruit, but there were thistles with the figs.

Wilson's renunciation of spoils and his denunciation of the very kind of imperialism that the French government was fighting for raised the ire of the

French bourgeois almost to the bursting point. If in the end they got all they demanded or nearly all, the ideology of the subtraction and division was sadly messed up by the Presbyterian dreamer from Washington—ironically enough a distant follower of John Calvin, the great French theologian. Moreover, after Wilson had gone home and sunk into his grave, the debt owed by the French government to the treasury of the United States remained to plague the rentiers and the politicians and editors of Paris. Paying the fiddler after the mad dance proved to be painful. Hence everything American seen by French eyes is seen through Wilsonism and through the stream of good gold francs flowing over the sea to pay for the work of MM. Poincaré and Delcassé. At this very hour M. Fabre-Luce, with his engaging clarity, proposes a Franco-German rapprochement to offset American economic power and facilitate the sponging of the debts. So great is French mental tension.

#### IV

Continental writers, especially French and German, who treat of the American invasion, usually see in the American colossus either a friend or a foe. Now what is it they see or think they see in American civilization? And especially what feature of the American complex alarms Europeans as a menace to their civilization? It is evident from their writings that an antithesis is discovered. Can that antithesis be grasped as a whole or resolved into indubitable elements? Though European books on the American invasion continue to flow from the presses in an increasing stream and reviewers report them in luxuriant verbiage, no considerable effort has been made to reduce the great dispute to wieldy and convenient terms. The attempt, if perilous, should be made.

Of the antithesis there can be no doubt, elusive as it seems at times.



The chief contrast between Europe and America (writes M. Siegfried) is not so much one of geography as a fundamental difference between two epochs in the history of mankind, each with its own conception of life. We have the contrast between industrial mass production, which absorbs the individual for its material conquests, as against the individual considered not merely as a means of production and progress but as an independent ego. From this unusual aspect we perceive certain traits that are common to the psychology of both Europe and the Orient. So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between Ford and Gandhi.

Taking up the same thread, M. Romier finds an apparently irreconcilable antagonism in attitudes to life's basic values.

Microscopically examined, European books on American civilization reveal the antithesis in the following words characterizing the European side of the contrast:

- Continental civilization
- European mentality
- Our irreducible moral qualities
- Our individualism
- Our psychology
- Our particular civilization
- Quality production
- Our less docile consumers
- The soul of France
- The soul of Germany
- Holiness and heroes
- The spiritual unity of the Latin race
- European thought
- Artistic and creative power
- Disinterested intelligence
- Our spiritual values
- Man triumphant over the machine
- The superior and preferable past
- The refuge of the family circle
- Meditation and culture
- Moral insight

The America which Europe's ethereal mortals appear to fear, if not despise, is a land of mass production, mob uniformity, artistic and intellectual passivity—a people dedicated to the pursuit of materialistic ends, such as comfort and luxury, indifferent to moral and spiritual values, cold to culture and *Kultur*, hard

and selfish, utilizing religion for practical ends, without capacity for disinterested exaltation, trampling individual rights under collectivist tyranny, insensible to mystic thought and spiritual joys. Prose against poetry; dollars against sacrifice; calculation against artistic abandon. Perhaps the contrariety may be fitly summed up in the words of a Latin-American critic in characterizing the civilization of the United States: "The apex of its ethics is the ethics of Franklin. . . . Dominated by a philosophy of conduct which ends in the mediocrity of honesty, in the utility of prudence, which never surges with holiness or heroism . . . it is only a dull and fragile creature whenever it attempts to ascend the dizzy heights."

Of course it is probable that Americans, owing to the very nature of their mentality, can never comprehend the true inwardness of European spirituality. Moreover, considering the difficulties involved in securing a neutral court for the trial of the issues, it is possible that the great case of America *vs.* Europe can never be fairly adjudicated. Still an effort ought to be made in that direction even though it serves no practical ends and is designed merely to advance the unprofitable business of understanding. When, without reference to ancient grudges and present advantages, the whole literary output is analyzed, sorted, and classified, what features in the European bill of indictment seem to bulk largest and most continuously in the stream of words?

First of all, beyond question, is the declaration that America is frankly materialistic. "It is a materialistic society," says M. Siegfried, "organized to produce things rather than people, with output set up as a god. . . . Anyone who turns aside to dabble in research or dilettantism is regarded as almost mentally perverted." By this a good many Americans will be shocked. "What," they will ask, "do we not give more money to schools, playgrounds, hospitals, universities, charities, fellowships, and

European relief than any other country in the world?" To this the critic will reply, "Ah, in your very question you reveal your materialist mentality by calculating your so-called spiritual work in terms of dollars." Staggered a bit by this, the American comes back with the query, "How do you know that a larger proportion of European people devote a larger proportion of their energies and thought to unrewarded activities and imponderable themes?" Up to the present moment the critics have made no statistical answer.

If materialism and idealism, America and Europe, are to be considered in philosophical terms, the case may be more definite though difficult still. The materialist, as John Morley remarks, looks "for the sources of knowledge, the sanction of morals, the inspiring fountain and standard of æsthetics to the outside of men, to matter, to the impressions made by matter on the corporeal senses." The idealist, on the other hand, turns to "divine revelation, authority, and the traditions of the church." Without stopping to consider that modern physics has made the old dispute between materialist and idealist appear to be nonsense, we may ask, "Is it possible to discover by any process of research or thought whether a larger proportion of Europeans are in truth idealists in the philosophic sense?" Up to the present moment the critics have made no statistical answer.

Taking materialism in the narrow sense—pursuit of goods—is it possible always to find the motive in the action or the attitude in the gesture? Is an American business man who pursues dollars until he gets a million and then gives half to a Catholic hospital more materialist than a French bourgeois who pursues francs until he gets a small competence and sits down to enjoy it? Is a peasant vigorously praying for rain (with an eye to his crops) more idealistic than an American farmer who goes in for irrigation? Is a mechanic in Ford's factory who works overtime so that he

can buy his wife a washing machine less idealistic than an Italian artisan who whiles away his afternoons with a lute, leaving his wife to break her knees washing clothes on the stones of a neighboring brook? The business of balancing matter and spirit is not easy for the best mentalities.

Closely associated with the charge of materialism brought against America is the phrase, "brutality of the machine," employed in contrast to the "humanism of Europe." This too invites an excursion into the shadowy realm of psychology and philosophy. By way of a parry, it might be asked, "What Europe?" The Europe of Oxford, Potsdam, Avignon, and Venice, or the Europe of Manchester, Essen, and Creusot? Are those who speak of the brutality of the machine thinking of masters or workmen? Are they comparing American masters with landed families or seasoned bourgeois at home—American workmen with the skilled craftsmen of Europe's artistic industries, which are largely sustained by the new plutocracy? Are they leaving out of account England, with her mass production for an empire bigger than the United States?

Immense difficulties are raised by such questions, at least for those who know a little history and have seen the two continents with their own eyes. If machine industry is more brutalizing than agriculture and handicrafts—and this is what the charge amounts to—then there ought to be some measurement other than guesswork and assertion. No one who has read the history of slavery in ancient Egypt, in Greece, on the latifundia of Rome will lightly contend that man under the machine in America is more cruelly treated or more brutalized by his labor and the conditions of his life. No one who has studied the history of pre-machine England and her hanging judges (nearly all country gentlemen) and her two hundred capital penalties carried into execution without mercy can possibly maintain that machine



England, bad as it is, let us say, is more brutal and brutalizing than feudal England. Then there is pre-machine Europe as a whole, agricultural and handicraft Europe, with its witchcraft manias, its terrible criminal laws, its galling serfdom, its mass slaughter of peasants, its floggings, inquisitions, tortures, and religious wars. Old Russia certainly did not have a machine civilization; it was agricultural, handicraft, pious, a firm believer in mysteries, a foe of materialism and skepticism; was that civilization less brutalizing than machine America, conceding without mitigation all the evils of our great crowded cities? Before anyone answers in the negative, let him read, for example, "The Appeal to the Civilized World," printed on page 386 of Postgate's *Revolution, 1789-1906*. It is not easy to believe that if we had a perfect "brutometer" at hand the readings would show the machine system more de-humanizing than agriculture and handicrafts, beautiful as the latter may seem to dreamers who have never wielded a manure-fork or swung an axe. Until we have a measuring standard of judgment, we must hold the case against the machine still open for consideration. And in this verdict there is none of the childish optimism which ignores the terrible cruelties of the "civilizing" process.

Now there is no denying that there is a Europe richer in color, diversity, and romance than the standardized towns of the United States—the Europe of "dreaming spires," divine Gothic, moss-grown castles, quaint villages, special crafts, folk songs, gay peasant costumes, old landed families content from necessity or choice with inherited estates, workingmen who love Wagner with their beer, wayside shrines, easy-going clergy baptizing, marrying, burying, and praying for good crops, seasoned bourgeois retired to enjoy culture after hard years in the counting house, centers of music and art such as Paris, Munich, and Vienna, genial monks happy with things as they are, soldiers thinking of glory not cash,

monarchists preferring pageantry to prosperity, cafés crowded with artists and makers of beautiful letters, universities where the classics are still studied if not read, hand-made gowns not immediately copied by the machine, lovely ladies and charming princes who flit more or less distressed from one cure to the next, philosophers who disdain the discussion of "problems," and many other things besides cabbages and kings. Only a philistine will flout the beauties and spiritualities inherent in that order. But only a blind man will contend that this is the creative, dynamic Europe of to-day. In the Old World, as well as in the New, capitalism marches swiftly over prostrate agriculture, and the machine rolls ruthlessly over the craftsmen. The truth is that Europe is at war with herself, and the American invasion only adds weight to the winning side.

## V

On close examination, it will be found that what gives poignancy to European mentality of a certain type is the extension in Europe of the machine process, according to the American methods of mass-production, standardization, and rationalization—Taylorism, in short.

If it is the aim of society to produce the greatest amount of comfort and luxury for the greatest number of people (says Siegfried) then the United States of America is in a fair way to succeed. And yet a house, a bath, and a car for every workman—so much luxury within the reach of all—can only be obtained at a tragic price, no less than the transformation of millions of workmen into automatons. . . . Artisanry, now out of date, has no place in the New World, but with it have disappeared certain conceptions of mankind which we in Europe consider the very basis of civilization. To express his own personality through his creative efforts is the ambition of every Frenchman, but it is incompatible with mass production.

Perhaps it is not proper in this relation to ask whether the thousands of low-paid women, basting and stitching long

hours in tuberculosis-infested rooms almost within a stone's throw of the Louvre are expressing their personalities more successfully and joyfully than American working women driving Fords. Nor is it any answer to point out the suburban houses by the mile all around Paris, hideous to look at and inconvenient to live in, presenting an interesting contrast to the same class of houses in Minneapolis or St. Louis, for example. Nor is it germane to cite "labor conditions" in the pearl industry of France, so artistic in results and so profitable to the merchant class.

M. Siegfried is right when he says that mass production inspired by the American example, heavily financed by American capital, and standardized on American models steadily expands in the Old World at the expense of handicrafts and diversity. From Russia to France the cult of *Rationalisierung* flourishes. Lenin had scarcely triumphed in the November revolution when he turned from Karl Marx to Frederick Winslow Taylor. One of the items in Trotsky's bill of indictment brought against the present Bolshevik regime is that the directors have carried rationalization too far or managed the process badly, inevitably filling the working mass "with a distrust of rationalization itself." The whole Russian system of production, admirably outlined by Professor Tugwell, in the *Political Science Quarterly* for June, 1928, is based upon the statistical and technological ideals of Taylor. "Each soviet," says Mr. Brailsford, "from Moscow to the remotest village, has one practical goal before it—to increase the output of industry and draw richer harvests from the soil."

In Germany, of course, rationalization spreads in every direction. It had begun to flourish there long before Taylor was ever heard of, but to-day it is stimulated by able advocates who have studied *Fordismus* at first hand. The bibliography of German books and articles on this subject runs into hundreds of titles. If some writers find the Ameri-

can economic tempo a menace to Europe and others write soberly on "the limits of rationalization," still there can be no doubt about the drift of German economy and thinking. Indeed M. Siegfried admits that Germany very much resembles America in the discipline of success, thus narrowing his Europe of true culture almost to the borders of France. German socialists discuss it; German trade unionists eagerly put questions on the subject to American visitors. Walter Rathenau, in his *Die Neue Wirtschaft*, frankly advocated: "(1) the unification and standardization of the whole of German industry and commerce in one great Trust, working under a State charter and armed with very extensive powers; (2) a great intensification of the application of science and mechanism to production." Since then the process has swung forward with startling rapidity—until to-day Doctor Schmalenbach, one of Germany's best informed technicians, declares that the goal is almost in sight.

Neither Austria nor France really escapes the invasion. Last winter Mr. Herbert N. Casson, an American high priest of the cult, lectured to a huge crowd of Viennese businessmen; grasping at straws they hope that *Rationalisierung* will accomplish for them the task which the Hapsburgs boggled. French industrialists, feeling the increasing pressure of German competition accelerated by the collection of reparations, survey their enterprises and burn incense before the symbols of Taylorism. They do more; they apply the philosophy in ever-enlarging areas of production, especially those affiliated with German industries through cartels, treaties, and conversations. In the minds of the frightened, worse than that: Le Corbusier frankly bases his new plan of Paris on the machine and Taylorism, boldly ranging himself on the side of these demons of unrest, these disturbers of classic beauty. He cries out that Paris is sick, is a ruin amid ruins, naming the dark holes of handicrafts and tuberculosis, and while pay-



ing tender tribute to the old heritage he announces the redemptive power of applied Taylorism—rapid transit, standardized factories, zoned areas, rationalized homes and gardens, machine-made apartments. Across the Channel, Mr. Casson carries on the propaganda. Commissions study American industry. English travelers warn John Bull against going to sleep on his industrial prestige, adding to the fright of “Made in Germany,” the mathematical fright of “Made in America.” And Sir Alfred Mond convinces organized labor that all hands had better close up their ranks under the banner of standardization and mass production. Farewell to “ca’canny”!

When we are informed that Europe looks upon all this “with grave doubts,” it is only natural to ask, “What Europe?” Evidently there is a large part of thinking Europe that does nothing of the sort. Even the prosperity of the handicraft industries, so highly prized by the artistic, hangs principally upon the profits made by the new bourgeois in Taylorized enterprises; for example, the hand-weavers of Serajevo have their best customers in industrial Berlin. Those who make beautiful things, expressing their personality, usually get merely the pleasure of making, seldom the joy of possessing.

Wherever European thinkers attempt to grapple with the problem of markets to keep wheels turning, they resort to Taylorism; and woe to all the artistic upper-classes, so puzzled and frightened, if they fail to adapt themselves to the pressure of competition. Indeed, one of the higher critics, M. Romier, admits that Americanism, another name for rationalization, will steadily extend its empire, perhaps to the point of total victory, but he takes refuge in the happy thought that Europe will have a different attitude toward the machine, will become its master rather than its servant.

Very good; how does one know just when one has become master? Better still is the suggestion of Lewis Mumford to the effect that we should concede the frightful evils of the machine, examine the potentials of beauty in it, and attempt to subdue it to æsthetic ideals. “Futile effort,” replies the antiquarian from the dim vastness of his Gothic Cathedral erected in Presbyterian Princeton to impress rising business men. Perhaps. But less futile than the effort to reproduce with power and sincerity the art of Mont Saint Michel in the land of Henry Ford? Is it possible that the God of Thomas Aquinas broods not over the numerical democracy of the machine?





## SLAVES OF THE MACHINE?

BY STUART CHASE

**H**AVE you joined the Frankenstein chorus? It is quite the thing to do nowadays. From pulpit, rostrum, editorial chair, the cadence comes, in swelling volume; and the burden of the song is to the effect that man has become the slave of his machines, even as Doctor Frankenstein was overwhelmed by the monster he created.

Here, for example, is the Rev. Henry P. Frost: "In this age of the machine, the shadow of the Frankenstein monster that we have made falls with sinister menace across the upward-reaching pathway of the race. We are all classified, standardized, regimented; while our human life and individuality are stifled and dwarfed." Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, while not a member in good standing, nevertheless foregathers with the boys from time to time: "Machines . . . either the greatest boon to humanity thus far achieved, or a Frankenstein monster ultimately destined to confuse and finally destroy his baffled creator." Mr. Austin Freeman holds that man without a working hand becomes a different and a lower organism. He loses independence and self-reliance; he is readily subjected to regimentation; his sense of personal liberty is abated, while his æsthetic sensibilities are blunted and debased. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, with his usual charming originality, will have nothing to do with the Frankenstein choir as such, but instead trots out for our inspection a Demogorgon: "Has mankind released from the womb of matter a Demogorgon which is already beginning to turn against him, and may at any moment hurl him into the bottomless void?" Sir Philip

Gibbs allows us only the difficult choice between killing all scientists and completely reforming man's moral and intellectual nature.

I am not a machine tender, but first and last I encounter a good many mechanisms in a day's march. As the chorus swells, it occurs to me that, before beginning to analyze serfdom in the general body politic, it might be well to determine how far I am myself a slave.

The first thing that I hear in the morning is a machine—a patented alarm clock. It calls and I obey. But if I do not feel like obeying I touch its back, and it relapses humbly into silence. Thus we bully each other, with the clock normally leading by a wide margin. (Once, however, I threw a clock out of the window, and it never bullied anyone again.)

I arise and go into the bathroom. Here I take up a second mechanism and, after inserting a piece of leather between its rollers, move it briskly up and down before proceeding to scrape my face with it. I turn various handles, and a nickel dial studded with small holes showers me with water. Downstairs, if it chances to be either the first or the fifteenth day of the month, I take a can with a very long nose and oil an electric motor which blows petroleum into my furnace, a motor which runs the washing machine, and a motor which operates my refrigeration engine. Meanwhile an electrical range is cooking my breakfast, and on the table slices of bread are being browned by a toaster, which makes a buzzing sound in its vitals and then suddenly splits open when the correct shade of brown has been attained. Before I



leave the house the whine of the vacuum cleaner is already in my ears.

I go to the garage, start explosions in six cylinders of an internal-combustion engine, and proceed to pilot it to the station, passing or halting before three sets of automatic signal lights as I go. At the station I cease operating machinery and resign myself to another man's operation of an enormous secondary mover, fed by a third rail from a water turbine at Niagara Falls.

Arrived at the metropolitan terminal, I buy a package of cigarettes by depositing a coin in a machine which hands me matches and says, "Thank you; it's toasted." I then spend ten minutes walking just three blocks. If I tried to shorten this time appreciably I should most certainly be killed by a machine. Instead, I look down into an enormous pit where the day before yesterday, according to the best of my recollection, there stood a solid brownstone house. Now it is an inferno of swarming men, horses, trucks, pile drivers, rock drills run by pneumatic secondary movers, steam shovels, clacking pumps, and preparations for erecting a gigantic steel derrick. From across the street comes the deafening rat-tat-too of a score of riveters.

I enter my office building, and a machine shoots me vertically towards the roof. I step into a large room, stopping for a moment on the threshold to sort out the various machine noises that greet me, that lend a never-ending orchestral accompaniment to all my working days in town. The sputter of typewriters, the thud as the carriage is snapped back, the alternate rings and buzzes of the telephone switchboard, the rhythmic thumps of adding machines, the soft grind of a pencil sharpener, the remorseless clack of the addressograph.

To go downtown I use one of the three horizontal levels of transportation which the city affords. As a profound melancholia always accompanies a trip on the lowest, I endeavor to use the upper two exclusively. Many of my fellow citizens

do the same, particularly since a score of them were killed at Times Square the other day. Killed in the rush hour, like bees in the Chicago stockyards, except that the packers put no more animals into a pen than can go in.

In the evening I reverse the morning process. At home, I may sit for a few moments beneath a machine which gives off ultra-violet rays, or I may dance to strains of a machine which runs a steel needle over a circular, corrugated disc, and for the governor of whose delicate mechanism we are indebted to James Watt.

During the days I spend at home, my direct contact with machines is limited to running the motor car, making minor repairs upon it, answering the telephone, and using, hearing, and tinkering with the various household so-called labor savers—particularly the plumbing system. In the summer, by way of contrast, I may spend weeks in a mountain camp, where the only mechanisms are the motor car, the telephone, and a remarkably temperamental contrivance for pumping water. In short, year in year out, I doubt if my direct contact with machines averages much over two hours a day. When I go to town the ratio runs considerably higher; when I stay at home an hour would certainly cover it; in the summer an hour would be too much.

So far as I am aware, no permanently evil effects befall me by virtue of these two mechanical hours. I suffer from no prolonged monotonies, fatigues, or repressions. The worst moments are dodging street traffic and hearing its roar, riding in the subway, changing tires, and cleaning out the incinerator. All the depressions that I suffer from are certainly compensated for by the helping-hand machinery holds out to me—a calculator for figuring percentages, an oil heater which requires no stoking, a reading lamp which does not have to be trimmed and filled, an ocean liner in which to go to Europe (and I go), and a car for errands, together with the genuine

thrill which often comes from controlling its forty horses.

I do not feel like a slave, though, of course, I may be one all the same. Clocks and watches are hard masters but so they have always been—they worried many good men before the days of James Watt. No individual living in a social group is ever free, but I wonder if these two mechanized hours have put more chains on me than were to be found on the Roman citizen two thousand years ago, or an inland Chinaman to-day—cultures innocent of engines both. As I look about the United States, the most mechanized nation under the sun, I have reason to believe—and will shortly adduce the statistical proof—that the number of those bound intimately to the rhythm of the machine is a small percentage of the total population; while there are probably more people whose contacts are slenderer than mine, than there are those whose contacts are more pronounced. What with my household engines, my commuting, and my continual sorties along the sidewalks of New York, I am more mechanized than the majority of my fellow-citizens and, needless to say, far less mechanized than a minority thereof. Furthermore, let it be specifically understood that in this article I am analyzing direct contacts with machines—operating, touching, seeing, hearing, smelling, using them; rather than the more nebulous, though possibly more important, indirect effects of the power age on the general social structure. James Watt is certainly guilty of doing something to the divorce rate, but just what, nobody clearly knows. For the moment I prefer to cling to more objective phenomena.

## II

While it is impossible to count all the common machines (there are about seventy common varieties, running into an aggregate of hundreds of millions of units—all the way from a watch the size of a dime, to a two-hundred-thousand-horse-power turbine) it is evident that a

tremendous mass of metal is forever around us—a wall, which grows higher every day. But that it imprisons us tightly is not even open to question. It certainly does not, and cannot, for decades to come. It is still far too low a wall not to be readily jumped over. If my average daily contact with machines is two hours, the average for children and housewives is most certainly less. For farmers, store-keepers, office workers (except typists and calculating-machine operators), professional workers, and the bulk of unskilled construction and transportation workers, it is presumably about the same; leaving a higher ratio only in the case of factory employees and of certain groups, largely skilled, among the transportation, mine, and construction workers. If I am not undone by contacts with my quota, it stands to reason that most people are not undone.

But at this point it is necessary to probe deeper into the meaning of direct contact. I go from Times Square to Yonkers; in one case in the subway, in the other driving my own car. In both cases I am in direct contact with a machine, employing it over an identical area for transportation purposes. Are the psychological effects the same? Indeed they are not. In the one case I submit to bad air, poor light, discomfort, and control by somebody else. My role is entirely passive. In the other case, I dominate my own mechanism, guide it through complicated traffic patterns, speed it up along the fine vistas of Riverside Drive. My role is active and psychologically stimulating.

To say, then, that one confronts a machine, is to say something but not very much. The kind of behavior which results from that contact is a far more important consideration and, as an instant's thought will disclose, all manner of reactions are possible. Despite the diversity, it is possible to reduce these reactions to seven basic classes.

1. Operating machines with a large measure of individual responsibility in guidance and control. (Running a mo-



tor car, an airplane, or a locomotive.)

2. Operating stationary machines with responsibility only for speed or direction control. (Running a turret lathe, a vacuum cleaner, the engines of an ocean liner.)

3. Tending machines with no responsibility for control. Complete submission to the mechanism. (Feeding a punch, mending yarn on a loom, tightening bolts on an assembly line.)

4. Inventing, designing, repairing and inspecting machines. (The work of the planning and inspecting staffs of any large factory—say Ford's; the day by day work of a good garage man.)

5. Playing with machines. (A child with an electric train; his father tinkering with a radio; playing the saxophone, trap shooting.)

6. Being carried by a machine with no responsibility for its control. (Riding in a train, an elevator, a Ferris wheel.)

7. Submitting to a machine in someone else's control—a variation of 6. (Sitting in a dentist's chair, facing an enemy's barrage, dodging traffic.)

We touch here the roots of the whole problem of machinery and man. It is obvious that certain machine contacts are as lethal as others are wholesome and invigorating. To control a powerful mechanism such as a locomotive or an automobile is to give the ego a joy ride, the reverse of the slave psychology. Even to operate a stationary contrivance like a derrick, a steam shovel, or pneumatic rock drill, is often a stimulating experience. The chief engineer of the Mohawk Trail told me that "every man who comes on the job wants to go on the jack drills."

To make sweeping conclusions about any process so varied is downright nonsense. The Frankenstein chorus does not hesitate to make them, but we cannot share their certainties. The most devastating effects are undoubtedly found in category number seven, when men face the mechanisms of modern warfare. In the piping times of peace,

however, the category of the most dubious aspect, humanly considered, is certainly number three—machine tending. In this class falls the regimented factory worker, the robot whose "sinister shadow" has been following us ever since the word was coined by a German dramatist.

### III

Let us concentrate for the moment upon the case of this factory worker, for it is here if anywhere that the gloomy chorus is merited. How many robots are there? Is their number increasing relative to the total population? What is happening to them physiologically and psychologically? Is a race of sub-men really being created? Neither I, nor anyone else, can answer all these questions, because nobody has taken the trouble to collect the basic data; but I can answer some of them and suggest the available evidence in respect to others. First, as to the number of robots in America.

According to the 1920 Census of Occupations, the total persons gainfully employed were 41,615,000. Of this number, there were 7,972,000 in factories, not including officials. Outside of factories, theoretical robots are to be found in such occupations as running office machines, minding telephone switchboards, cutting coal with machinery, firing locomotives and stationary engines, running elevators, and so forth. The total of men and women in these outside jobs foots up to 827,000. If we add this figure to the factory workers, we have an aggregate of almost 9,000,000 potential robots—but we have not the faintest shadow of a right to do so. From the opinion of various engineers whom I have consulted, it is probable that less than one-half the factory workers are potential robots, in the sense that they are submitting to the rhythm of machines outside their own control, and hence, by implication, slaves. In other words, more than half of all factory employees are either not operating ma-

chines at all—but rather cleaning, carpentering, painting, handling materials, minding stock—or they are operating machines under their personal control—turning the lathe or the grinder on and off, speeding it up and slowing it down as they shape the wood or metal upon which they are working—or they are repairing and inspecting machines, which is a skilled and reasonably independent process.

If we allow one-half the factory workers as an outside figure for possible robots, and then add the non-factory occupations, we reach a total of a little over 5,000,000—5,338,000, to be exact. The population of the United States in 1920 was 105,711,000, and so our possible number of robots works out to five per cent of all men, women, and children, and about thirteen per cent of those gainfully employed. Greece in her great days had 5,000,000 freemen standing on the backs of 12,000,000 slaves. I dare you to conclude that a population seventy per cent slave is more wholesome than one possibly five per cent slave to the machine.

There are important additional considerations. The United States is more mechanized than Western Civilization generally and, therefore, we should expect to find the proportion of so-called robots at its maximum in this country (unless possibly in England or Germany). Second, factory population—our biggest item—has been steadily declining since 1920. There were 1,250,000 fewer employees in factories in 1928 than there were in 1923. Third, the whole course of modern technical development is in the direction of more automatic machinery. Mr. Televox now operates power stations with no living man inside of them. The automatic function relentlessly replaces machine tenders and feeders with skilled inspectors, and thus, together with a decline in numbers, there is a tendency for the remaining operatives to leave the robot class. My guess would be that the ratio to-day is less than four per cent of the total population, and that as the automatic

function grows, the ratio will steadily decline.

#### IV

The fact that the robot ratio is small, and growing smaller, is not encouraging to the case of the gloomy philosophers, but it does not dispose of the case. Far from it. One does not need to be a sentimentalist to recoil from the thought of working in the stokehole of a liner, or of knotting broken threads in a textile mill all day; and five million human beings in chains remains a ghastly total if it can be established. Can it?

Mr. Ralph Borsodi gives us an excellent illustration of the many robot occupations which still surround us. In one of the great establishments manufacturing automobiles, he tells us, there is a room filled with punching machines. In front of each stands a worker, feeding it pieces of steel by hand. A lever is geared to the mechanism, and to this lever the man is chained by a handcuff locked to his wrist. As the punch comes down the lever moves back, taking the hand with it. To look down the long room is to see machines, levers, and men in unison—feed, punch, jerk back; feed, punch, jerk back. (Yet these workers were handcuffed partly out of pity for their flesh and blood. Before the articulated levers were installed, they were continually losing their fingers and their hands under the down thrust of the punch.)

It has been estimated that sixty-five per cent of all workers in automobile factories are on the assembly line or submitting to mechanical control. The percentage of potential robots is undoubtedly high in this industry—although a large mill for manufacturing motor-car frames has just been built which is completely automatic, the only labor employed being that of the skilled inspector.

But are all machine-tenders thus handcuffed, actually or figuratively? Here, on the other hand, is a "steel bird." He is the man who rivets skyscrapers together. He is restless, adventurous,



courageous, and gay. He earns big money, is a mighty spender, and a sporty dresser. He may be killed, but while he lives, he *lives*—and swaggers. The power age exalts his personality. Here is a locomotive engineer, indefatigably ministering to a vast black monster. The control of this beast is not always good for his health, but no finer body of men in the sense of character and dependability was ever grown in any culture than locomotive engineers. And here is Charles Lindbergh, minding a machine over three thousand miles of ocean. So closely was he bound to it, that he spoke of himself and it as “we.” In a sense he loved it, and all the world loved him for that affection. I have not heard him called a robot. Nor yet such machine tenders as Chukhnovsky and Commander Byrd.

For countless centuries stone was cut with the chisel and the hammer. In 1880 the stone planer was invented, and by 1895 was in wide use. Stone cutters were reduced to half their former numbers, but for the men who remained, wages were increased, hours decreased, working conditions greatly improved—particularly in respect to dust, that greatest of all industrial killers. Because the machines were expensive, better sheds than any hitherto known were erected over them, which they magnanimously shared with the men—who found themselves working a power-driven planer in light, heat, and comfort instead of driving a chisel in a cold, dreary barn.

Or let us take another example. The linotype came in 1887. By 1903, 7,500 machines were in use in the United States and Canada, and the industry was completely revolutionized. Hours of labor were cut from ten to eight; wages were increased some twenty per cent, regularity of employment was greatly increased—the old “tramp printer” disappeared, shop conditions were improved. The machine brought greater strain, but not of the repetitive variety. “The amount produced on a linotype is directly proportional to the skill of the operator . . . he

must think more quickly than a hand compositor.” Machines increased the intelligence of printers and so lifted them farther from the robot class.

## V

It is alleged that the modern industrial worker of the class we are considering suffers from injuries to the body and to the mind. The robot, we are told, is the victim of industrial diseases and accidents, and is subject to a growing burden of mental maladjustments resulting in nervous breakdowns, neuroses, and psychoses. He is becoming a subman, incapable of taking an intelligent interest in public affairs, and thus a liability upon the community.

In respect to his health, the available facts seem to be these. There is little question that the initial stages of the industrial revolution in England and elsewhere were lethal in their effects upon the workers. Robots were made and slain by the thousands. There was relatively far more machine tending, as the automatic process was unheard of, while shop conditions were universally bad. But in about 1850 in England, and with the turn of the century in the United States, conditions began to mend. It is probable that the health of the present-day worker is improving with that of the rest of the population. Take New Haven for instance—where pretty nearly everybody who does not go to Yale goes to work in the metal shops. In 1880, the New Haven death rate was 18.2 per thousand; in 1925 it had fallen to 12.5—a decrease of over 30 per cent. During the past half century, says Mr. C. E. A. Winslow, over one-third the total burden of disease and early death has been lifted from human life in the Western nations. We know from other studies that the health of certain industrial groups, particularly those where the factor of dust is high, does not measure up to the community average; but there is no evidence that industrial workers as a class are going backward in this respect, and a

good deal of evidence that they are going forward. Consider the single factor of the great improvement in factory air, light, heat, and sanitation in the past few decades.

The healthiest occupations in England, according to Mr. Haldane, are glue and manure manufacturing—"an interesting commentary on the widely held theory that bad smells cause bad health." Electrical workers and machine compositors, he finds, are also very healthy, with death rates less than 50 per cent of average. Then follow clergymen, gardeners, farm laborers, teachers, doctors, and lawyers. Lithography and soap making are very wholesome indoor trades.

In respect to industrial accidents, an exhaustive study just published by the American Engineering Council indicates that since 1920, while the accident rate per unit of output is declining, total accidents have increased. Production is growing faster than accidents, but more men are being hurt. The Council believes, however, that this is a temporary phenomenon, brought about by the new industrial revolution through which we are now passing (i.e. mass production), and that adjustment will presently be made. Meanwhile it cites many industries and plants in which organized safety work has greatly reduced the number of accidents, and argues for a great increase in such measures, not, if you please, so much because it means less men in the hospital, as because it means more profit to the employer. The Clark Thread Company has a record of ten million man-hours without an accident. If employers generally can get it through their heads that accident prevention pays them in dividends—and it will not be the fault of the Council if this does not happen—we may expect a sharp decline in the accident rate in the next decade.

In brief, I can see no support for the claim that modern industry is progressively ruining the bodies of its workers. Many are ruined, but as the longer life-span tables show, even more are saved.

## VI

We turn now to the central charge of the Frankenstein chorus—the injurious effects of the machine upon the worker's mind. Here the evidence is scantier and less conclusive. Psychology is still an infant science, and as Professor W. F. Ogburn points out, we know little about what is happening to the central nervous system of the modern machine tender. A few facts are, however, available. One of the crying needs of the times is for more. The amount of sheer undocumented nonsense in this category is colossal. I have read most of it.

To begin with, nobody seems to know whether mental diseases are on the increase for the total population, let alone the machine workers as a class. What every medical man is agreed upon is that mental cases now require as many hospital beds as all other cases combined. This looks, and is, serious, but it tells us little about *trend*. Modern health practice insists more and more upon the segregation of the insane and the mentally defective. In past ages they mumbled in the chimney corner or begged upon the streets. Society now takes care of them—which speaks well for society, but gives no evidence that there are more to be nursed. Of all men examined for the American army in 1917, 1.5 per cent were found to be afflicted with mental diseases—while no less than 12 per cent were afflicted with bad feet; indicating that they were worse at the bottom than at the top. That great numbers of our fellow-citizens are slightly mad is only too painfully apparent; but how many were in similar sad condition in the Middle Ages, when the only engines were perpetual motion toys that would not work? When monks and nuns, cut off from the most normal of all human relations, filled their own asylums and overflowed upon the countryside? When the Holy Office was frightening the world out of its wits; and saints, devils, witches, magicians were as popular as the movies? When "all the forms of lunacy thrived,



even producing types peculiar to itself, such as lycanthropy, in which men transformed themselves into were-wolves"?

James Watt argued as early as 1785 that workers under the new regime "are to be considered in no other light than as mere mechanical powers . . . it is scarcely necessary that they should use their reason." Frederick W. Taylor, the father at once of high speed steel and Scientific Management, observed: "The ideal of efficiency in industry is to simplify the work to such a degree that it can be done by a trained gorilla." For many routine tasks it has been found that the feeble-minded make the best operatives.

Mr. Fred Colvin of the *American Machinist* admits that he has wept for the soul-destroying effects of the machine, and has urged the shifting of men from one routine job to another "to save their tottering reason." Indeed, he has tried it in sundry shops—only to be overwhelmed with the resulting riot! The poor robots did not want to change, and said so loudly and clearly. Here was a man lying upon a cradle on his back under the assembly line, screwing up a bolt. He had a comfortable position and an admirable rest for his head. When the management tried to shift his job, he threatened to quit. He was convinced he had the softest berth in the shop—"nothing to do but lie down all day, and getting good money for it." Repetitive work, if geared aright, makes for pleasant day dreams. "Most people do not want to 'express themselves,' and are much happier with somebody else taking the responsibility. The stolid look is a generic one. Such men are built stolid; they would be stolid on a farm."

Dr. C. S. Myers reports three classes of labor, psychologically speaking. There is a recognized type which takes no interest in his daily work but acts as if he were a machine. Such a one is apt to satisfy his longings by recourse to pleasant imagination or day dreaming. For him no repetitive task, however

monotonous, is felt as such. So long as he is not asked to alter his methods or attend to new details, he remains happy. A second type resents his work, but strikes a psychic balance with sport or games. A third type is in continual revolt, and if kept at repetitive work too long, is likely to fly off the handle. He is invariably of higher intelligence than his mates in the other groups.

Federal and State Labor Departments in co-operation with Insurance Companies, recently studied industrial accidents in New York. They announce this warning—lest we grow over-optimistic about the happiness of gorillas: "Monotony of routine jobs is responsible for many fatal slips. It would be well for employers to make sure that the men and women assigned to routine work are temperamentally able to stand the monotony." A recent study of the Psychological Institute of Paris concludes that adding machines and other calculating devices constitute a distinct danger to the nervous system if operated for more than two hours a day.

Is it not reasonably evident from the evidence given above that there is no ground for writing off our five million so-called robots as psychologically a total loss? Does it not depend on the kind of man and the kind of machine? A large fraction of the whole group like their jobs; another fraction resent them, but compensate outside—by dominating their automobiles, let us say. The remainder, who hate their work and cannot compensate, constitute a real industrial tragedy, and no stone should be left unturned to free them. Fortunately a stone or two is already being moved.

Just as the safety movement is attempting to check industrial accidents, another and younger movement is marching out against conditions which make for industrial fatigue. Excessive fatigue sets up poisons, reduces efficiency and output, and thus injures profits. Elaborate systems have accordingly been worked out for its measurement. The Industrial Fatigue Research Board

of England puts special counters on looms, and special meters on their motors to measure power consumption. It finds that in this class of work, Tuesday morning between 8:15 and 10:15 is the hour when fatigue is at a minimum. Every Tuesday morning; always at this time. Efficiency drops after 10:15 to lunch time; picks up afterwards for an hour, sags downhill the balance of the afternoon, reaching its lowest point at 5:30. On Monday, at 5:30, efficiency is 5.8 per cent below the Tuesday morning norm; on Friday, 7.5 per cent below. Friday at 5:30 is always the bottom of the curve. There is thus a daily and a weekly fatigue cycle. It is affected by temperature and humidity as well as by physical work. As the day wears on the temperature of the weaving sheds rises; as the week wears on the effect becomes cumulative—only the week-end stoppage bringing temperature back to normal.

With these facts in hand, the manufacturer, desiring to reduce costs and increase profits, takes steps so to control temperature, humidity, speed of operations, motions of workers, hours, rest periods, that the fatigue curve approximates a horizontal line, thus keeping output at maximum.

Carbon dioxide expelled by the lungs has also been used by Mr. Polikov to determine fatigue. As fatigue increases, more carbon dioxide is given off. Thus compositors on a night shift exhaled 2.5 cubic centimeters per second at 5 p.m., and 11.7 centimeters 6 hours later. The amount of exhalation by type-foundry workers jumped from 3.1 to 13.3 in the same period.

One of the main factors in the creation of fatigue is dry air at high temperature. "By adjusting the cooling power to the heat production of the worker, sweating can be prevented, and the work done with comfort and ease. The curse of Adam can be removed by the aid of a fan." An instrument called a "Kata thermometer" has been devised to assist such adjustment.

No further cases are needed to illustrate the point. It is enough to say that all over the industrial world to-day fatigue studies are being made and highly ingenious methods to prevent fatigue are being devised, and here and there installed, of which the commonest are shorter hours and rest periods. And they are being made not for humanitarian reasons, but for business reasons. If and when the technic gathers sufficient momentum, it will become difficult for workers to degenerate physiologically; and as even monotony would register on the output curve, important psychological benefits might well accrue. In the latter case, work must be rearranged, or the worker transferred, if maximum output is to be attained. What other culture ever dreamed of such controls?

Enter the next ten factories that you pass, and ask the manager if he uses fatigue curves. He will think that you come directly from the nearest speak-easy. Not until you reach the nine hundred and ninety-ninth will you see them actually upon the walls. But if they mean lower costs, bigger margins in the competitive struggle, they are bound to come—just as automatic machinery and mass production have come. They open limitless possibilities for keeping the bodily mechanism of the worker at par.

And his soul? I wonder how far it is necessary to lie awake worrying about a healthy man's soul?

## VII

In planning a military attack, it is better to know the true strength of the enemy and the disposition of his forces, than to credit him with fantastic numbers and supernatural powers. A billion horse power prancing around in our social structure creates enough real problems, heaven knows, without setting up whole categories of mythical evils. If we are to combat the real problems we must see their real outlines. Instead of



talking poetical moonshine about Doctor Frankenstein, the time has come to throw a bridle around such of these horses as are over-careless where they step. Not around phantom steeds, if you please, but over specific prime movers, and their entourage of tool machines. We ought to know where they are hurting us, how much they are hurting us, and whether or not the hurt is growing.

So far as the above analysis has value, it would appear that talk about machinery enslaving all mankind is nonsense. Talk about machinery enslaving the whole body of the industrial workers is nonsense. Talk about the workers losing their health as a class is unfounded. Talk about the workers losing their minds is very dubious—the day dreamers haven't any minds to lose, and an increase in mental diseases generally cannot be proved.

The real dangers, as against the phantom ones, lie in the fact that altogether too many workers are being needlessly hurt in accidents by improperly controlled machines, and that an unknown number, in the absence of fatigue curves or other tests, are doing repetitive work for which they are temperamentally unfitted, and so tearing themselves to pieces. Rather than wail about machinery the enslaver, I suggest the creation of a strong-arm squad to deport any manufacturer who permits machines to mangle his workers, or who puts workers upon them without first testing their ability to stand the rhythm. All machines which by their basic design are over-dangerous either to body or to mind, should forthwith be melted down in the nearest blast furnace. However efficient they may be, they are too costly for society to tolerate.

## MEMORY OF MY GRANDMOTHER

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**Y**OU sat alone in your accustomed place,  
 Whose hands were grown so tremulously white  
 Since yesterday; a wanly carven face,  
 Texture of alabaster veined with light  
 Set in the shadow of your lacquered hair,  
 Looked strangely on me; in unwonted calm  
 You drew me toward you with your sovereign air  
 Of brief command, "Read me the nineteenth Psalm."  
 "In them a tabernacle for the sun" . . .  
 This was the beauty we had always known.  
 The tall clock beat the words out one by one,  
 Your lips moved in a raptured undertone,  
 "As a bridegroom coming . . ." I saw your stricken head  
 Go down, and suddenly knew that he was dead.



## THE MAN WHO MISSED THE BUS

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

MR. ROBINSON'S temper was quite sore by the time he reached St. Pierre. The two irritations that most surely found the weak places in his nervous defenses were noise and light in his eyes. And, as he told Monsieur Dupont, the proprietor of Les Trois Moineaux at St. Pierre, "If there is one thing, monsieur, that is offensive—essentially offensive—that is to say, a danger in itself—I mean to say noise doesn't have to have a meaning. . . . What I mean is, monsieur, that noise—"

"*Numéro trente*," said Monsieur Dupont to the chasseur.

Mr. Robinson always had to explain things very thoroughly in order to make people really appreciate the force of what he had to say; and even then it was a hard task to get them to acknowledge receipt, so to speak, of his message. But he was a humble man, and he accounted for the atmosphere of unanswered and unfinished remarks in which he lived by admitting that his words were unfortunately always inadequate to convey to a fellow-mortal the intense interest to be found in the curiosities of behavior and sensation. His mind was overstocked with by-products of the business of life. He felt that every moment disclosed a new thing worth thinking of among the phenomena that his senses presented to him. Other people, he saw, let these phenomenal moments slip by unanalyzed; but if he had had the words and the courage, he felt, he could have

awakened those of his fellow-creatures whom he met from their trance of shallow living. As it was, the relation of his explorations and wonderings sounded, even to his own ears, flat as the telling at breakfast of an ecstatic dream.

What he had meant to say about noise, for instance, had been that noise was *in itself* terrifying and horrible—not as a warning of danger but as a physical assault. Vulgar people treat noise only as a language that *means* something, he would have said, but really noise could not be translated, any more than rape could be translated. There was no such thing as an ugly harmless noise. The noise of an express train approaching and shrieking through a quiet station; the noise of heavy rain sweeping towards one through a forest; the noise of loud concerted laughter at an unheard joke—all benevolent noises if translated into concrete terms, were *in themselves* calamities. All this Mr. Robinson would have thought worth saying to Monsieur Dupont—worth continuing to say until Monsieur Dupont should have confessed to an understanding of his meaning; but as usual the words collapsed as soon as they left Mr. Robinson's lips.

Monsieur Dupont stood in the doorway of Les Trois Moineaux with his back to the light. Mr. Robinson could see the shape of his head set on stooping shoulders, with a little frail fluff of hair beaming round a baldness. He could see the rather crumpled ears with



outleaning lobes bulging sharply against the light. But between ear and ear, between bald brow and breast he could see nothing but a black blank against the glare. Mr. Robinson had extremely acute sight—perhaps too acute, as he often wanted to tell people, since this was perhaps why the light in his eyes affected him so painfully.

"If my sight were less acute," he would have said, "I should not mind a glare so much—I mean to say, my eyes are so extremely receptive that they receive too much, or in other words the same cause that makes my eyes so very sensitive is . . ."

But nobody ever leaned forward eagerly and said, "I understand you perfectly, Mr. Robinson, and what you say is most interesting. Your sight includes so much that it cannot exclude excessive light, and this very naturally irritates your nerves, though the same peculiarity accounts for your intense powers of observation." Nobody ever said anything like that, but then, people are so self-engrossed.

Mr. Robinson was not self-engrossed—he was simply extravagantly interested in *things*, not people. For instance, he looked round now, as the chasseur sought in the shadows for his suitcase, and saw the terrace striped by long beams of light—broad flat beams that were strung like yellow sheets from every window and door in the hotel to the trees, tall urns, and tables of the terrace. A murmur of voices enlivened the air, but there were no human creatures in any beam—only blocked dark figures in the shadows—and, in every patch of light, a sleeping dog or cat or two. Dogs and cats lay extended or curled comfortably on the warm uneven paving stones, and Mr. Robinson's perfect sight absorbed the shape of every brown, tortoise-shell, or black marking on their bodies, as a geographer might accept the continents on a new unheard-of globe.

"It's just like geography—the markings on animals," Mr. Robinson had

once said to an American who couldn't get away. "What I mean to say is that the markings on a dog or a rabbit have just as much sense as the markings on this world of ours—or in other words the archipelagoes of spots on this pointer puppy are just as importantly isolated from one another as they could be in any Adriatic sea."

But the American had only replied, "Why no, Mr. Robinson, not half so important; I am taking my wife, with the aid of the American Express Company, to visit the Greek islands this summer; and we shall be sick on the sea and robbed on the land—whereas nobody but a flea ever visits the spots on that puppy, and the flea don't know and don't care a damn what color he bites into." Showing that nobody except Mr. Robinson ever really studied things impersonally.

Mr. Robinson, a very ingenious-minded and sensitive man with plenty of money, was always seeking new places to go to, where he might be a success—or rather, where his unaccountable failures elsewhere might not be known. St. Pierre, he thought, was an excellent venture, although the approach to it had been so trying. As soon as he had heard of it—through reading a short thoughtless sketch by a popular novelist in the *Daily Call*—he had felt hopeful about it. A little Provençal walled town on a hill, looking out over vineyards to the blue Mediterranean; a perfect little hotel—clean and with a wonderful cook—frequented by an interesting few. . . .

"By the time I get downstairs," thought Mr. Robinson as he carefully laid his trousers under the mattress in his room and donned another pair, "the lights will be lighted on the terrace, and I shall be able to see my future friends. I must tell someone about that curious broken reflection in the river Rhone."

He went downstairs and out onto the terrace, where the tinkle of glasses and plates made him feel hungry. He could

hear, as he stood in the doorway looking out, one man's voice making a series of jokes in quick succession, each excited pause in his voice being filled by a gust and scrape of general laughter—like waves breaking on a beach with a clatter and then recoiling with a thin, hopeful, lonely sound. "Probably all his jokes are personalities," thought Mr. Robinson, "and, therefore, not essentially funny. No doubt they are slightly pornographic, at that. When will people learn how interesting and exciting *things* are? . . ."

A waiter behind him drew out a chair from a table in one of the squares of light thrown from a window. Mr. Robinson, after sitting down abstractedly, was just going to call the waiter back to tell him that his eyes were ultra-sensitive to light and that he could see nothing in that glare, when a large dog, with the bleached, patched, innocent face of a circus clown, came and laid its head on his knee. Mr. Robinson could never bear to disappoint an animal. He attributed to animals all the hot and cold variations of feeling that he himself habitually experienced, identifying the complacent fur of the brute with his own thin human skin. So that when the waiter, coming quietly behind him, put the wine list into his hand, Mr. Robinson merely said, "Thank you, gargon, but I never touch alcohol in any form—or, for the matter of that, tobacco either. In my opinion—" and did not call the rapidly escaping waiter back to ask him to move his table. The dog's chin was now comfortably pressed against his knee, and the dog's paw hooked in a pathetically prehensile way about his ankle.

Mr. Robinson made the best of his position in the dazzle and tried to look about him. The Trois Moineaux was built just outside the encircling wall of the tightly corseted little town of St. Pierre and, since St. Pierre clung to the apex of a conical hill, it followed that the inn terrace jutted boldly out over a steep, stepped fall of vineyards over-

hanging the plain. The plain was very dim now, overlaid by starlit darkness, yet at the edge of the terrace there was a sense of *view*, and all the occupied tables stood in a row against the low wall, diluting the food and drink they bore with starlight and space. The men and women sitting at these tables all had their faces to the world and their backs to Mr. Robinson. He could not see a single human face. He had come down too late to secure one of the outlooking tables, and his place was imprisoned in a web of light under an olive tree. In the middle of the table, peaches and green grapes were heaped on a one-legged dish. And on the edge of the dish a caterpillar waved five-sixths of its length drearily in the air, unable to believe that its world could really end at this abrupt slippery rim. Mr. Robinson, shading his eyes from the light, could see every detail of the caterpillar's figure, and it seemed to him worth many minutes of absorbed attention. Its color was a pale greenish-fawn, and it had two dark bumps on its brow by way of eyes.

"How unbearably difficult and lonely its life would seem to us," thought Mr. Robinson, leaning intensely over it. "How frightful if by mistake the merest spark of self-consciousness should get into an insect's body (an accidental short-circuit in the life current, perhaps), and it should know itself absolutely alone—appallingly free." He put his finger in the range of its persistent wavings and watched it crawl with a looping haste down his fingernail, accepting without question a quite fortuitous salvation from its dilemma. He laid his finger against a leaf, and the caterpillar disembarked briskly after its journey across alien elements. When it was gone, Mr. Robinson looked about him, dazed. "My goodness," he thought, "that caterpillar's face is the only one I have seen to-night!"

The noise of chatter and laughter went up like a kind of smoke from the flickering creatures at the tables near



the edge of the terrace. At each table the heads and shoulders of men and women leaned together—were sucked together like flames in a common upward draft. "My dear, she looked like a . . . Oh, well, if you want to. . . . He's the kind of man who . . . No, my dear, not in my *bedroom*. . . . A rattling good yarn. . . . Stop me if I've told you this one before. . . ." One man, standing up a little unsteadily facing the table nearest to Mr. Robinson, made a speech: ". . . the last time . . . delightful company . . . fair sex . . . happiest hours of my life . . . mustn't waste your time . . . us mere men . . . as the Irishman said to the Scotchman when . . . happiest moments of all my life . . . one minute and I shall be done . . . always remember the happiest days of all my . . . well, I mustn't keep you . . . I heard a little story the other day. . . ." And all the time his audience leaned together round their table, embarrassed, looking away over the dark plain or murmuring together with bent heads.

The only woman whose face Mr. Robinson might have seen was shielding her face with her hands and shaking with silent laughter. The speaker was wavering on his feet very much as the caterpillar had wavered on its tail, and his wide gestures, clawing the air in search of the attention of his friends, suggested to Mr. Robinson the caterpillar's wild gropings for foothold where no foothold was. "Yes," thought Mr. Robinson, "the caterpillar was *my* host. No other face is turned to me."

However, as he thought this, a man came from a farther table and stood quite close, under the olive tree, between Mr. Robinson and the lighted doorway, looking down on him. The man stretched out his hand to the tree and leaned upon it. A freak of light caught the broad short hand, walnut-knuckled and brown, crooked over the bough. Mr. Robinson could not see the man's face at all, but he felt that the visit was friendly. To conciliate this sym-

pathetic stranger, he would even have talked about the weather, or made a joke about pretty girls or beer; but he could not think of anything of that kind to say to a man whose hand, grasping an olive bough, was all that could be known of him. All that Mr. Robinson could do for the moment was to wonder what could have sent the man here. "It could not have been," thought Mr. Robinson humbly, "that he was attracted by my face, because nobody ever is." And then he began thinking how one man's loss is nearly always another man's gain, if considered broadly enough. For one to be forsaken, really, means that another has a new friend.

"This young man," thought Mr. Robinson, gazing at the black outline of the stranger's head, "has probably come here blindly, because of some sudden hurt, some stab, some insult, inflicted by his friends at that table over there—probably by a woman. Perhaps he thinks he has a broken heart (for he has young shoulders). Nothing short of a wound that temporarily robbed him of his social balance could make him do so strange a thing as suddenly to leave his friends and come here to stand silent by me in the shade. Yet if he only could—as some day, I am convinced, we all shall—know that the sum remains the same—that some other lover is the happier for this loss of his—and that if he had gained a smile from her, the pain he now feels would simply have been shifted to another heart—not dispelled . . . We only have to think impersonally enough, and even death—well, we are all either nearly dead or just born, more or less, and the balance of birth and death never appreciably alters. Personal thinking is the curse of existence. Why are we all crushed under the weight of this strangling *me*—this snake in our garden . . . ?"

So he said to the young man, "Isn't it a curious thing, looking round at young people and old people, that it doesn't really matter if they are born or dead—I mean to say, it's all the same whatever

happens, if you follow me, and so many people mind when they needn't, if people would only realize—"At this moment there was a burst of clapping from the far table and the young man bounded from Mr. Robinson's side back to his friends, shouting, "Good egg—have you thought of a word already? Animal, vegetable, or mineral—and remember to speak up because I'm rather hard of hearing."

Mr. Robinson suddenly felt like Herbert Robinson, personally affronted. The sum of happiness (which of course remained unaltered by his setback) for a moment did not matter in the least. He pushed back his chair and walked away, leaving his cheese uneaten and the clown-faced dog without support. He went to his bedroom and sat down opposite his mirror, facing the reflection of his outward *me*. There sat the figure in the mirror, smooth, plump, pale, with small pouched eyes and thick, straight, wet-looking hair.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Robinson, studying the reflection of his disappointed face—the only human face he had seen that evening. "Look at me—I *am* alive—I am indeed very acutely alive—more alive, perhaps, than all these men and women half-blind—half-dead in their limitations of greed and sex. . . . It is true I have no personal claim on life; I am a virgin and I have no friends—yet I live intensely—and there are—there *are*—there *are* other forms of life than personal life. The eagle and the artichoke are equally alive; and perhaps my way of life is nearer to the eagle's than the artichoke's. And must I be alone—must I live behind cold shoulders because I see *out* instead of *in*—the most vivid form of life conceivable, if only it could be lived perfectly?"

He tried to see himself in the mirror, as was his habit, as a mere pliable pillar of life, a turret of flesh with a prisoner called *life* inside it. He stared himself out of countenance, trying, as it were, to dissolve his poor body by understanding it—poor white, sweating, rubbery thing

that was called Herbert Robinson and had no friends. But to-night the prisoner called *life* clung to his prison—to-night his body tingled with egotism—to-night the oblivion that he called wisdom would not come, and he could not become conscious, as he longed to, of the live sky above the roof, the long winds streaming about the valleys, the billions of contented, wary, or terrified creatures moving about the living dust, weeds, and waters of the world. He remained just Herbert Robinson who had not seen any human face while in the midst of his fellow men.

He began to feel an immediate craving—an almost revengeful lust—to be alone, far from men, books, mirrors, and lights, watching, all his life long, the bodiless, mindless movements of animals—ecstatic living things possessing no *me*. "I should scarcely know I was alive, then, and perhaps never even notice when I died. . . ." He decided he would go away next day, and give no group again the chance to excommunicate him.

He remembered that he had seen a notice at the door of the hotel giving the rare times at which an auto-bus left and arrived at St. Pierre. "I will leave by the early bus, before anyone is awake to turn his back on me."

He could not sleep, but lay uneasily on his bed reading the advertisements in a magazine he had brought with him. Advertisements always comforted him a good deal, because advertisers really, he thought, took a broad view; they wrote of—and to—their fellow men cynically and subtly, taking advantage of the vulgar passion for personal address, and yet treating humanity as one intricate mass—an instrument to be played upon. This seemed the ideal standpoint to Mr. Robinson, and yet he was insulted by the isolation such an ideal involved.

He dressed himself early, replaced in his suitcase the few clothes he had taken out, put some notes in an envelope addressed to Monsieur Dupont, and leaned out of the window to watch for



the bus. St. Pierre, a sheaf of white-and-pink plaster houses, was woven together on a hill, like a haycock. The town, though compact and crowned by a sharp white bell-tower, seemed to have melted a little, like a thick candle; the centuries and the sun had softened its fortress outlines. The other hills, untopped by towns, seemed much more definitely constructed; they were austere built of yellow and green blocks of vineyard, cemented by the dusty green of olive trees. Gleaming, white fluffy clouds peeped over the hills—"like kittens," thought Mr. Robinson who had a fancy for trying to make cosmic comparisons between the small and the big. On the terrace of the inn half a dozen dogs sprawled in the early sun. Over the valley a hawk balanced and swung in the air, so hungry after its night's fast that it swooped rashly and at random several times, and was caught up irritably into the air again after each dash, as though dangling on a plucked thread. Mr. Robinson leaned long on his sill looking at it, until his elbows felt sore from his weight, and he began to wonder where the bus was that was going to take him away to loneliness. He went down to the terrace, carrying his suitcase, and stood in the archway. There was no sound of a coming bus—no sound at all, in fact, except a splashing and a flapping and a murmuring to the left and right of him. A forward step or two showed him that there were two long washing troughs, one on each side of the archway, each trough shaded by a stone gallery and further enclosed in a sort of trellis of leaning kneading women.

Mr. Robinson noticed uneasily that he could not see one woman's face; all were so deeply bent and absorbed. After a moment, however, a woman's voice from the row behind him asked him if he was waiting for the bus. He turned to reply, hoping to break the spell by finding an ingenuous rustic face lifted to look at him. But all the faces were bent once more, and it was another woman behind

him again who told him that the bus had left ten minutes before. Once more the speaker bent over her work before Mr. Robinson had time to turn and see her face. "What a curious protracted accident," he thought, and had time to curse his strange isolation before he realized the irritation of being unable to leave St. Pierre for another half dozen hours. He flung his suitcase into the hall of the inn and walked off up a path that led through the vineyards. As if the whole affair had been prearranged, all the dogs on the terrace rose up and followed him, yawning and stretching surreptitiously, like workers reluctantly leaving their homes at the sound of a factory whistle.

Mr. Robinson, true to his habit, concentrated his attention on—or rather diffused it to embrace—the colors about him. The leaves of the vines especially held his eye; they wore the same frosty bloom that grapes themselves often wear—a sky-blue dew on the green leaf. Two magpies, with a bottle-green sheen on their wings, gave their police-rattle cry as he came near and then flew off, flaunting their long tails clumsily. A hundred feet higher, where the ground became too steep even for vines, Mr. Robinson found a grove of gnarled old olive trees, edging a thick wood of Spanish chestnuts. Here he sat down and looked between the tree-trunks and over the distorted shadows at the uneven yellow land and the thin blade of mat-blue sea stabbing the farthest hills. The dogs stood round him, expecting him to rise in a minute and lead them on again. Seeing that he still sat where he was, they wagged their tails tolerantly but invitingly. Finally they resigned themselves to the inevitable and began philosophically walking about the grove, sniffing gently at various points in search of a makeshift stationary amusement.

Mr. Robinson watched them with a growing sense of comfort. "Here," he thought, "are the good undeliberate beasts again; I knew they would save me. They don't shut themselves away



from life in their little individualities, or account uniquely for their lusts on the silly ground of personality. Their bodies aren't prisons—they're just dormitories. . . ." He delighted in watching the dogs busily engrossed in being alive without self-consciousness. After all, he thought, he did not really depend on men. (For he had been doubting his prized detachment most painfully.)

One of the dogs discovered a mouse-hole and, after thrusting his nose violently into it to verify the immediacy of the smell, began digging, but not very cleverly because he was too large a dog for such petty sports. The other dogs hurried to the spot and, having verified the smell for themselves, stood restively round the first discoverer, wearing the irritable look we all wear when watching someone else bungle over something we feel (erroneously) that we could do very much better ourselves. Finally they pushed the original dog aside and began trying to dig, all in the same spot, but, finding this impossible, they tapped different veins of the same lode-smell. Soon a space of some ten feet square was filled with a perfect tornado of flying dust, clods, grass, and piston-like forepaws. Hind-legs remained rooted while forelegs did all the work, but whenever the accumulation of earth to the rear of each dog became inconveniently deep, hindlegs, with a few impatient strong strokes, would dash the heap away to some distance—even as far as Mr. Robinson's boots. Quite suddenly all the dogs, with one impulse, admitted themselves beaten; they concluded without rancor that the area was unmistakably mouseless. They signified their contempt for the place in the usual canine manner, and walked away, sniffing, panting, sniffing again for some new excitement.

Mr. Robinson, who had been, for the duration of the affair, a dog in spirit, expecting at every second that a horrified mouse would emerge from this cyclone of attack, imitated his leaders and quieted

down with an insouciance equal to theirs. But he had escaped from the menace of humanity; he was eased—he was sleepy. . . .

He slept for a great many hours, and when he awoke the sunlight was slanting down at the same angle as the hill, throwing immense shadows across the vineyards. The dogs had gone home. And there, on a space of flattened earth between two spreading tree-roots, was a mouse and its family. Mr. Robinson, all mouse now, with no memory of his canine past, lay quite still on his side. The mother mouse moved in spasms, stopping to quiver her nose over invisible interests in the dust. Her brood were like little curled feathers, specks of down blown about by a fitful wind. There seemed to be only one license to move shared by this whole mouse family; when mother stopped, one infant mouse would puff forward, and as soon as its impulse expired, another thistledown brother would glide erratically an inch or two. In this leisurely way the family moved across the space of earth and into the grass, appearing again and again between the green blades. Mr. Robinson lay still, sycophantically reverent.

Between two blades of grass the senior mouse came out onto a little plateau, about eighteen inches away from Mr. Robinson's unwinking eye. At that range Mr. Robinson could see its face as clearly as one sees the face of a wife over a breakfast table. It was a dignified but greedy face; its eyes, in so far as they had any expression at all, expressed a cold heart; its attraction lay in its texture, a delicious velvet—and that the mouse would never allow a human finger, however friendly, to enjoy. It would have guarded its person as a classical virgin guarded her honor. As soon as Mr. Robinson saw the mouse's remote expression he felt as a lost sailor on a sinking ship might feel, who throws his last rope—and no saving hands grasp it.

He heard the sound of human foot-



steps behind him. There was a tiny explosion of flight beside him—and the mouse family was not there. Through the little grove marched a line of men in single file, going home from their work in the vineyards over the hill. Mr. Robinson sat up and noticed, with a cold heart, that all the men wore the rush hats of the country pulled down against the low last light of the sun, and that not one face was visible.

Mr. Robinson sat for some time with his face in his hands. He felt his eyes with his finger, and the shape of his nose and cheekbone; he bit his finger with his strong teeth. Here was a face—the only human face in the world. Suddenly craving for the sight of that friend behind the mirror, he got up and walked back to the *Trois Moineaux*. He found himself very hungry, having starved all day; but his isolation gave him a so much deeper sense of lack than did his empty stomach that, although dinner was in progress among the bands of light and shade on the terrace, his first act was to run to his room and stand before the mirror. There was a mistiness in the mirror. He rubbed it with his hand. The mistiness persisted—a compact haze of blankness that exactly covered the reflection of his face. He moved to a different angle—he moved the mirror—he saw clearly the reflection of the room, of his tweed-clad figure, of his tie, of his suitcase in the middle of the floor; but his face remained erased, like an unsatisfactory charcoal sketch. Filled with an extraordinary fear, he stood facing the mirror for some minutes, feeling with tremulous fingers for his eyes, his lips, his forehead. There seemed to him to be the same sensation of haze in his sense of touch as in his eyesight—a nervelessness—a feeling of nauseating contact with a dead thing. It was like touching with an unsuspecting hand one's own limb numbed by cold or by an accident of position.

Mr. Robinson walked downstairs, dazed, and out onto the terrace. As

before, the shadowed tables looking out over the edge of the terrace were already surrounded by laughing, chattering parties. Mr. Robinson took his seat, as before, under the olive tree. "Bring me a bottle of . . . Sauterne," he said to the waiter (for he remembered that his late unmarried sister used to sustain upon this wine a reputation for wit in the boarding house in which she had lived). "And, waiter, isn't there a table free looking out at the view? I can't see anything here." It was not the view he craved, of course, but only a point of vantage from which to see the faces of his mysterious noisy neighbors. His need for seeing faces was more immediate than ever, now that his one friend had failed him.

"There will be tables free there in a moment," said the waiter. "They are all going to dance soon. They're only waiting for the moon." And the waiter nodded his shadowed face towards a distant hill, behind which—looking at this moment like a great far red fire—the moon was coming up. "Look, the moon, the moon, the moon, look . . ." everyone on the terrace was saying. And a few moments later, the moon—now completely round but cut in half by a neat bar of cloud, took flight lightly from the top of the hill.

There was a scraping of chairs, the scraping of a gramophone, and half a dozen couples of young men and women began dancing between the tall Italian urns and the olive trees on the terrace. Mr. Robinson poured himself out a large tumbler of Sauterne. "Waiter, I don't want a table at the edge now—I want one near the dancers—I want to see their faces."

"There are no tables free in the center of the terrace now. Several are vacant at the edge."

"I can see a table there, near the dancers, with only two chairs occupied. Surely I could sit with them."

"That table is taken by a large party, but most of them are dancing. They will come back there in a moment."

Mr. Robinson, disregarding the waiter and clutching his tumbler in one hand and his bottle in the other, strode to the table he had chosen. "I'm *too* lonely—I must sit here."

"So lonely, poo-oo-oor man," said the woman at the table, a stout middle-aged woman with high shoulders and a high bosom clad in saxe-blue sequins. She turned her face towards him in the pink light of the moon. Mr. Robinson, though desperate, was not surprised. Her face was the same blank—the same terrible disc of nothingness that he had seen in his mirror. Mr. Robinson looked at her companion in dreadful certainty. A twin blank faced him.

"Sh-lonely, eh?" came a thick young voice out of nothingness. "Well, m'lad, you'll be damn sight lonelier yet in minute 'f y' come buttin' in on—"

"Ow, Ronnie," expostulated his frightful friend—but at that moment the gramophone fell silent and the dancers came back to their table. Mr. Robinson scanned the spaces that should have been their faces one by one; they were like discs of dazzle seen after unwisely meeting the eye of the sun.

"This old feller sayzzz—lonely—pinched your chair, Belle—"

"Never mind, duckie," said Belle—and threw herself across Mr. Robinson's knee. "Plenty of room for little me."

The white emptiness of her face that was no face blocked out Mr. Robinson's view of the world.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, jumping up suddenly. "I know why he's lonely—why—the man's not alive. Look at his face!"

"I am—I am—I am—" shouted Mr. Robinson in terror. "I'll show you I am . . ." He lurched after her and dragged her among the dancers as the music began again. He shut his eyes. He could hear her wild animal shrieks of laughter and feel her thin struggling body under his hands.

Mr. Robinson sat, quite still but racked by confusion, excitement, and

disgust, beside the road on the wall of a vineyard, watching the last stars slip down into the haze that enhaloed the hills. The moon had gone long ago. All Mr. Robinson's heart was set on catching the bus this morning; to him the dawn that was even now imperceptibly replacing the starlight was only a herald of the bus and of escape. He had no thoughts and no plans beyond catching the bus. He knew that he was cold, but flight would warm him; that he was hungry and thirsty, but flight would nourish him; that he was exhausted and broken-hearted, but flight would ease and comfort him.

A white glow crowned a hill, behind which the sky had long been pearly, and in a minute an unbearably bright ray shot from the hill into Mr. Robinson's eyes. The dazzling domed brow of the sun rose between a tree and a crag, and a lily-white light rushed into the valley.

The bus, crackling and crunching, waddled round the bend. Mr. Robinson hailed it with a distraught cry and gesture.

*"Enfin . . . tres peu de places, m'sieu—n'y a qu'un tout p'tit coin par ici . . ."*

Mr. Robinson had no need now to look at the face of the driver, or at the rows of senseless sunlit ghosts that filled the bus. He knew his curse by now. He climbed into the narrow place indicated beside the driver. The bus lurched on down the narrow winding road that overhung the steep vineyards of the valley. Far below—so far below that one could not see the movement of the water—a yellow stream enmeshed its rocks in a net of plaited strands.

Mr. Robinson sat beside the driver, not looking at that phantom faceless face—so insulting to the comfortable sun—but looking only at the road that was leading him to escape. How far to flee he did not know, but all the hope there was, he felt, lay beyond the farthest turn of the road. After one spellbound look at the sun-blinded face of St. Pierre, clinging to its hivelike hill, he looked



forward only, at the winding perilous road.

And his acute eyes saw, in the middle of the way, half a dozen specks of live fur, blowing about a shallow rut. . . . The bus's heavy approach had already caused a certain panic in the mouse family. One atom blew one way, one another; there was a sort of little mud-dled maze of running mice in the road.

Mr. Robinson's heart seemed to burst. Before he was aware, he had sprung to

his feet and seized the wheel of the bus from the driver. He had about twenty seconds in which to watch the mice scuttling into the grass—to watch the low loose wall of the outer edge of the road crumble beneath the plunging weight of the bus. He saw, leaning crazily towards him, the face—the *face*—rolling eyes, tight grinning lips—of the driver, looking down at death. There, far down, was the yellow net of the river, spread to catch them all.

## LAUREL

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

**I** *T WAS* night when I came home  
 Bringing my sheaves,  
 An armful of bracken, and some  
 Fugitive leaves.

*It was all that I had found  
 At my soul's peril,  
 This rusty fern, these browned  
 Leaves for my laurel.*

*Let my lovers and haters  
 Tear them apart,  
 Trampling like satyrs  
 Over my heart.*

*Let them tear them, or weave them  
 About my brow.  
 They are theirs. I leave them  
 Forever now.*



## TWO SONNETS

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

### PURPOSE

**T**HE winepress feels no pity for the grape;  
Inexorably the ruddy juices spurt  
And leave the bloomy purple skins agape;  
The press knows neither anodyne nor hurt.  
Upon the hillside in the sun there pass  
The glowing generations of the vine;  
Unmindful of the festival, the mass,  
That furnish forth a purpose for the wine.  
Here where autumnal shadows spread their pall  
Along the sunny vine-clad slopes of life,  
Upon my flesh the dews of evening fall;  
The press grinds on, I see the harvest knife,  
And dimly hear, through time-drawn veils of mist,  
The bells of some immortal Eucharist.

### A LIFE

**S**O MANY years ago one cannot tell  
How long it was, his eyes would shine to hear  
The fairy stories children love so well,  
Ghosts, elves, and brownies, all were very near,  
And then the fire of youth was in his heart,  
When girls looked up at him with glowing eyes;  
He danced and laughed, and scarce could set apart  
This happy place called Earth from Paradise.  
The mold is on those long-closed fairy books,  
For that was in the old time free from care:  
Ah, that was then—now in life's beaten nooks  
He crouches with his body all but bare,  
Or stumbling down the sodden street, he looks  
For pennies in the gutter of despair.





## HATO THE PIGEON

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

A PIGEON, a reddish-brown pigeon, with a streak of gray down the middle of its back. Very young. It rushes from the door as I enter. I know well who left it. The man has a genius for an act like that.

I take down the Japanese dictionary, look up the Japanese for pigeon. I am studying Japanese. *Hato* would make a neat name too. And a fit name. The pigeon is sacred in Japan. Yes, I shall call this young one *Hato*. Perhaps even the soul of a dead Oriental will take possession of this frail body. No one can be too sure about a thing like that.

And, at least, never soul more crammed with curiosity. Already the bird follows me round the laboratory. It hops from object to object. Wherever I stop it stops. I reach into a case, and there is my bird at the edge of the case. I take out a syphon of selters, set the syphon on the chemical bench, and there is my bird on the rack above my head. But how is a bird to see from there? And it must see. It leans. It bends. It trembles. There is but one point from which it could see—my shoulder. It ventures. It hops to my shoulder. Ah, this is too great daring. It trembles some more. Especially its tail trembles. Then suddenly its tail stands still, its eyes having fallen on the syphon and having seen the bubbles. Cautiously it moves to the bubbles. Cautiously it pops its bill at the bubbles—but does not catch a bubble. Mysterious. The bubbles are plainly there, but one cannot catch the bubbles. Very mysterious. I squirt the selters into a cup. The bird peers over the rim

of the cup, but quickly draws back, the bubbles having danced up its nostrils. I offer it to drink. It does not understand. Then suddenly it does understand, pushes its head with a will into the cup and, in spite of bubbles, drinks. Actually drinks. And every time I squirt it drinks. It makes me think of a friend (four years old) who detests my selters yet drinks so long as he is allowed to work my syphon.

There comes one across the seas, a great scientist, to visit our college. Him I tell of *Hato* and the bubbles. His first response is that certain persons read into animals habits that are not there. His second, that he knows more about pigeons than anyone else. His experiments require that he kill no fewer than a thousand a year. "And there is a record which lets a man speak with authority."

Of the last I am not sure. But I do not say I am not sure. Rather I request the expert's opinion. Is *Hato* a lady or a gentleman?

The expert says that *Hato* is neither, but that he understands what I mean. Will I be so good as to hand him the bird? I hesitate; which is silly. What harm could he do with me standing by? Nevertheless, the bird is terribly humiliated. The great scientist studies it. The great scientist says he can say nothing with certainty, it being only ten weeks old, but—if I will take his opinion as merely an opinion—his opinion is she is a lady. And with these words he plumps her on her feet again. She shakes herself. Pfui! She has had

enough of this. And she looks so much like what she is thinking that I laugh outright. The great scientist warns me, tells me I am falling into the anthropomorphic habit, am interpreting her feelings in terms of my own. The truth is she is shaking herself not because of a sentiment but because he has mussed her feathers. The great scientist is right too. Yet it is odd how she stands there—as if she had been outraged. She keeps carefully to my side of the table.

She is sixteen weeks old—if the calculations were correct. I take her for a walk back of the college. She perches on my shoulder. A flock of birds high overhead, and up she goes! Up, up, a huge circle, over the woods, over the buildings. Wonderful to behold. I forget she may be flying away. I think I do not care. No human affection could make up for the freedom of one such flight.

I call to her. Foolish to call. She is too high to hear; and anyway she is off on a fresh circle, makes circle after circle, circle after circle, at last comes down on the outermost projecting cornice of the college roof. There she stays. She gazes over the woods and on toward the hills, gazes with the same nobility that she gazes from the clothes closet over the laboratory. It is her laboratory. It is her woods. Those are her hills. And I should feel the same if I had wings, if I could go where I liked, see what I liked, stand where I liked.

At last she hears me. She looks down on me, but has no notion of coming. She is confident it is I will come to her, will get her just as I get her from the clothes closet. I go in search of a ladder, take the ladder to the back of the house, lift it through a window onto a roof, climb to a second roof, climb to a third roof, then on my hands and seat carefully slide down the concrete gable. And there she is, waiting for me. She is as interested in what I am doing as I

am. But why on earth do I do it? Why do I not simply *fly* out to her? I could not prove to the satisfaction of the great one that such a question is in her mind, yet that is my conviction, and based on nothing more exact than the way she cocks her head. Slowly I slide down the precarious gable. My faith in my convictions was never very strong. I confess to wishing I had her already in my hand. Suppose she should take it into her head to fly to the next cornice and have me fly after her there? I approach nearer and nearer. I make no sudden movement. I talk to her as soothingly as I know. I admire her. I joke with her. I *have* her.

One thing at least I have learned—henceforth she will leave my shoulder whenever she pleases. I shall be on roof tops every day of the week. My colleague advises me to clip one wing. I ask him if he has ever seen the first flight of a bird with one wing clipped. My colleague is good-natured, asks me if I have ever seen the first descent of a man down a gable. I answer, irrelevantly, that I wish I might mount into the sky.

Hato too is thinking of the sky. She is looking out between my fingers. The sun is a pale patch dimmed by dense cloud. But she would look straight at the sun even if it were free and fierce, a thing no human eye could do.

Toward ten we start for the Italian restaurant, she and I. In the restaurant everybody knows her. Everybody greets her. Everybody talks to me about her. One man tells me always of the pigeons he had when he was a boy. One old professor tells me always of the need to make a sharp distinction between instinct and intelligence. There are three, come together, a little tipsy, laugh a great deal, say nothing. The fine lady in the booth on the other side averts her head, ponders the decorum of a pigeon in a place where one eats.

Presently kind Signora bids us good-evening, spreads a newspaper along one



end of the table. That is Hato's newspaper. If anyone touches Hato's newspaper she pecks with all the ineffectual energy of her tender red bill. If she is to eat her butter it must be on the newspaper. So too if she is to eat her grapefruit. Other foods she will not eat.

Close by Signora is Signora's three-year-old daughter. Beautiful, this daughter, as Italy. She has been told she must not touch the bird. She has been told she may hurt the bird. But she would like so much to touch it and, when no one is looking, with great care lays her hand on its back, a most serious expression coming into her shadowy face. They are like an old picture, the three of them, a picture somehow holy—the little daughter, and kind Signora, and the bird with half-closed eyes listening to the baby voice as an ancient dame listens to the prattle of children.

Eighteen weeks—by the reckoning. She dances, for the first time to-night. An exquisite dance. I have known that pigeons dance, but never really have watched them. And here too I am seeing where the instinct begins, in happiness and vanity, like so much that is beautiful on earth. I am praising her. I am asking her to bow. I have been asking her to bow ever since she came, and always I have bowed myself, and always she has bowed in return. And now I am again asking her to bow. She has already half bent her head, then thinks also to half spread her wings, then, still holding that quaint attitude, lightly runs the length of the table and, at the end of the run, straightens proudly up, proudly and grandly, swings round, bends again, and again runs, and again straightens, and again swings round. That is her dance. And now she has learned it she wants to practice it all over the laboratory, wants to make sure she will not forget, does not dream that half a million years have been at work in the perfecting of that dance. Up and down my desk. Up and down the concrete floor. Up and down the window-

sill. She prefers my desk. She wants my judgment. If she takes a moment to rest I have but to say one word, or even only to look at her, and off she is. She is over everything. This is her world. She means to fill it with dance.

Nineteen weeks—since Thursday she has been queer. Thursday she began to dance. Thursday too she began seriously to coo. And this morning she is not waiting for me at the window. She is not on the bookcase either. And not on the chemical bench. And not on the clothes closet. Ah, *in* the clothes closet. She is looking at me from the dark, is impatient with me for looking at her. There is something she wants of the clothes closet. Or perhaps it is only something she wants of the dark. Anyway without more reason she is in a temper, makes for my work-table, hovers above it, then flaps her wings, blows my writing all over the room. The great scientist would say this was only an instinct, only a way of lifting things from the ground to uncover the worm beneath. Even so, immediately I return to my work she settles on my forearm, bites irritably at my pen, bites too at the words as each appears, bites especially at the periods. She treats the periods as if they were rape seeds. She is so intense over them she forgets me. Then she forgets them, her eyes having wandered to the violets where they stand by the window. She goes to the violets. With great deliberation she plucks one of them. She flings it on the floor. She looks down where she flung it. Then she looks at those that remain. She makes herself tall. She seems to say "Poor things, what resistance can you offer?"

Twenty-two weeks—and the way she acts is also the way the great one said she would. She does nothing but coo. She knows the places that are snug and dark, goes from one to the other, and coos. She needs but look into a place that is dark to begin to coo. She needs

but look into a crack that leads into a place that is dark to begin to coo. She makes herself narrow, top to bottom, slips into the piano, picks at the strings, and coos. She makes herself narrow, side to side, slips into the letter-file and coos. The letter-file is too narrow. She slips to my lap, pushes her head into my kimono, and coos. I rise. She runs under the bed, and coos. It is plain she has reached some end-point of her life. It is plain too she has reached some beginning. The playtime is done. The girlhood is done. And this great step has been made, as it always is, overnight. If I was ever a mystery to her she finds it easy to lay aside that mystery. Her mystery is vaguer, bigger. She is all pigeon now. She is not half a human being.

*August 17th.* I dare not move. It has come. I can feel it, warm in my lap. Poor Hato, this first is rough play. Once her head droops, as if she might faint, and once when she means to bow she has not the strength. The news has spread through the Italian restaurant. One after another comes to my booth, comes on tiptoe, seems approaching a sick-room. A big-bodied gentleman lowers his voice, then realizes he has lowered his voice, speaks out boldly, tries to make light of the whole affair, but cannot quite. Another admits frankly he is sorry for "the little lady." Another bursts into a laugh. But no one joins in. Indeed the place has a quiet it has not on other nights. This is birth like any other; and who is not a little moved at a birth? The old professor whispers I can expect *the second* in forty-eight hours.

*August 18th.* I bring her her breakfast. She does not want her breakfast. She is ill. But proud, too. Even in her pride, though, she will not just bluntly refuse me, pecks at my fingers—says the food is excellent, but rather none this morning, if I do not mind. The egg is in the basket, the basket is on the middle of the table, the table is in the middle of

the laboratory—and this is the middle of the world. What if there be a war in China? What if, on the floor above, one of my fellow-creatures by slow poisoning of one of her fellow-creatures thinks he is sowing the science of the future? She keeps as imperturbably on her affair as ever Napoleon on his. An egg! That a bit of shell filled mostly with water can give her all this new significance! And yet—what a puppet really. I think I have not seen the strings of nature more clearly. Three weeks ago she cooed for the first time—cooed, she knew not why, but knew immediately how to do it. Three days ago she tore paper for the first time—tore, she knew not why, but knew immediately how to tear it. And this morning she sits, sits, sits, as if she had rehearsed this thing since before she was born—which she has, if you take it right.

*August 19th.* The *second* is here, two days to the hour after the first. She is standing over them. For a moment she gives way to her feelings, lets each have a tap. "Nice things those." She settles on them. She does not stir from them all evening. Last week a harum-scarum, and this a little monument of duty.

*August 29th.* Ten days on those eggs. I must get her a rest. So last night I took her home with me. On second thought I took the eggs too. She repaid me by not going near the eggs, not all night long. But this morning, back in the laboratory, she settles on them at once. This is so curious that, by way of experiment, while she is at the seed-table, I slip the eggs out of her basket and put them on the chemical bench. The chemical bench is no more than three feet away. She sees me up to something, rushes to the basket, jumps in, settles without looking—from a person snug and feathery changes to one cautious and trim. Stiffly she rises. Gone! She cannot believe her eyes. She must feel the place too. She rubs her haunches back and forth. Then abruptly she gives up the search, gives it up like one who would also put the



thought out of her mind. The courage of her makes me ashamed. I point to the bench. She goes to the bench, examines the eggs, but does not settle on them. Her eggs she left at latitude 40°11'55". These eggs are at latitude 40°11'56". Why sit on someone else's eggs? Has she not trouble enough with her own? She leaves me to understand it as I may. And at last I understand it is not the eggs, and not the nest, but the place she left them that she recognizes. I think again of that mountain of rock beyond North Cape—bought by a Norwegian and bequeathed forever to gulls—where nest lies next to nest and where, notwithstanding, every mother returns always to her own.

*September 8th.* This morning the janitor broke one and cracked the other. All day she stayed with the cracked one. Each time she rose it was glued to her, and this evening it rose with her, fell to the concrete, and there was an end of eggs. I think she was glad. She was worn out. She was beginning to realize there was something wrong with those eggs. Again and again this evening she goes to the basket and from the bottom of it looks up at me. We are very close this evening. We are the way we were before the eggs came. I wish there might not be any more eggs.

But there are. November, December, January, February. Eggs, eggs, eggs, eggs. Through all the fall, through all the winter, and to think it will go on through all the years! No escaping. No delaying even. I am glad I am no woman. The same cycle over and over—a week of cooing, then a day of quiet and, in the evening of that day, an egg, followed by a day of weariness, followed by a day of calm and, in the evening of that day, another egg. And if I take the eggs away, the pairs only come quicker. The eternal mother is stubborn. And shrewd. The more eggs, the more chance of a baby. So let there be eggs, eggs, eggs. Poor Hato, she is haggard. She likes this business no

more than I. And when I think of her illusions—when I think back to the days of her coming of age, I am sad.

*April 12th.* I did not want a husband for her, but health first. He is handsome, had a wife before, but she died, and after her death, though there were women aplenty, he would have none of them—so they told me at the dovecote. One glimpse of Hato, he melts. All afternoon he has stood looking at her. But she, so curious about everything else, has not looked at him at all. Nevertheless, the tension has been considerable. When I get her home she wants to go right to bed.

*April 13th.* If this is courtship, we humans are crude. He is squatting at the edge of the chemical bench. She comes. He rises as a gentleman would. And she, as a lady might, starts up surprised, skips to the window, stands on one foot on the tiny block that supports the shade. There is such a block for each window, and when again I look he is on the adjoining block. So they remain most of the day. Yes, we are crude. Neither has napped. Neither has glanced at the other.

*April 17th.* But something is wrong. He is discouraged. He has not been near her. I speak to her. Interference never yet did any good.

*April 18th.* He takes up his suit in earnest, courts her with violence, slaps her with his wings, bites her neck whenever she tries to pick a seed. Then—I do not know what happens—he is suddenly as pricked as by an insult, has not gone near her since.

*April 20th.* I am downright sorry for him. Were she to listen, this room would be a bright and habitable place. As it is, it is no better than a prison. He stays all day at the window, looks first where the winged things are flying across the sky, then down where the winged things are digging into the wet earth.

*April 26th.* Abruptly, within her, the old mysterious annunciation, and a coo

breaks the quiet room. He dashes toward her—turns dejectedly away. He goes again to the window. She comes to me. She does what she can to intrigue my attention. She sits on my book, my head, my knee. She bows. She dances. And it is clear now what all this means. I have been watching him and, therefore, I understand her. She behaves toward me exactly as he behaves toward her. She is courting me. Nothing could be plainer. She is making love to me. It is an odd realization. I have got so deeply into this little life that I have taken from it something that would perhaps have gone to him. She sinks down in front of me. She wants me to scratch her back. She wants all my attention. She wants to give me all of hers. Poor fellow. To-morrow I shall take him from where he came.

Molting, nothing more serious, yet I do not get over the notion she may be otherwise unwell. The feathers are bad—what feathers are left. The top of her head is almost bald. She is not the beautiful bird she was, and she feels it. She is disheartened. She has dreams, starts from them, as a dog does, and makes peculiar noises. And why should she not be disheartened? If it were I it would make me mad. Eggs, eggs, eggs, no peace and yet no babies either. To-morrow I shall write to Washington. They must give me a letter. They must assure me she will not be molested at the port next week when we sail for Japan. If either of us is in need of this vacation it is she, not I.

A thousand miles to the south of Tokyo—one of the newer houses, open as a pavilion. She feels as I feel, that with every step she may be touching something sacred. Only gradually does she venture across the polished teak and onto the balustrade and off to the neighboring roof. The sun is fierce. Soon her bill is standing wide. But she does not come in. No, I must climb the balustrade and bring her in. And

hardly do I do so, she is out again. Each time too I find her at the same spot—gazing toward the temple. I once knew a cow that went every day to the top of a mountain, where there was no grass, stood for hours, and only because she was lonesome for the great plains from which originally she came.

It is the eggs. I can no longer be in any doubt of it. She was brisk on the ship. Since she is here she is just as she was before she left the other shore.

Therefore, this morning I go in search of two fertile eggs. Not so easy as it would seem. Pigeons on every roof, yet not a house with pigeons of its own. I wander at last as far as Kagoshima. There is a fancier there. But the gentleman only shakes his head—he will not sell eggs! I begin to talk to him about Hato. He only continues to shake his head. Nevertheless, he is listening. “Poor bird,” he breaks in. “She is sad? She will not dance? She will not bow? Ah, I know. I know.” And off he shuffles, gets me two eggs, but when I would pay him, turns from me angrily and disappears.

The two I put in place of her own. She kisses my hand with a sudden energy. I wonder if she could know there are babies inside? I should have done this thing long ago.

To-day is Monday. It was Wednesday I brought the eggs. She pecks at them, sits on them, tucks them under, gets them perfectly placed—then leaves them, as if she were playing with them. Yet somehow it is not like play either. Each time she leaves them I pity them aloud. Each time she comes back, pities them, too, even defends them against me—and leaves them. She is a strange little being. I lay the hot water bottle next them. That she understands. She kisses my hand with the same sudden fire she has kissed it all these last days. Sometimes I think she is very, very happy. Sometimes I think she is sad. Now she is off once more to watch the pigeons of the temple as they fly above



the temple roof. She watches them evening after evening.

Another twilight. The insects are beginning to sing. I look up—she is gone. She is not on the balustrade. She is not on the roof. She is not in the garden. I rush to the temple. She is nowhere. Nowhere. I have searched and searched. I have called her name up and down the narrow street. The people all have been so kind to me. All have joined in the search. But now it is night. Now no one searches any more. She will not return. I know. I shall never see her again.

Six weeks since she went. To-morrow with the dawn I sail. Six weeks—I had thought myself quite used to it. I had thought I had lost animals enough to know the way.

An hour ago the dog discovered the basket, broke the two eggs. I had left the two in the basket. I examined them. They were the right kind. I knew the gentleman in Kagoshima was

an honest gentleman. A baby in each. Think, a baby in each. She had waited too long for those babies. She had waited so patiently; she had got discouraged so slowly; and now a baby in each. Life is sad. But to-morrow on the free sea I shall think more sensibly again. And yet—a piece of me stays here, in this sweet strange place, a very real, a very decent, a very gentle piece of me.

The pigeons of the temple are flying again above the temple roof. I have watched them every evening. They start always in the same way—one, and one, then suddenly all the rest. And this is not the flight of noon. No, these birds take the moods of day as we take them. They fly now in great calm ellipses. And presently they will settle—one, and one, till only one is left, a tiny one, but alas, not a red one, a gray one. Every evening it is the same. That tiny one hates to leave the sky.

Oh, if I had only kept her locked in her cage! But to-morrow on the free sea I shall think more sensibly again.





## TOURIST THIRD

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

INSTEAD of allowing us to find our rooms as travelers may in first and second cabin, we who were returning home "tourist" were shot down into the entrails of the vessel and stood in line, an endless caterpillar creeping its restless way in semi-darkness off to some unknown goal. Emerging into the light of the saloon, it twisted on, making small jerky moves, many-footed, discontented.

I looked up and down the line and I was conscious that I was being borne along on a stream of youth, the home-ward-bound tide of students. A pent-up atmosphere of excitement filled the saloon as if this young crowd, now so docile, would at any moment break restraints. I had the amazed, heart-quickenning emotion of having stumbled on something unexpected, new, and extraordinarily vivid. Then the human caterpillar swerved and left stranded beside a pillar a woman whom I recognized as a Lady. She was a woman of my own generation, the flower of it, finished, exquisite. Her sweet profile, the lift of her beautifully groomed head, had the final perfection of a lovely subdued gaiety. She stood a moment against the background of crowding youngsters and then slipped out of sight.

The children crowding before me, after me, shuffled, coughed, called greetings, sang. The queue in which we found ourselves was an unnecessary remnant of steerage days. We were being herded and numbered like our immigrant predecessors, too bewildered to follow directions or to locate staterooms. The queue ended at last at a table where a huge official sat taking steamer tickets.

His blue eyes had seen everything. He was a handsome man who looked like a cross between a bouncer and a police sergeant—a fit presiding genius for tourist travel.

I found our stateroom. It was white-walled, narrow-berthed, concrete-floored. It smelled of fresh paint. The berths, of which there were four, were curtained with neat, faded chintz. It was all clean, honest, and good. The last vessel on which I had sailed had been a monstrosity, a cross between a cabaret and a casino, which tried at every turn to disguise the fact that one was at sea.

The honorable plainness was a pleasant thing, I considered. My reflections were interrupted by a girl swinging down the corridor and peering into our cabin. Her dark hair was brushed smooth and shiny over a beautifully shaped head, her eyes were a pellucid brown, her straight nose a trifle brief, and her full sweet lips were painted an arrogant cherry.

"Guess I'm on the other side," she remarked. She turned to the corridor, flung out an arresting hand.

"Oh, Roddy!" she called. "Roddy!"

A big, dark boy came toward her, a pucker between his eyebrows like that of a worried hound. His head was thrust forward and he was holding himself with a rigidity that slipped into a swaying motion.

"Say!" he said, "I'm *sober!* You're not here! You sailed yesterday on the *Majestic.*"

Her eyes, glittering like jewels, met mine for the fraction of a second. There



was triumph in them. She got the most out of the dramatic effect by the quiet with which she announced, "*Syd Barry* sailed yesterday on the *Majestic*! We swapped tickets!"

The boy stood there, a comic strip picture of surprise. "Swapped tickets?" he faltered.

"When you were too sick to come to my good-by party I got worried. I thought of poor sick Roddy all alone on the big wide ocean. I swapped with Syd—" She spoke with light mockery but there was defiance behind it, a hint of challenge which she wore gallantly as a plume. There was a pause as the two measured each other. Then magnificently he met the situation.

"Swell!" he said. "Gosh!" and he picked her up and kissed her.

When he had gone the girl, whose name was Joyce, dropped on a suitcase as though her knees had hinges which had suddenly opened. She made a gesture as of one mopping sweat from her brow.

"Gee!" she murmured. Her eyes sought mine. "The Hound of Heaven," she confided, "has nothing on me! I tell you, these relentless feet have tracked that boy down corridors of time . . ." She let her voice trail off and contemplated the points of her Deauville slippers.

With a heightened feeling of adventure I went through the corridors into the white saloon for lunch. The tables were already filled by boys and girls. Nothing else. Scarcely a person over twenty-two. Lunch was late, and the hungry company was singing and shouting and stamping. It was as though all the colleges of America had been stirred together, the faculty gone, and the Dean away.

The tables were covered with clean oilcloth. The radiant bouncer, who was at least six feet six, strolled up and down distributing smiles and greetings. The white-coated stewards filed in, bearing soup in heavy china plates, followed by meat and boiled potatoes. The food that first day was as it continued to

be the journey over: plain, substantial, utterly uninteresting, but eatable.

There was a prolonged rapping for silence. An older woman and a charming, fresh-faced youth addressed the company. Introductions.

"Your hostess."

"Your leader."

Each presented the other. Announcements were made. They went on to the next saloon, leaving behind them an uncomfortable silence and an odor as of Chautauqua and Y. M. C. A. A loud hum of talk and young laughter arose and obliterated their passage.

After lunch I walked through long corridors which led to the deck. The vessel was whittled down to its bare bones. The heavy vibration of the propeller shuddered through it. The concrete floors shook beneath my feet. From the corridor I emerged into a well-lighted open space where in steerage days the multi-colored baggage and bedding of immigrants had been piled high. Here in heavy weather shawled women had sat waiting for release to the decks. Now in the iron corridors, girls were laughing, groups of boys elbowed their way.

Out in the clear sunlight a stream of girls and young men flowed over the deck, spreading out in pools, laughing and calling and chatting. Girls walking by twos, boys walking by twos, eyes meeting and crossing. From the dark oblong of the door the bright river of youth poured unceasingly. Sleek heads, close-cropped hair, flower faces, straight necks, girls with wisps of dresses blowing about their knees. Their straight lovely legs in stockings of sunburnt color. The younger generation was concentrated within the iron walls of a great ship. Youth filled its arteries. Youth in a glittering tide spreading over its decks, mounting from this deck level to decks above.

The boys—this was a different story. They were as I remembered them. So, and not otherwise, had they shambled across the campus of my youth. They

were in no way to be compared with those shining children of Diana ceaselessly pouring out of the dark steerage doorway, freer physically than any women since the days of Greece.

Joyce was not a special sort of girl, she was a part of this new thing. And this boat, this preposterous boat of young people—every vessel now returning from Europe carried such a load. I felt I wanted to talk about my amazing discovery. I looked around for my contemporaries.

But older people were as infrequent as raisins in a bread pudding. A nervous, professorial-looking man, gray-mustached, gray-clad, paced the deck perpetually. A handsome white-haired woman was extended in a deck chair. She was flanked by a handsome son and a good-looking daughter. Her every gesture declared her inalienable right to privacy. She would make no acquaintances on a tourist boat. Two down-trodden, middle-aged women, teachers probably, made common cause.

The stream of absorbed youth slid past me, leaving me isolated from life. It was as though the campuses had flowed together and inundated the earth, leaving the older people to climb trees. I felt a violent need for the companionship of my contemporaries.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "I'm Ethel Ray. Didn't we work in the New York suffrage campaign together?" and I recognized the charming creature that I had seen in the queue. I was overwhelmed with gratitude. "Margaret Wren," she continued, "is also on board. There will be three of us. There she is now."

And there opposite us sat my old friend. She was bareheaded and completely surrounded by her children. Her face, the intense black of her hair, the very colors which she wore, marked her off as a personage. I had last seen her heading a suffrage procession, seated on a white horse. Then she had been beautiful in an authentic fashion that is independent of fashion or country. She

rose now on the trail of her youngest child. She peered forward eagerly in a rather nearsighted way, her lovely bell-like voice toned out as from a platform:

"Arthur! Arthur! James, have you seen Arthur?" And Arthur having been recovered, she walked by us holding the child by the hand.

Presently the three of us were sitting together, each to the other a familiar landmark in an unfamiliar youthful world. It streamed past us, bright, valiant, unnoticing, as we talked of the old days when we had fought for suffrage, when each of us had had a cause; when Margaret Wren had hunger-struck and baited prime ministers, and lovely Ethel Ray had gone to jail for picketing. We paused at last, and Margaret Wren, who in the years had grown heavy, her youthful impressiveness turned into majesty, said, "If we had been in a crowd of college girls ten years ago everyone would have known who we were."

It was true. All of us represented the things the girls of ten years ago wanted to know about. Margaret Wren would have been a lodestone to all aspiring youth.

Yes, ten years ago. Now we sat upon the deck unnoticed and unknown, anonymous. Nor was there anyone in this bright and flashing company whose eyes would light at mention of the old crusaders. These beautiful children didn't know we existed. Still less did they care for the things which to us had seemed so important. Youth had ebbed away, leaving the leaders of so few years ago in an arid desert of oblivion.

We watched the passing young people.

"Oh," said Margaret Wren, "they terrify me! I don't know what to say to them. Quite petrifying. They're not interested in any of the things we were interested in."

What *could* Margaret Wren, the leader of yesterday, say to to-day's youth? The old fights were won or lost and all of them forgotten. You could not make hearts beat with talk of Man-made Laws to children who made their own.



The causes were all gone, the jails were closed. The issues for which we had fought belonged to an epoch as dark and distant as Ptolemy's.

"Thank heaven," Ethel Ray said, "they're not my responsibility. I don't have to pretend that I like either their necking or their naïve drunkenness."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" asked Margaret Wren.

"They don't know and no one else does," Ethel Ray answered. "And *they don't care.*" And that was true enough.

We were like three fates, it seemed to me, as we sat there. Dullness, Domesticity, and Duty: a grudging Domesticity that looked back with homesickness to the lecture platform, an arid Duty—and a sterile Dullness.

## II

Next day the air was full of an echo of saxophones and banjos. Jazz blared out of the saloon, boys banged pianos and practiced. Boys practiced on the decks. The new civilization had brought its own music along. These boys traveled free, back and forth across the ocean. Traveling youth danced to its own music. Now it was playing for the evening dance on the deck.

The great vessel rose slowly, with a lumbering easy motion like leviathan's. The flat sea stretched out to lose itself in invisible horizons. England's last light was dropping astern, a yellow star. Everywhere were youths and maidens sitting on rugs, leaning against deck houses, in chairs, in lifeboats. They were all making love quite publicly and with indifference to any observer. I was, for the first time, witnessing "necking" on a grand scale, and it seemed to me a quaint and curious and probably ephemeral custom.

The girl named Joyce was strolling up and down deck beside a raving beauty. She passed and re-passed Roddy, on whose arm hung a girl with slanting eyes and a greedy upper lip, a cigarette

tucked at a defiant angle at the corner of her mouth. As she passed Joyce she would look up into Roddy's face. Joyce dropped down in a chair beside me. Roddy went by, the girl still on his arm dancing with little steps and puffing her cigarette.

"I hate that girl," said Joyce quietly. "Sometimes I think I was a nut to come on the boat with Roddy. I ask myself, 'Where do I go from here?'"

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

With a quiet that held the heart of intensity she replied, "Straight to City Hall." She took a deep breath. "Gee, it's good to get that off my chest. I've been afraid to face it. Old stuff. Maidenly was what I was being. The nineties. Can you tie that?"

She waited as though for me to reply, so I said, "Have you known him long?"

"We met this summer and he gave me a rush—he had asked me to marry him so often, I didn't give it a thought until I saw another jane with him—and such a one! And Roddy with his nose pointed to the altar. Then a few days ago he started on a binge with the drink-digger." She nodded in the direction of the offending Roddy.

"Drink-digger?" I echoed with embarrassed ignorance.

"Oh, one of those girls who hang around bars waiting all day for fellows to buy them drinks," she explained tolerantly. "Then when I found Lushy Louisa was going to sail on the same boat I hit the ceiling." She stopped and looked into the faintly luminous water. A young man with crisp red curls approached us. He inquired politely in the tone of one asking for a dance:

"Will you come up with me to one of the lifeboats to-night?"

To which Joyce replied with equal politeness, "Thanks, no. I'm not necking to-night."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered generously. They went away together.

There followed two days of a slow, lazy lurch, heave, lift, broken by shattering vibration when for a moment the

propeller beat the air. A dark iron sky was clamped down over a sea of sulky, sliding, white-crowned waves. The chaperons were all in their cabins or tucked in deck chairs. Some strenuous young people still played deck tennis. A team of shuffle-board players slid discs down the uncertain deck.

By now the ship's company had paired off two by two, male and female as He had created them. They sat wrapped around by the same rug on the deck, in chairs, or huddled together in boats. Roddy and Joyce were laid out in chairs beside mine, the deadly indifference of seasickness upon them. The little girl called Lou, a beret on her head, came up with pert solicitations.

"Snap out of it, Roddy," she advised. "Come and try a brisk walk and some champagne." Roddy struggled loose from steamer rugs, waving apologetically to Joyce.

"Can you tie that?" she murmured. "I track down Roddy to lose him in round two—when you lose your *joie de vivre* you sure lose your beau." She closed her eyes.

### III

The bad weather was over. The sun came out. The spacious sea stretched blue to the horizon. Sea birds and shore-bound vessels were left behind. Only unbroken blue immensities surrounded the great vessel, which now was steady as dry land. Within its iron boundaries the tourist class began to seethe and boil. There was a sense of living in the midst of the innumerable love stories and intrigues of a society composed exclusively of the very young.

I became acquainted with my contemporaries. They were all, with varying degrees of apprehension, witnessing the baffling spectacle of these children of the future. Chaperons chanted with stiff jaws, "I'm all for the younger generation," while they looked on fearfully. Mothers told atrocity stories of their daughters' behavior while in France.

I unearthed a small cell of old-fashioned girls who wore ground-gripper shoes and what are known as sensible clothes, with no make-up. They seemed to spend their time disapproving of the rest of the ship, but they, like the others, were without a philosophy concerning youth or illuminating comment. A muscular Christian, with bulging calves, a field secretary of the church, charged up to me to demand angrily:

"Am I to think these painted, drinking girls are representative of the American womanhood in our colleges?"

If I couldn't find out what our generation thought of them, I learned through Joyce what their generation thought about us. We had become good friends as Roddy had divided himself between Lou and Joyce. I saw she was unhappy, but she was plucky. I sat late on deck one night, and Joyce threw herself down on the chair beside me. She sat staring ahead of her.

"I can't find Roddy," she declared. "I simply can't find him anywhere. I get the heebie-jeebies when I don't know where he is. I keep thinking he's got stewed and fallen overboard. Can you tie that?" And then to my horror she began to cry. Not the easy tears of a girl who finds relief in weeping, but the racking shamed sobs of youth. "I won't go home!" broke from her. "I won't go home and be jawed over any more! It's awful—awful—to have somebody that you don't respect—like your mother—tell you what to do—and where to get off!"

"That you don't respect?" I asked. "Why not?"

"What is there—about most middle-aged women—to respect?" sobbed Joyce. I was silent. What was there? "When my mother tells me—what she—didn't do when she was young—I want to say 'What of it? You're not so hot.'"

She dried her eyes and looked at me as though I could give some illuminating account of the older generation. I found nothing to say. After all, telling a girl what not to do was no program.



"I won't go home," Joyce said slowly. "That's why I've got to have Roddy. The old folks cherish an old superstition that when we marry we settle. They draw a long breath when they see a marriage license. One crazy kid in a great city is all wrong, but two crazy kids plus a marriage license are all right. I don't know how they get that way, but they do. I'm going to find Roddy." She paused. I got up to go. "I'm going to find Roddy," said Joyce, "if it takes all night." Apparently it did.

Next morning I heard a gay greeting in the opposite cabin:

"Well, well, where were you last night, little stranger?"

As I sat in my deck chair Joyce and Roddy, arm in arm, strolled slowly past. Joyce left Roddy for a moment. She leaned over me.

"I've got him nailed to the mast," she confided.

#### IV

Every ocean voyage has its own personality. From its component isolated individuals a definite entity is formed. This voyage was made of young laughter, boys with bottles swaying in doorways, tramp of feet at all hours. Young urgent voices, whisperings, voices calling in corridors, laughter. It became a huge party, a party of hundreds, a party lasting for days and days.

The chaperons were worried. There were conferences in corners between the hostess and the leaders of various groups of girls. The older generation had arisen from seasickness to make a few remarks. This clear music of youth was to stop. The young people fearlessly making love were to cease.

"What's happened?" I asked Joyce.

"The old folks are just fighting us," she answered. "They always do. It's nothing. Some of the girls have been known to take a drink, some of them have stayed on deck all night, that's all. That man over there is a church worker. He stays up and snoops. He's a case

for Freud. He got the hostess and the chaperons excited."

I glanced at the field secretary pounding up and down the deck indignantly. "I think they've behaved very well," I said.

"Sure," said Joyce. "And we have to settle for a couple of girls who hang around the bar and the girls who go on deck with a new fellow every night. I don't believe in promiscuity, do you?"

"No," I answered faintly.

Groups of subdued young people talked soberly in corners. The handful of girls who spent their time near the bar vanished. "Do not," age said, and youth paused. The church, the college, the elders had spoken, not loudly but poisonously. There was an ominous calm.

#### V

Was that the only message that age had for youth? Could it merely cry, "Don't" across the chasm of time, I wondered? An evil spell was over the vessel. There was conflict going on. The excitement was still there, but now it ran underground, dangerously. There was a sense of strain throughout the whole ship. I sat on the deck with Margaret Wren, watching the young people who had begun to have names and faces for me.

There was beautiful Carol. She was going to teach. There was Joyce. She was going to get married. And Lushy Lou. She would whirl around a while. In the end would the Fates get them? The three Fates that wait at the end of most of life's roads—Dullness, Duty, and Domesticity?

At any rate they didn't yet bother about the Fates. They were occupied in defying their elders. One felt earthquake weather in the air. There was in process one of those long, slow upheavals that leaves everything at different angles. They did not give way to any showy lavalike eruptions of anger, but you could feel them banded together, youth integrated to assert

itself over a generation which it did not respect.

This feeling grew and grew. Mutiny was in the air. I expected something spectacular and overt—a demonstration—the young people in procession, their band leading them, their thumbs at their noses. Nothing like this happened. And yet authority had been thrown out on its head. The youngones stayed up later and later. Swaying boys and girls filled the companion doorways. Whatever hour one was on deck, the lifeboats were full of murmurous couples. The bludgeon of the chaperons, “We’ll write your parents,” was useless. It was as if someone had said to someone else, “What if they do? What then? They can’t do anything. Let them tell our parents and we’ll say, ‘What of it?’”

It was like finding out that bugaboos did not exist. With this discovery contact was broken between the older and younger generation. They were on their own now. They told about themselves and their music and their dances.

The boat churned out of the fog. The sun came out on a dangerous, sparkling sea. No one minded its lurch and heave any more. The excitement of landfall was in the air. To-night was the night of the costume ball. Early in the evening Joyce came up to me.

“Roddy’s escaped again,” she said. “He’s had a few drinks. I can’t help being scared. He’s coocoo when he’s tight.” Under the flour-white face and red mouth of a pierrot make-up her face was set.

I made my way through the masquerade. Under the glare of a spotlight the fantastically dressed girls and boys were dancing. There was a fluidity in their movements that was enchanting. I could stand there endlessly watching them drifting, flowing, effortless. Masqueraders were scattered over the decks. I threaded through the crowd. The blare of the music, the excitement of the crowd confused me. My mind became

disassociated—one part of it watching the spectacle and the other part trying to interpret its meaning. Then suddenly it came to me who these children were.

I thought, “*We willed this.* All of us old timers. We poor old petrified coral insects, it’s on our rigid submerged bodies that this new land has risen. They are our descendants, and we don’t even know it. They don’t know it. We’re part of everything that has made them. We willed freedom. Well, here it is. Look at them.”

What point were they reaching for with their mounting excitement? What was going to happen to-night? Something had to. There must be some explosion. Defiance had arisen wave-like and overwhelming. Something had to happen. Pressure was too high. Lightning would strike. Something was brewing with all the seethe and bubble. What I expected I could not have told. Something beautiful or horrible. Something significant should have flowered in this vessel which bore triumphant youth in its heart. Then as in a dream I heard voices as if in answer to my question. The boy’s voice urged:

“*Aw, kid, come on, kid!*”

The girl’s voice mumbled something inaudible, soft.

“*Aw, come on, kid!*” Soft mutterings. “*Aw, kid, be a swell kid. Come on, kid!*” repeated the boy’s voice, persistent. Again a soft answering mutter. I walked away, “*Aw, kid, aw, kid, come on,*” ringing in my ears.

Nothing was going to happen.

The excitement had gone off in froth. It had expended itself in masquerade and dancing, in a little drinking and a little love-making. I had seen something terrifying and beautiful, youth unrestrained, frothing up to some incredible climax and then softly dying down to the tune of “*Aw, kid, come on, kid!*”

I walked to the top deck. There were murmurs, little squeals, protests from boats. I looked over the rail into



a soft, impenetrable darkness, putting together all the things I had seen or heard until they should form a pattern.

I thought of Joyce's words, "What is there in middle age to respect—you're not so hot." That meant that the parent myth was dead. Chucked out. Old baggage.

"We don't marry for keeps any more. We try it out." Casual dismissal of parents. Very casual marriages. And that meant— The upper part of my mind and the lower came together like a thunder clap.

That meant the Death of the Family. These beautiful unthinking children

carried in their hands a pretty portentous thing, and they didn't even know it. If they fought for no causes, marched to no slogans, it was because they didn't need to. They didn't need to with the old idols smacked in the face, not with ferocity or hate, but as a child flicks at something with a whip—absently.

I stood looking about me for one of my contemporaries while the children ran past. I wanted to impart my news to someone.

"*You know the family's dying?*"

And it seemed to me that these boys and girls running by me were celebrating its death.

## SWANS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

*WITH wings held close and slim necks bent,  
Pale clouds that drift in summer woods,  
Float shimmering and indolent,  
The alabaster birds.*

*Scarcely they move, the lovely ones;  
They lie like snow, cool flake on flake,  
Mild breast on breast, with dimmer swans  
Dim-mirrored in the lake.*

*They glide . . . and glides that white caress,  
Shy bird to bird, with never a sound;  
Thus leaned Narcissus toward his face,  
Leaned lower till he drowned.*

*Leda leaned thus, subdued and spent,  
Beneath those vivid wings of love;  
Along the lake, proud, indolent,  
The vast birds scarcely move.*

*Silence is wisdom; then how wise  
Are these whose song is but their knell.  
A god did well to choose this guise;  
Truly a god did well.*



## The Lion's Mouth



### FEVER

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE devils, it is said, carry hell with them wherever they go, so that even in paradise they are infernally at home. It is the same with us: we can never escape from ourselves. Jones may long to be Newton or Napoleon; but in spite of his desires, in the teeth of all his efforts, he remains unalterably Jones. Nor can Smith in love identify himself, as he would like to do, with the beloved Miss Brown; nor Robinson, rejected, do anything to make his personality like that of favored Smith. Only the mentally deranged are ever permanently somebody else. The normal are doomed to remain themselves. It is only when they are ill that they can hope to escape, however briefly and incompletely, from their own familiar souls.

Recently a touch of influenza gave me an opportunity of studying at close quarters the person I become when my temperature rises above a hundred and two. This fever-person is forced on me, not chosen. He is not the kind of being I ever wanted to become. He is not Shakespeare or Faraday or Mozart. He is not superior to my normal-temperature self; he is inferior. But he has at least the great merit of being different. He is not I. Who is he, then?

Who indeed? Let me try to paint his portrait. He is, to begin with, a stoic. Not theoretically—for he is a man of

few or no theories—but in practice, spontaneously and by instinct. He is one of nature's stoics, born not made. The things of this world which are ordinarily counted as goods or evils are matters to him of total indifference. Is he rich or poor? He does not care. Free or a slave? What does it matter? No affections attach him to the ephemeral and phenomenal. No hatreds disturb his serenity. Those who were loved when the temperature of the body he inhabits was four degrees lower are to him spectral strangers. And his *ci-devant* greatest enemy, if now he entered the sick-room, would be neither more nor less. No accident has power to disturb him. He can regard all the inclemencies of fate with absolute equanimity. The news of his ruin, of the death of all his one-time friends would leave him cold—or rather hot; for his stoicism is a function of his warmth. Even the prospect of his own death fills him with no alarm or distress. With every rise in the temperature of his blood, life becomes less agreeable and death proportionately less terrifying. The person who makes his appearance when my body is at a hundred and two is so stoically wretched that he has no fear of the event which will put an end to his misery. The fact is comforting. For though I may fear death, it is probably the other man who will have to do the dying. *Timor mortis conturbat me*—but not him. If it is the fever-person who occupies the deathbed my feelings about the matter are an irrelevance.

It is only when the death is a cold not a hot one, that the ordinary man's emotions about dying are of importance. For there are many illnesses which do not transmute us into someone



else, but on the contrary reinforce our individuality and, by rendering it impossible for us to think and do the thousand irrelevant and distracting things which all healthy people are perpetually thinking and doing, make us more thoroughly and intensely ourselves than we are in seasons of normality. Such illnesses do not detach us from the objects of our affection, but bring us closer to them. Instead of reducing us to a state of stoical carelessness, they strengthen those bonds of sentiment, habit, and association—that natural piety, in Wordsworth's phrase, by which our days are bound together. When this happens, the final unbinding of the days must seem particularly cruel. It is to prepare for such ends as these that Montaigne advised us to take a course of training in the art of dying. Where the conclusion is feverish, such training is wasted; for it is not the trained individual who dies, but another, the temporary usurper of his place. Detached from everything and everybody, with no habits of affection to be broken and nothing loved to be lost, the usurper is, spiritually, more than half dead when he begins his reign. Death is only the ultimate stage in a psychological process which the first touch of fever inaugurated.

But though emotionally detached, the person who occupies a fevered body is by no means unconscious. His mind works—I speak at any rate from my own experience—even more actively than it does at ordinary times. In my own case this activity is radically different from the activity of the unfevered mind. For with my blood at a hundred and two instead of at ninety-eight, I am transformed, not merely from an ordinary human being into a monster of stoical ataraxia, but also from a prosaic thinker into a seer of images, a visionary, a kind of potential poet. At ordinary times I am not one of those who think in terms of inward visions. My mind works more or less abstractly, in terms of words which evoke only the palest images. But the mind of the person who takes my

place when my blood is too hot thinks exclusively with pictures. Fever miraculously opens the inward eye, and I find myself living in the midst of the strangest phantasmagoria.

Each word I hear, each external object I catch sight of, calls up an image, often apparently quite unrelated to the evoking word or thing; and the first image calls up a second, the second a third, and so on indefinitely. The visions have a life of their own independent of my conscious will; their endless succession unrolls itself regardless of my wishes. I—whoever "I" may be—am reduced to the role of mere spectator. I stand aside and watch the performance which somebody else has staged for my amusement. And sometimes I am duly amused; for the show is brilliant and a kind of plot, a dramatic interest, rambles mazelily through the succession of images. But at other times, when I am tired, when I long for peace and sleep, the spectacle becomes intolerable. I resent its intrusion on my privacy; I feel as I should feel if I were compelled by law to have the radio and television perpetually turned on in my study. For the visions are unescapable. I cannot avert my gaze from them, and if I would close the inward eye against them, their brightness shines through any muffling bandage my consciousness can interpose. They are not merely as clear as the images transmitted by the physical eye from the external world; they are clearer, brighter, more luminously distinct. They are more real than ordinary reality; they are real in that excessive and preternatural way in which a work of art is real.

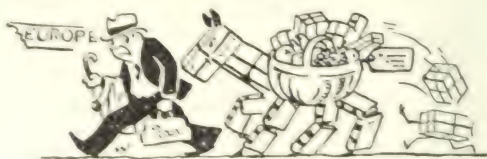
Compared with the images of them evoked, in paint, by Velasquez, shall we say, and Piero della Francesca, or, on the printed page, by Dickens, by Dostoevsky, by Flaubert, the flesh-and-blood people of daily life seem phantasmal, as trees walking. My fever-images have just that quality of super-reality which belongs, among objects in the external world, only to works of art. Not, of course, that they are works of art, except

subjectively for my fevered self. If, by means of some miraculous calligraphic shorthand, I could contrive to render them visible to others (including among those others the self I am when my temperature is normal) these super-real visions would be revealed, I know, as things of an entirely sub-artistic incoherence. The French *surréalistes* in their earlier productions went to the trouble of demonstrating the difference between private day-dreaming and public art. Their method was to allow their minds (image-seeing and poetical even at 98.4, or rather, since we are in France, at 36.8) to wander uncontrolled through the mazes of associative fancy. The history of these wanderings they then proceeded to record. The result whenever the method was strictly followed was always a kind of rigmarole incomprehensible and without beauty for anyone except the author. Inevitably; for a work of art must be made, at least in part, out of materials accessible to all men.

Day-dreams are as private and personal to the day-dreamer as his own body. They can as little be shared with others, they are as little suitable for being made the matter of a direct sacramental communion with others, as his kidneys and his pancreas. True, a man's day-dreams, no less than his body, can be used as material for a work of art, but only on condition of their being re-interpreted in terms of emotions and intellectual ideas common to other human beings. Carlyle's pancreas and kidneys gave him chronic trouble. If he had confined himself to setting down an exact record of his symptoms from day to day, nobody would have been interested. But, wiser than the *surréalistes*, he did not attempt to give direct expression to the entirely private history of his viscera. Digesting his own indigestions, he re-interpreted his private bodily discomfort in terms of an abstract and very public "fire-eyed despair" (I think that was the phrase); he used his dyspepsia as the raw material out of which to manufacture that peculiar kind of work of

art called a philosophy. A day-dream must be treated by the artist in the same way as an event in the history of his body; it must be re-interpreted and its private images used for the adornment of some public emotional or intellectual theme. The *surréalistes* of the straitest sect refuse to do this; their books, in consequence, are psychological curiosities rather than works of art. They are collections of raw materials for literature; they are documents exhibiting the state of mind of a poet before he starts to turn his private dreaming into poetry.

Fever transforms me too into a potential lyrist. With the influenza upon me I can form some notion of the way in which Shelley or Rimbaud normally thought. I begin to understand how they invented those metaphors which invest an old idea with an entirely new and richer significance. I know where they fetched those brilliant images with which they clothed their thoughts and feelings. They had the feverish gift of seeing, but along with it the sober power to organize what they saw into the forms of art, to convert private visions into publicly recognizable beauty and universally comprehensible argument. Possessing at ordinary times a little, perhaps, of their capacity to organize, I lack the gift of seeing. And the fever that brings me visions robs me of my intellect. The person who takes my place when my blood is overheated possesses of the poet's genius only that part, alas, which is allied to madness.



### GIFT HORSES

BY ELIZABETH MYERS

NOW, I'll ask you one. Why is it, with Europe and California approximately the same distance from New York, when we sail for Europe we are showered with



gifts and greetings, but when we board the train for the West Coast we don't draw so much as a telegram of good wishes? There is very little difference in the length of the two journeys, and certainly there is more diversion to be found on board a ship, equipped with gymnasium, library, card-room, deck space for games and floor space for dancing, than in the dust-sifting trains where entertainment is limited to watching reels of scenery unwind at the eye-straining rate of fifty miles an hour, observing uninteresting fellow-passengers, or the faint chance of getting in an occasional game of bridge.

Going abroad to-day gives most people no more of a kick than a ride on a Staten Island ferry does to a commuter. It is just a natural and ordinary thing to do; but, in spite of this, the very moment it is known that you are planning to sail, on go the thinking-caps of kind friends who feel the necessity of sending something to the steamer.

I know a woman who has been going abroad every year for the past ten or fifteen years, and every year she goes through the same little ruse of pretending that she has made no plans for the summer; in fact, she confides to you, she is thinking of doing a bit of traveling in America. Then suddenly she announces that she is sailing for Europe the next day. She has always fondly hoped that thus she could sneak away without the cheers and the material demonstrations. But she knows in her heart that this can never be; not while she goes abroad. She has fooled only herself, for her friends are ready and waiting. When she boards the steamer her stateroom looks like the night before Christmas!

I, too, can speak with feeling. Last year I went to Europe. I am not as fortunate as my friend: my lucky number turns up about once every four or five years. But I received forty-three remembrances: three steamer baskets, seven boxes of flowers, one case of liquid coffee, one pound of caviar, one case of

assorted jellies, six boxes of candy, ten books of new fiction, a heavy three-volumed biography of a scientist I had never heard of, and a book on the industrial situation in the Far East. These latter books would have made a splendid display in my library at home; and what fine ingleside reading on a winter's night! But I was going in the opposite direction. There were rich and gooey cakes from a smart shop on the Avenue, there were crackers dry and unsweetened, there were coat-hangers and dress-covers and hold-alls, and handkerchief cases and a chessboard and men. The rest consisted of telegrams, bon-voyage cards, and letters. And all this because I, like thousands of others, was going to Europe for my summer vacation.

Two years ago I went in the other direction—to California. I went by train. I told my friends I was going. I told them the date. Three came to see me off. One bought me a late edition of a newspaper, another gave me two magazines, and the third loaned me a book she wanted me to read and mail back to her. She wanted my opinion, she said, as to whether I thought it would do to give to a rather strait-laced friend who was going to Europe the following month.

I have no quarrel with my friends for their lack of enthusiasm for my California trip. Why should it excite them? Only why, when I was going East by boat, was I so honored with gifts and attentions, but when I was journeying by train for nearly as long a distance in the other direction, were they so indifferent? To-day there are as many dangers traveling by rail as by sea, and the journey across country is not nearly so diverting.

Forty-three presents was the sum of my last ocean-going trip. Not bad for one as quiet and unpretentious as I. Forty-three packages of all sizes and descriptions, and I was traveling light with every inch of space accounted for.

I do not want to appear churlish. Looking a gift horse in the mouth is an

ungrateful thing to do. I was brought up to be humble and thankful for gifts bestowed. But what, I ask, is one to do if there happens to be no stable to house the steed, or if the doctor has expressly forbidden riding?

All those gorgeous flowers would have looked lovely decorating my home, but in my nine by six cabin—which I had to share with another passenger—it was impossible to keep them at all. I rang for the steward and asked him to put them, or as many as he could, on my table in the dining saloon so that others might enjoy them with me. (A thought that apparently had come to others as well.) The baskets of fruit with all the goodies half hidden. Again, what to do? I rang once more for the steward and gave them to him to put in the ice box for me. I should never enjoy that luscious fruit, I knew; but the steerage we have always with us. The candies I distributed to children who were much better off without them. One eats too much and too often on board ship. The books of fiction I read and passed on to a deck-side acquaintance. The heavy biography and the book on the industrial situation in the Far East I, in sheer decency, glanced through and then donated to the ship's library. With all this bounty I could not help thinking how much more I could appreciate and do justice to these kindly thought-out gifts of my friends if I were traveling by train. How good that juicy fruit would taste to my parched and dust-filled throat. The candy would be welcomed and sampled every so often. The books would receive full measure of attention, even the biography.

To-day, everyone goes abroad, or if not, is planning to go some day. It is no

uncommon thing to meet one's butcher, in mufti, strolling along the Champs Elysées, or to come across Carlos, one's nice Italian grocer, on the Pincio and to have him call out happily, "Howda, Missa." My woman-by-the-day tells me that she is saving for a trip, tourist third. My bookseller beat me over by a week. As I said before, it is a common occurrence. You rarely meet them in California. Then why all this hurrah?

Next summer I do not expect to go away at all. I shall not have caught up from last year's junket. Most of my friends are planning to go, I have the dates of their sailing on my memorandum pad, but I must economically remain at home. All those fortunate ones will be receiving baskets of fruit, boxes of flowers, pounds of candy, books upon books, and tons of other things besides, but what will I get for having to stay at home in the hot city, working? Nothing. And even if I were going to California I should not be much better off!

Why can't a new order of things be instituted? Why not give gifts *only* to the unfortunates who have to remain at home—as a sort of consolation prize? Next summer, for instance, how greatly I should enjoy all those beautiful flowers! I should fill my house with them. Or that fruit, to tempt me when I was too tired or hot to eat. Those books, for the sultry hours ahead of me, to make me forget that I was but a miserable stay-at-home. That marvelous coffee for my self-made breakfasts, and that caviar, my friends, that caviar!

But it's dollars to doughnuts I'll get nary a gift for my solitary confinement next summer, not so much as a five-cent bar of chocolate!





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## *Editor's Easy Chair*

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### SHALL DOCTORS RULE US?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE year '29 is famous for several things. Praed, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, wrote a poem about it—"Twenty Eight and Twenty Nine." That was a hundred years ago, the same year in which Oliver Wendell Holmes (not the Justice but the Autocrat) was graduating from Harvard College, a shining member of a renowned class. Praed might have written a poem about him if he had known about him; but the Autocrat would now be reckoned as a greater poet than Praed, though they were both very charming. They should have been lifelong contemporaries, for Holmes was only seven or eight years younger than Praed; but Praed lasted for only ten years after 1829, whereas the Autocrat lived on, ever tuneful, useful, and delightful until 1894. All the same they both did honor to the year '29.

So also did another eminent character, Joan of Arc, for that was the year in which she raised the siege of Orleans, crowned her King at Rheims, and won the battle of Patay. Really '29 is her year. Five hundred years ago it was that she did her marvels, and she remains a profoundly notable wonder-mover. How do you account for her? How would the eminent scientists, who at this writing have so lately convened, consorted, conjectured, and contended in these parts, account for Joan of Arc? Doubtless they would disagree about her and especially about the voices that directed her. A great salvage of truth,

near truth, and possible truth comes from the disagreement of the scientists. That is all to the good, for it keeps doors open. Nowadays it takes rather more imagination to travel with the scientists than it does with the old-fashioned believers. Whatever one thinks or believes nowadays, he will be likely to have company. If he believes in Adam and Eve as our first parents, of course he will have a profusion of associates in that.

There is a family Bible to which the present humble deponent has access, on the flyleaf of which was pasted by pious hands long departed the "Articles of Faith of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica" (about 1836). The first article is about "one only living and true God," and how He made everything and "constantly upholds, preserves, and governs all the affairs and the concerns thereof, according to the wise and eternal counsel of His own will."

Certainly Article 1 is not difficult to accept, but how about Article 2 that runs: "You believe that God first made man in his own image, and entered into a covenant of life with him upon condition of perfect obedience, but that our first parents fell by eating the forbidden fruit, thereby bringing sin and ruin on all their posterity"? The articles that follow tell (3) how God in His mercy sent a Saviour and Redeemer and (4) "how persons who heartily embrace his offers of salvation are justified, sanctified" and (5) at "the last day shall be invited into heavenly kingdom."

They are fine articles, they are so definite, so precise, so literal. As will be noticed, they tell persons who have joined, or are about to join, the Presbyterian Church what they have undertaken to believe. That story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit was a fact to thousands of Presbyterians in our grandfathers' time and doubtless is a fact to millions of Christians to-day. To others it is not a fact but very interesting as folklore or allegory, and as part of a working hypothesis that has helped mankind and contributed to the development of many of the most helpful characters of our own time. It recorded and passed down, apparently in the guise of fiction, a significant truth, and so to instructed people of this generation it seems, while probably not true to fact, still very interesting and important. According to the evolutionary theory, life started in an ooze, and after a while matter became conscious, then the various animals developed, and then man. But what was the great differentiating quality that distinguished man from the other animals? What was it if not this very discovery of good and evil which is recorded in the story of the Garden of Eden? The animals have delightful and wonderful qualities, but they seem not to have eaten of the forbidden fruit and consequently not to have developed the ideas of modesty and of right and wrong that make us so much trouble. Walt Whitman loved this quality in them; and shared it quite perceptibly. He said of them (as readers will remember):

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

The animal side of us appealed strongly to Walt Whitman. He approved of it heartily. Nevertheless, the Adam and Eve story seems to mark the point at which humanity rose above the animal creation.

AT THE meeting of the scientists, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, professor of sociology at Smith College, held forth on Medical Science *vs.* Religion as a Guide to Life and appealed for supplanting of theology by mental hygiene and for a valid basis for new rules of conduct that will rest squarely on a scientific foundation. Doctor Barnes came out for a more adequate conception of God which must be formulated, he thought, in the light of contemporary astrophysics, which, he considered, completely repudiates the theological outlook of Holy Scripture. He would not hold with the second article of the Presbyterian Faith. What we need, he thought, is such a conception of God as Doctor Fosdick might work out in the light of the astrophysical discoveries and conceptions of Shapley and Michelsen and the study of atoms and electrons by Bohr, Planck, and Millikan. This world, he said, can no longer be viewed as a training camp preparatory for life in the New Jerusalem, but should be regarded as a place in which man should make himself as happy as possible while he is here. The new cosmic criticism, he said, threw out of civilized nomenclature one of the basic categories of all religious and metaphysical morality, namely sin. One may admit, he thought, the existence of morality and crime but scarcely of sin, which is by technical definition a violation of the revealed will of God. Modern science, he said, has shown it to be difficult to prove the existence of God and, since we can no longer look upon the Bible or any other existing holy book as embodying God's revealed will, we cannot very well know when we are violating it. Hence, he said, "sin goes into the limbo of ancient superstition such as witchcraft and sacrifice."



Doctor Barnes' observations gave only moderate satisfaction to the scientists. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to which Doctor Barnes' remarks were addressed, rebuked him for introducing metaphysical and religious subjects into a meeting for scientific discussion. But Doctor Barnes was impenitent and insisted that his remarks were proper to the meeting. His views of the mythical quality of our present understanding of the Almighty and of the need of having the ten commandments subjected to scientific examination to determine how many of them we still want, gave great offense to several New York clergymen, and in particular to Cardinal Hayes, who dissented from them at some length and with due attention to particulars, from the pulpit of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on the following day.

Doctor Osborn may be justified in his opinion that Doctor Barnes should not have run so much theology into a scientific meeting, but at least it made for interesting reading in the newspapers, which is always something to be thankful for. Doctor Fosdick will probably excuse himself from the duty of defining the Almighty to which Doctor Barnes invited him, and that may be as well; for in a sermon which he preached just before Election there were passages which might be understood as intimations that in his opinion the Almighty was a Dry and, of course, it is still much too soon for imputations of that sort to be fixed in any new formulations. Besides that, Doctor Fosdick, being very intelligent and quite pious, probably realizes that the dimensions of the Almighty are far beyond our powers of computation, and that though His notions of right and wrong may conflict with those of some of our spiritual directors, it is better to leave the conflicts to work themselves out with such inevitable changes as may follow the increase of knowledge and possibly of human wisdom. So far as God is concerned, we

are all about six years old, which is old enough for worship and even for behavior.

As to the ten commandments, courts, both ecclesiastical and civil, have interpreted them considerably, and some of the interpretations have conflicted, as where the injunction against making graven images and likenesses is differently understood by Mohammedans and Christians. It is a question also, and not a little disputed, how far the commandment to keep the Sabbath day holy has been modified for Christians by the teachings of Christ. The suggestion that the commandments should be revised is natural enough, but it does not follow at all that revision is expedient; nor is there visible any authority or any imaginable combination of authorities that seems competent to do it and have its findings respected. Better leave the commandments as they are and try to understand what they are and what they really signify. It is not necessary to repeal any of them. Old codes of law are often useful as milestones to show how far civilization has gone since they were instituted; but that is not so yet with the ten commandments, most of which are remarkably lively and as good as ever.

But are they the will of God? That story of Moses coming down from the mountain with the tablets of stone is a good story, just as Adam and Eve is a good story, but to this generation it is less convincing than it used to be. It sounds rather more like folklore. For us God is what we can think He is. His will is what we imagine it to be. The majority of us are not cocksure from day to day that we know what it is in all particulars, but in so far as we have any sense we try to locate it, understand it, and conform to it in our conduct. For us it is what we think it is. When another group of minds comes along, buys or terrorizes a legislature, and puts over us some law or other, and tries to give it out as the will of God, we reject it; and laws so passed, while they have the police

power back of them and people can be put in jail for breaking them, have no adequate moral force because so large a proportion of the people affected cannot be persuaded that the actions they proscribe are really sinful. They laugh at such a law and fight it just as we should laugh at Doctor Barnes' proposed new formula for God according to Doctor Fosdick and the astrophysicists if it did not happen to meet our views about what such a formula should be.

**P**ROBABLY any formula for God that would suit Doctor Barnes would fail to suit a large majority of the other people. One reason for that is that Doctor Barnes seems to think of people merely as bodies, and thinks that they should be guided through life not by doctors of theology but of medicine, and considers that this world should not be regarded as a training place for a world to come, but rather as a place in which man should make himself as happy as possible.

Why, yes, as happy as possible, but how go about it? That opens up a large field. Doctor Barnes is a professor in a girls' college. What does he tell the girls at Smith about being happy and the way to accomplish it? Does he preach to them the curious doctrines that are put out by Mrs. Bertrand Russell in her *The Right to Be Happy*? Whom does he hold up to them as examples in right living? Does he tell them that happiness is a by-product and that the way to catch it is not to be too much concerned about it, but to try for something else? That is about what religion does in our times. It has at times been much too gloomy. Christianity at times has called for the mortification of the flesh and found prospects of salvation to be improved by highly unhygienic living in this mortal

state. That cannot be said to be a defect of our time, when, if we have any money left after buying motor cars, we spend it for bath tubs and improvements in plumbing. Christianity at least sees more in men than bodies; yes, more than minds too. It sees immortal souls and, so seeing, seems still a lap or two ahead of Doctor Barnes in the great race for truth.

As for the doctors, they seem just now to be by way of realizing Doctor Barnes' hopes that they will take charge of human life. They practice nowadays with more authority than the ministers do. A newspaper reported among its end-of-the-year statistics that we Americans are now spending a billion dollars a year on religion. What we spend on doctors was not reported. We only know that some people spend too much, many more too little (because, perhaps, they cannot afford more) and that money in these flush times can be had for hospitals more easily if anything than for churches.

But the doctors will never get the ministers' jobs away from them if the ministers keep up with the times. Nothing stands still in these days, not even man, who is still far from attaining to the limit of his possibilities and seems to be fast developing other powers besides his astonishing control of material things. The counsel to make the most of Earth life because that is the only life we are sure of, will never be popular. It is too thin, even for the crowd that cries, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we die!" It does not make either for health or happiness, but for disease and regret. Neither does it give us a good start on our next excursion, when we quit our chrysalis bodies and start off with increased power and lessened disabilities on a new quest after knowledge and comprehension.





## Personal and Otherwise



**A**FTER the recent HARPER reflections by Messrs. Macy and Aikman on the foibles of womankind, we now add insult to injury; according to the leading article of this month, women are just like men! But *Floyd H. Allport's* analysis of the myth of the eternal feminine and its influence upon the laws and conventions regarding women will stand searching examination. Professor Allport is one of the ablest psychologists in America: he occupies the chair of social and political psychology at Syracuse University, has written a standard book entitled *Social Psychology*, and contributed to the August, 1927, issue of the Magazine a telling paper on "The Psychology of Nationalism."

When Bishop Fiske questioned in our last issue whether Christianity was really our national religion, he left the door open for *Elmer Davis* to point out that our national religion is that of prosperity, with the Republican Party as the state church which dispenses it. Mr. Davis's many HARPER articles, all the way from "Portrait of a Cleric" to "What Can We Do About It?" (December, 1928) and "Another Caribbean Conquest" (January, 1929), have shown his penetration as a commentator on the political and social scene; he has also written several amusing short stories for HARPER's and a number of novels, the latest of which is *Giant-Killer*.

Our first story of the month comes from the youngest author in a distinguished literary family: *Anthony Gibbs*, son of Sir Philip Gibbs and nephew of Cosmo Hamilton and A. Hamilton Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs has published a novel, *Enter the Greek*.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*, perhaps the most influential preacher in this country to-day, will continue his present discussion next month, by asking and answering the question, "What Is Christianity?" Doctor Fos-

dick is the pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which will move to its new home on Riverside Drive when the ravages of the recent fire are repaired and the church is completed.

*Mary Borden* knows the American world of fashion as well as the English; for although she is English by marriage and present residence, being the wife of Brigadier-General Edward Louis Spears, she is American by birth, being a member of a well-known Chicago family. A true cosmopolite, she is equally at home in New York and in London. Her novels include *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*, *Jericho Sands*, *Four O'Clock*, and *Flamingo*.

It is said that only a few men in the world are capable of fully understanding the Einstein theory. How many fully understand the quantum theory—considered by many a man of science as of still greater importance—we do not know. The reader will find that *P. W. Bridgman's* explanation, despite its clarity of style, requires hard concentration; yet if he persists he will be rewarded with a new glimpse of the sort of problem which confronts mankind as a result of the latest researches in physics. Professor Bridgman, who occupies the historic Hollis chair of mathematics and natural philosophy at Harvard, is the author of *The Logic of Modern Physics*; no one could discuss this new development in scientific thought with greater authority.

Always a versatile writer, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* turns again to fiction after having contributed the leading article of our February issue, "This Hard-Boiled Era." She is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton and the author of *Vain Oblations*, *Lost Valley*, *The Aristocratic West*, etc.

Despite the prosperity discussed by Mr. Davis, unemployment remains a perennial

American problem. To most of us it is something remote and a little unreal: we read the statistics of those out of work, are briefly puzzled, and pass on. **Paul Peters** gives our complacency a jolt. His real name is not Peters, but his bitter narrative is one of fact.

With "The American Invasion of Europe" **Charles A. Beard** concludes his present series of articles on European conditions to-day. Previous papers in the series have been "Democracy Holds Its Ground," "Bigger and Better Armaments," and "Prospects for Peace." Dr. Beard, former professor of politics at Columbia, is perhaps best known for his co-authorship (with his wife, Mary R. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, and for his editorship of the recent volume, *Whither Mankind?*

Since **Stuart Chase** completed *Your Money's Worth* in collaboration with F. J. Schlink, he has been studying one of the fundamental problems of the day: What, exactly, is the machine doing to us? Much, he finds, has been written about machine civilization, favorable and unfavorable, but precious little of it has been founded on solid research. In his forthcoming book, *Machines*, he will try to lay the groundwork for a rational study of the subject. His article on our alleged slavery to the machine will be (in somewhat different form) a part of the book. Mr. Chase, who began his career as a certified public accountant, is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York.

**Stella Benson's** "The Man Who Missed the Bus" has been circulated in advance of publication among a number of writers and critics in England and has created something of a sensation. They cannot agree about its meaning, we are told, but they agree that it is a work of extraordinary brilliance. We submit it to the ingenuity of an audience which relishes literary originality. Miss Benson is an English novelist, author of *The Poor Man, Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc.; she has lived in many parts of the earth and has recently spent much time in this country and China. She is the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson.

Readers will recall **Gustav Eckstein's** previous accounts of the white mice, the turtles,

and the parrot which from time to time have shared his laboratory at the College of Medicine at the University of Cincinnati, where he teaches physiology. He now introduces us to another of those pets whose lives he watches with such strange understanding.

An old friend of the Magazine returns in the person of **Mary Heaton Vorse**, novelist, short-story writer, and alert observer of life, who sketches the conflict between two generations as dramatized in a week's voyage by "Student Third."



The poets include **Daniel Whitehead Hicky** of Atlanta, a new contributor; **Elizabeth Hollister Frost** of Rochester, New York, two groups of poems from whose recent volume of verse, *The Lost Lyrist*, appeared in HARPER's last year; **Granville Paul Smith**, a frequent contributor who teaches school at Charleston, South Carolina; **Henriette de Saussure Blanding**, a Californian whose previous work is equally familiar to our readers; **Humbert Wolfe**, one of the most-discussed English poets of the day; and **Leonora Speyer**, a widely-known New York poet who appears this month for the first time in our pages.



The contributors to the Lion's Mouth include **Aldous Huxley**, the brilliant English author of *Antic Hay*, *Point Counter Point*, etc., who is the grandson of Thomas Huxley and the brother of Julian Huxley; and **Elizabeth Myers** of Mount Vernon, New York, a newcomer to the Magazine.



**Martin Lewis**, whose "Relics" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a coming artist whose recent prints of New York life have attracted considerable attention. Most of them, like the present example, are of night scenes, with bold and effective treatment of light and shadow.



Raymond Essen's "Less Money and More Life" has produced an astonishingly wide



and enthusiastic response: those who have written to applaud Mr. Essen's practical philosophy include among others a soda-water clerk, the headmaster of a school, the justice of a municipal court, and the publicity director of a railroad.

Here is a typical letter of heart-felt approbation:

Dear HARPER'S:

A word of genuine praise or gratitude is never amiss. Let me give this word in regard to Raymond Essen's "Less Money and More Life." I was a discouraged and therefore sick person when I came to the library to read an hour ago. Now I have derived strength from his essay; I feel well. I am the more secure in my hour of weakness, as it were, by another's support.

I shall not get a new hat, I shall remove my wondering gaze from fascinating-looking foods in windows, and contentedly continue turning to the humble Automat and the bread and baked-bean compartments; but I shall also continue to browse about, and read, avoiding crowded subways by not rushing home for dinner, and taking time to see the humor of things everywhere, and going to bed early, and looking for the sunrise as often as I please—very often. I am, briefly, not going to be licked by running with a blind crowd of beings.

❧ ❧ ❧

To come back a moment to "The Mucker Pose": S. B. P. of South Bend, Indiana, denies that the outlook for the gentleman in politics is as black as Mr. Adams painted it.

Mr. Adams says that "men like Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed." This may be only too true and yet gentlemen such as these *are* elected. Shall I mention those who spoke from Gettysburg battlefield? Edward Everett, the finest Greek scholar in the Western world, yet at the same time governor, congressman, and senator. And Lincoln. Lincoln was homely in dress and loved good honest laughter. But in all his public utterances he clad his thought in classic garb. You may scan them in vain for an argument *ad hominem*. Then more recently there are Henry Cabot Lodge, George Frisbie Hoar, Simeon E. Baldwin, and notably, Woodrow Wilson, who despite certain faults of temperament was never a vulgarian. You may say that these men are in their graves. Very well, I mention James Hamilton Lewis, who has had a brilliant public career and yet in clothes, manners, or speech makes no concessions to the mob. Successful in the politics of Midwestern cities are

Newton D. Baker and Brand Whitlock. Then there are William Howard Taft and Gifford Pinchot. A gentleman to his finger tips is the many times elected Governor of Maryland, Albert C. Ritchie. His addresses are intellectual treats. There are even gentlemen in the United States Senate! I think of two—maybe there are more—Carter Glass and William C. Bruce. Perhaps one reason there are not more is that so few gentlemen *go into politics*.

No, the mucker pose is not really forced on one. Look at Franklin D. Roosevelt!

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A job-holding wife points out that "A Case of Two Careers" did not prove that one career is enough for a family, but proved something quite different:

With blood heated with desire for battle and with fire in my eye I am taking my typewriter under my hand to let loose on the article "A Case of Two Careers" in the January HARPER'S. It was immensely interesting to me because my husband and I are working out a situation of two "careers." The article by the anonymous writer—and I respect his anonymity of course—doesn't prove the impossibility of such a situation, though it is helpful in indicating shoals which other people may avoid. In steering their bark on to the rocks, the husband of the interior decorating lady was fully as much to blame as was she. Responsibility in such a situation is in proportion to wisdom. I suspect he thinks that he was a good husband because he allowed and assisted his wife to launch upon a career. But his obligations extended beyond simply allowing and permitting and encouraging his wife. Quite evidently he had had more business experience than his wife. He owed it to her, to their children, and to himself to insist upon certain economic arrangements which, if observed, might have saved their marriage from dissolution.

He should have insisted upon a workable business basis. Certainly if he had money and had faith in his wife's ability, he could well have loaned her the money to start her interior decorating business—but only as one business man would lend money to another, with arrangements for interest on loans or the issuance of a stock interest in the business, with demands at definite periods for financial statements. . . .

People gamble too heavily on friendship and love. They treat relationships founded on such regard as though they had the endurance of pig iron which can be used and abused and finally salvaged from the junk heap when one finds a new

use for it. Friendship and love are most fragile things—they can easily be violated. Therefore they need to be hedged about with various protections and reserves. One should make up one's mind that there are certain things that should not be done because they jeopardize the finest of human relations. Most of us recognize that two families cannot live amicably together, that it is precarious to have a mother-in-law in a home, that it is dangerous to friendship to loan money to a friend. It is equally dangerous to maintain a wife's business. The writer of "A Case of Two Careers" was good and kind, but he made some grave mistakes, and allowed his wife to make worse mistakes. If he had insisted on putting things on a business basis, with a division of the household bills, and had invested the rest of his money, he would have known just where his wife was drifting, or perhaps her drift would have been stopped before it was started.

When we are newly married we all think love will endure forever. It seems so strong, so bulwarked throughout, that we think it will withstand anything; and when finally it doesn't stand the test we look around for other things than ourselves to blame for the catastrophe. . . .



#### A plea for boxing as an antidote to murder:

As propaganda against preparedness, "Why I Took Up Boxing," in the January issue, is amusing, but I cannot help thinking how much better off a young friend of mine would be if he had taken up boxing and learned to knock out a nagging, pestiferous fellow worker instead of knifing him as he did some years ago. I should not now be signing a petition to the state prison commission to plead for his being let out on parole because he was such a quiet, gentlemanly, thoughtful, loving boy at school. Nor would his family have suffered the shame, loss, and sorrow they have had to suffer. Nor would the dead man's child be fatherless. Nor, to put it on the lowest possible plane, would the state have been put to the expense of a murder trial and the consequent upkeep of the prisoner.

One seldom kills his adversary when one knocks him out with his fist; neither is one prone to use a knife or a pistol if one's fists are adequate.

Let's advocate boxing for boys; then there will be fewer murders on the front pages of the papers, fewer hold-up bandits who get away with the goods!



A Southern woman comments ruefully on criticisms of her sex in recent issues of HARPER'S. Let her take heart from the leading article of this issue—or will she, perhaps, regard that, too, as a detraction?

#### HARPER'S MAGAZINE

*Dear Sirs:*

I used to be so happy and proud that I was a woman! Now, since reading the many caustic and critical articles in HARPER'S about women in general, I am thoroughly discouraged. It may be that the girls and young women of my youth were right when they yearned to be men; certainly they sensed the fact that the men had captured all the virtues. How blind I was! I rejoiced in femininity, in delicacy, in a certain sense that women were of a spiritual and sensitive substance. I rejoiced in being called "Miss May." When men took off their hats in an elevator I thought that I most humbly represented womankind whom they were honoring. But it seems that I was mistaken. The noble, high-minded, unselfish, and thoughtful women of my acquaintance were, of course, such a quaint minority, such an isolated group that naturally the learned writers in HARPER'S MAGAZINE could not have known them.

It seems we are not wanted in business; we are there simply for selfish reasons. We are untruthful, incapable, and now "lawless." I am ashamed! and take off my hat to the noble male who has had the discernment to discover and analyze our characteristics and the courage to state the facts.

Yours very truly,

MAY POMEROY GRAVES



The use of HARPER'S for college and school classroom purposes, in the study both of literature and of composition, is increasing: 26,323 copies of the Magazine were thus used during 1928.







JOHN HOMMELL, QUARRYMAN

By Eugene Speicher

*Courtesy of the Robt. Gallery*





# Harpers *Magazine*

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## WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE CHILDREN?

THE DILEMMA OF THE MODERN PARENT

BY LILLIAN SYMES

ONCE, in those dear, dead days when high-school girls wore pleated skirts almost to their ankles and opaque lisle stockings beneath them, I was publicly rebuked by my teacher for crossing my knees in the classroom. Not more than three inches of shin were visible below my voluminous plaid skirt, but those three inches were made the basis of a fifteen-minute lecture on the proprieties by the shrivelled little spinster in starched white shirtwaist and whaleboned collar who taught us French. Beginning with the abstract moralities, her homily ended with the more concrete announcement that nice young men would never find themselves attracted to immodest young women who showed their limbs in public.

Those were the days in which moral suasion was beginning to take on a somewhat pragmatic air. Twenty years previous to this, I should probably have been told that for a female to expose a small section of her limb was wicked and

an offense to God; but to the flaming youth of my high-school days God was already becoming a rather nebulous concept, and the word "wicked" had faintly exciting connotations. Hollywood had not yet discovered sex appeal, but much of the moral training of girls, at least, was based upon a refined version of that primitive lure. Instead of "God doesn't like," it was "Men don't like that sort of thing." Men or boys, we were told, might temporarily "rush" the fast type of girl who powdered too freely, stayed out after twelve, and permitted herself to be kissed, but they never, simply never, married that kind. They were really attracted by the sweet, wholesome girl who, while independent, was still refined and acted and dressed in good taste. To be "intriguing" in a refined way was the ambition of the average girl and the mainspring of her conduct.

For boys the persuasion to morality and good conduct was quite different. Inasmuch as they were to be the ag-

gressors in relation to the opposite sex, it did not matter so much what girls liked. In fact, it was considered rather weak-minded for them to consider girls' preferences at all. As with the girl, the threat of God's wrath as a punishment for misdemeanors had lost its persuasiveness, and parents were reduced to arguments of expediency. The boy who smoked or stayed out late was endangering his chances for the football or track team. Clean, simple living was essential to health that, in turn, was essential to the athletic prowess which all boys coveted. All this, in turn, was essential to success in business and professional life, which was the coveted goal after school days. The boy who hung around a pool room could never expect to become a captain of industry or even a successful bond salesman. A successful career was the reward of virtue dangled before the eyes of the adolescent boy just as a successful marriage was to be the reward of the refined and accomplished girl.

Those of us who were blessed with somewhat "advanced" parents received certain delicate hints regarding the Facts of Life, none of which told us anything we didn't already know. The beliefs in Santa Claus and in the Stork usually pass from the child's mind at about the same time. The physiological facts conveyed to us at adolescence were both belated and inadequate. There were a thousand things about ourselves and our relation to the opposite sex which we needed to know, but no physiology book would have covered these points, and our parents were either too ignorant of them or too inarticulate to express them. The psychological aspects of those relationships were as important as the physiological, but no one thought or talked about them then. Perhaps a sufficiently objective vocabulary had not yet been invented in those pre-Freudian days.

If our parents were beginning to discount the more primitive aspects of fundamentalism, they still clung to

quite arbitrary standards of conduct. I remember that when my daring girl cousin of seventeen was caught smoking a cigarette her mother wept for two days, and the rumor spread among the relatives that she would probably turn out to be "a fast one." My own parents seem to have been without religious convictions—at least, I was never sent to Sunday School or given religious instruction—but the code by which I lived was practically that of my little Roman Catholic and Methodist neighbors. I should do as I was told because I was told. I was told that certain things were wrong but not why they were wrong. Being a girl, there were things I mustn't do because they were unladylike, and people didn't like unladylike girls. I must not contradict older people. I must respect gray hairs—a doctrine which I greeted with violent and vociferous "whys." It would have been more convenient for my parents to have answered, "because God says so"; but they were already on the threshold of a rationalistic age.

## II

We who are the parents of our present youngest generation cannot approach the problem of our own parental difficulties without some understanding of our relationship to the generation that has gone before us and of the inadequacies of our own upbringing. To every new generation of adults the codes of its fathers, as it looks back upon them, must seem inadequate in the light of new necessities. The faith men lived by yesterday never seems to answer completely the requirements of to-day. I think that the break has been particularly definite between ourselves and our parents. Between us and them have come war on an unprecedented scale, revolution, counter-revolution, social chaos, disillusion with all the bright slogans which claimed our youthful enthusiasms, a general deflation of idealism. Perhaps in Europe, in the disturbed forties, there was a similar acceleration



in life which left father and son, mother and daughter several generations apart.

At no time perhaps has the actual world of reality been much like the one for which teachers and parents prepared us; but at no time, I think, has there been the difficulty of adjustment which faced that generation which had its childhood and youth just before, and its adult life just after, the World War. Every war, including certainly our own Civil War, has been followed by an era of graft and plunder in public life, disillusion and confusion in private life. We cannot set men to doing all the things they had been taught were brutal and uncivilized without producing in many of them a cynical disregard for all social codes. Those of us who came into adulthood in this last war-time world found later that we had somehow achieved either a hard-boiled surface or a protective coloration.

Having lived through an era of "blood and guts," actually, or vicariously through newspapers and magazines, we found that our sense of the niceties of speech and conduct had become blunted. In life, literature, and drama we saw reflected our need for stronger stimuli, cruder sensation, more strident appeals. I remember my horror, during the early World War days, when I read Barbusse's *Under Fire*, Latzko's *Men in War*, and Ellen LaMotte's book, *The Backwash of War*. Two recent war novels, more brutally frank in fact and vocabulary than any of these, failed to stir me either to pity or indignation. Like most of my generation, I had become immunized to shock.

The same held true in the social world. Some of us, having been raised in a world in which men and women, when they drank at all, drank "like gentlemen" and knew how to hold their liquor, graduated into a world in which it had become the convention, almost the moral obligation, at parties, to "pass out" as speedily as the supply of gin would permit. Raised in a period in which it was considered unladylike for a girl to

show the calf of her leg, we graduated into a world in which girls came to costume parties in two bandana handkerchiefs, wore street dresses above their knees, and were afraid of being thought inhibited.

While we were still groping in the wreckage of our own shattered beliefs, feeling for some foothold of reality upon which to take our stand, we who were the "sophisticated" younger generation of not so long ago suddenly found ourselves called upon to act as guides, teachers, and friends to another generation.

I can imagine that there are large numbers of people to whom this prospect is not terrifying. Probably most people do not find it so. They are still strong in the faith of their fathers. Neither social cataclysms nor Einsteinian discoveries have power to make them doubt. They will raise their children, as their grandfathers did theirs before them, regardless of the fact that these children will have a world to face totally unlike the old. Such people live in a state of happy certainty about God and man. But, except in the most rural districts, I think they may be the last of their kind. Whatever professions of conformity and belief the young may make for the sake of family peace, the world has become too closely knit together for new attitudes to be excluded much longer. This may seem the rash conclusion of a city dweller, too prone to interpret the national *zeitgeist* in terms of his city's sophistication; but the "New York idea" of to-day becomes the "Des Moines idea" of to-morrow.

Those of us who have grown up and become parents in this world of shifting uncertainties must envy our forefathers the pure whites and blacks of their moral horizons. Life was conveniently simple in those days of good and evil when everyone knew just what to do and just what to tell the children. There was no more virtue and no less evil in the world perhaps, but the virtuous had no troublesome doubts concerning the

source of their sanctity and the sinner knew just where he stood with God and man.

But if the ancient taboos based upon the wrath of God no longer served our parents in the days of our youth, so their more pragmatic codes, which claimed material success as the reward of virtue and good taste, can no longer serve us who are the parents of to-day. It is idle to tell our adolescent daughters, even those who look forward to marriage as full-time careers, that men won't like them if they do certain things. All about them they can see older girls violating all the taboos and ending up in the odor of sanctity and orange blossoms with thoroughly eligible males. Those who look forward to careers outside of marriage are likely to answer this argument with "Well, what of it?" All about them they see happy, useful single women living their own lives and having a good time. They know and we know that much of what was considered bad taste yesterday has become quite acceptable to-day.

Nor can we tell our boys that success is wholly a matter of hard work, clean living, and personal integrity. We ourselves know better. We have grown more cynical on this point than on any other. We know that success comes more often to the shrewd and unscrupulous, the hard-boiled bargainer and the insensitive egotist than to the fine, sensitive, and generous human being. We know that the qualities of a gentleman—in the real, not the conventional sense of that word—are more likely to be a drawback than an asset in the struggle for success. Tolerance, wide interests, a sense of genuine values, intellectual integrity, and emotional maturity are not the qualities which make one rich in worldly goods. All about us, with a few exceptions, we see men with vulgar and immature minds inheriting the earth. Perhaps this is not so true in the professions; but even here, if the predatory mind is less common, it is usually the single-tracked, highly specialized mind

that achieves Rolls Royces. This has been true in other generations, but they have had less courage to admit the fact.

### III

Yet, in spite of what seems a complete extraversion of our civilization, we moderns, as the advertisements put it, are indulging in a self-searching introspection and a social criticism such as no American generation before us has known—and here perhaps lies our hope of salvation as well as the source of our confusion. If, on the one hand, we have crass materialism, ostentatious display, and crude entertainment, on the other hand we are producing an analytical literature and drama which, ranging from gentle interpretation to savage satire, constitute a challenge to our social philosophy and our individual conduct. The drama and literature of social criticism have been with us since the days of the Greeks, but to social criticism we have added a complete understanding of individual psychology. If "Abie's Irish Rose" ran for five years in New York, "Strange Interlude" has played to packed houses for over a year, even though it has done so by grace of the publicity entailed in winning the Pulitzer Prize and a reputation for daring. It is difficult to see how even those who came to snicker and be shocked could have remained entirely immune to its critical implications.

If a great mass of unthinking people is increasingly engrossed in material prosperity, an intelligent minority is increasingly self-conscious, self-critical, disillusioned. We have seen so many platitudes proven false, so many conventions overthrown with impunity, so many gods toppled from their pedestals in the last fifteen years. However much we may go through the old rites for the sake of our jobs, our families, or our social standing, in our hearts we hold few things sacred, save, perhaps, some degree of personal integrity. If we are honest, decent, discriminating in ex-



perience and considerate of our fellows, it is because we choose to be for the sake of our own approval, not because we expect success in this or eternal life in another world to result from our righteousness. We have found many of our parents' codes inadequate to the complicated situations we have had to face in a changing world, and so we have had to fall back upon whatever inner light we have been able to summon for our judgments. We suspect that whatever codes we may now impose upon our children may be inadequate to the new problems they will confront in a still changing world of twenty years hence. We have little idea of what that world will be like. We know that then, as now, there will be basic offenses which no man can commit with impunity, but we do not seriously expect our children to be tempted to those offenses. Murder and theft will never be tolerated in any civilized community, but how, for example, will the world of twenty years hence feel about the wholesale murder called War? Shall we teach our sons to abhor such a solution of international difficulties and, if so, will they find themselves at twenty-five or thirty, part of a civilized majority that has outlawed war, or part of a despised minority of conscientious objectors in some Federal prison?

But these are simple problems compared to the more subtle ones of our sons' and daughters' whole general adjustment to life and to other people, particularly to the opposite sex. Because it is here that the greatest changes are taking place and we who are groping blindly for some philosophy of life upon which to base our own conduct can only guess at the changes of the next few decades. That life will not be simple for our children seems fairly certain. That it will be less simple for our daughters than for our sons is also certain, because it is in the status of women that the greatest shifts are being made. In the relations between men and women, growing out of these changes, most of

the unhappinesses and difficulties of life arise. Even the most trivial of these difficulties will have a momentary seriousness for the people involved.

Just a year ago, at a costume party, I was followed into the cloakroom by a young girl whom I knew slightly. She was almost in tears and said she wanted advice and perhaps the loan of her taxi fare. The man with whom she had come to the party wanted to go home and had asked her to go back with him to his apartment. When she had refused he had accused her of being "a bad sport—a repressed little Puritan," etc. Now he was sulking in a corner. What did I think she should do, she asked. Was she really being inhibited or silly? Of course, her mother would think the proposal insulting; but one couldn't feel that way these days. Bill probably thought he was complimenting her on her seductiveness. She really was quite modern and she hated being a prude, but he was tipsy and she was afraid she couldn't handle him—yet, she didn't want to be a bad sport. She was asking me, as someone between her mother's generation and her own, who could understand the situation. . . .

"Do you want to go?" I asked her.

"No. He makes me sick when he's drunk, but—"

"Then don't go. Surely, you are uninhibited enough to know what you want and to do as you like about it. Tell Bill to go home and sleep it off."

She left the room with the sacred fire of personal freedom kindling in her eye.

Here was a situation for which the girl, caught between the training of her home life and the intellectual pretensions of her own generation, was totally unprepared. In her mother's day young men did not take young girls to parties and then get tipsy. If they had, they would have been ostracized from polite society. The girl rightly felt that to assume the outraged "How dare you, Jack Dalton!" attitude of a former day would have been silly and out of place because Bill was really a good sort when

sober, and she would have to meet him again and again in a society in which drunkenness was considered more amusing than taboo. Neither was she prepared for the completely casual attitude toward such matters professed by so many young moderns. She wanted to be, as she expressed it later, "free but not messy"—a difficult feat of tightrope walking for girls of nineteen, if not for those of us who are somewhat older.

#### IV

It may be said that a serene and wholesome home life is the child's best guarantee of future happiness and satisfactory adjustment to all these problems; that with such a background he can face the complications of adulthood and work out his own solutions. This is probably true to some extent, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to assure him that serene and wholesome home life. Modern parents are becoming more and more conscious of their individual needs and more desirous of playing other roles than the parental. Intelligent, well-rounded men and women who are something more than just parents are the ones best fitted by insight and wisdom to be the guides and companions of youthful souls, but they are also the men and women who need other forms of self-expression. Their attempts to combine these varying needs and desires, together with the solution of their practical problems, may result in strained and difficult household situations. I suspect that the seeming wholesomeness of our ancestral homes has been greatly overrated. Certainly as we look back upon our oldest living generation and upon the lives of our parents, with their fears and repressions and prejudices, with the unhappinesses they chose to bear rather than protest against, we begin to realize that the neurotic was not invented by Freud and Jung. Indeed, our own scarred egos bear silent witness to the none-too-wholesome backgrounds of the less complicated decades.

Furthermore, whatever the home may or may not be in this crowded life we live, we cannot keep the world outside from impinging upon the consciousness of our children. Before they begin to read, the radio, the comic strip, and the chatter of neighbors all bring the contemporary world to their intelligence. When they have begun to read we cannot keep out of our houses the newspapers, magazines, novels, books, and dramatic reviews upon which the adult mind must feed. And once in the house, we cannot keep them from the intelligent and inquiring child unless they are written in too dull a manner to engage his interest. The adolescent child cannot be kept in a nursery, even were nurseries practicable in the average modern apartment. We need not take him to see the serious problem play, but it is difficult to keep him away from the movies where the same problem is presented with either a smirk or a sentimental varnish.

Recently I received a letter from an intelligent friend, discussing this problem. "What *should* every young girl know?" she wrote. "I find it rather difficult to decide. The physical aspect of the thing is so simple and so inadequate. Joan has known all about the basic facts of sex since she was seven. That was no problem. Her whole attitude on the subject is clean, informed, normal. But now she is thirteen and beginning to read everything she can lay her hands on. The other day she returned from a week-end with a friend and announced that she had read Hemingway's novel *The Sun Also Rises*. That certainly is no book for a thirteen-year-old. What was I to do about it? She knew that I had read the book, and if I had scolded her for doing so, it would have given the whole thing an undue importance in her mind. I remembered the eagerness with which I had read *The Lady of the Camellias* when I was thirteen and how glamorous the whole thing had been because it was forbidden. I didn't want to make Hemingway's shopworn heroine glamorous to Joan nor



could I dismiss her by calling her a wicked woman and her admirers drunken sots. That's what my own parents would have told me, but neither she nor they quite fitted into those categories now. Joan was bursting with questions about them—people who did things she thought were 'pretty rotten' and yet seemed intelligent and likable. Why did they drink so much and why did Brett go off with one man when she was engaged to another? There was nothing to do but go through with it, and I spent the next hour trying to interpret in some way she could understand that bewildered, hopeless crowd of post-war expatriates one sees haunting the cafés of the Boulevard Montparnasse. They were my own generation and some of their problems were my problems, but I hadn't begun to think them through. I found that this interpretation really involved a philosophy of life—which I didn't have. I came nearer to formulating one in the hour that followed than I ever had before. Then I told Joan that, while I didn't want to censor her reading, there were books in the house which I preferred she wouldn't read until she was a little older because she had not yet had sufficient experience from which to evolve a standard of judgment about them; that an adult might read a book much as a biologist might dissect an interesting but disagreeable object in a laboratory, in order to understand that object as a part of life and to relate that understanding to his own experience. But until one had had experience, until life itself had taught one a great deal about oneself and about other human beings, books of this sort were useless to one and only likely to mix one up. It was a feeble explanation, but she seemed to understand what I was getting at."

I can imagine that this situation is a common one in modern parental experience. We Americans live in closer contact with our children than do most Europeans. In the average American family the adolescent child stays up until nine or ten, studying or taking part

in the conversation with parents and guests. Among intelligent people this conversation may cover a range of subjects outside the child's experience and arouse his interest in those subjects. In these days when the pathological as well as the normal aspects of life are so freely discussed and analyzed, it is difficult for the modern parent to draw a conversational line.

Frequently the child achieves an apparent sophistication which has no relation to any experience it may have encountered in either home or school and which leaves the bewildered parent pondering the hopelessness of any attempt to guide the footsteps of his progeny.

Last summer, at the country home of a friend, the two small daughters of the house offered to entertain us with a "show" during a rainy afternoon. They were nine and eleven. During the winter months they attended a private city school, and their summers were spent on a hundred-acre farm. They had never been permitted to sit up after dinner and listen to the family discussions. After a short, giggling session above stairs, the two children emerged upon the make-believe stage at the end of the room. The younger, in an old dress of her mother's, was cast in the role of an indignant maiden aunt, while the older, very décolleté in her bloomers and a silk shawl, draped Spanish-wise, was evidently giving us her version of a John Held, Jr., flapper in an advanced state of intoxication. She puffed a chocolate cigarette vigorously. The maiden aunt, in the high thin voice that children always assume when they imitate their elders, proceeded to lecture the inebriated flapper upon the error of her ways and the lateness of her return home.

"What do you mean by coming home like this at two o'clock in the morning?" she demanded, trying to look severe. "Don't you know that nice girls don't do such things?"

To which the eleven-year-old mimic of the younger generation replied with

an abandoned sweep of her shawl, "Aw, baloney!"

Neither the language nor the situation used by these children could have been a matter of first-hand knowledge. Even the movies to which they were taken were carefully chosen. There remained only the Sunday newspapers, a magazine illustration, or the conversation of their playmates to account for the precocity of their little drama.

## V

Occasionally one meets a modern parent who, in reaction against the repressions and futilities of his own upbringing or because of his bewilderment in the face of moral complexities, has determined on a course of complete individual liberty for his children. I once knew a man whose stern New England training had soured his own capacity for relaxation and enjoyment. He was determined that his own three children should grow up "joyous young pagans" who would never hear the word don't, never find their natural impulses cramped by repressive authority. As a result of his experiment, the most philoprogenitive visitor cannot leave his house without having stifled an impulse to strangle the three young barbarians who kick, scream, and ravage through the place, making conversation impossible and a headache inevitable. That their first contact with a hard-headed world in which some impulses must be restrained and in which men and women must live together in some degree of mutual consideration may produce neuroses far worse than did the repressions of his own childhood has never occurred to this modern father.

The dilemma of the modern parent is not so easily resolved. We are preparing our children for life as it is and probably will be for some time. We want them to live fully, freely, happily in a world of other human beings. Complete individual liberty in a complex civilization is obviously chimerical. That there is room in our civilization for a far

greater degree of personal freedom than most of us enjoy seems quite obvious. We all are hampered in our lives by outworn taboos and conventions which have lost all essential meaning and the breakdown of which would injure no one. Every human being has a right to decide for himself what degree of discomfort or social ostracism he is willing to endure for casting aside these outworn symbols, and the courage to do this is one of the characteristics which the modern parent will wish his children to possess.

But here again we are somewhat bewildered. We know from experience and observation, whatever our purely intellectual revolt has been, that certain conventions under which we live and which hamper to some extent our freedom of movement have not been superimposed upon us, but have been built up on the basis of racial experience during long ages of human struggle. They have survived because they have best answered the deepest needs of the race. We know that the mere breakdown of restraint in the immature soul leads nowhere. If we have had an opportunity to watch the hectic, unhappy lives of some of the belated adolescents who disport themselves in certain modernist circles, we have probably felt the urge to proffer the advice of the Dr. Freud of Anita Loos's classic to its preferred blonde heroine—"Go home and get a few inhibitions." If we know something of psychological science, we know that the flamboyantly "free soul" is often acting out some inner compulsion of which he is unaware.

Few of us have reached very definite conclusions about our own or other people's conduct. We do things which are forbidden by law, the Bible, and the Book of Etiquette without consciousness of guilt; but to many of us there are acts and attitudes permitted by all these authorities which seem impossible. I drink wine with my dinner, covet my neighbor's fur coat, and cut my salad with a knife, but I should find it impossible, I fear, to foreclose on a mortgage



if I held one. Both time and circumstances may alter these convictions. Our lives are governed largely by what we feel about a certain thing at a certain time; and those of us who have lost faith in the immutability of rules of conduct can use only what good judgment we possess.

So fluctuating a code as this, however, must presuppose some inner stability and maturity if life is to be something more than a disordered mess and our convictions a mere rationalization of our impulses. We cannot expect the child or the young boy and girl to have this stability. Somewhere between the outworn practice of complete authoritarianism and the utopian ideal of a complete individual liberty we must take a stand which will prepare the child for the actual world in which he will have to live. I imagine that the cowed and obedient son of a stern unbending Puritanism and the young Nietzschean egotist of militant anarchist training may have an equally uncomfortable time of it in the 1940's.

Perhaps there is little that the parent can do for the child's equipment compared with what is done by the school, the newspaper, the street, and other associations. To many children the world outside the home carries more weight than the world inside it. But what little direction and help we could offer most of us are unable to give because of our inability to be completely honest with ourselves. We know that our own attitudes differ from those of our parents. We know how inadequately equipped we were to meet a world in which the old rules were not always applicable, but we shut our eyes to the fact that many of the traditions which we hold dear may be passing. All about us we see happy honest people doing things that would have brought the law upon them a few generations ago and which bring social disapproval even now; but we refuse to face the fact that their ways may possibly be the forerunners of general practice in the world of our children's maturity. Our attitude to-

ward most social problems is that of the average man's attitude toward the prohibition amendment. The average man does as he pleases about obeying it but he wants it to stay on the statute books as a mystical inducement to other people's sobriety.

I have said that it is in the status of women that the greatest changes are taking place and in the relationships of men and women affected by those changes that many of our difficulties arise. If love and marriage in our day are complicated problems, they may be even more so to our children unless we are able to give them a saner approach to these subjects than we ourselves have known. The woman of the next generation may know better what she wants and where she is going than we who are caught between the old allegiances and the new ambitions; but whatever her decision may be about herself, the men of the next generation will need to adjust themselves to it with better grace and completer understanding than have their fathers. As economic conditions continue to push back the age at which men and women can settle down to marriage and family life, some adjustment of the relations of young men and women will need to take place. Social conditions may make it impossible for a man to support a family until he is over thirty; but nothing can keep young people from falling in love before that time nor from seeking some outlet for their impulses. We can leave them to approach this subject in the old shamefaced, furtive, or accidental manner of our own youth or we can help them to some understanding of both physical and emotional values that will keep them alike from needless repressions and from premature and trivial indulgences.

We cannot help them without complete honesty with ourselves and them. If, in order to save ourselves the trouble of thinking through the conflicts which confront us and of formulating a personal philosophy, we attempt to impose upon them some ready-made code out of keep-

ing with their time, we shall merely drive them from us. All about us we see ample evidence, in our empty churches and our empty homes, of what this course can do. Preachers and parents may attempt to rationalize these phenomena as they will, the fact remains that young people are not interested in what many of them have called "the old hokum" any longer. I think that if we were to tell them frankly that we ourselves are puzzled and bewildered by many of the problems of modern life, that we are not always sure what is best, that we are trying to think and feel our way through, just as they are, to conclusions which are socially workable and individually satisfying, they might be interested in making these intellectual excursions with us, helping us as well as themselves to satisfactory solutions.

I have in mind the home of a liberal university professor which I once visited for a few days. Breakfast and dinner were always the occasions of intense and interesting discussions of every possible subject by the professor, his wife, his two children, and whatever guests were present. The professor was a pacifist, but his sixteen-year-old son with militarist tendencies had joined the high school R. O. T. C. Father and son argued the question of preparedness all through one dinner, poking fun at each other or getting momentarily heated in a good-natured way.

"You're a young reactionary," the father finally concluded.

"Oh, you're an old Bolshevik," retorted his son with a good-natured grin.

But the nineteen-year-old daughter leaned in the opposite direction. She didn't believe in legal marriage, she announced, and would never indulge in it, but she very much wanted three children. No one laughed at her or looked shocked. When her mother questioned a quotation from Judge Lindsey, the daughter came back with a paragraph from Westermarck's *History of Marriage*. The professor backed up his daughter on some points, disagreed with her on

others, and finally maneuvered her into the position of defending the rights of children to two full-time parents. Anthropological authorities had been summoned, wild surmises had been made and ripped to pieces, guests had taken part in the discussion with great gusto. It was an exciting evening. Those two children will never need to go to Greenwich Village in order to "express" themselves. They can do so right at home. When they graduate from their family they will know how to think clearly and feel maturely.

The ability to do these two things is probably all the modern parent can help his children to achieve. They are the tools with which the young must forge their own lives. We can stand by, offering whatever suggestions and advice seem applicable at the moment or answering whatever questions are put to us as honestly and undogmatically as we know how. If we attempt to do much more than this we are likely to induce either thoughtless rebellion or spineless dependence.

It is difficult for even the most modern parent to keep up this "hands off" policy. We all know so well what we should like our children to be. We are so eager that they shall avoid the mistakes and accidents that have made our own lives unsatisfactory. I should like my own small daughter to be the kind of woman I admire—clear-headed, unprejudiced, sincere, and yet sensitive, sympathetic, and charming, with a keen brain, a warm heart, and an attractive exterior. I have no idea how such a combination of virtues may be achieved, and I know that there is little I can do to assure them for her. But I would not, if I could, as a fairy godmother, banish from her future all pain and difficulty, all struggle and misunderstanding; for only through these can she develop an understanding of humanity.

Perhaps the one redeeming feature in the situation of the modern parent is this: that if we are not very clear about what we should do, we usually have



some understanding of what we should not do. Modern literature and psychology have impressed us with the dangers of too much interference, too close emotional attachments, too much mutual dependence in the relationship between parent and child. Most of us understand now that we must prepare our children to live without us, not for continued devotion to us or dependence on our judgments.

In her recent book, *The Psychology of the Adolescent*, Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth of Teachers College, Columbia University, says:

The major persistent problems of adolescence are, as we have seen them, to get away from the family, to achieve self-support, to develop a heterosexual attitude, to formulate a point of view on life. When all these major adjustments have been satisfactorily managed, the adolescent has achieved psychological adulthood. He has achieved emotional maturity. He has arrived at a condition of self-control and of self-possession, unified and wholesome.

These, as Doctor Hollingworth says, are the major problems of adolescence. There are a host of minor ones. But all about us we see physically adult human beings, many of them parents, who are still psychologically tied to their own

parents' apron strings and who have never formulated a point of view on life. There are many who have never been able to achieve self-support and whose sexual impulses are as diffused as a child's. If we have had to live in close quarters with any of these we have emerged determined not to reproduce another generation of their kind.

To give our children the benefit of what life has taught us without curtailing their right to learn from life; to teach them the value of freedom without lessening their sense of responsibility toward other individuals and the social group; to make them self-reliant and eventually self-supporting without inculcating them with the virus of success-worship; to make them fearless of life and whatever experience it may offer while giving them discrimination and the courage to reject what is foreign to them—all this is what the modern parent day-dreams of doing. Is it any wonder that in our more wide-awake moments we are staggered by the job that confronts us or that in moments of weakness we may sometimes yearn for the days when a personal God was in his heaven and father laid down the law from the head of the table?



## STRONG AS A MAN

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

MOLLIE SCHUMACHER drove into the yard of the Bell farm. At first she thought there was no one about, it was so quiet. The garage doors were closed, however, and Frank always left them standing wide open when he took out the car.

She shut off the engine. But she kept on sitting in the car with her hands on the worn steering wheel, so comfortable that she hated to get out. She noticed how dry the September sunshine made everything look. The heavy pale grain of the grindstone was warm in the sun. Milk had been spilled at the corner of the corn crib where the cats were fed. It made a whitish stain on the bare ground, and flies were thick above it. There was a look of country peace about the old red barn. The loft window was open, and shaggy, dusty hay stuck out. In the open wooded pasture behind the barn the oaks had that dry look, too, in the sunshine.

Summer was almost over again! Mollie felt a thrust of fear. Summer, no matter how hard anyone worked, was an interlude. It didn't really matter. But just as soon as that first crispness came into the air it was different. The handle of the pump burned with cold when she went out to the vine-covered stoop to get the water before breakfast. . . . Again she was impatient because they kept on living in that old-fashioned house at the edge of town where they couldn't even have city water or a furnace—things everybody had nowadays! In the summer, it was pleasant enough,

with the flowers and the birds, for which Charlie had made a dozen queer little houses of bark and boards. But the cold spurred her ambition. When frost came you had to decide things. It might come any time now. It would get harder and harder to start the Ford. It would be too cold to drive in an open car. Her summer work would be over.

Nearly over. . . . These days when she started out early, eager to get away from the puttering routine of home, packed her bag of samples, called back impatiently that they could expect her when they saw her, and then, after long dallying with the starter and heated attempts at cranking, heard joyously the loud steady noise of the engine, sprang in quickly before it had a chance to die down, and at last was out on the open road.

She had been grumbling all summer about the annoyances: having to fool with this old car, getting caught in the rain somewhere out in the country and driving home over slippery roads, her goods not coming on time. But she had an affection for the Ford, which she had bought second hand at a sale in the country—although she got so furious at it sometimes that she called it every name she could think of. "You damned hell-fired old *skate!*" once she had sobbed at it.

But when it was running well, when the road stretched long and smooth, when the fields were fresh and the sky was blue, when the engine hummed noisily and the fenders rattled, she



squeezed the steering wheel with both hands and felt that she loved the old rattletrap. She was so happy that she sang. She drove on and on and on, trying new roads, pretending that it was because she was enterprising and was looking for new customers. When she came to a patch of woods where it was shady she stopped the car, took out from her handbag the sandwich of homemade bread and summer sausage she had stolen into the kitchen to make when Luisa wasn't around, and ate it luxuriously. She liked to sell things and to dicker.

"Hoo hoo!" Mollie called.

Mate came to the door at last in an old bungalow apron.

"Well, look who's here!"

"I thought you folks must be all asleep."

"I was lying down. I don't know, I've felt kind of bum ever since I had those teeth out. I ought to get my ironing done to-day, there's some pieces I need, but—come on in, Mollie, what you standing outside for?"

"Wait. I want to get some things out of the car."

Mollie ran out and opened the back of the car.

"Land, you do pick up the most things! Where'd you get all that junk?" Mate demanded, in amusement.

"Oh, I don't know," Mollie said, laughing and blushing, half sheepish and half proud, like a child caught in some game of its own. "I see things when I'm driving around, and folks give me things. Gosh, Matie, I don't know where it all does come from! But I always seem to come home with the old bus loaded."

She had some seed corn that Henry Fuchs had given her to try out, and a bag of crab apples, a jackknife she had found in the road, a few hazel nuts she had picked to see whether they were ripe, a pail of honey, a spray of sumach, and half a dozen melons.

"Where'd you get the melons?" Mate demanded.

"Oh, some girls back here on the road had a stand and were selling them. I always like to take something home to Lu and Charlie. Here, I want you and Frank to try one of these."

"Oh, no; we'll have melons of our own before long."

"Oh, take this one—it's supposed to be a new kind. Go ahead, Mate."

"Well, but I hate to."

Mollie followed Mate into the parlor and sat down with a luxurious sigh in the cool room shaded by pine trees. She took off her hat and wiped her face and neck until they were red. Her hair felt stiff with dust.

"You're sweating like a man," Mate observed.

"I have to work like a man, I can tell you."

"Ain't it awful hard work for you, going around with that Ford?"

"Oh, well, I can do it!" Mollie boasted. She laughed, and her eyes sparkled. "I came across a fellow in the road—couldn't get his car started, so I got out and tinkered around with it a while—and I don't know just what I'd done to it, but the darn thing started up the minute I turned on the gas! You ought to have seen that fellow's face!"

"You ought to have been a man," Mate said admiring yet disapproving.

She looked at Mollie. Mollie was big all over, and Frank always said, when she helped him lift anything, that her arms were as strong as his. Her reddish-brown hair grew rough and thick and slightly curling, and below the dusty roots was a tiny gleam of perspiration. There were dark hairs on her upper lip and chin. Her lips were full and vital, and her nose had a bold outline. But her brown eyes were childlike. They had an ingenuous glow in the coarse vigor of her tanned face. There was something defenseless in their warm darkness. When she was pleased or touched they misted over.

"I expect I look like thunder by now," Mollie said, uncomfortably. "Well, who could keep fixed up, running

around the country and doing the things I do?"

"You're all right," Mate lied politely. Really, she was disapproving of Mollie's dusty shoes and her blue gingham dress with big hoops of perspiration under the arms and the hem of a dark brown slip showing at the back. "You've got a smudge, though, on your neck."

Mollie rubbed vigorously.

"Oh, well, when I get home I'll have a good scrubbing. I start out clean, Mate, but gosh, I can't keep that way! Who can that runs a Ford? Anyway, I caught an old biddie for Lena Toogood, when I was there, that she couldn't catch, and I had to chase that female devil all over the landscape."

Mate did not answer. She had always disapproved of Mollie for not thinking more about her clothes, although when they were off together after nuts or elderberries she depended upon Mollie to shake the trees and find a way to get over fences. Mate herself had never learned to drive their car and had to wait when she wanted to go to town until Frank could take her. She regarded the car as beyond her management and her comprehension, just as she did some of the farm implements—and this although she had been brought up on a farm, had known how to milk since she was an infant, and would have no help with her stove or her washing machine.

Mollie opened her sample bag.

"I brought along that underwear I thought'd be nice for Frank," she said. "And then I've got your corselette, in the other bag. I think this is the nicest thing yet I've struck for men. Look here."

She held up a winter-weight union suit, eying it with proud satisfaction and discussing in detail all its good points, while its pathetic legs dangled.

"I don't know," Mate said, dubiously, "Frank's never worn that kind."

"Best of reasons for wearing it now!" Mollie said vigorously. It made her impatient that all the people around here were so afraid to try new things, which

to her were the very breath of life. "I know what Frank wears—those old clumsy two-piece things, still! It's not that I'm so anxious to sell, Mate, but I'd like Frank to try a good handy piece of goods like this and get rid of those old contraptions. I want the people around here to take up new things once in a while! Now, I'll tell you, I'm going to leave this sample here, and as soon as it gets cold I want Frank to try this, and if he don't like it, all right, I'll take it back—give it to somebody for Christmas or let Charlie wear it."

"I don't think we ought to take your sample," Mate demurred.

"Oh, fudge! Season's ending, anyway."

"Did you say you brought my corselette?"

"You bet!"

Mollie talked while she fitted it. "I had another nice suit of men's summer underwear, but I sold it to a fellow I met on the road. That was a funny sale! I passed him, and I saw he was walking, so I says, 'Want a ride?' He says, 'Sure!' We got to talking. He told me he was a lightning-insurance man. His car broke down, and he was walking out to see Bert Gulley. He asked what I was selling, and I told him I had the best line of men's underwear he'd ever seen. I says, 'Don't you want to look at some of it?' and he says, 'Sure,' and I stopped the car and got out my samples, and he bought that one—it was just his size. He told me he'd get me a job selling insurance if I wanted it!" Mollie gave an eager, delighted laugh. "I bet I could make a go of it, too!"

"Aren't you afraid to ask strange men like that to ride with you?" Mate asked, in horror.

"Afraid! What of? Think they're going to run off with me?"

"They might rob you."

"Oh, fudge! And all they'd get from me—!"

"Well, I think it's awful risky."

"That don't bother me any. I like it! Oh, anyway, I can't pass somebody



walking along in the heat while I'm riding and not at least offer the fellow a chance to ride if he wants it. I had a tramp one day—I took him as far as the creamery."

"Weren't you scared to have him in the car?"

"No, he was a real nice fellow! He'd been bumming around out in California and he told me a whole lot about raising honey from onion blossoms—I'd like to try that! I learn all kinds of things from these bugs I pick up on the road."

Mollie laughed delightedly again, and rocked strenuously. It was fun to horrify Mate—and then it was so cool in here, and she wasn't anxious to get home where they all disapproved of her "going around selling things."

"You better stay for dinner," Mate urged.

"Oh, gee, I can't, Mate! I've got to get on. I spent half the morning chasing that old biddie for Lene. Say, though, if you'll let me do a little of that ironing for you—"

"Oh, I couldn't let you do that! You've got your own work."

"Oh, come on, Mate, I'll be glad to do it for you. It'll give me a change. I can just as well help you out a little while I'm stopping here."

There was no resisting Mollie when she was determined to do something for you, Mate knew. So Mollie was soon hard at work with the electric iron in Mate's back kitchen. Mollie always worked harder at anything that wasn't her own work and wasn't what she was supposed to be doing.

Frank Bell came into the house shortly before noon.

"I thought I saw a car out here that didn't belong! Hello, Mollie," he said, heartily, "how you was?"

"Fine, boy! How's yourself?"

He stuck out his hand and grinned. "Want to shake with a nigger?"

Mollie said, "Sure, you bet I do; yours aren't much worse'n mine."

"Well, us fellows that handle engines can't keep tony, can we?" Frank asked.

He shook Mollie's hand with jocular vigor until Mate squealed:

"Frank, let go, you're hurting her!"

He retorted, "Aw, Mollie's not hurt so easy as all that. I'm working up her strength so she can crank that Ford."

"Well, you aren't going to set down in any of these chairs in those clothes you've got on now."

"Oh, I ain't!" Frank retorted jubilantly. He waved his blackened hands at her until she ducked and squealed again. "Say, what's that melon I see out in the kitchen?"

"That's Mollie's."

"No, it isn't," Mollie said, eagerly. "I brought it for you folks. Come on, let's have a taste of it."

"Now? Before dinner?"

"Sure!" Frank said, heartily. "Mush melons, any time."

"I'm not going to have Frank Bell sitting down here in this room and eating melons in those awful clothes."

"Aw, say, I can't change my clothes every time I step in and out of the house!" Frank began indignantly.

"He can eat outdoors," Mollie broke in. "Come on, Frank; you do get treated pretty mean. I got some more in the Ford. You come out mit."

They ran away from Mate's expostulations, and Mollie rummaged through the miscellany in the back of the Ford until she'd found a nice little melon for Frank. "Here, boy! How's this?" He stood eating it happily, letting the juice drip into the road and caring nothing for his black hands.

"Gosh, look at the plunder!" he said, marvelling. "Here, Mollie—want a bite?"

"Sure, I'll take a bite."

He broke off a dripping hunk of melon, orange-tinted and coolly juicy in its pale-green rind. Mate stood on the back porch watching them in disapproval. They were spoiling their dinners. Frank and Mollie were like a pair of kids when they got together. She was glad to have Mollie stay, though, in spite of the extra work any company made. She livened

things up and took a hand at helping with all kinds of work. Frank went back to finish his job with the machinery, and Mollie washed luxuriously in the cool soft water at Mate's sink. She was going to stay for dinner after all.

"I oughtn't to. But the morning's gone anyway—gosh, I don't know where to! Well, I got some of that ironing out of the way for you, Mate."

Mate's being so particular was all right when it came to a meal. Frank came in, scrubbed and with his hair wet, in a pair of clean, faded blue overalls. Mollie loved to eat in company. It wasn't the meal, she always said, but the sociability. Still, Mollie could get away with a pretty good meal, too, as Frank Bell had often noticed with amusement.

"Well, Mollie!" he began. "Business pretty good?"

"Took in fifteen dollars' worth last Friday!" Mollie boasted.

"Zat so! How much you taken in to-day?"

"Oh, not so much to-day—so far; don't know what I may do this afternoon," Mollie said easily. "I haven't stopped many places. Kind of got stuck. Well, Lena Toogood was chasing around after an old biddie, and I stopped and caught it for her, and I don't know—did some more things."

"She ought to save you a good order for that!"

"She ordered fifty cents' worth, I guess. One pair of cotton stockings."

"Well, that was pretty good for Lene."

Mollie ate with gusto mashed potatoes, pork, and gravy. She had picked a big stiff bouquet of zinnias for the table, and it made her happy to look at the bright, gaudy colors.

"Well, if you can take in fifteen dollars' worth in one day," Frank said, "I expect you'll go on selling union suits and stockings."

"No, that's only pick-up work."

"You've got the car, and I should think you could get all around the coun-

try here and do a lot of business. Work up a good trade. I always thought you were a good salesman, Mollie."

"No, it's almost over. No, sir, what I want," Mollie said vigorously and scowling, "is real work, something that'll call out the best there is in me. Oh, it's fun to sell stuff for a while . . . but *that's* what I'm after—something big!"

"Yes, something big," Frank began, dubiously.

But she went straight on, "This is nothing! This is something I can do with one hand. What fun is it to make money that way? No, *this* isn't what I'm after."

Her face glowed darkly and her eyes sparkled. Frank was impressed, as he always was when he talked with Mollie face to face. She was a strong woman, all right, and a mighty capable one in lots of ways, about as much so as a man. But he asked facetiously:

"What do you want to do? Some more vi'lets?"

Those "vi'lets" . . . That was the trouble with Mollie: always wanting to get into some fancy kind of business that nobody'd ever heard of; not contented with straight buying and selling. That showed that she was a woman. He got rid of his respect and got back his amusement, which suited him much better, but still with a little uneasy feeling that Mollie might make a go of one of those crazy businesses some day: she could do things.

"That all fell through," Mollie answered him robustly.

"What was the trouble? Couldn't you and Artie get together? Thought you and him was all ready to go down South and make your fortunes!"

"We might have, too," Mollie answered, looking back over the plan with a reminiscent glow—her schemes were always radiant to her in anticipation and alluring in retrospect. "There's something in it for the fellow that takes a-hold. No, the trouble was, Art got cold feet, and the Missus, I guess, got



'em first—heard about the snakes down South and was afraid to go down there.”

She wanted to turn it off, but Frank was started on it now and wouldn't let it go. He asked, mulling over his amusement:

“What was you and Artie going to do with the vi'lets when you'd raised 'em? Going to take 'em into town and stand and sell 'em to the visitors on the street corners? Say, Art Gilbert would have made a cute flower boy!”

Mate was listening to all of this nonsense without a smile, with her hand on the handle of the coffee pot, ready to fill the cups again if anybody wanted coffee.

“Pass Mollie the meat, Frank. She's out of everything. You better tend to your knitting here instead of talking about vi'lets,” she said, with a dry coldness. Mollie's schemes neither impressed her nor gave her any amusement. If Mollie had any real sense about things she'd marry some farmer around here—a widower, somebody who needed a good, strong wife and would be glad to have her; her friends would help her look around for somebody—or else she'd make up her mind to settle down where she was, with Luisa and Charlie, and attend to things at home.

“Well, I still think it's a good plan for the fellow that can work it,” Mollie affirmed stoutly. “Why shouldn't people raise violets as well as raise potatoes?”

Frank was now highly amused. “Sure, and so was the goldfish a good plan!” he said. “What become of them? Last I heard you was chasing old man Davies all over town to try and rent his crick from him and set up a goldfish farm!”

“Well, and that was all—”

“And then once you was going to fence off half your place and raise skunks there and go into the fur business along with John Jacob Astor. Wouldn't you have had a sweet place? Talk about the slaughter house! On summer nights—wow, pugh!” Frank laughed hilariously, and made appropriate gestures.

“Frank Bell, you're at the table! You act nice or leave,” Matie said with frozen dignity.

Mollie was red but she stood up under it. “That's all right, too, there is a fortune in that for the right fellow. I looked that up and I've got bulletins and reports to prove it.”

“All I can say is—give me the pigpen!”

“*Frank Bell!*”

Frank saw, then, that he would have to behave for a while. To show her disapproval of the whole conversation, Mate began to ask dutifully now about the other Schumachers.

“How are Luisa and Charlie getting along these days?”

The sparkle went out of Mollie's eyes and she scowled.

“Oh, the same as they always do! Lu don't have time from five o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock at night to pick all the grass by hand around the trees. Charlie goes back and forth to the office.”

Mate, however, would not talk satirically about the two, whom she considered more sensible than Mollie because they stuck to home, although they weren't such good friends of hers.

“I suppose Luisa's got lots of sewing done this summer,” she said primly.

“Oh, yes, she's made over a lot of flour sacks into shirts and nightgowns that neither Charlie nor I will wear, and thinks she's accomplished a lot. Oh, yes, they're both the same as always: everything at our house is.”

Mollie's face was dark as she stabbed her fork into her gooseberry pie that had a sparkling crust of sugar upon the flaky, bubbled crust of dough. She said, defiantly:

“I may go away this winter!”

“Where to?” Mate demanded, with resentful skepticism.

“To Chicago,” Mollie answered, pretending to be nonchalant.

“Chicago! What would you do there?”

Frank, a little remorseful for the way

he had teased Mollie, and thinking that she had more ability than Mate would ever give her credit for, said judiciously:

"Well, Chicago's got room for lots of people."

Mate looked as if Mollie had said the South Pole.

"I'm thinking about going there." Mollie was too eager to unburden herself, however—too helplessly and expansively communicative—to keep up the barren triumph of mystification and reticence.

"Well, I s'pose you'll have a fit when you hear who—" Then she told them about the letter from Dorrie Parker. No matter what people in White Oak had predicted, Dorrie had been getting on well, after all. She had been working in a beauty parlor, and now some *person* (Mollie went over that very hastily—she didn't want Frank and Mate to know that the person was a *man*) was going to help her to set herself up in business. She wanted Mollie to come to Chicago and go in with her.

"I'm not crazy about that business," Mollie said. "It always seems to me as if folks ought to have something better to do than just fool with their looks. But I'd kind of like to help out for Dorrie."

As Mollie had expected, Mate had "lots to say." While there was nothing absolutely definite against Dorrie Parker, her reputation had not been good and she had left White Oak under a cloud. There had been rumors of her carrying on with other men at the time of her divorce. Mollie Schumacher was about the only person who still heard from her. Dorrie had written, sentimentally, that Mollie was the only friend she'd ever had in White Oak. (Well, that wasn't true, but maybe it seemed so now.) She wanted to get Mollie out of there. Between them, they could work up a good business.

Frank Bell, however, was inclined to be on Mollie's side—perhaps it was just to oppose Matie.

"Dorrie Parker's a good worker," he

declared. "Folks is patronizing those places now."

"Yes, the big fools!" Mollie put in with a snort.

Frank said that Dorrie might have made a few mistakes, but she was a smart woman—knew where she was headed better than most women did. Mate listened, in silent indignation that he should defend Dorrie and urge Mollie on—she was scatterbrained enough without any urging!—to desert her home and "go in with that woman."

"Well, now, *that* sounds like a scheme that might work, Mollie," Frank said, in generous approval. "I'd rather polish up folks' fingernails, if I was to choose, than get up meals for skunks."

"Well, I think I'll do it," Mollie said, vigorously. "If only . . ."

"If only what?"

That warm mist filled her dark eyes.

"Oh, well . . . if it wasn't for Charlie and Lu. They needn't think they can stop me! But, I don't know . . . if they should really feel bad about it—if I thought they couldn't get along without me . . ."

The mist gathered into large tears. Frank was astounded. He saw no sense to that at all. With the quarrels that went on in that household, and Luisa doing all the housework anyway, and Charlie Schumacher such a mild soul—he could get all the amusement he needed in life out of making those gimcrack bird-houses! Mate thought it very proper, however, and something that Mollie ought to have been thinking of before.

"I don't know whether this pie's very good," she apologized. "I believe I got a little too much lard. Let me warm up your coffee, Mollie."

"Well, I oughtn't to—coffee upsets me—but then—"

"Oh, have some more!" Frank said. The ready mist had dried from Mollie's eyes. Frank felt happy and convivial. He said to Mate:

"Shall we treat wine?"

Mollie's coming was a fine excuse.



Mate never touched Frank's wine. He went down into the cellar, found a bottle, and came in from the kitchen with the two miniature glasses almost slopping over with a deep red brightness that held all the warmth of the late summer—that was like the sparkle of dew in the morning and the grapes growing ripe on the fences and the dark velvety red of the blossom tufts on the sumach. Mollie liked to be a good fellow with Frank—and she liked the looks of the stuff, she said.

"This is my last year's grape. Time to drink it up and make some more. Well, Mollie—good luck!"

"Good luck, boy!" she responded heartily.

They drank.

In spite of all the orders she'd meant to take that afternoon, Mollie didn't get away from the Bells's when dinner was over. Frank, when he'd had one glass of wine, had to have another; and then he thought about the cigars his cousin in Chicago had sent him for his birthday, and had to have one of those. The wine made him think about making more wine; and that made him remember his old cider press and how he had been wondering if he couldn't get the thing fixed up.

"You know, I'd forgot we even had it. Father used to run it every fall. But then, I don't know, guess it got out of kilter, and it got stuck into that old shed, and I never saw it until I went out to look for something else."

"Yes, and you'd find plenty more things if you'd go through those sheds!" Mate put in.

Mollie had to see the press. She liked to tinker as well as Frank did.

"Come on, finish up that cigar, Frank; let's go out and have a look," she urged. "I can just take a squint at it before I go. Maybe we can get the thing to working."

She followed Frank out of the back door, calling back to Mate:

"Wait with those dishes, Mate, I'll

be in to help you—now, don't you go and do them."

Mollie and Frank went off through the farmyard. The ground was dry, and the air was warm, and the sun was a glorious gold in the blue September sky. A string of cats, adult and half grown and mere little scampering infants, trailed after Frank. He made pets of the cats and fed them.

"Oh, stop and give 'em their milk, Frank!" Mollie pleaded. Her eyes grew warm and humid. She had slapped Pete Heim in the face once for beating his old horse. "I can't hear the little beggars meowing like that. Here, kitty, come, kitty."

"You won't catch none of them!" Frank told her, with admiration for the adroit elusiveness of the cats. Mollie made a dive for them, and the whole tribe fled at once, with soft, vanishing evasion—all but one little tiger with white mittens and round emerald eyes, who stood poised, with eyes glittering, until Mollie's fingers almost touched his whiskers, and then was gone, in one flattened furry dive, beneath the woodshed.

"Little villains! confound 'em!" Mollie said, hotly. She adored cats, but they always ran from her.

Frank laughed uproariously. "You'll never get any o' *them*, Mollie! Not if they don't want you to. They're smart! . . . Well, here's where I dragged the press. I kind of gave it a looking over, but—I don't know, something's out o' whack—I ain't figured out what."

Mollie's eyes darkened into concentration. "Well, now, sir, we're going to find out what's the matter with this thing!"

Both began to study it, Mollie bending over it, and Frank crouching with knees bowed out. He had set the press outside the woodshed, and the pleasant sunshine of early autumn burned down glossily upon their heads as they conjectured and tinkered.

"Think it's this here that needs tightening?"

"I think it is, Frank. Then I think she'll run."

Mate came out when she had finished the dishes and stood watching them. She looked slightly satirical, but she had brought out a hat and a sunbonnet, and she said:

"You better put these on your heads if you're going to stay out here."

The dryness of her tone made them both feel guilty. Mollie exclaimed:

"Say! I wonder what's the time."

"It ain't late," Frank assured her. "Let's finish the job. 'Course, I hate to take you away from your canvassing—"

"Oh, well," she told him, robustly, "that ain't the only thing on earth. I'd like to see you get this thing to working."

It was late enough when Mate told them the time. Frank said:

"Well, the afternoon's gone now, anyway, Mollie. Better stay on and have supper with us and make a day of it."

"I can't!" Mollie cried, in a panic. "I was going to stop at all these places along the road this afternoon. I haven't sold a thing to-day but those cotton stockings and one of my own samples. Well . . . oh, well, why not go the whole hog?"

She threw away her afternoon with splendid recklessness. Her eyes sparkled and she was warm with sunshine and happiness. She and Frank were like two children playing hooky from school. They tinkered with the cider press for another hour, coming at last to the conclusion that they couldn't make it go, anyway.

"But I found out what was wrong with it!" Mollie boasted, with a triumphant laugh. "I'll look for a bolt when I go through town, and then Frank can make his cider."

Frank said seriously:

"I sure am grateful to you, Mollie. Hope I haven't taken too much of your time."

She answered generously:

"Oh, shoot, Frank, forget it! It wasn't what I'd planned to do, but I guess it was just as good as selling a few stockings. You and Mate might just as well be enjoying some cider this winter."

She glowed under Frank's praise of her mechanical prowess.

When they had finished with the press he wanted to take her to see his melons.

"Here's old Rastus! Why, what's the matter with him?"

"Oh, I don't know, he's hurt his paw some way," Frank said.

"Rastus! Did the old boy hurt himself? Well, that won't do!"

As soon as she reached the melon patch, Mollie sat down on the bare, hot ground, and took the dog's paw in her hands. The paw was swollen, and sand and burrs were tangled in the coarse, black fur. Frank, impatient to have her look at his melons, said, "Oh, I guess it'll heal up, Mollie"; but that wouldn't do for Mollie. Here was something that called for help, alive, and more absorbing than the cider press. She made Rastus go back with them to the house, and then called for warm water, a cloth and a darning needle from Mate. Mate thought that was a dreadful fuss to make over a dog. Rastus yelped and snarled, so that Mate shrieked, "Be careful!" and even Frank was worried, but Mollie held him until she had got out the splinter.

"See there, what it was! No wonder! Now, old boy, just a minute—"

She laughed with triumph again. She forced Rastus to stay while she put salve on the wound and bound it up in her best surgical style. Frank laughed at her.

"How long do you think he'll keep that on?"

Still he and Mate both, although they derided so much to-do over an animal, were glad to find out what was the matter with the dog and to have the splinter out.

"There now!" Mollie cried.

Mate was beginning to get the supper ready. Mollie remembered about the



dishes—she was full of contrition and helpfulness.

"But there's always so much. If I'd done that, I couldn't have done the other things."

She insisted on gathering the eggs for Mate. Mate considered that a task: Mollie adored it. She hunted through old boxes with hay pushed into one corner, through folds of the harsh old dusty robe in the ancient cutter, through the mangers and the loft. She carried the eggs in a basket to the house through the low shafts of sunshine. The excitement of all her accomplishments was upon her still, of the praise and gratitude they had yielded her, and she sang, happily—off the key.

"Well, I certainly didn't think when I stopped in here I was going to stay for supper! But I guess I've done a pretty good day's work of it, after all."

When Mollie was ready to leave the glow and triumph of her visit were still upon her. She was taking more plunder with her: eggs and a glass of fresh jelly and an old rooster in a gunny sack mysteriously moving and plunging on the seat beside her.

"Now, you keep that sample, Mate," she was urging. "Frank, you try that suit when cold weather comes—you'll never wear anything else, I'll tell you that!"

"We sure are grateful, Mollie, for all the help you've given us."

"Oh, shoot! Forget it!" But she glowed happily. "I think that press'll run now, Frank, when you get the bolt. Put some more of that salve on the dog's foot. He'll get some good out of it even if he does lick off most of it."

"Aren't you afraid to drive home alone at night?" Mate asked, fearfully.

"No! I enjoy it. There's nothing I like better in this world than to go off in this old car by myself and get the wheel under my hands, and go it!" Mollie said, with shining eyes.

"Sure, you bet! That's the truth," Frank told her. "Mollie ain't one of

these scared she-males that always thinks she's going to be run away with."

"You bet I'm not!"

She tried the starter. But it had a streak again and wouldn't go.

"You crank it for her, Frank," Mate said, anxiously.

Mollie cried:

"No, I'll crank the old beast, I'm used to it. Here, boy! Give me hold of that crank."

But Frank would not let her. The car started, and Frank shouted at Mollie above the loud noise of the engine:

"Well, Mollie, we're glad you've stopped. And we're sure grateful—"

"Now you forget it! If we can't do a few things for folks once in a while when we get the chance, why, what's the use? Well, I've had a fine day of it—and I'd like to know why that isn't just as good!"

"Sure!" Frank said, heartily.

"You're going to get the engine heated," Mate told her.

"Well, good-by, folks!"

"Good-by, Mollie."

She started with a suddenness that almost killed the engine—recovered, went on—and stuck her head out of the car, to Mate's horror, just as she was turning out of the driveway, to shout back to the dog:

"Good-by, old boy!"

The loud rattle of the car came back to them from the road, and finally was lost in the country stillness.

"Well, sir," Frank said with relish, and with a laugh, "she's a great Mollie."

He thought over all Mollie's escapades, and the goldfish, and the violets, and laughed.

"I bet she didn't do fifty cents' worth of business to-day. Do you suppose she really will go to Chicago? I don't know why she shouldn't. They isn't anything for her on that place. Charlie and Luisa you couldn't move with a derrick. If the town burned up Charlie Schumacher wouldn't notice it as long as he could go on puttering with those bird-houses."

"Well, I don't know what Mollie does so much more!"

"She could do all kinds of things, Mate. I'd like to see her go to Chicago. Those girls haven't got a thing but that old place and what little salary Charlie gets. Mollie may be left alone some day."

"She won't go," Mate said, calmly.

"Why won't she?" Frank demanded, belligerently.

"Because I know she won't."

Frank stopped to take this in. Then he said, as if in defense of his own statements:

"Well, anyway, Mollie gets a darned good time out of it!"

Mate still had her look of small, calm, satisfied wisdom.

The last far-away hum of the car was lost, now, in the hugeness of the evening, and the crickets took up the sound in a thin, shrill, minor chorus.

Mollie was away off on the road by this time. She drove a wild and speedy course, and other cars tried to keep out of the way of her Ford. It was getting dark and chilly. The graveled road stretched long and pale ahead of her. She knew all the bumps and turns, the patches of dim trees that she passed, the farmhouses. The shrill chirp of crickets from the damp evening fields seemed to sustain the movement and weaving of her thoughts upon its high, incessant monotone.

She was still happy and elated. All day she had done what she wanted to do. The sunshine stayed with her. But the vapory chill from the dark fields of stubble sank into her. Nearly all the harvests now were gathered. The happy little events of the blue and golden afternoon seemed to melt away from her, now that she was by herself again. The glow of the praise and gratitude died. Luisa wouldn't like it because she hadn't come home. Well, she'd caught Lena's hen, and fixed Frank's cider press, and ironed for Mate, even if she hadn't sold many things . . . but, where had the day gone? Where

had all these things left her, and what was coming? It was only off and home again. And fall was coming.

She turned into her own driveway and went under cedar branches that scraped the top of the car, and into the shed she used for a garage. There, before she went into the old house where one little dim kerosene light was burning in Luisa's window, she sat again in her car, with her hands on the worn steering wheel.

She was home again. There was always a finality about that. In one corner of the shed was a work bench with bark and twigs for Charlie's bird-houses. Mollie scowled. Kerosene lamps, and the dark old house narrow and smelly in the summer evening . . . she thought of Dorrie and her trig, ambitious little figure, her hard little way, the new shop, modern and shining and white. What was there for her here at home through the long winter when snow banked up under the wooden window sills? She was crazy to be out and doing. Why must Luisa always wait with that old lamp until she got into the house? They couldn't keep her forever. . . . But if they should tell her again that they needed her, and wanted her to stay with them—how was she going to get away from that? She could not think of them small and remote in the chilly old house in the long dark winter.

And what had become of her day's ambition? The fifteen dollars she was certainly to have at the end? Well, she couldn't see folks needing something done and go on by. Too many people did that. The praise and gratitude, at the time, was so much richer to her than the money. No one could say she hadn't accomplished something to-day. But she was aware with despairing guilt of the lone fifty cents in her pocket-book. It made the close darkness of the old place draw in around her.

Her big sunburned hands had a strong grasp on the wheel, but over the darkness of her eyes—warm and defenseless—came the mist of ready tears.





# WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE first work of intellect is discrimination, and nowhere in the field of religion is that more needed than in comparing with one another the great faiths of mankind. The older attitude of Christians was to call their own religion true and to lump under "heathendom" man's other worships and beliefs. Missionary maps printed the so-called Christian portions of the planet white while the remainder was indiscriminately black. To state the matter with restraint, this idea is no longer tenable.

Indeed, to many it has become so patently absurd that, in reaction against it, they now conceive all religions to be indifferently of one quality. Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Zoroastrianism, Bahaism, Judaism, Christianity—all these, we are told, spring from the same spirit and at heart mean one thing. At inter-religious conferences sweeping assertions are made that the prophets and founders of the world's religions all "speak the same language" and "strike the same note." Irenic and polite though this is, it happens not to be true.

Moreover, this sentimental reduction of mankind's faiths to such a minimum that unity can somehow be wangled out of them does no honor to the faiths themselves. If I were a Buddhist I should not wish to be told that Buddhism is identical with Christianity. Buddhism has profound and distinctive sources and has pursued a historic course of development rich in peculiar associations and meanings; to lose these differential elements in religious abstractions which can be indifferently affirmed

of all faiths does Buddhism no honor. The glory of a religion lies in its unique contributions.

While, therefore, every liberal mind desires a growing *rapprochement* among the world's faiths, the wise will not try to achieve it by loosely asserting an identity which does not exist. By appreciating, rather than by forgetting, the characteristic elements of each religion we are most likely to achieve fraternity.

What, then, is Christianity?

Starting in Galilee nearly two thousand years ago, it has run an amazing course. Diverse ages, races, and temperaments have played upon it. In it can be found all the dominant types of religious experience and expression known to mankind. Upon it mystics, metaphysicians, and moralists of many sorts have left their mark. It has become stark asceticism in some, and in others it has assumed the pomp of ecclesiastical autocracy. It has been pacifist in the Quaker, and militarist in the Crusader. It includes within its historic movement many kinds of theology, from the frontiers of pantheism to the borders of polytheism, and many sorts of sacramental theory from magic up. What is Christianity? The more one knows about it, the more difficult the answer becomes.

To many a youth this is no merely theoretical inquiry. He has always supposed himself a Christian but now he is bewildered as to what being a Christian means. He may sit in a classroom with a Buddhist on one side and a Confucianist on the other. Sometimes he un-

derstands them better than he understands certain types of Christian to whose talk in chapel he must listen. Christianity no longer is the simple thing it used to seem to him. Apparently it can mean almost anything. He hears a preacher say that it is like a snowball which has rolled across the centuries and picked up *en route* all sorts of refuse and debris.

Yet it must be possible to get some clarity about this matter. There must be some quality that specially characterizes the Christian philosophy of life and constitutes its major contribution to the world. What, then, is Christianity?

## II

Whatever differential factors may characterize the Christian religion, they certainly are not discoverable where popular orthodoxy commonly looks for them. All the superficial elements of orthodox Christianity can, I think, be paralleled in non-Christian faiths. Acceptance of an inspired Book is no peculiarity of Christians. In the theories which Islam holds about the Koran, or Hinduism about the Rig Veda, in the uses to which these holy books have been put, and in the methods of interpretation employed upon them, one finds reduplicated all the characteristic ideas and practices associated with the Bible.

Miracles are certainly no specialty of Christian faith. They are the psychological children of the ancient world-view, and while dressed in diverse clothes, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Palestinian, they are recognizably akin. The same kind of miracle, such as raising the dead, transforming one element, like water, into another, walking on the sea, and feeding multitudes with a small food supply, is found familiarly among the records of historic faiths.

The deification and worship of the religion's founder is no peculiarity of Christianity, nor is the ascription to him of a miraculous birth. Indeed, that

latter idea not only appears in one form or another with reference to Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-Tse, and Mahavira, but is used as a common explanation of extraordinary personality in cases that lie outside religion proper, like Augustus Cæsar. Whether appearing in forms gross or refined, its commonness makes evident how familiar an idea it used to be in accounting for outstanding people. Origen, the Christian apologist of the third century, when pleading for the Virgin Birth of Jesus, took this fact for granted. "According to the Greeks themselves," he wrote, "all men were not born of a man and woman. . . . There is no absurdity in employing Grecian histories to answer Greeks, with a view of showing that we are not the only persons who have recourse to miraculous narratives of this kind. For some have thought fit, not in regard to ancient and heroic narratives, but in regard to events of very recent occurrence, to relate as a possible thing that Plato was the son of Amphictione . . . by Apollo." Justin Martyr, born not long after the composition of the synoptic gospels, put it more bluntly. "If we even affirm that he was born of a virgin, accept this in common with what you accept of Perseus."

Owing to the disaster of the Great War, and the consequent discouragement about the world's future, we have recently had a recrudescence of premillennialism; and fundamentalists have been insisting on the second coming of Christ as a necessary item of Christian faith. They are certainly nearer right than some liberals are on one point: very probably Jesus, and most assuredly his first disciples, did expect just such a sudden ending of the age and cataclysmic coming of the Kingdom as the premillennialists predict. This belief, however, is not at all peculiar to Christians. The Mohammedan expectation of the returning Mahdi comes from the same psychological sources; and the Shi'ah of Persia still are awaiting the return of Muhammad, son of Hasan al-Askari,



who has been about to appear since the third Islamic century. As for Buddhists, they are expecting Maitreya, the next Buddha. Already in the Tusita heaven he is awaiting the divine moment to descend to earth and restore the Law. The imaginative hopes of his epiphany are cut from the same pattern as the Messianic expectations of the Hebrews, and, "Oh, that I might live to see Allenya Metai!" is the earnest prayer of many Buddhist hearts.

No matter where one looks in Christianity one finds in its ostentatious orthodoxies, in the items of faith and practice pushed to the front by its controversies and commonly insisted on as indispensable to its integrity, elements entirely familiar to the students of non-Christian faiths. Various religions exhibit similar doctrines and practices with reference to the sacraments; ideas associated with atonement are present in all highly developed faiths; "No one can be saved without regeneration" sounds Christian, but is a quotation from a pre-Christian Greco-Roman Mystery Religion; and even justification by faith, so far from being exclusively Pauline or Lutheran, is being stated today and lived upon with peace and joy by one of the powerful Buddhist sects. As for customs such as pilgrimage, relic-worship, and the like, they appear everywhere. One who has seen Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindus on pilgrimage cannot mistake the common psychological elements in their behavior; while between the bones of the Three Wise Men in Cologne Cathedral and the holy tooth of Buddha in Ceylon there are differences of historic detail but none of essential meaning.

When one plunges deeper and thinks of vital matters, such as prayer and philanthropic love, Christianity has no monopoly. If Jesus said, "When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret," Epictetus said, "When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never

to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within." If the Christian scriptures say, "Love your enemies, and do them good, and lend," the Buddhist scriptures say, "By calmness let a man overcome wrath; let him overcome evil by good; the miser let him subdue by liberality, and the liar by truth."

No longer are these resemblances explicable in terms of borrowing, nor is it possible to say, as the early Catholic missionaries in Mexico and Peru said, that the devil to frustrate them had forehandedly furnished the people with a caricature of Christianity. These widespread and deep-seated resemblances between separated faiths, beginning in primitive religion, as all readers of Frazer's *Golden Bough* know, and running up into the highly organized religions, have psychological explanations; they are due, not to mutual copying, but to similar emotional reactions to the mystery of the world and the deep needs of human nature.

The days are gone when wise adherents of Christianity are jealous of this world-wide dissemination of common ideas. One should as soon feel jealousy because architectural beauty is to be found in the Taj Mahal and not exclusively in Gothic cathedrals, as to envy Buddhism its spirit of love, or regret that Islam teaches men to pray. Indeed, the universality of an idea or practice is a weighty evidence of its working power; and the prevalence of even such conceptions as Christian orthodoxy shares with other faiths shows the deep-seated human needs to which they have ministered.

Nevertheless, the combination of these similar elements in the various faiths brings widely different results. White paper and black coal may both be carbon compounds, but, for all that, they are unmistakably diverse in nature and function. So Buddha and Christ do not on the whole speak the same language nor strike the same note. Their followers have a desperately difficult time

to understand one another. The various religions are really various, and the study of their distinctive elements is at least as important to the understanding of them as emphasis upon their unities.

In what terms, then, can we describe that quality which gives peculiar flavor to Christianity so that when it is absent Christianity is not Christian at all? This differential seems to reside in one major matter, discoverable elsewhere, to be sure, but so emphatic in Christianity, so dominant in the Founder's message, so unescapable in the ethic of the movement which succeeded him, that from it as from a fountain flows the result which makes Christianity Christian.

The genius of Christianity lies in reverence for personality.

### III

At first sight, this reduction of the manifold complex called the Christian religion to so simple a formula will seem to many the substitution of a thin abstraction for a rich reality. But this abstraction is not thin; like Aladdin's lamp, it has amazing potencies which have built into the Christian system its distinctive and abiding qualities.

Were one to select the special contribution which Jesus of Nazareth himself has made and is making to man's thought, one could do no better than to call him the champion of personality. Some have tried reducing Jesus to a poetic dreamer who loved flowers and children and held beautiful but impractical ideals. Renan, for example, says, "Tenderness of heart was in him transformed into infinite sweetness, vague poetry, universal charm." That, however, so far from adequately representing the historic Jesus, bleaches the color all out of him.

Others have reduced Jesus to an ecclesiastical reformer who, rebelling against the shams of institutional religion, got himself crucified in consequence. Certainly he was an ecclesiastical reformer concerning whom the religious dignitaries of his time felt, as in Shaw's

drama *King Charles* felt about Joan of Arc when he said, "If only she would keep quiet, or go home!" That, however, does not represent the initial motive of his ministry.

Others have represented Jesus as a social reformer, a prophet of the Kingdom of God, who foresaw a reign of righteousness and brotherhood on earth and willingly died for it. That picture of him undoubtedly is true, but his social prophethood was the consequence of something profound in his philosophy.

Others have thought chiefly of Jesus as a metaphysical hypostasis, the second person of the Trinity. Such theological endeavor to explain him in terms of current philosophy in the ancient Greek world was inevitable; but Jesus of Nazareth himself was something quite different from a metaphysical hypostasis. He was an historic character and he made a concrete and describable contribution to human thought. He was the champion of personality. He laid hold on that, lifted it up, conceived it in all its appearances in child, woman, peasant, or king as infinitely valuable. Moreover, he thought of personality as the central fact in the universe and used it as the medium of interpretation for all other facts.

Seen against the background of the centuries which immediately preceded him this constitutes the uniqueness of Jesus' message. Whether one is a Christian or not does not primarily depend on the acceptance or rejection of the orthodoxies of official church and creed. Give new names to many of these creedal conceptions and ecclesiastical practices and one may be a Buddhist, or a Hindu, or a Mohammedan. Whether one really is a Christian or not depends on whether one accepts or rejects Jesus' attitude toward personality.

### IV

During this next generation Christianity will probably have to fight for its life, and the struggle will concern itself



more and more manifestly with this central matter. Rear-guard actions will continue around belated disputes about ancient miracles, biblical infallibility, and what not; but the crux of the conflict will not be there. Can we in this modern world maintain Jesus' attitude toward personality? The answer to that question is the sign of a falling or rising Christianity.

If one thing more than another seems to fly in the face of appearances, it is the statement that personality is the primary and victorious element in this universe. Here we human persons are upon this revolving planet in the sky. We are very tiny, and the universe is huge. Our span of life is brief, while the universe was crashing on unimaginable ages before we were born and will crash on after we have departed. We are frailty itself, at the mercy of a few particles of disordered matter, so that a slight accident can snuff us out like guttering candles. Tenuous and temporary, a human being seems anything but triumphant in this overwhelming cosmos. Yet at its best Christianity has taken up the cudgels for personality, for its divine origin, spiritual nature, infinite worth, and endless possibilities.

Take it or leave it, that is what Christianity is about. That is its guiding star and its dynamic faith. Personality, the most valuable thing in the universe, revealing the real nature of the creative power and the ultimate meaning of creation, the only eternal element in a world of change, the one thing worth investing everything in, and in terms of service to which all else must be judged—that is the essential Christian creed. Like it or not, the Christian religion, to use James Harvey Robinson's phrase, is "heavily anthropocentric."

If anyone wishes to argue that the appearances are against this estimate of personality, I agree. The appearances are certainly against it—size, for example. Consider the star, Betelgeuse, which, brought nearer to the earth, would fill the entire horizon, and then

try to assert the conviction that man, a mere pygmy, is the triumphant element here! The appearance of time is against it. In the vast cosmic cycles why should man, appearing yesterday, expect to last beyond to-morrow? The appearance of strength is against it, as anyone must feel who has experienced or even has imagined an earthquake shaking men to destruction, as a lion shakes off vermin. As for death, that looks as though—like the magnetic rock in the old legend—it pulls all the nails from the timbers of our ships until they disintegrate in the deep. One who wishes to win the argument on the basis of appearance can have it.

I cannot, however, imagine anyone who has followed the course of science and philosophy being deeply impressed by so easy a winning. Appearances prove little or nothing. It certainly does not look as though our clear sense of up-and-down were pure illusion, and that half the time we are hanging by our heels on the under-side of a revolving globe. It does not look as though solid steel were made of electrons operating by hundreds in atomic nuclei—each nucleus one ten-billionth of a pin point. As for the cosmos at large, which seems obvious enough, it surely does not look like Einstein's curved space-time.

The outstanding attribute of materialism is its naïveté. It bets on the appearances, while if anything seems certain, it is that the ultimate nature of reality must lie at least as much deeper than appearance as do the truths of astronomy, physics, and mathematics. It might conceivably be that, not what Bertrand Russell calls "omnipotent matter" that "rolls on its relentless way," but personality constitutes the key to the truth.

Certainly, big as it is, the universe would have no meaning without personality. Some silent, swift catastrophe conceivably might blot out all mental and spiritual life. Nothing would be left except the universe minus personality. Planets would swing in their

courses with no eye to see. Wind would blow in the trees and surf break on the rocks with no ear to hear. Sunrise and sunset would mark the revolution of the earth with none to care. Age after age the stars would shine with no mind to interpret. There would be neither science to explain, poetry to praise, art to depict, music to celebrate, nor character to give response—nothing but endless things without personality.

Even if one does not fully assent to them, one can understand those philosophies which assert that in large measure a universe like that would be not only meaningless but non-existent, since personalities, by their canons of interpretation and formulations of law, not only observe but help to create the very cosmos in which they live. What is color without an eye? What is the "law of gravitation" without a mind? Somehow an absolutely mindless universe simply is not a universe. Even physical science, when it gets back to the ultimate reality which it can glimpse behind molecules, atoms, electrons, and protons, finds a series of mathematical relationships. Now, mathematical relationships, whatever else they may be, are mental.

Moreover, the possibilities of creation seem to be locked up in personality. Look existence over and only here in this amazing thing is there any promise of development; only in what this pregnant and potential being may yet become does the cosmos, so far as we can see, have any future.

Long before we faced this problem in our modern terms, Christ took up the cause of personality's preëminence. Like a true son of his time and people, he did not speak about it in abstract terms. He was concrete, picturesque, poetic, dramatic. He said that when one personality turned from spiritual failure to success all the angels sang; that it was not the Father's will that one personality, even in a child, should perish; that quality of character was revealed primarily in the way we treated personality

in others; and that to gain the whole world was an unprofitable bargain if one failed in building personality within oneself.

If, as some claim, the essence of religion lies in the sense of sacredness, then no doubt beclouds the nature of Jesus' religion. To him personality was supremely sacred. Mankind's faith for ages had dealt with holy rocks, mountains, trees, and caves, sacred temples, sacred days, sacred sacraments; the sense of holiness had attached itself to an endless variety of things, animals, customs, and personages. But Jesus cared for none of these. He allocated the sense of sacredness to one place—personality. Nothing on earth was sacred to him save as it contributed to personality some increment of what he called life more abundant. Whether he healed the body, taught the mind, or inspired the spirit, whether he attacked economic customs that exploited people, or risked his life against an ecclesiastical system that misguided them, he was motivated by one central principle—the utter sacredness of personality.

That attitude constitutes the essence of Christianity. It is either magnificent or mad. It certainly is not tame.

Mr. H. L. Mencken, describing the desire of reforming Christians to recover the ethical principles of Jesus and try to live by them, says, "All this is grateful to my gills." I wonder! Mr. Mencken says that the cosmos is a gigantic fly-wheel making ten thousand revolutions a minute and that "man is a sick fly taking a dizzy ride on it." He calls man "a local disease of the cosmos—a kind of pestiferous eczema." He values man as "the supreme clown of creation, the *reductio ad absurdum* of animated nature." One suspects that Mr. Mencken would have more trouble with Jesus than with any other character in history, not at all because the Master would be guilty of those ministerial "wowserisms" that he so violently abhors, but because Jesus was the champion of personality and said his most scathing words, not against



heretics, nor even against sinners, but against cynics.

The "simple Jesus" is not simple in the least. He is the leading representative among men of a tremendous philosophy of life. As Ralph Waldo Emerson put it, "Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man."

## V

That this Christian idea of personality has some hard sledding ahead of it seems clear. It runs into headlong collision with prevalent ideas: that man, for example, is a physical machine made by the fortuitous self-arrangement of matter, with interesting mental and spiritual by-products. An ingenious scientist has invented a mechanical dog with selenium eyes which, when one flashes a light into the eyeballs, will follow the glare about the room—an amazingly clever physico-chemical machine. Human personality is being so conceived; and our thinking, loving, creating are not uncommonly pictured as highly complicated chemical operations.

To be sure, serious difficulties exist of which even the proponents of this view are conscious. If a human being is only a physical machine, he is at least a queer kind of physical machine, doing things that ordinarily machines are not supposed to do. For example, we aspire, setting our hearts on high ideals and striving after them. Imagine a machine doing that—a Ford car longing to be a Rolls Royce. Moreover, we repent, sometimes wondering in agony whether, after tragic moral failure, it is possible to hope for pardon and recovery again. That experience does not seem identical with a chemical operation. Even on the physical plane we human machines generate little machines called children, that grow up from infancy to maturity. I forbear imagining the consequence if Ford cars should do that.

Our behavioristic friends are right in insisting on the mechanistic aspects of

the personal organism. Moreover, they are thereby making available an eminently useful method of investigation and control, with important consequences bound to come from it. When, however, they cease being scientists dealing with working hypotheses and try to become philosophers formulating dogmas, they fare no better than other dogmatists. They become enslaved to words. They call us machines, but we are obviously machines that think, love, distinguish between right and wrong, repent, follow ideals, sacrifice for one another, believe in God, hope for immortality, and construct philosophies to explain the universe. That is to say, we are not anything which anybody in his senses can mean by a machine.

The more insistent and dangerous enemies of the Christian philosophy, however, are not our fads of materialistic theory, but our abiding attitudes of moral selfishness. Wherever personality is being cramped, fettered, debilitated, and abused, there Christianity is being denied. If the churches would put that idea in the foreground of their minds they might get some Christian things done instead of remaining what too largely they are—societies for the propagation of an outgrown mythology.

It was on this moral side that Jesus approached the problem of personality. He came at the matter, as he came at all matters, not theoretically, but practically. He cared about people and believed in them. He leaped the barriers which caste and convention had erected and was in this sense the first great democrat. His major parables concern the treatment of persons. How the Good Samaritan dealt with the victim of the robbers, how the family handled the returning prodigal—such matters seemed to him so crucial that for him the divine judgment was altogether concerned with the way people, especially the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, had been treated. Even the most sacred institutions, like the sabbath,

and by implication all other forms of human society as well, are to be judged by their effect on people. They were made for man, not man for them.

This elevation of personality's value has produced in the Christian movement a certain militant and aggressive unwillingness to leave things as they are so long as people are being wronged. Say the worst you will about Christendom, it is, nevertheless, the place where democracy has had its best chance, where science has at last got under way, where education has been most freely given to children, where poverty has been most tirelessly attacked, where philanthropy has been practiced on the largest scale, and where to-day the general public conscience is most disturbed about industrial exploitation and war. To credit all this to Christianity would be incredible; but Christianity has been one of the major ingredients in the civilization where this has been true.

To be sure, the most anti-Christian attitudes have often controlled the churches. Many ecclesiastics have discouraged humanitarian movements, backed tyranny, defended slavery, blockaded endeavors to improve industry, end child labor, and abolish war, and in general have been among the world's worst citizens. But always underneath such official religion that other element, without which no Christianity is ever Christian, has worked like leaven. In its nobler hours, Christianity has been unable to escape from the spirit of its Founder, and has known that its essential business in this world is the championship of personality.

## VI

So far as the theory of Christian personalism is concerned, one of the major problems which the modern mind faces centers in the idea of God which is involved. For the Christian enthusiast for personality inevitably approaches God in personal terms.

Many to-day have desperate difficulty

with this endeavor so to think of God as personal, and no wonder! The universe does not on the whole act as though it were under efficient personal supervision and control. When I hear some hymns, sermons, and prayers taking for granted or asserting with naïve simplicity that this vast, ruthless cosmos, with all the monstrous accidents which it involves, is a neatly planned and personally conducted tour, I recall the more reasonable hypothesis of an East African tribe. "They say," reports an observer, "that although God is good and wishes good for everybody, unfortunately he has a half-witted brother who is always interfering with what he does." That, at least, bears some resemblance to the facts. God's half-witted brother might explain some of life's sickening and insane tragedies which the idea of an omnipotent individual of boundless good will toward every soul most certainly does not explain.

To be sure, we can use our wits to some effect in justifying the ways of God to man. There are four factors in creation from which come all human tragedy and pain. First, the law-abiding nature of the universe that will not vary its procedure to save anyone; second, the progressive nature of human life, that starting us with ignorance, disease, poverty, slavery, or war, makes us fight our way through difficulties and over obstacles to a better future; third, individual initiative and self-determination by whose misuse we often mess up our own lives and ruin others'; fourth, our intermeshing relationships, so unifying our fortunes that what happens to one of us always befalls others too.

From these four factors come all the calamities of men. Yet would we be willing to eliminate any of the four? Would we make the universe whimsical and not law-abiding, or make human life static and not progressive, or make ourselves automata with no initiative, or break up all human relationships and leave our lives isolated like bottles in the rain? All our calamities come from



the same factors that provide our opportunities and joys; and were one of us granted omnipotence for an hour he might well hesitate, in spite of the suffering involved, to disturb this fourfold basis of the world.

Nevertheless, when our wits have done their best, life is still an abysmal mystery. Modern Christian thought frankly faces the fact that in our popular pictures of God as "a sort of infinitely magnified and improved Lord Shaftesbury," who creates, plans, supervises, and controls every event in the universe as an omnipotently affectionate and efficient individual might do if he had a free hand, we have added another idol to the list of man's theological images. Christian thought, however, insists that the recognition of this does not mean that we are thrown back on an impersonal idea of God as blind force, uninterested in man and his values as the weather is careless of the flowers.

All intelligent endeavor after an idea of God must begin its quest with reverent agnosticism, with the recognition that whatever we affirm about God can be only a partial and inadequate symbol. When a child begins to study geography he thinks of Italy as like a boot. So it is, but how inadequate a statement about the Italy of Michelangelo and Raphael, Petrarch and Dante, of Venice, Florence, and Rome! Whatever language we little children on this wandering island in the sky ever use about God is like that—a far-off, partial symbol. We are picture-thinkers when we talk about God and we cannot help it, and our pictures, drawn from limited experience, cover only an infinitesimal fragment of the whole.

To suppose that such acknowledgment of the incomprehensibility of God is skepticism is absurd. "All that can be said about God is *not* God, but only certain smallest fragments which fall from His table"—Saint Catherine of Genoa said that. "Divine things are not named by our intellect as they really are in themselves, for in that way it

knows them not; but they are named in a way that is borrowed from created things"—Saint Thomas Aquinas himself said that. Nobody, I suspect, who has imagination enough to grasp the problem can think otherwise. What we can say about God to what is left unsaid is, as James Martineau remarked, "as the rain-drop to the firmament."

It is important, however, to say what we can say as truly as possible. Whether we take a mechanistic, physico-chemical process as our picture of God, saying as another put it that the ultimate reality is a combination of phosphorus and glue, or whether we take personal life at its best as our admittedly inadequate endeavor to represent him in our thought and devotion, does make an immense difference. What Christianity is at this point admits of no doubt. It is once more the champion of personality. It regards personal life as so significant in the universe that it can be used as the symbol in terms of which we think least inadequately about God.

Accept it or reject it, Christianity involves that. It challenges every merely mechanistic interpretation of the world. It regards materialism as of all systems of magic the most incredible. For materialism is magic. To suppose that physical particles maneuvering in the void fortuitously arranged themselves into planets, forests, mothers, musicians, artists, poets, scientists, and saints is not to work out a philosophy; it is to run away from philosophy and believe in magic.

As for Christianity, its primary postulate is regulative for its idea of God. It discovers him most surely and significantly within personal life. When it is intelligent it does this modestly, taking in earnest Paul's assertion that "at present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror." All its ideas of God are admittedly symbols, intimations, adumbrations, suggestions; they certainly are not definitions. It rejoices that we cannot comprehend God, for if

we could he would not be worth comprehending. It does not suppose that we have achieved more than an infantile lisp when, with our delimited experience of personal life, we utter our profoundest assertions that God is personal. But it does everlastingly return to the proposition that personal life is the road out toward the truth.

The gist of what the church has meant by the Divinity of Jesus lies in the idea that, if God is to be symbolized by personal life, he should be symbolized by the best personal life we know. The interpretation of the Spiritual World in terms of personality and the interpretation of personality in terms of Christ—that is in brief the summary of Christian theology.

## VII

Inevitably, this philosophy issues in the hope of immortality. If one tells a modern Christian that that hope is vain, that the survival of the personal organism after death is so against all known possibilities as to be incredible, the Christian, I suppose, might answer somewhat as follows:

Imagine twin babes, unborn in their mother's womb, gifted with the power of thought, the one a skeptic and the other a believer. They are living without light and without breathing, both of which would be to them unthinkable. The crisis of birth, tearing them loose from the matrix on which their existence seems fundamentally to depend, would appear to them like death. As for picturing the world without, that would be impossible.

The skeptic babe could say to the believer, "You are only a wishful thinker; you desire to go on living and so you think you will. How can you be decently scientific and think that? You see how absolutely our existence depends on present circumstances. You are credulous to suppose that the disruption of them will still leave us alive."

To which the believing babe could reply, "My faith is not mere wishful

thinking. Month after month nature has been at work here developing something so marvelous that I am confident of an aftermath. Nature is not utterly irrational. She means something by all these preparations, and something will come of them."

To which the skeptic might retort, "How, then, do you picture the new life? If you are so sure about the future, describe it! What is it like?"

This would obviously put the believing babe in a difficult situation. "I do not know how to picture it," he would have to say. "It is to me unimaginable, but it may still be true. I am agnostic about all details. Only of this I feel confident, that nature is not so senseless as to undertake such a promising process with no end in view. The crisis that you call death will turn out really to be birth."

I sympathize deeply with that believing unborn babe. He is in the same case with multitudes of Christians. The outward appearances admittedly are against life after death. Nevertheless, not the skeptic babe but the believer would be right. The crisis did look like death but it was not. It was birth.

At any rate, Christianity, being the champion of personality, is irrevocably the religion of hope. It sees this world as a home for the rearing of persons, not as a gallows on which ultimately they will all be hanged.

Such is the essential genius of Christianity. Whether one looks at its morals, its metaphysics, or its characteristic emotional reactions, reverence for personality is the key to their understanding. In a previous article I said that religion begins in devotion to spiritual values, is undergirded by confidence in their Conserver, and issues in communion that brings peace and power. When, however, one finds such psychological elements of religious experience in their typically Christian forms they are always shaped by personalism and colored by its hues. Spiritual values are conceived in terms of enrichment to



personality; the Conserver is symbolized by personality at its best; the communion is with an unseen friend.

One does not mean that this emphasis is so exclusively Christian as to be undiscoverable in other faiths. That claim would be absurd. No faith would fail to assert that love for people as expressed in practical service is part and parcel of true religion. Listen to Buddha: "As a mother at the risk of her life watches over her own child, her only child, so also let everyone cultivate a boundless mind toward all beings. And let him cultivate good will toward all the world, a boundless mind, above and below and across, unobstructed, without hatred, without enmity. This (way of) living they say is the best in the world."

Yet I am confident that a Buddhist would at once acknowledge that the genius of his religion is far from identical with such enthusiasm for personality as this paper has described. Indeed, a good Buddhist might stoutly assert his satisfaction that his faith holds to another view altogether. Individual existence, he might say, is an illusion; we are like bubbles on the sea, and our peace is to be reabsorbed into its endlessly prolific depths. Continuance of individual existence, he might insist, is a curse; and only Nirvana, with the quietude of a candle that has been blown out, is the ultimate hope.

Not all schools of Buddhist thought would say exactly that; they are as diverse as are the multitudinous sects of Christendom; but no one who knows the genius of Buddhism can possibly mistake it for Christianity. Even at the risk of seeming prejudiced, I think Buddhism is a defeatist philosophy. It despairs of personality, thinks it transient and futile, counsels the renunciation of desire as the remedy for ill, and in the meantime pities men that they must exist at all. Christianity is aggressive and spiritually militant. It believes in personality, its infinite possibility, its

permanent continuance, its ultimate story.

Meanwhile, multitudes of people in our so-called Christian land will find it exceedingly difficult in the next generation to be Christians. For some, behavioristic psychology and materialistic philosophy will make the Christian ideas of personal value seem untrue and, for others, the forces of commercial exploitation and selfish greed will make them seem unreal. Many will fall back on being Christians within limits, believing in the sacredness of personality, more or less. In their better moments they will dare to think high thoughts about it, but faith in man will prove too difficult to hold steadily, and the personal God and immortality will seem too good to be true.

The fact is there never have been many Christians. There have been millions of believers in the pagan and semi-pagan accretions which ecclesiastical Christianity has held in common with other faiths, but Christians, who shared Jesus' reverence for personality, have been few and far between.

This is the real challenge to the churches.

What have their sectarian divisions to do with reverence for personality? What have their theological wrangles in common with the cause that Jesus of Nazareth had at heart? What if they could be made to see that their primary business is the championship of personality! What if the enrichment of personality by worship or by better schools, a juster economic system, and a warless world, could become their great enthusiasm! What if the philosophy involved in this championship, interpreting reality in terms of spiritual values instead of dirt, could absorb their thought! Such a perception of what Christianity is might cause as salutary a revolution as ever has convulsed and reconstructed the churches. It might even make Christianity Christian!



# AN APOLOGY FOR THE VISITING LECTURER

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

YOU cannot lecture in America for four or five years without realizing that the visiting English lecturer is by no means a universally popular figure. Indeed, you find that there are some circles, notably the more literary, and the more serious in New York, where the fact of being an English lecturer is a definite handicap to establishing friendly relations. You may be deceived for a time by the number of tea parties to which you are invited and by the amount of printed matter highly complimentary to you provided for public edification, but sooner or later you must find out. The revelation probably does not come through anything you hear said about yourself, but through what you hear about other English lecturers, not at public teas, but in private, where people speak as cat to cat; and what you hear about them gradually makes you more and more uneasy about what they hear about you. I propose to analyze some of this ill-feeling and to defend my fellow-lecturers; and in doing so, in seeking to excuse them and myself, I frankly admit that I am accusing them and myself as well. We do behave badly, we are open to censure, as much and perhaps more than any other group of human beings; and, as always, part of the fault lies in our heredity, our nature, and part in our environment, that is in America itself.

There is, of course, part of this dislike for visiting lecturers which may be discounted at once as trivial and uninteresting. It is the dislike which is naturally felt by natives when they see crowds listening to and staring at speakers

simply because they are foreign and a little exotic. I have often wondered what an English nightingale, perched at liberty on a tree in Regent's Park, must think when it sees hundreds of people going through turnstiles and paying at the London zoölogical gardens to hear some gaudy South American parrot screech and chatter in a cage. Is it content that no hungry generations tread it down, or would it like to be paid for singing of summer in full-throated ease?

Perhaps it is annoyed; but no one can blame it nor the American literary man for disliking a foreign competitor, whose strong suit is not talent, nor grace, but simply the fact of being foreign. You pay a nickel less at a sandwich shop for an American cheese sandwich than for one built of Swiss cheese; and I always buy the former, not merely to save the nickel, but out of a sentiment of sympathy for the American cheese thus slighted, though its merit is certainly equal to that of its rival.

But when we have discounted this very natural source of irritation, this well-founded and most excusable form of jealousy, we are left with a truly formidable stream of accusations and criticisms, persisting despite enthusiastic audiences, increasing engagements, unstinted hospitality, and loud-voiced publicity, following the English lecturer around the country. It is, as I have said, not so much what he hears about himself, but what he hears about the others, which disturbs him out of his well-satisfied sense of popularity and success. He begins to wonder whether



the cause of Anglo-American friendship is really served by all this talking; whether it would not be better if the British government were to place an embargo on the export of all subjects not palpably deaf and dumb; whether English lecturers do not serve the same evil function as a certain type of American tourist in Paris and elsewhere. He wonders too why pressure is not brought to bear on the American government to put a high tariff on foreign talkers, seeing that current political dogma believes that the best way of encouraging local industry is to put a prohibitive tax on the foreign product. And then perhaps he stops wondering and begins to argue, to defend and to counter-charge. And at this point he writes this article.

## II

Why is the English lecturer *in vacuo* often unpopular with nice intelligent people? What are the charges? It is stated against the English lecturer that his manners are abominable; and at once it must be admitted that some English lecturers are sometimes disgracefully ill-mannered. Let us give a typical instance which is representative of dozens of stories lying around for the evilly disposed to collect and embellish. The scene was a large room in which were seated after dinner half a dozen or so Americans and two English ladies, one a lecturer, the other her companion. The lecturer had put through a long-distance call, charged up to her hostess, to an unknown cousin who had invited the two of them to his country house. "I don't think," she said to her companion, as she laid down the receiver, "that we shall like him; he sounds *very* American!" The half dozen Americans continued to sit there, laughing inwardly, for the incident was only one of a succession of like incidents with these particular specimens. You could not have a better example of a certain naïve category of the accusations levelled at the English lecturer and his alleged ill-

concealed contempt for his very kind hosts. Can it be defended?

It cannot quite be defended, perhaps, but it can be explained—but even then in only one way. That incident is typical of the appalling things said and done by an *enfant terrible*; and it is as an *enfant terrible* that the English lecturer abroad can best be explained and even defended.

For the English lecturer is rather like a child suddenly freed from all sorts of restrictions, with the result that this freedom sometimes goes to his head. Watch a well-brought-up child at a birthday tea; freed of the rule "bread and butter first," he will almost certainly eat too much cake. Or watch a child who has usually been kept in his place by adults; some grownup allows him to take liberties with him, and quite soon the child has snatched the proffered inch of friendship and taken a mile on his own. Now that is the psychological state in which every English lecturer constantly finds himself in America; freed from restrictions and rules which have supported his character and behavior hitherto, he very soon loses his head and becomes a nuisance, and he does things which he would never do in his own country, nor tolerate in a visiting American.

Let us look for a moment at the English lecturer in his native habitat. He is usually a person of very slight importance; he may have written a promising book, or been a member of Parliament, or even done a little capable scientific research; but ninety-nine out of a hundred of his fellow-countrymen are getting through life happily and healthily without ever having heard of him. True, there are exceptions: greater lights, suns not satellites, who venture now and again to shine upon these shores; but as a general rule these prove inaudible and, after pocketing large fees for whispering variegated nothings to the front row of their audiences, return to their native land, and America knows them no more. Of these we need not speak, as they are a class apart. The ordinary English lec-

turer who makes a habit and a profession of his tours alone concerns us.

Not only do ninety-nine out of a hundred know and care nothing about him, but most of the small minority who do, disagree, disapprove, or dislike him and have no objection to showing it plainly on all suitable occasions. No one is ashamed of not having read his books, no one pretends to understand his scientific experiments when they have not had the necessary training, nobody agrees with his politics when they really belong to another party. And then he comes to America, and everything is done to make him have a colossal opinion of himself: people buy his books in the morning and know the names of the characters by the afternoon; what he has to say about science just thrills them; his political descriptions assume the proportions of an apostolic *message*. "We have the greatest admiration for Ramsay MacDonald," says the lady in a small-town club in Wisconsin to the labor party lecturer, and then later, "I am sure that nobody in your audience would dream of voting for a man like La Follette." All this, done for politeness, naturally makes a man conceited, and how can it fail to make him rude, seeing that rudeness is the fruit of the tree of conceit? Nothing can be a greater strain on good manners than to be taken as omniscient.

That is one of the first restrictions removed from these poor innocent children abroad—the restriction of disagreement. There is also the restriction of poverty and material discomfort; these drop off them instantly. They find themselves feted, cherished, entertained by people who are willing and able to surround them with undreamed-of comfort. For the asking, all sorts of luxurious treatment is given them, and quite soon they are complaining of the minutest little details of the arrangement of their bed or bath; having swallowed camels galore in their own country, in America they very soon strain at a gnat.

An English lecturer who stayed for

weeks the guest of a very wealthy and kindly lady, went about saying, "Well, you would expect comfort *there*, but do you know I had to get out of bed to turn out the light"; while another complained that where he was staying there was one bathroom between two bedrooms serving them both. One is surprised at such criticism, but the surprise wears off when one remembers that in his own house in England there is probably only one bathroom to the whole establishment, and that at the end of a chilly corridor, with one bath towel to last out the week. True, it is surprising that an educated man should complain of his host's bathroom at any time, but in these cases an enormously heightened standard of living and a bottomless hospitality destroy all sense of proportion, all sense of decency. Having been given so much, the spoiled child loses his landmarks and does not know where his demands should stop.

Here is another instance: a well-known English publicist was asked to lecture at a certain club, and inquiries were made as to his fee. He accepted the invitation but declined the fee, asking only that his expenses should be paid. The generous fellow arrived with his wife several days before the lecture and immediately complained of the rooms in his hotel. They were moved up higher, but without satisfying him, until, as a last effort, they were installed in the vice-regal suite—for this was across the Canadian border—and there they stayed after the lecture was over for a full week. The hotel bill far exceeded anything in the way of a fee ever paid in the club's history. And yet the publicist went home, wrote a most appreciative book on America, and regards himself as one of the strongest links in the chain of Anglo-American good will. He simply lost his head, like a child taking not only the proffered inch of friendship, but a mile or so more on his own.

### III

I do not, however, propose to publish an anthology of regrettable incidents



such as these to be taken down and used in evidence against all English lecturers whatsoever. Nor will I waste time, like a medieval monk with plenty of years before him, in an attempt to rebut the general accusation; in pointing out that this is not proof that English lecturers are bad-mannered, but simply evidence to be weighed against other evidence to the contrary; in asking if American lecturers are immune from a like accusation; in deprecating all attempts to argue from the particular to the general. I must take a shorter cut and affirm that if the manners of English visitors are admittedly bad, then it is to a large extent the fault of their American hosts.

We have already seen that America corrupts the good manners of English lecturers by removing the restrictions which limited their behavior on the other side of the Atlantic, by contradicting them too little and by giving them too good a time, by demanding, positively demanding, to be treated as an *enfant terrible* treats unfortunate strangers; but America does not stop at these methods. She insists further on taking away from him the English lecturer's ultimate prop, that valuable asset, so unjustly ridiculed, "*British Reserve*." The skill with which the lecturer's reserve is undermined is nothing short of diabolical.

For the English lecturer would like nothing better than always to be both polite and sincere; and the only way in which you can safeguard both these virtues at once and on all occasions is to be reserved, and above all never to ask personal questions nor answer them. Suppose, for example, a man enters a house for the very first time and his hostess asks him, "How do you like my carpet?" The American knows that this is just a formality like two ants touching each other's heads and passing on, or like any question about health or any statement about the weather; he, therefore, says, "I think it's just the cutest thing," or "I'm simply crazy about it" and passes on to the next conversational gambit. The English-

man genuinely believes that his personal opinion has been asked, and after due consideration says, "I hate imitation Axminsters" or "I prefer polished boards," and the next English lecturer will hear that he has been complaining of the furniture in his host's house.

I do not suggest that it is always or often my lady's carpet that causes the trouble, but it may be any one of the thousand things about which our opinion is demanded of us, the family heating system, the small-town high school or insane asylum, prohibition, the American Constitution; it is all one, Englishmen find it difficult to say, "I think the American Constitution is simply the cutest thing I ever heard of" or "I'm just crazy about your insane asylum," and in consequence they are always getting into trouble. It would not help him to have read Bryce, or all the text books on psychiatry and asylum construction; for it is not an opinion based on knowledge that is required, but an emotion attuned to the people who ask him these silly questions. He is asked constantly for his opinion upon things about which his opinion is unprintable; but even this is not the worst, for he is asked about things about which his opinion is sublimely worthless. And what can be a greater strain on good manners than to be treated as if you were omniscient?

Then again, the English lecturer is unfairly trapped by another notoriously common statement: Americans never tire of saying, "Oh, we love you to talk about us; it does not matter how much you criticize so long as you don't stop talking about us." If that is meant to apply to all Americans, why it is a cunning, thumping lie, contrived to entrap the *enfant terrible*, the innocent abroad, to double him up, and drag him down and damn his soul alive. The truth is that the Englishman, asked his opinion on anything, and taking the question seriously, is as often as not doomed forever; for not only may he not criticize, far less may he approve,

and least of all, may he have no opinion at all.

Just look at what happened to Charles Dickens, the great if not the first of English visiting lecturers. He said that from his own personal observation there was a great present, and if customs did not change, a great future for the American cuspidor industry. He has not been forgiven until this day. Why he said it is of course a mystery; perhaps he thought that he could change it, as he had changed poor houses, by saying it; how little he knew the forces against which he was contesting. I have had to conduct personally a chewing-gum count on a square yard of sidewalk on Michigan Avenue in order to convince one Chicagoan that the end product of the Wrigley building finds itself deposited indecently and in public from time to time. But you must not mention the thing to your audiences; for, as one public notice puts it, "Spitting is Un-American."

On the other hand your English lecturer must be careful how he praises anything, for that is almost as dangerous as criticism. When you are feeling really enthusiastic about America, and lost in admiration for its people, learn to keep silent. Thus, if you are thrilled by the vitality and energy all around you, by the wonderful way in which Americans organize to get what they want, keep silent, otherwise you will be contradicted: "Vitality! why it's simply nerves; and we have to keep always on the move so as to prevent us ever having the time to think." And just try saying that to you New York is the most beautiful contemporary city, especially coming in from the sea; not only will your audience assume you are laughing at them, but you will be taking out of their very mouths the favorite remark west of Poughkeepsie, south of Newark, and north of Rye, "New York is not America."

If to criticize or to praise is equally dangerous, surely it is safe to have no opinion at all? It is not safe, it is fatal. You will be asked, throughout your tour,

twice a day, what you think of the Prince of Wales. Do not attempt to tell the truth. It is virtually impossible for an American to conceive that days pass without your ever thinking of him at all; do not say that you never met him; say that he is cute, or if the girl says so first, agree with her without a pause.

In short, the English lecturer, asked a question in America, is in the same position as the famous one known to chess players where the pieces are arranged in a certain way and your opponent says, "You may take black or white and say you will win, lose, or draw, and whatever you say will be wrong." And this is why it is so gross of Americans to deny the English lecturer his native breastplate, reserve.

#### IV

Worse than to be rude is to be contemptuous of those from whom you accept kindness; and this black vice is imputed to us. To a limited extent it is true, and we can best strengthen our defense by defining the extent to which we are defenseless. Wherever we go we find people whom we have every desire to respect insisting upon a pretended interest in our doings, when we know perfectly well that they are bored and indifferent to all that seems worth doing to us. It is this eternal treating of the English lecturer as if he were a child. "Daddy, look what I've made," says the small boy, displaying a worthless example of his handiwork. "Oh, isn't that lovely, I do like that very much, may I have it? I want it so much," says that liar, his father; and the child is generally satisfied. The English lecturer is not as young as this, moreover, he does not expect or desire the business man or his wife to have a consuming passion for poetry—shall we say?—in general, nor even for his poetry in particular. And when they pump up a show of such passion he does tend to despise them. On the other hand there is nothing more delightful than an hour's



talk with some turpentine king, or watch king, or super-plumber, when these people tell you all about how they did it and what it means to their own ego that they have done it. When this happens the English lecturer is flattered, for he has been treated for a rare moment as if he were an adult. "Well, I guess I know nothing about your books, though my wife has surely bought them; I leave culture to her as I'm too busy to give any time to it myself. Will you try these cigars?" That is the prologue which offers hope of a pleasant evening.

Moreover, there is another point which should be emphasized in this context: even in cases where the English lecturer is more than usually vain and can be swamped with compliments without despising the source from which they flow, he is generally able to keep his judgment about the other English lecturer who preceded him last week. He knows that this fellow has practically no right to any opinion on any subject whatever, and when the memory of him and his table-talk is evoked with rapture, why his contempt is even more apt to dawn than in the other case.

And then there is the more serious fact that in wandering round America the lecturer is brought up against a particularly serious fault which is perhaps peculiarly American. Let us give a few examples from the records of a fellow-lecturer. These incidents all relate to one and the same tour of two or three months and they have to do with race prejudice. First the lecturer found himself in a woman's college of a Southern state where his subject was *The Scientific Attitude to Race Prejudice*. After the lecture, "I quite agree," said the President's wife to him. "Race prejudice is a dreadful thing, except in the case of negroes, where it is all right, for in the Bible it says, 'God cursed the children of Ham,' and the children of Ham are the negroes." Could he help a certain amount of contempt for this? Could he be blamed when, casting

chivalry aside, he cited it later as an example of the Devil quoting Scripture? Next he went to California where he learned that the country was being ruined by the Japanese. He learned here, incidentally, that all Catholic priests exercised the right of *jus primæ noctis* over Catholic brides and that nuns' dresses were ample in order to hide their frequent pregnancies. In Florida a millionairess told him that the American Civil War was not fought over slavery at all, but because the Catholics and Jews of the North made a conspiracy to capture the Southern railways. In Pennsylvania he was told by a young actress out of a job that the Jews were ruining the stage in America in a deliberate attempt to undermine Christian morality and to sully America's name abroad. "That explains Hollywood," she added. In Ohio he heard from his hostess's lips of a great negro plot to overthrow white America, and in New York State he was told that the Irish in Boston were responsible for all political corruption. In Chicago he found that the homicides were due to the masses of Italians; though why the homicide statistics of Chicago were higher than those of Naples and Rome the informant did not explain. Of course he also learned with astonishment of all the British bees in the bonnet of the worthy though uncritical Mayor Thompson. And then in another state his host boasted of how they had smashed the business of the only Jew in town.

Now are there no grounds for contempt in all this? In England he would have slammed the door on anyone who spoke in this way; in America his course of action is more difficult. It is difficult to be the guest in turn of so many different unassimilated groups all hating one another; and it must be remembered that on this tour the English lecturer had lectured to, or been the guest of highly cultured negroes, Jews, Catholics, Irish, and Italians. It is hard to say what he should do when a generous and charming host or hostess vilifies *en masse* the

groups to which other hosts and hostesses equally generous and charming happen to belong.

It may be claimed with confidence that no English lecturer has ever despised Americans with anything like the same fervor as one group of Americans feels in despising another. He does not even despise the Middle West as much as the New York intellectuals do; his experience and his inclinations put him altogether on the side of Booth Tarkington's Plutocrat.

And as for the specific accusation of intellectual contempt for his audiences: I can only give my own feelings for audiences as some little guide to what most English lecturers probably feel, and I would begin by describing a little incident from the real life of a lecturer. It was a sort of variety show attended by about fifteen hundred zealous self-improvers who sat through three lectures of forty-five minutes each and then remained for an hour's question period. The three subjects were British Labor Politics, British and the Middle East, and What Is Art? I am not certain of the exact title of the last, but in any case the subject matter was mainly an impassioned appeal to these fifteen hundred citizens to rise up in their moral might and strike a blow for freedom by demanding that James Joyce's *Ulysses* should be admitted to American shores. In the question period we all got our share of things to answer, but most of the audience were clearly anxious to concentrate upon finding a definition for the term "indecent book." Presently a firm-mouthed, gray-haired lady in black arose and shouted, "The most indecent book I have ever read is Slosson's *Creative Chemistry*," and then sat down. There was some sensation, and doubtless next day a run on the works of Professor Slosson, but the incident led me not merely later to read up a great deal about aniline dyes but to ask the lecturer what he thought of his audiences, and how he reconciled himself to ladies such as this. "I always believe," he said,

"that in every audience there are two or three lonely spirits who may be taught to have courage and think their own thoughts by some chance words of mine."

Now what better attitude can any man have than this? In England two or three would be a high percentage to hope for in a crowd of a thousand, but I can honestly say that I have always found more than that in any American audience, East or West, small town or New York. After all, when any concourse of people reaches such figures as must be reached by the sum total of habitual lecture-goers, one does not expect a remarkable level of general intellect and one is at liberty to be thankful, on the whole, for what is actually found in America. Looking for the lonely minds, the timid thinkers with a little originality, the honest brains patiently organizing their fellow club members who do not see so far, is not really as difficult as looking for a needle in a haystack.

## V

If the English lecturer is put in a difficult position, as we have hinted, by being both a guest and a professional employee at once, he is also made to feel his task made hard by his having to combine very often the role of popular educator with that of vaudeville entertainer. Even though he lectures on serious sociological and political problems he does well if he insures himself against loss of complexion, loss of hair and loss of figure; and even if he is ugly he will do well to work out in a looking glass those postures and expressions which use his ugliness to the best advantage. If he has written a book on the economic history of the bank rate he must be prepared to sign copies of it as if it were a volume of love poems. One lecturer has made an art of this side of his profession: having spent two hours in dressing himself immaculately, he turns to a lady member of the committee and says, "Would you please look me over



and see if I'm fit to go on the platform?" He pins a white flower to his bosom and when the lady chairman says, at the end of the lecture, "I'm sure we are all very grateful to Doctor Bumkin for his delightful message," amid the answering applause he tears the flower off and presents it to her. He does several other things which are not for public recitation, and I am only sorry that I cannot afford time to say more of him save that he happens to be an American and not an English lecturer. That is probably why he knows this particular job better than the others; for we halt awkwardly between seeking and avoiding notoriety, while he goes right ahead. After all, the lecturer in modern America whatever his nationality, foreign or home-grown, fulfils in the social organism much the same function as an eleventh-century troubadour. He is expected to be gallant, charming, inebriating, and if he knows how, why should he disappoint expectations? We soberer folk who lecture on the duller or at least the less romantic subjects should hardly be despised because our more flashy brethren do their star turns according to plan and, usually, at higher fees.

The trouble is that even the more solid talkers cannot help in some measure attending to their entertainment value; they must publish their personalities if they are to have fees or hearers, and it is so difficult to do this gracefully and at the same time not forget the other indispensable thing, *The Message*.

I think perhaps *The Message* is the English lecturer's great difficulty. Remember that, as we have already seen, the

English lecturer is a child, and then remember what it was like as a child for some lady to say, "I suppose you are not too old to be kissed!" "Yes, I am," I, for one, used to say, blushing violently, though in truth I was really not yet old enough to be kissed. Well, so it is with a message. The English lecturer asked by the lady president, "What is your message?" instinctively replies, "I haven't got one," although in fact he may have one all the time; for he feels himself too young, too inexperienced to claim a right to a message; he hates the word although he may not hate the thing. And when at the end of a lecture a lady says to him, "Thank you for your message" it is as blighting as it would be in other circumstances for a lady to say, "Thank you for your kiss." And when, as has actually happened, three ladies running have said respectively, "I was interested in your lecture because my grandmother came from England"; "Thank you very much for your message," and "Apart from what you said, the way you said it! Your Oxford accent! Why, it was better than Grand Opera!" what can the poor English lecturer be expected to do?

No, no; let Americans, even New York intellectuals, be fair. We visiting lecturers are faced with some pretty problems of conduct to solve, and when children are set problems which are too difficult they cannot be blamed for failing in them; for the fault lies with the devisers of problems themselves. And so I blame America for most of our failure to be as well-mannered in America as we are at home.



## OUR NEW SUB-PLUTOCRACY

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE party at the Grandburg City Club was exceedingly merry. City Club parties often are. Organized as a public convenience rather than to express any single group's ideal standard of exclusiveness, the City Club sells memberships to everybody in town who can pay for them. Judging by its imposing monthly list of posted delinquents, this includes a good many who can pay but don't. Moreover, with such a constituency, the City Club is aware it can only keep peace in its halls when each and every member refrains from inflicting his standards of behavior on fellow-members. Thus, in creating a convenient and ornate loafing place for Grandburg's prosperous citizens and their out-of-town visitors, it has been tacitly agreed that house rules will be few and their enforcement negligible. Though the deficits from too lavish entertainers have necessitated super-hotel prices, while the waiters penalize observance of the anti-tipping rule with an effective Levantine insolence, the City Club's popularity for "partying" grows from month to month upon the citizenry of Grandburg who have a taste for night life. The local humorists have it that "the old dive gives you all the thrills of hotel life without managers and house-dicks."

For the first four hours the party I speak of was merely up to the average. About the "big dinner" table a dozen male faces bloomed above faultless dinner coats, if not exactly with the patrician leanness associated with magazine-cover concepts of masculine gentility, at least with the ruddy glow of

prosperous feeding, hard liquor, and hilarity. If the dinner gowns of their companions betrayed no strikingly individual genius in the art of costume, they successfully conveyed that the ladies patronized shops which discouraged over-dressing and garish distortions of the style patterns. The entertainment facilities were equally orthodox. A radio with flawless loud-speaker attachments blared forth the season's latest and reddest-hot dancing jazz. Waiters dashed in and out from the bar in the so-called locker room with round after round of fashionably potent beverages.

Stimulated by the atmosphere of luxurious revelry, the ladies led the gentlemen by several lengths in the frolic spirit. Feminine voices delivered the more boisterous greetings to late-comers during the preliminary cocktail service, and raised the rumble and patter of table talk to shrieking cadences. Risqué wisecracks began to explode. In the radio's rare intermissions fragments of feminine atavistic solecisms filled the room: "That week-end you had George and I down to the lake." . . . "I'll say it's going good." . . . "You wood'n of hadda chance." . . .

The bacchanal howls were predominantly feminine when two master cut-ups named Jane and Bert ran a race around the rim of the fountain for the queen's trophy—a pitcher-sized potion of gin buck, which the winning lady with boisterous modesty insisted on passing round as a loving cup.

By all of the oldest—some of them almost nine years old—traditions of the City Club, the fountain race should have



been the climax of the evening. That it was not, as all but the most unsympathetic group of the City Club's membership are now agreed, was due simply and solely to unlucky coincidence. Midway in the loving-cup ceremony a prominent citizen well known to the dinner party arrived for a midnight snack with two presentable strangers, a man and a woman. The party was expansive, and he was promptly urged to bring his boy and girl friend along and join forces.

Then things began to happen. The strange woman had been dancing hardly two minutes with one of the more befuddled guests when she came dashing in from an ante-room screaming that she had been insulted. The two strangers, leaving their host in a stupor of embarrassment, picked up their wraps and departed in a seemingly virtuous dudgeon. Thirty seconds later the gentleman who was supposed to have done the insulting and was trying vaguely to recall how his conduct had departed from City Club dark-room conventions, discovered that his watch was missing and simultaneously one of the feminine lives-of-the-party shrieked, "Those crooks got my gold cigarette case."

A chivalrous phalanx rushed down the entrance stairs, caught the strangers in the act of driving off in a car belonging to one of their own members, and smashed the resisting unknown guest's nose while his horrified confederate screamed her sense of outrage until the policeman on the beat arrived. Next day the presentable strangers languished in jail pending an investigation, while the story was duly displayed pyrotechnically on the front pages of local newspapers.

To be sure, like most adjustable scandals, this one collapsed after two days of frenzied publicity. Car theft prevented and jewelry restored, it was simpler to have presentable strangers on their way than in jail holding receptions to police reporters. The City Club's magnates talked sedately—for publication—

about investigations and reformatory discipline; but when it was explained that the party's indiscretions had been due solely to high spirits, and after it was discovered that the disconcerting guests had received visitors' cards from no less a person than a club officer, who had had the honor of being formally introduced to the strangers by the bartender in a local speak-easy, all purgation processes were charitably discontinued. The City Club settled down to consider it all as a normal mischance of its celebrated prankishness.

Shortly after this happy solution had been achieved I dropped in for a chat with old Alex Carson beside the base-burner in his venerable law office. Through the loss of his fortune and his drowsing privileges at the defunct Grandburg Gentlemen's Whist and Assembly Club, Alex since his seventieth birthday has become something of a social philosopher.

"Well, I hardly expected that anything would be done about it," was his comment, "after I learned that the host was the leading automobile insurance salesman for three states.

"But, by Jupiter," he added, indulging his Puritan fondness for classical swearing, "it does cheer an aged man's malice to see the sub-plutocracy now and then dip its feet back into its native element."

## II

With old Alex's permission, I suggest conferring the name of the sub-plutocracy on a few million Americans. They are the people who, by their own exertions and by meeting the industrial market's demand for increasingly specialized services, have risen during less than a single generation from the laboring class or the frugal cottage and country-store economic environment of their origins to incomes of ten thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars a year. They may lack the means for the diversions of the supreme plutocrats—private yachting expeditions in Medi-

terranean waters and grouse-shooting parties on Scottish estates. But they can afford the amusements, the luxuries, and the more or less polite activities of local social leadership as easily as an old-fashioned farmer could afford three eggs for his breakfast.

Perhaps as good an example of the sub-plutocracy's rise as any can be found in a Midwestern city which I knew in my childhood. In the 1890's it had a population of between forty and fifty thousand with a normally varied representation, for that period, of the mercantile, professional, and industrial interests. As I recall it, the families who set its standards of taste and social conduct could hardly have numbered one hundred. Their leadership had a strictly economic base, but it was significant of more than mere spending power. "To belong" one had to have a permanent stake in the community. Small or large, one had to assume certain obvious responsibilities to its life and growth and human relationships. One had to be, that is, the head of a business firm, or a factory, or a bank, or an independently practicing professional man, or a son or younger male relative of one of the principal houses in training for similar responsibilities. In addition, there were a few old families, dating back to the early era of settlement about the time of the War of 1812, who represented something faintly approaching a blood and landed interest. In short, here was a small, unobtrusive local aristocracy accepted for the depth and tenacity of its roots rather than for the ostentatious spread of its foliage.

Newcomers even of obvious means, unless they happened to be vouched for by members of the group or by similar groups in neighboring cities, usually spent years or decades on the probation of formal acquaintance before they were fully admitted. Mere social snobbery of the conventional sort did not dictate these exclusions, but the established order did demand that the newcomers prove that they were persons of business

capacity and probity, that their women folk could be counted on for discreet behavior and cultural refinement, as these terms were understood in the Cleveland epoch, and that they were settling down to become permanent members of the community rather than acquisitive transients.

Within the community, rising from the ranks was possible but rare. Below the proprietors and owners of the leading business enterprises, there were few who had either the means or the cultural background to aspire to social leadership. Those next in command under the factory owners were the works superintendents—excellent fellows and universally well regarded, but chiefly glorified foremen with the old-fashioned skilled mechanic's social viewpoints and cultural limitations. In the banks, below the president, the single vice-president, and the cashier, there were only clerks and bookkeepers. The store owners employed sales clerks, bookkeepers, and shipping room roustabouts instead of high-salaried sub-executives and trade technicians. Instead of sales managers, district and central, they relied on thirty-dollar-a-week drummers. All these people were necessarily frugal in their economic standards and, for the most part, lacking in social and cultural advantages. Now and then, to be sure, families rose from these strata to a modest or even a considerable affluence; but as a rule this was achieved only by rigid, often niggardly, economies, and not until the head of the house was well along in years and beyond social aspirations. Recognition, therefore, often by the parvenu's own consent, was deferred until the second generation, and often, when at the family's rise the second generation was beyond the age for marrying into the charmed circle, until the third.

In all this conservatism the members of the group were concerned very little about financial prestige, negligibly about ancestors, but a great deal about their standards. Their code was not for its



times aggressively puritanical. They had their full quota of condoned private scandal, of tolerated rakes and wastrels. But they did hold outward decency and decorum in conduct and the total absence in personal traits of what they called "commonness," to be essential requirements. They were a genial, even a democratic people, and were frequently on friendly and even confidential terms with a large number of fellow-citizens who were not dining-out acquaintances. But they felt their position keenly as leaders and representatives of the community's best, and believed that they owed it this much exclusiveness. So while many of the leaders were not more than one generation from the soil, while the majority of them lacked the educational training and the standardized breeding mark of the colleges, while the town Cræsus's income was never fabulously reported at more than fifty thousand a year, and while many of the so-called "prominent" took no vacations and walked to business every day because they could not afford travel and carriages, the little bourgeois aristocracy was composed almost without exception of those who could keep a code of which the principle object was to outlaw vulgarity. For example, for years after the Country Club was founded, and while its catering force still consisted of a lone negro attendant who would serve one's home-prepared picnic suppers for a tip, local financial magnates were occasionally blackballed for no worse crimes than general parvenu coarseness and a native antipathy to standard colloquial English.

From my researches among my contemporaries and elders I gather that there was nothing quixotic or unusual about this pattern of leadership. In the last generation of the old century scores of American cities, between the gregarious villages and the clique-complicated metropolises, received their social tone and traditions from just such groups. Ancestors may have counted for a little more in the East and South,

raw wealth in the far Western boom towns. But from Worcester to San Diego, the leadership was essentially uniform. American tastes and manners, American codes of decorous conduct, and to a considerable extent—since the old regime took its duties of informed opinion seriously—American intellectual interests were formed by local bourgeois aristocracies, with a profound interest in their communities and a healthy rudimentary sense of *noblesse oblige*.

### III

The picture, however, began to blur at the turn of the century, and now at the close of the third decade it has been practically everywhere effaced. Prior to the boom times following the Spanish War, the old order had been able to exclude or accept the families rising to its own economic levels on what it conceived to be in each case the individual's merits. There were, after all, comparatively few of them. A society composed so largely of the families of the heads of the chief local business enterprises was largely protected by its mere prosperity. The number of important business enterprises was strictly limited by the locality's purchasing power and trade opportunities; and these, except in a few exotically productive communities—like the oil and mining centers—increased slowly. A decade in which a score of new families acquired even the barest economic pretensions to admission within the dominant group was one of relatively rapid expansion, and even the most anemic of local aristocracies could easily enforce its standards on two newly rich families a year.

But the old order's solidarity began to crumble when new economic equals began arriving in scores and hundreds. And this pace in economic self-advancement is precisely what the twentieth century expansion of business and its revolutions in industrial organization presently contributed. Where the local aristocracies had been dealing with

candidates for admission one at a time, they suddenly, on a national scale after 1900, found their thinly defended caste lines beset with regiments, and a little later in the War and post-War booms, with armies.

That the cities grew and the purchasing power of their individual inhabitants grew, was only a part of the story. This opened the way for a sudden unprecedented increase in the number of local business enterprises large and important enough for their heads to claim enumeration among the community's "first families." But at the same time business was supplying an increasing horde of economically eligible candidates, classified industrially in ways which the former little close social corporations of independent local capitalists had never dreamed of.

Factories and public service corporations, which had been operated by foremen and superintendents drawn mainly from the laboring classes, suddenly began employing staffs of technicians whose gentility was more or less vouched for by college diplomas, and whose salaries, more significantly, far exceeded the average for the older professional classes of lawyers and physicians. Commerce and industry, whose products had previously been distributed by impecunious "drummers" of loudly checked suits and small-town pool-room mannerisms, began disposing of them through sales managers and district representatives whose wages and commissions aroused many an oldtime banker's envy. One after another vast new industries of national scope—the motor car and motor fuel companies, followed by radio, domestic electrical appliances, refrigerating systems, and now by aircraft—dotted the local and regional metropolises with agencies and distributing centers staffed by managers and corps of expert salesmen whose sum total of rewards ran, even in the smaller fields, into the millions. Professional and semi-professional services multiplied to gratify the new complex prosperity and

to sell themselves to the new technic. Advertising and expert accounting agencies, consulting and efficiency engineers, realty investment corporations were literally born to flourish, while banks added vice-presidents in flocks to take care of each phase of their special interests from livestock loans to the allurements of women customers. Specialists in increasingly more varied and recondite technical branches of practice imposed themselves upon the family lawyers, doctors, and dentists of the ancient regime, demanding fees and retainers in proportion to their exuberantly avowed expertness. Undertakers moved out of the back rooms of furniture stores and established themselves in mortuary palaces with palatial price lists.

Inevitably, when these fortune-winning hordes began pressing against the barriers of the older order, the barriers went down. The old order had no pretensions of blood or landed estate to rally about which were not artificial and patently ridiculous. As democratic Americans, its leaders officially disclaimed the snobbery of mere "position." Its cultural codes, while excellent and promising in themselves, were too thin and recently acquired to serve as defenses against a grand assault. Most fatal of all, the old order was, after all, a bourgeois and business leadership. The new era was one of generally rising living standards; and to maintain their own affluence—certainly to increase it—the members of the old order must win the newly well-to-do as customers and clients. If the professional and financial favors of the new specialists and technicians and the local pro-consuls of the great corporations could be had only at the price of social recognition, social recognition they must be given.

So from heads of the house all over the United States during the first quarter of the century, in the cities between the fifty-thousand mark and the national metropolises, orders to this effect were issued. And in the long run they were obeyed. The old Babbitry of precise



decorum took the new Babbitry of ostentatious familiarities to its bosom. The newly prosperous were too numerous and too wealthy to offend.

Or it would be perhaps still more accurate to say of the majority of communities that the new Babbitry extended the light of its commercial favor and social condescensions to those members of the mauve-decade aristocracies who proved by their amenability that they deserved it. For by the time the sub-plutocracy began arriving in its full war strength it was plain that the old order faced not so much a problem of resistance and exclusion as of survival on any terms. Indeed, wherever the struggle was prolonged into the 1920's, it was not a question of whether the old "first families" would invite the newly affluent to their dinner parties. In thousands of individual instances and scores of communities it was a question of whether, in the newcomers' round of expensive and meticulously fashionable, if somewhat garish, entertainment, the "old families" could show the properly democratic adaptability and make the financial grade.

With the aid of the wider acquaintanceships and mitigated prejudices of their younger generations, most of them probably have managed it. To be sure, many fell by the economic wayside; and in a few of the older and most conservative communities, where the blood interest is strong, remnants may have retired into a sourly critical aloofness. But in the vast majority of cases the older aristocracies appear not so much to have accepted the newer orders as to have merged with them to the point of disappearance. In 1899 the nation could count its citizens of modest prosperity who could be relied upon for responsible local social leadership by tens of thousands. In 1929 it counts in millions the exponents of a new type of "social prominence" whose prosperity is less modest and whose sense of social responsibility is, to put it mildly, what it pleases. The new sub-plutocracy has

not simply won a place in the picture. It has become the whole masterpiece.

#### IV

How it adorns the contemporary social scene may be suggested by a further reference to the Middle-western community we have just been discussing. Since the 1890's the city has a little less than doubled its population. But the intimate little corporation of one hundred or less families which furnished the leadership and set the standards of culture and manners thirty years ago has expanded, under generous recruiting standards and the new prosperity, to a loose aggregation of considerably more than five hundred. Counting wives and offspring old enough to be included in the "younger set," several thousand of its citizens, male and female, are recognized as eligible to participate more or less actively in what is locally regarded as glamorous social life. They belong to the right clubs, attend and give entertainments which the local society reporters consider important, own the better makes of motor cars, travel somewhat luxuriously, take expensive vacations at resorts of some social prestige, and in general amuse themselves as local gentry of the technological age are supposed to do. Superficially a far wider range of sophisticated diversions is open to them than was open to their 1895 predecessors, for whom vacations were rare, and who considered European travel positively exotic.

Yet, under the glittering surface, life has lost a good deal of its quality. The swarm of the new elite is so great that all sense of responsible solidarity is lost. There is a vast lot of milling about among casual acquaintances. But nobody cares whether or not so large and impersonal a group keeps its dignity, whether or not it sets an example of good breeding, whether or not it provides the best possible representation of the community in manners, the outward decencies, and intelligence. The new

Country Club is as large and almost as expensive as a cathedral, but hardly more difficult, socially speaking, to join than the Y. M. C. A. The Midwest Club is its downtown counterpart and, although the City Club scandal previously mentioned did not occur there, its standards are such that no one would have been greatly perturbed if it had.

Under these auspices, incongruities inevitably appear which the old order's conservatism would have made impossible. Your dancing partner at a club cabaret entertainment may wear a gown chosen with the impeccable taste of the most exclusive fashion magazines, but her accent and syntax are those of a shop girl—of the type, that is, which flourished before the higher sales-technicians learned to train these professionally persuasive damsels to speak in the birdlike cadences which formerly distinguished only the products of our most expensive finishing schools. Somewhat later her husband is "pleased to meet you," and in a mumble of solecisms conducts you through a long-winded and pointless account of the large party that was "thrown" when he bought an eight-cylinder car from a mutual acquaintance in the automobile business. You discover that you have been talking with the son of a miner who by hook or crook worked himself through a small technical institute and then, as the first step on his path toward becoming the twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year technical adviser to a coal magnate, married his landlady's daughter.

It is all strictly American and highly commendable. But repeat the formula in varying intensity a few hundred times for each large social assemblage in any typical American city of 1929, and you have accounted for the sub-plutocracy's origins, its social experience, and its present necessary limitations. You have accounted for the fact that so impressive a proportion of the well-groomed and fashionably diverted persons one meets cannot with natural grace execute or receive the simplest formalities of intro-

duction, cannot sustain conversation above the crude levels of personalities, personal interests, and ribaldry. They express themselves in dialect which varies from the doubtful to the execrable, and in their high moments of revelry they indulge in a noisy conspicuousness of conduct suggesting street hoodlums out for a joy-ride.

Business expansion in the first third of the century has made places near the top of its lavish pay-rolls for several times more beneficiaries than the old "first families" could furnish. Picking the new favorites by the necessarily rough selective system of chance and merit, industry has flung into the luxury classes hundreds of thousands drawn from social levels familiar neither with prosperity nor with the forms and inhibitions of good breeding. The sub-plutocracy thus created has arrived so rapidly and in such numbers that it could not possibly be trained for responsible social leadership by its overwhelmed and bewildered predecessors. It thrust itself—or was thrust—to the center of the stage inadequately prepared to carry on the American cultural tradition as the older local aristocracies had left it.

## V

In his search for the origins of "the mucker pose" Mr. James Truslow Adams has suggested, but not fully analyzed, the effects of this vast experiment in quick gentry-production. The sub-plutocracy's very deficiencies became the reigning tastes and manners because, numerically, it had swallowed the older aristocracies whole, and no elements were left in the social structure strong enough to impose an effective veto.

In one respect, its attitude toward these deficiencies was creditable. Parvenus of the older type had pretended that deficiencies did not exist. In all the ages of quick fortune-making from the Hamiltonian currency stabilization to the gaudy '70's, the comic publications



were full of jests at the expense of newly affluent families who cultivated a more namby-pamby "niceness" than the Victorians, who in matters of silk hats, coachmen's liveries, and bric-a-brac went in for display more than the millionaires, who hired genealogists to supply them with family pedigrees longer than those of the peers of England. The newly rich of the twentieth century scorned such poses. They were sprung from the soil, or at any rate sprung from the ranks of skilled labor, village store-keepers, and the respectable but frugal employees of commerce in the cities. They made no bones about it. If the older "first families" did not like the traces of their early environment which survived the newcomers' contacts with local business magnates and their possible four years at some fresh-water college, the "first families," in the newcomers' expressive phrase, could "go chase themselves."

The "first families" chased the newcomers' favors instead, so that the latter felt all the less impulse to modify their social inheritance. They cultivated no affected accents, and confidently abused syntax with such phrases as "between her and I," instead of parading an excessive correctness of speech. They quarreled with their favorite head waiters in public, and did not scruple to berate hotel managers with fishwifely violence when the priceless prerogative of "service" was at stake. In their hospitalities, both domestic and public, they preserved the slap-on-the-back informality, the unfettered general rough-house inclinations, and the broad humor of the plain people out for a jamboree. Decorum, to their self-satisfied conscience, was the deliberately distressing invention of old-fashioned "big stiffs."

So a repeal of the so-called "high hat" conventions became, perhaps, the sub-plutocracy's foremost contribution to American manners. Older members of the hinterland aristocracies resisted vainly for more or less extended periods, and various individual grand seigniors

remain impotently uncompromising still. But the commercially far-sighted and the younger generations of the established houses succumbed to the invaders' mores virtually without a struggle. If the newcomers were being received as equals and their hospitality was being cherished, it decidedly would not pay, either in business or in the traffic of social favors, to reject their ways of conducting and entertaining themselves. When parties—or syntax—"got rough," obviously it would pay the scions of the older houses to "get rough" too.

The heirs of the earlier gentry, besides gratifying certain atavistic inclinations, readily found reasons for abandoning the sterner standards and accepting the current stock of sophistication. Had not both scientific and Sunday supplement psychology taught them—veraciously enough in many particulars—that the Victorian reticences bound the human spirit with corselets of positively unsanitary suppressions? Had not the more erudite learned from their reading that from the Stuart Restoration to the post-War brood all genuine aristocracies had treated morals and conventions contemptuously? Finally, with prohibition, the more politically conscious discovered that getting drunk as a long-shoreman at dinner parties might be a gentleman's—or even a lady's—appropriate way of proclaiming an honorable distaste for the eighteenth amendment. The born gentlemen whose tastes for crude pastimes and pornography Mr. Adams lamented with descriptive accuracy, thus may have been at one and the same time class-conscious aristocrats parading their freedom from the taboos of bourgeois respectability and practical self-salesmen out to persuade depositors and professional associates, who happened to be social intimates and fellow-golfers, that they did not consider themselves superior persons.

The native genius of the sub-plutocracy has made, so far, no significant cultural contributions to compensate for its vulgarity. Previous types of



parvenus may have helped to flavor national taste with healthy provincialisms, enriched in early New England at least by genuine folk arts and in the South, until the most recent era, by gracious forms of manners. But the latest arrivals, transplanted hither and thither by their business and professional interests, "prominent" in Hartford in January, in Houston by next Thanksgiving, and in Spokane by the following Easter, regard freedom from provincial traces and an easy, energetically familiar at-homeness in our standardized, luncheon-club cosmopolitanism as the foremost sign of a dividend-paying social eligibility. Better educated, and sophisticated by wider social contacts than any previous generation of the self-elevated, they lack no confidence in their own *savoir faire* and worldly wisdom. The reticences of the well-bred and the individualism of the intellectuals are to them mere pretenses, to be tolerated only when those who are so unfortunate as to hold to them are also provided with the means to promote the deals of the newly affluent and to share in their standardized pleasures. Thus, even where vulgarity is held in abeyance, the sub-plutocracy's main contribution to the flavor of American society is the intensification of standardizing forces.

For, the sub-plutocrats apparently reason, here is a short life and the means to enjoy it. The way to enjoy it is to belong to the biggest clubs, play the most popular games, stop at the best-known hotels, travel to the most advertised places, read (according to the year's fashion) the most talked of risqué or detective fiction, see the most applauded plays and movies, keep the latest jazz going on the radio, dress—it makes "a good impression" on other sub-plutocrats—in the styles recommended by the fashion magazines of widest circulation, and hold, when the discussion of anything beyond golf, business, and the latest night club attractions becomes obligatory, the most orthodox and least contentious opinions.

Those who choose to do otherwise may possess what once passed for brains and breeding. But until they have vouched for themselves with the requisite commercial talents and assets, their eligibility to "good society" is questionable.

And in defining eligibility the sub-plutocracy recognizes no responsibility to any ideal standard of social leadership. It knows that it came up from the social and economic lower regions by money power alone, and, just as it is content to absorb members of better-bred and educated orders who hold on to their personal fortunes, it will readily accept the latest plebeian or vulgarian who has risen by its own method. With the membership as well as with the house committee of the City Clubs, the policy prevails that "the sky is the limit."

Thus, as the super-salesmen, sub-executives, branch managers, agency promoters, and traffickers in expert and technical services multiply in the land, our newest social order multiplies with them. Nor are there signs in the expanding pace of business that the recruiting process will presently slacken. 1930's new arrivals from the ranks will, by all the present auguries, exceed those of 1910 and fall only a little behind the epic upsurge of 1919-20. The standardizing pressure upon taste and the vulgarizing pressure upon manners and pleasure will be reinforced by such newcomers as long as the mill of prosperity feeds new "first families" into the social laboratory faster than gentility can be synthesized.

## VI

I suppose that all members of the old order, real or putative, should be very glum at these prospects, and that lamentations over the extinction of culture by the "new barbarians"—the phrase is Professor Wilbur Cortez Abbott's—are strictly in order. Yet I doubt if, in the longer view, lamentations are warranted. The defeat of the old standards of social leadership makes things temporarily un-



comfortable for the fastidious. But the sub-plutocracy's eventual contributions to American culture will not be made in its raw stage, but after it has begun to realize its larger possibilities of development.

After all, the sub-plutocracy, in moving into exclusive residential quarters, has brought vulgarity in its baggage only incidentally. Among its more significant belongings are energy, native intelligence, and more and more, as industry demands an increasing expertness of its professional aides and technicians, a sound basis of intellectual training. If temporarily it has relegated *savoir faire* to the rear as a social necessity, even this has been done on the wholesome principle that aristocracies, including the most modest local ones, must be able to serve the community in more important ways than by giving decorous dinner parties and cultivating a "refined taste" in art. By insisting that "first families" earn their keep in the major activities of practical life—which happen to be business in twentieth-century America as were piracy and service to the crown in Elizabethan England—the newcomers are sanely helping to anchor our future social leadership to reality.

With this much to its credit, the sub-plutocracy has a reasonably clear field ahead to rid itself of the obvious liabili-

ties of its origins. And already the more significant omens suggest that standardization and vulgarity are its points of departure rather than its destination.

For all the group's mass shoddiness, thousands of its members throughout the nation, and numerous individuals in almost every community, have acquired æsthetic and intellectual sensibilities and the restraints of good breeding along with moderate riches. Moreover, it is the sub-plutocracy's second generation, in the main, which fills our colleges beyond the over-crowding limit. At least a few hundred of these grandchildren of the "nobodies" of the "age of innocence" graduate annually with the nation's older cultural inheritance fully absorbed, and ready to assert an independent individualism graciously and easily. Even the least pliant material leaves the campus for practical life benefited by a few years' intensive practice in ingratiating manners, and appreciably more prone to recognize the desirability of self-effacement and sound syntax in a brawling world.

On these improving foundations, I suspect, the Republic may yet, within another generation or two, rest its most typically modern and democratic experiment: that of entrusting social and cultural leadership to a valid aristocracy several millions strong.



# CONSPIRACY

A STORY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

IT WAS snowing—a fine, sifting, inevitable snow. A snow whose quiet progress was smoothing, and leveling, and hiding, and would by and by obliterate so many things. Its progress was not to be measured, not more than the progress of thieving time, which steals everything, but so deftly that no one sees anything taken. In the same way, the progress of obliterations accomplished by the snow could not be seen or measured, but it was there, on the ground, in the sky, and in the myriad-moving air drifting between.

When John Grange got his pipe going, he threw the match in the fireplace with a little, almost vicious, fling of his hand, brought his brows together, as though he really cared, and said to his wife:

"Who is this young devil Camilla's lost her heart to?"

But his wife, refusing to be disturbed by his tone, said quietly:

"Well, you know the Darlington family—"

"I don't mean his name," he interrupted, "and I don't mean his family. I mean . . . you know what I mean! . . . Is he the sort?"

She could hear the little soft sound of his lips impatiently gripping and releasing his pipe. She went on counting the stitches on her needle, very deliberately. His impatience did not trouble her. She knew as well as he did that it was assumed. She knew he didn't really care about the young man of Camilla's choice. What he cared about and was absorbed in with deep content was to be

sitting there in front of the fire so near to his wife that he could put out his hand and touch her if he wanted to at any minute.

"Sixty-three, sixty-five," she continued to count. Then she turned her knitting and put a careful needle into the first stitch. "I really haven't the least idea. And I don't really think it matters."

John Grange bridled.

"Well, that's where you and I differ. I confess I have an interest in knowing the particular kind of young fool Camilla's picked out."

"It isn't," she suggested mildly, "as though you could do anything about it, or stop it. Besides, I can't see that there's such an immense difference nowadays in the brands."

He smiled, as he often did, at her way of putting things.

"Good Lord, you speak as though they were canned tomatoes, or something like that!" He laughed. "I must say, considering she's your grand-niece, you don't take much interest in Camilla."

She put her head a little on one side and addressed her knitting:

"Oh, yes, I do. I'm very fond of Camilla, you know. And I really like young people. It's only that I can't stand them."

"There you go again!"

"No, I'm serious. I like them but I can't stand them; just as I like candy but I can't eat it. The difference is that I face and accept facts, and you don't.



I've said that to you a thousand times before. Like most men, you are romantic, and I'm a realist—like most women."

Yes, she had said that to him often before, and often before he had admitted she was right. But none of that disturbed him. He liked her exactly as she was and could never imagine her being different in any way. He liked himself well enough too, and altogether was very happy.

After this, they sat for one of their long silences, his thoughts drifting here and there, in no particular direction; she knitting, knitting, knitting, and her thoughts close confined, and simmering like water in a kettle.

Outside, the snow continued to sift, steady, feather-soft, feather-light, and with that same soft unbreakable purpose—to cover, to hide, to obliterate.

"There's something I've been wanting to say to you for a long time," she said at last, "but I've never had the courage."

He took his pipe in his hand:

"Don't mind me. Say right ahead."

He was never afraid of what she would say. She had such wit and good sense, and her conversation had always been his delight. So few women really know how to talk. Most of them only remark, or object, or assert.

"You won't like it," she warned him.

"That's all right. Fire away."

"It's just this—" she laid her knitting in her lap, and looked into the fire, "I don't think life is worth the living."

He did not turn his head but he turned his eyes, in slow wonderment, on her. She always had the power to surprise him. That was one of her fascinations. But what was she driving at now?

"What's wrong?" he said. "Is your rheumatism worse?"

"No. And besides, it isn't rheumatism."

"What's the matter, then?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked into the fire and put her knitting down. "I suppose it is the accumulation. In sixty-three years you do accumulate

such a lot. Knowledge, I mean, and experience, and all that. All that you know about young people, for instance, that they don't in the least know about themselves."

He put his arm over the back of his chair and turned to look at her fully.

"Do you know, I just can't grasp it that you're sixty-three. Upon my soul, I don't think you look fifty."

"I don't suppose you can grasp either that you are sixty-five! One of these young psychoanalysts would make a great affair of that. They would tell you, as though they were telling you something brand new, that the reason you can't believe these things is that you don't want to believe them, because it is not pleasant. And that is precisely what I'm talking about."

"What you mean, then, is that you don't like to get old. I don't see anything strange in that. Nobody does."

"I mean," she said, "just what I said. There's an old saying to cover it. I don't think the game is worth the candle."

He raised his eyebrows, even archly.

"Don't you, indeed!" His tone was exactly the tone one uses to a discontented child when one means to cajole it out of its discontent.

"No," she said quietly. "The difference between us is that I take things rather seriously, and you don't."

He was still smiling at her.

"Well, come now! I will if you will tell me exactly what you mean."

"I mean just that—it isn't worth it."

"What isn't worth what?"

"Oh, all the long years—their effort, their difficulty, their terrible joys, and their disappointments." Her voice trailed off.

"Look here," he put his hands on his knees, and bent toward her smiling. "For heaven's sake! Whatever in the world has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing's gone wrong. It's gone very well, in one way. Here we are together."

That he accepted at once, and slapped his knee.

"Yes, by Jove! Here we are together." He rubbed his hands. "Here we are together, you and I. And that snow outside there to make it cosy."

"Do you mean to tell me," she leaned forward, and looked at him puzzled, "that you don't see?"

"Don't see what? My dear, you do look extremely handsome." He leaned forward, and gave her hand a little soft pat.

"And you don't see?"

"What?"

"What's ahead of us?"

He remembered how it used to stir him to see her riding a spirited horse when she was a young girl. The light hand on the bridle. The complete control. He was a spirited person, himself; and he knew if she wanted him to be sober, sober he must be.

"Old age, you mean?" he said quietly.

"Yes, and the other."

He took a quick glance at her and then looked out of the window at the finely sifting snow.

"That one of us," she continued, with a steady hand on the bridle, "will some day sit here alone."

He did not spring up, nor cry out, as he felt like doing. There was silence, complete silence. Only the snow falling.

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and jingled a key and several coins there. No! He'd be damned if he'd talk to her about that! Hanged if he would! He wouldn't talk to the Lord God himself about that! Think of having evaded it all these years. Of having thrust it away out of sight while they were reading together, sitting through operas and concerts together, traveling together, holding the same prayer book, in the days when they still went to church. Slipping around corners to get away from thinking of it, and then to have her plump it out at him like that.

"Of course," he said, with a sufficiently resolute intention of not facing the issue, "we've been extremely happy."

"That's just it," she said quietly.

But, no. He was not going to be headed off like that.

"I suppose if we had children—"

She broke in on this.

"I ought to have told you before," she said. "I've got all over that. For quite a few years now I've been thankful we never had any children."

Good Lord! What an unfaded power she had! How she could still surprise him! Now for himself, it was the secret sorrow of his life that he had no son to succeed him. He couldn't imagine, simply couldn't imagine, not wanting one!

"I don't mean that I've come to it quickly," she said. "And I suppose those young psychologists would say I was just pretending all this to myself, so as to cover a hurt."

He didn't know anything about psychology, but if it was as reasonable as that he thought he might like it.

"But it isn't that, I'm sure," she said. "It's just that I care so desperately much about children—would have cared so desperately much about my own that I couldn't bear to see them facing the sort of thing you and I are facing."

There! She was dragging him back to the hateful subject. But, no. If he refused to talk about it, maybe she'd release him.

"I wonder," she said at last, "why someone doesn't write fully about youth and age."

There! She was going to release him after all!

"Well, now, there's your favorite, Tolstoi," he said quite happily. "*War and Peace* is about youth and age, isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted, "about the passing of time."

"And there's that Turgeniev thing that ends with a scampering lot of young people. Remember?"

"Yes—*A House of Gentlefolk*."

"That's it! And there must be a lot of others."

"But they aren't dealing with what I mean. They are dealing with the mere passing of time—"



Good Lord! The "mere" passing of time!

"Whereas I mean the thing that comes with the long passing of time to men and women who care for each other."

"But I can't see that it's any different. Hasn't there always been just the same chance ever since you and I first met?"

"Yes," she admitted, "but it isn't a chance any longer."

Well, if she wanted him sober, she had him so now. He had thought of these things, often enough. Sometimes at night he raised himself on his elbow to listen strainedly to be sure she was breathing. For years now he couldn't bear seeing her asleep; all the familiar loveliness of her so quiet. But, good Lord! you don't speak of things like that! You force them out of your mind. Sometimes they force themselves back. It is like two people, one trying to hold, and the other to force a door.

And suppose she went first! Why, he couldn't think without her. Oh, of course, he'd behave himself! Men always do. But inside his life everything would be crumbling and falling, like a building that suffers earthquake. There would be a falling together of stones and bricks and timbers, all his hopes and joys and possibilities, and the roar and dust of their falling. And after that the world would seem for him to have no shelter, no roof for him to live under, no fire to sit by—just naked sky.

Of course, he knew hundreds of people, and liked them, and plenty of people liked him. But no one else but she knew him. There was no one in the world like her. Never had been. Never could be. She was unique, single, particular, utterly not-to-be-matched.

"It is strange, isn't it," she was saying, "what a conspiracy of silence there is about it. We don't talk of it to young people any more than we talk about death to children. You'd think we could talk about it to each other. But no. The same agreement, and conspiracy. Yet we all think about it.

You got up on your elbow the other night to listen, to see if I was still there."

"How strange you are! And what things you say!"

Her eyes smiled at him.

"Oh, no, I'm—not strange. I wish I were. I wish we weren't all so terribly alike in the big things."

They sat silent for a few minutes. . . .

"And you mean," he said, as though much hung on her reply, "that you don't think all that you and I have had is worth it?"

"I just mean," she said a little wearily, "that I think we are asked too high a price for everything. It is like Moses going through all those forty years, and behaving himself very decently, on the whole, and then getting only a glimpse of the Promised Land."

"Oh, I doubt," he said, speaking almost to himself and looking into the fire, "whether Moses cared so much about the Promised Land. He must have got pretty sick of the name even. But to live without you! . . ."

There, he had said it.

She reached out her hand to him.

At that moment there was Camilla's voice in the hall.

"Don't tell them!" she said, with a little tightening of her fingers and a little pleading look. "Don't say anything." She released his hand.

The door opened and Camilla peered round the edge of it.

"Are you two darlings asleep? May we come in? I want you to see my dress. Am I all right?"

He got up and rammed his hands in his pockets, and stood looking at her admiringly.

"All right, Camilla! Well, I should say so! Tip top! And very handsome, too! All except the paint!"

"Oh, come now! Don't be so old fogey, Uncle John! Aunt Juliet, am I charming?"

"Very, my dear. But where's Tom Darlington?"

Camilla swung around.

"He's here!" She called to him, "Tom, darling!"

Tom came into the room, armed with a heavy importance and a frown, due to a supreme effort not to cut and run.

Camilla took his hand and stood beside him, looking up at him, way up at him, eyes shining. Two very foolish, very inexperienced, very happy young people, who believed themselves more experienced, of course, than anyone in the world.

"Tom and I want to tell you!" Camilla burst out.

"Well, I must say!" said John Grange as though it were news. He reached out his hand with cordiality, man to man.

But Camilla had turned to her aunt, as woman to woman.

"Oh, Aunt Juliet, Tom and I do so *a-dore* each other!" She took a bird-like glance over her shoulder at Tom, then fixed adoring, rebuking eyes on her aunt. "Why didn't you tell me life was as heavenly as this?" It appeared to her suddenly foolish and hopeless, this trying to explain a thing like that to older people. Still, that was the thing to try to do. You owed it to them. "We do love each other so. Don't we, Tom?"

Her eyes went back appealingly to Tom.

Tom drew a slow hand down the back of his head.

"Well, we're rather—eh—er—fond of each other, of course." And Tom proceeded to camouflage his imponderable, inexplicable feelings with a nervous laugh that appeared to have very little indeed to do with them.

"Oh, Tom!" Camilla laughed too, pounced on him, and swung him about and held him by the elbows. "You're too utterly adorable! Uncle John! Aunt Juliet! Aren't you *glad*?"

"Look here!" said Uncle John. "Of course we are. But we'll talk about it when you come back. If you have to be there by five o'clock—"

"Oh, I know! I know!" Her voice went into a little wail of acquiescence. "Come, Tom, dear! We must be running along! Good-by, darlings!"

She put an absurd, patronizing little kiss on the cheek of each of them.

"Good-by! Think about us!" she said.

She and Tom left them, John Grange holding the door for them and closing it after them in his best manner.

Camilla and Tom went down the stairs arm in arm.

"Aren't they just too wonderful?" Camilla said. "Married forty years! I hope we'll be exactly like that when we're old!"

"Here, young lady, look where you're going. Now where are those fur boots? Give them to me."

He pulled them on the trim little feet she held out to him, and fastened them. Then he wrapped her in her furs and gave her a long kiss. Then with two efficient windmill gestures got into his overcoat, buttoned it up, rammed his hands into his gloves, put on his hat at a jaunty angle, and opened the door wide for her to pass out ahead of him.

As the cold and snow swirled toward her and enveloped her, Camilla caught her breath ecstatically.

"Oh, how beautiful! How perfectly beautiful! I didn't know it was snowing. Don't you *love* the snow? I adore it!"

It was as though the snow loved her. It whirled about her, lighted in little tiptoe angles on her fur, in tiny flocks on her eyelashes, and died in little ecstasies on her cheeks.

It would have done the same for him, but he jerked up his coat collar, ducked his chin into it, tilted his head sharply, and hunched one shoulder, so that the flakes had to light instead on the top and side of his soft felt hat.

He put his arm about her, holding the fur collar of her coat together with his strong gloved fingers. He suited his step to hers.

"I like anything, anything," he said softly, "if we're together."





## WOMEN IN THE CAMPAIGN

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"MY dear, have you heard about the romance in the X. offices? I hear they're to be married right after the election."

"Really, I can't understand why she behaved like that! Here I am with nine votes right in the palm of my hand—and what do you think she said to me?"

"No: she never was born to be a political leader. She's too snobbish."

"That's nothing! Mrs. Blank came to our last meeting in an evening dress and an ermine wrap."

"They say Nellie James is making two speeches a day. I wonder who's looking after her children."

"Well, it seems funny to me that with all her experience in Washington, she doesn't help her husband in the campaign. They say she fairly lives at the country club, playing golf and bridge. Now if I were a Congressman's wife—"

"A new leaflet? No, I don't think I'll take one. My husband gets them at the noon meetings. He'll probably read that one aloud to me to-night."

"They say that Mrs. Blank—"

These phrases were not picked up at a meeting of the Neighborhood Bridge or of the Ladies' Aid Society or of the Tuesday Current Events Club. They were caught at various times in various political headquarters or club rooms during the late presidential campaign. They were uttered against the usual political background for women voters—a vacant office or storeroom, hung with flags, party banners, posters, and portraits; furnished with a second-hand piano, a few rented rugs, reed chairs, and tired-looking ferns, a table strewn

with pen, ink, soiled blotters, a dog-eared register and political pamphlets. Women coming and going, welcomed and sped on their way by keen-eyed partisan workers who studied them, estimating their value to the party.

Never in the history of suffrage has there been such an opportunity to study the behavior of women *en masse* in practical politics. The wise Maurois says in his book *Disraeli*: "The imaginations of men cannot be set afire with customs regulations." The campaign of 1928 stirred emotional depths beyond anything of which Maurois dreamed. The issues appealed overwhelmingly to the imaginations and emotions of women. What of the reaction of women to this, the first campaign in which they took general interest?

Their contribution to the campaign represented quantity rather than quality. They raised the voting score of the nation but not the standard of campaign methods. They worked up what men term "volume of business" but they lowered rather than raised the ethics of politics.

For women injected religious prejudice into the campaign. Not national party leaders like Mrs. Alvin T. Hert and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with their well-organized and well-trained committee women and bureau heads. These women hewed straight to the lines of party strategy. They were guided by the campaign text-books of their respective parties. They followed consistently if hopelessly their instructions to "sell" their candidates on records of party service.

The women who boldly brought the religious issue to the fore were the non-political, home-staying women, nice wives and mothers who run clubs and parent-teacher associations and civic leagues—women who have been bombarding Congress to bring about peace, good will, and treaties among all nations!

And the clergymen who preached politics and personalities in their pulpits would not have dared to do so had they not been sure that women would approve. For is it not women who fill church pews, raise the salaries of ministers, and mend the parsonage roof?

Admitting that men politicians of a certain type in certain sections of the country may have welcomed the religious issue, they never would have instigated it. The least astute of politicians recognized it as dynamite. But women tripped in lightly and blithely where politicians feared to tread. They not only injected a religious issue into the campaign but they raised it, with prohibition, to a major position, completely ignoring the possible effect of such action upon their candidate.

Unquestionably these statements will draw protests from women in certain groups. Every woman who voted for what she believed would be a "dry administration" or against "Papal control of the United States," and every woman who registered a vote against religious intolerance will insist that her political standards were the highest and her ballot was an expression of firm conviction.

No doubt what these ladies say is true, but what of the methods used by women in both the major political parties to elect the candidates in whose principles and policies they believed so thoroughly?

To every voter a candidate represents an ideal, a principle; but elections are won or lost on political methods, and in these practices women did not make an enviable record. They injected into the campaign little of the idealism which

their leaders have insisted would be forthcoming when women entered politics. In this, the first campaign in which women participated actively, they demonstrated their belief that the end justified the means. Their candidate must win at any cost.

The politically-minded woman stood shoulder to shoulder with the politically-minded man and adopted his methods in campaigning. The emotional woman ran true to form. In all her political practices she remained a club woman, a member of the W. C. T. U. or the Ladies' Aid Society, according to her strongest affiliation. In every group women reverted to their social type.

Again small groups of women will protest against these statements. But this article does not deal with small groups. It pictures the reactions of some fifteen million women to politics. And the eternal feminine cropped up at every turn precisely as it does at a meeting of the Missionary Society, a Committee on Law Enforcement, or a cultural club.

In both major parties women were equally passionate in their loyalties. Democratic women fought desperately to place their leaders back in power; Republican women were as valiantly determined to keep their leaders in power. Intensely partisan women who had previously served their party knew their patter: the Republican women talked of Lincoln, Roosevelt, protection, and prosperity; the Democratic women summoned the shades of Jefferson and Wilson, and talked of Republican waste. Parrots could have done no better. But the mass of women voters, volunteers, self-appointed crusaders with some sort of social or organized following, proved themselves undisciplined individualists; they blazed their own trails and, scorning the warnings of their party leaders, talked the issues dearest to their hearts, religious control or religious intolerance, law enforcement or freedom for the individual, Tammany corruption or oil scandals.



## II

One woman with a considerable following of her sex called at my office and asked for a photograph showing whites and blacks dancing together in a Harlem cabaret. My curiosity aroused, I asked her what she proposed to do with such a picture. She replied that she wanted to circulate it in her home state in order to prove what social conditions would exist if Governor Smith were elected president. Didn't he permit such establishments to be run in New York? Wouldn't they spread over the country when he became president? Assuredly!

When I told her that no such picture would be supplied by the Publicity Bureau of the Republican National Committee, she flung me a glance which said quite plainly, "All right. I'll get it elsewhere." I imagine she did!

A middle-aged, unaggressive little woman in shabby black asked for literature on Catholic activities in politics and government. She said she lived in a neighborhood which was strongly Catholic and was having trouble holding its few Protestant voters in line.

"You know how neighbors are," she explained.

When I told her we had no literature of this type, she begged me to tell her where she could find it. Perhaps some Protestant church organization could help her out. My suspicions were aroused. I took her name and address and told her I would look into the matter and advise her later. Probably she was more zealous than cautious. She gave me the information. I investigated and found that, not only did she live in a Catholic center, but she was a devout member of the church, attending mass daily.

The less experienced in politics, the more fanatical were women on these two subjects, religion and prohibition. They lost sight of all the real political issues adopted by their respective parties and gave themselves up to an emotionalism witnessed only once before in recent

American history—during the World War.

Even partisan workers could not always be controlled by their leaders. I recall sitting on the right hand of a committee woman at a conference on campaign methods. The chairman was delivering a message from the party's board of campaign strategy. The committee woman beside me squirmed in her chair, smiled a patient, set smile whenever the speaker looked her way, knotted and unknotted her long string of pearls and amethysts, glanced furtively at her diamond-studded wrist watch. When the meeting adjourned, she turned to me briskly and remarked, "That's all very well, but the man doesn't know *my* state. I know my women and I'll have to handle them in my own way." Whereupon she changed to a more pleasant topic, an early American highboy which she had picked up at a bargain.

A few weeks later this woman issued to the workers of her state a message which was printed on the front page of every big daily in the country, and which rocked her party to its foundations. It called forth one of the few disavowals made by her candidate during the entire campaign. To this day she has never offered a satisfactory explanation of her act to either her party or the public, and I am inclined to think that she credits victory in her state, a doubtful one by the way, to her particular bit of political self-expression.

At a post-election or victory dinner given by a group of political workers, I congratulated them on their leadership, which was one of the most dignified of the campaign. After the meeting a bird-like little woman, dressed appropriately in vivid red, whispered as she shook hands:

"You did turn out beautiful literature at headquarters, but it wasn't much good to me. The women I worked on were not interested in pamphlets. What they wanted was personal stuff, gossip. You know what I mean. And I gave

it to 'em. I went out on my own, and the only time I stopped talking was when the dentist filled one of my teeth."

I believed her. Most women workers went out on their own. And they won votes, while, figuratively speaking, they thumbed their noses at district, county, state, and national leaders.

Given their first real opportunity to leave their mark on a great political campaign, the women left a murky smudge which will never be erased from the history of politics in this country. Women cannot escape either the onus or the shame for certain things which happened during the campaign. I question whether they seek escape. Rather they glory in what they term their independence of party instructions and methods. And this goes for the women in all the parties, Republican, Democratic, and Socialist. To fall back on the vernacular, they knew their onions, otherwise their own sex, and with fine scorn of political precedents they proceeded to do their stuff.

Much has been said about the whispering campaign, but as I look back on it I cannot feel that women whispered. The majority of their statements may have started with "Have you heard?" or "They say," but these phrases were not whispered. They were made in tones that all the world might hear.

At political headquarters it was the men who tiptoed into the room, held whispered conversations with reception clerks and secretaries, looked mysterious, and seemed to be burdened with important information which could be communicated only to the highest official barricaded in the innermost offices. Women trumpeted their convictions to the world at large.

### III

Political leaders, men of both parties, who urged, nay, implored women to co-operate in the campaign were first dazed, then frankly dismayed by the force they had set in motion. But the

behavior of the women was quite understandable to members of their own sex who had followed their organization growth and development.

Previous to the War their experience in organization work had rested on such feminine interests as church, school, and home, stuccoed over with culture. All their instincts for drama had been repressed. The World War released these instincts and unleashed their emotions. Then the sudden cessation of hostilities drove them back into the home, the club, the church. Such interests no longer satisfied them. They had been given the franchise, but it lacked the emotional appeal of war service. The 1928 campaign offered fresh escape from boredom, and women seized upon it with avidity.

Their emotional reaction was the more appalling because it was profoundly sincere. When women pray to avert the election of a man who represents to them a moral, social, and spiritual menace, they are supplying food for thought, not only to politicians, but to all students of politics and social economy.

There were incidents in the campaign which duplicated personal experiences of the World War. When I returned from the war zone in France in 1918, I traveled through the country with a message for women designed to steady their morale, to encourage them in supporting the Government and in rendering service to our fighting men. But they would have none of that message. Wherever I went they demanded fuel to feed the flames of hatred. Had I seen the children that had been mutilated by German soldiers? When I had to admit that I had not seen evidence of atrocities, they lost interest. There were times in the campaign of 1928 when women showed exactly the same ruthless spirit.

At a luncheon for outstanding business women a young woman exclaimed, "If Al Smith is elected, someone should do away with him, and I for one would do my part in executing the plan."



It was indicative of the surging emotions of the campaign that this violent remark passed without comment from the other women at the table.

The campaign demonstrated, too, that women are swayed by trifles. Whether political leaders recognize the fact or not, Mrs. Hoover's unmarceled hair and simple jewelry were big campaign assets. Every time a picture of Mrs. Smith wearing a diamond sunburst was published in a rotogravure section of the Sunday paper Governor Smith lost hundreds of votes; and every time he said "raddio" instead of "radio" in broadcasting he lost as many more, chiefly among the class of voters represented by a woman who told me she did not like "those sort of people."

I received few requests for copies of the Republican platform but I had to get out a mimeographed form letter to answer the question: "Is it true that Mrs. Hoover was a Catholic and that after being married to Mr. Hoover by a Catholic priest, she renounced her religion and joined the Quaker church?"

Straws, these incidents, which prove the general reaction of women to candidates and issues. After four months of intensive campaign work, I am firmly convinced that if all of the national organizations and all the small groups of women who banded themselves together to defeat Governor Smith had awakened one day to find themselves supporting a machine politician of the old type, a product of the most meretricious, unscrupulous school of politicians, instead of a far-seeing, broad-minded statesman like Herbert Hoover, they would have pursued their object to the bitter end, otherwise November 6th, without batting an eye.

To many women Governor Smith was not a candidate; he was the symbol of something in our American life which had to be stamped out. The ferocity with which they went about their task was at times terrifying.

#### IV

So much for the reactions of women as voters. As active campaign workers, women could be divided into four classes.

First—and this was a comparatively small group—were the seasoned women workers, intensely partisan, pinning their political faith to the party platform and working for the party's candidate without personal prejudice. The women who are accustomed to say, "My party right or wrong, but always my party." In both parties these women took their orders from their national and state leaders and obeyed them implicitly.

Another group of women who were a source of comfort to both parties were the social leaders. One need never worry about a social leader's bolting her party. Democrat or Republican, she is politically precisely what her family background, her husband's business, and her social interests have made her. She is extremely decorative and she gives beautiful teas, entertaining in her drawing-room women who during the four years between elections are never invited to cross her threshold. She is nice, ladylike, perhaps a bit too patronizing, but dependable and soothing in a campaign of uncertainty and unrest.

The third group of women who made little or no trouble were the "yes-women" who vote on instructions from their husbands. You recognize these women wherever you meet them. They prattle propaganda, but when you ask them a question about an issue on which they have not been coached they flounder helplessly.

This brings us to the fourth class of women: the vast group, numbering millions, who were not leaders, who were not strongly partisan, who were not established in their political parties by birth, tradition, or the dictation of their husbands; the women who were beginning to think for themselves and who rather enjoyed toppling over po-

litical customs and traditions and running the campaign according to the methods used in their club world. Their reaction to politics was precisely their reaction to their organization affairs: emotional, prejudiced, impassioned.

They emerged from their clubs into politics believing in themselves. In their own communities they had overthrown boards of education, cleaned out library commissions, even forced clergymen to resign from their pulpits—often on purely personal and emotional grounds. They had enjoyed such enormous power in their own communities, they had created and guided public sentiment on community problems so long that they did not yield gracefully to political leadership.

In the campaign each woman of this group who had a strong personality was determined to dominate her particular group of workers. If she did not approve of the literature issued by her national or state committee, she wrote outlining the type of pamphlets she wanted for her own community. This literature, she said, must define clearly the position of the party and its candidate on prohibition. The platform was evasive. If the platform had been written by a woman it would have said something decisive. She demanded literature on the "religious issue." Her women, she reported, were not interested in the tariff or farm relief. Diplomatic letters from headquarters made no impression whatever on her determination. She collected funds among her friends, wrote her own pamphlets, had them printed and distributed, and let the national or state committee bear the blame if her literature made trouble.

## V

Again let me remind readers that this article deals with women *en masse*. It is true that the campaign brought into the political limelight certain groups of women whose activities proved the possibilities for real leadership which

organization women possess and the steadying influence which they can exert on practical politics and political campaigns. One of these is The National League of Women Voters. It has been in existence since 1920. Its local leagues have conducted regular classes in government and politics. Most of its members read intelligently and have developed a logical approach to national problems. These women understood the campaign issues. They knew each candidate's position on government problems which they had studied, foreign relations, government control of public utilities, farm relief.

Leaders of women's clubs in many states also demonstrated their ability to organize effectively the women of their parties. They strove valiantly to hold their groups to the real campaign issues. They based interesting programs on those issues and distributed the pamphlets published by their parties. Their efforts to stem the flood of emotionalism and personalities were gallant and often successful.

But, on the other hand, it frequently became obvious that club experience develops a passion for publicity. This often gave a humorous touch to an otherwise trying campaign day. It took an amazing amount of patience and a keen sense of humor to handle the situation. I recall one nationally-known worker who arrived in Washington attended by an impressive retinue, including a secretary and two publicity experts. She was about to launch a drive directed to the independent woman voter and she felt that the first step was to have her photograph taken with Mr. Hoover. Unfortunately, she had not learned in advance that Mr. Hoover was not being photographed with campaign workers. In fact, he was camera-shy throughout the campaign. The lady's publicity experts were deeply grieved when I explained that I could not help them to achieve the object of their trip. The social leader left without even unpacking the exquisite French



frocks which had been purchased for publicity purposes. But the rebuff did not affect her enthusiasm. She continued to be a tireless and valuable worker. The experience, however, did shock a personality developed by much exploitation in her little world of organized womanhood.

Another characteristic incident grew out of the custom of issuing literature for women written and signed by members of their sex who were leaders in certain professions or activities. Republican Headquarters was equipped like a first-class newspaper office. We had our editor-in-chief, our make-up man, and our photographers. "Literature" passed through all of these hands before it reached the voting public. In this particular case the authoress of a pamphlet had held many high positions in women's organizations and with the Government. When she turned in her copy for the leaflet her title page ran something like this:

HOOVER FOR PRESIDENT

by

Jane ———

Chairman of ——— Bureau

Founder of ——— League

Formerly president of ——— Club

Formerly with the U. S. Bureau of ———  
etc., etc.

According to committee regulations, the title page must carry also a photograph of the candidate, Mr. Hoover, and at the foot of the page, the line, "Issued by Women's Division, Republican National Committee, Mrs. Alvin T. Hert, Vice Chairman."

The titles of the authoress presented a problem which baffled the make-up man, and the situation was further complicated by the fact that in sketching the plan he inadvertently penciled Mrs. Hert's name in larger type than that of the Bureau Chairman. After an hour's argument with the authoress, I gave up in despair and laid the matter before the editor-in-chief. He cut the Gordian knot with his blue pencil.

Running it through the cut of Mr. Hoover, he remarked caustically, "Take that out. Mr. Hoover's merely the candidate."

Another club custom which was manifest during the campaign was that of employing a "ghost writer" for officials. This custom has become so general that the average president or chairman has come to believe that she writes the articles which appear in the local papers with her signature but which are prepared by a clever secretary or paid publicity writer. One woman from the far West was scheduled to arrive on the date of an important local rally, so the local committee announced her as one of the speakers of the evening. The announcement threw her into a panic. "I have no speech. I don't know what to do."

"Well, you know why your state is going Republican, and you know why you're working for Mr. Hoover. Tell your audience this."

"But I never wrote a speech in my life. My husband always writes my speeches."

After an hour's interview with her I had the makings of a speech. In another hour she was given a typed address with which she familiarized herself while under the ministrations of a hairdresser. The next morning I picked up the paper and read an amazing statement by this lady who had confessed that she had never written a speech. Referring to an explanation offered by a preceding speaker at the rally, she said, "Well, I won't have to take back anything I say to-night because I wrote this speech myself and I've got it in type-writing."

One of the striking characteristics of women who have speeches written for them is their very general dissatisfaction with the results. Grammar seems to be more important to them than ideas. Every "the," "and," "if," and "but" must be in place, be the material ever so bromidic. A certain chairman came to me with a speech that had been pre-

pared for her—typical political propaganda devoid of humor.

"I wish you'd fix this up," she said. "Make it sort of chatty and gay. I heard Senator Blank on the radio last night. I'm sure he made everybody laugh. Give me something funny."

Here was one of the few times in the campaign when my sense of humor might prove an asset. And though I say it, as shouldn't, I achieved a gay little speech, in perfect imitation of Senator Blank's style. The lady read it and then looked at me with a pained expression.

"That's too undignified. Electing a president is a serious undertaking. I'd be severely criticized if I treated it so lightly. It doesn't sound a bit like me."

The truth of the last statement I had to admit, so Madam Chairman went back to the original speech—which was one of those things which made radio owners sign off during the campaign.

## VI

Now that women have had their real political baptism and have tasted political power, what next?

Will they rise to their opportunities?

Will they prepare for the 1932 campaign by keeping in touch with the new administration?

The women leaders in the two major parties are planning to build permanent organizations among their followers, but presidential elections are carried by women who vote only when roused

from apathy by issues and candidates that stir their emotions, their fears, their prejudices. Can the interest of this inert mass be kept alive between elections?

The vast majority of the fourteen or fifteen million women who voted last November belong to women's organizations, civic, welfare, cultural, religious. Perhaps their civic interest can be stirred between elections by a series of non-partisan study programs. The dramatic proceedings in Congress supply ample material for such programs. But are the women sufficiently interested to follow the administration activities? Will any other women's organizations follow the League of Women Voters' example and make a sustained, consistent, and intelligent study of the issues underlying the hysteria of the presidential campaign?

I doubt it. I have a horrible suspicion that most of the organizations will go back to art, drama, and poetry, to such topics as "The Influence of the World War on Painting," "The Position of Woman in the World To-day," "The Effect of Smoking on the Nerves and Morals of Women." To national business I fear they will give little or no thought until the next election; and then, if new candidates are nominated, they will seek new moral and personal issues on which to base their support or opposition.

For, alas, the election of 1928 has shown that women are no more politically minded than men—and no better citizens.





## THE ACADEMIC MIND

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

EVERY civilization develops its protective legends. It takes some flattering unction to its soul lest it should reveal too frankly to itself defects that shame the mind. An India ignorant of material comfort extols eagerly its genius for the mystic life. A China that has failed to develop its natural resources explains its devotion to reflective wisdom. An England still semi-feudal insists upon the zeal of its aristocracy for public service. An America that does not know where it is going proclaims the splendor of speed for its own sake. We wear our failures as a favor of which the beauty can never be too passionately praised.

From a world of habit and routine, in other words, we seek escape into the Utopia of contrast. Its legends of enchantment intoxicate us, and we insist that our faith, at least, is not a fairy tale. The chiefest of them, in Western civilization, is the legend of useless knowledge. We endow it upon a scale of unexampled magnificence. It has buildings midway between a factory and a cathedral. It has books by the square mile, and instructors by the thousand. These are the temples of the academic mind, the habitations, we tell ourselves, of men devoted to the contemplation of eternal truth. We ourselves, the creatures of habit and routine, would escape there could the world but move without us. But the quest of the eternal is a whole-time occupation, and we cannot follow its trail. Ours only to endow and to control. We are the acolytes of the legend. For the priesthood itself we lack the true vocation.

But it is deep comfort, in a grimly acquisitive society, to know that the priests move at their task. They are—it is the convention of their profession—socially awkward, pathetically impractical, inevitably underpaid. Secretly, too, we may feel that, at bottom, they are not unakin to the court jesters of an earlier time, men paid to banish the worldly cares which pain by their obtrusiveness. It is a pleasant thing, after a heavy day in Wall Street, to read Professor Blank's lyrical ecstasy to our unexampled collection of the minor works of Swift. But, as we contemplate the press and hurry about us, it is in general still more pleasant to know of a place where men are remote from, and careless of, the commonplace immediacies of the marketplace. They are rigorously impartial, weighed down with learning, impervious to the self-interest by which our own lives are shaped. They dwell upon those lofty heights of which the very distance from earth gives new horizons and splendid vistas.

They pursue knowledge relentlessly for its own sake. In patronizing them we confer a kind of distinction upon ourselves. We have an inner sense that to share, however remotely, in their other-worldliness is self-purification. We send our sons to meet them in Oxford and Harvard, in Cambridge and in Princeton, as savage tribes set a period apart at the dawn of adult ways for initiation into manhood. Our sons, of course, do not stay there. A few brief years, and they, too, are in Wall Street or the Temple. But they have seen the priesthood, have caught the

reverence for learning, and will carry on the endowment of the academic mind. Professors, for us, are the accepted playboys of the Western world. We collect them as the medieval baron sought for the bones of saints, the Renaissance princeling his Holbeins and Leonardos. They are the proof of our idealism, the evidence that the genius of patronage did not die with the eclipse of aristocracy. We ourselves, we sometimes intimate, should like nothing better than devotion to these mysteries, could we but be spared from that industrial leadership the world expects from us. We cannot so be spared; the call to sacrifice is insistent. But in admiring the academic mind we can at least help to pass on undimmed the torch of learned life.

## II

How does the practical man conceive to himself the nature of the academic mind? He thinks, for the most part, of three or four outstanding qualities. There is a precious innocence in the factual world of common sense. The professor is a man of theory, delightful, of course, impossibly learned, but devoted to the spinning of cobwebs which do not impinge upon the practical life. His economic theories explain Crusoe, but not Mr. Rockefeller; his ethics would be admirable, like those of the Sermon on the Mount, in any other world than this; his political philosophy forgets Mr. Platt and Mayor Thompson and the fact that only Nordics are really political animals. His instruction doubtless sharpens the mind (statistics of graduate incomes are not unsatisfactory), and there is a passport to desirable social connections in a university degree. But the academic mind could not run a business. The academic mind would be out of place in the presidency of the United States or the cabinet of Great Britain. What we need there are men who know the world as it is, and not the dream world of the theorist.

Academic minds are too remote from reality to be helpful when the need comes for decisive acts.

For the academic mind, as the practical man tells himself, is occupied with useless learning and speculation at the circumference of life. He comments upon Scaliger's edition of Manilius' *Astronomica* and relives the exciting glory of that tremendous achievement. He writes the history of the German idea of the corporation before the seventeenth century and excitedly maintains that the Reception was a blow to freedom. He traces with loving care the nature of pastoral theology in seventeenth-century Massachusetts, and the cultivated practical man can hardly resist an involuntary gesture of reverence for Cotton Mather's admirable firmness with the Bolsheviks of his time. Or he may be a physicist who annihilates the accepted notions of space and time, depicting a universe so gloriously unintelligible that it becomes almost fashionable to read some little manual on his theme. He may be a chemist who has investigated with exquisite exactness atomic weights to the eleventh place of decimals. He may be—what a theme for an introduction at a dinner-party!—the greatest living expert upon prime numbers. The biologist whose course your son is attending has written the supreme monograph upon the molluscs of central Paraguay. These are the regions within which the practical man expects the academic mind to dwell. So long as he fulfils these functions he can be regarded as an ornament to civilization.

For he is then like a valuable tapestry or a precious fan in a drawing-room. Interesting anecdotes will accumulate around him. Like Kant to the citizens of Königsberg, his habits will become traditions to be carefully preserved. He may even display that glorious forgetfulness of Hegel who, so the story runs, did not, in his zest for philosophic thought, hear the guns of Jena outside his study windows. Practical men who



know nothing of James the psychologist have infinite tales of the mediums who deceived him. McTaggart who wrote the most destructive onslaught of our time upon religious dogma survives in London clubs as a man with superhuman knowledge of Bradshaw. Willard Gibbs, one of the four seminal minds in the physics of the nineteenth century, survived to a Yale acquaintance of mine as a man who did not know how to invest a small legacy. Politicians as a whole cannot be said to have made an outstanding success of their *métier*; but when President Wilson failed at Versailles it was because he "approached the subject with an academic mind." The professor, in short, is a museum-piece to the practical man. He collects him as he collects incunabula, or Rembrandts, or Ming vases. And no amount of collector's points in the specimen will ever compensate for the presence of normality. For this is the quality of the practical man, and the thesis demands its opposite in the academic mind.

### III

The thesis, said Hegel, begets its antithesis. The world is run by practical men; theirs is the power and the glory. What they do is news. What they acquire makes for a life in which ease and beauty are at least within reach. They fashion the ambitions of their subordinates. They model the universe to their pattern. It is a theme of the economic historians that the civilization of a given time is begotten by its system of production. The way in which men earn their living is the way in which their philosophy, their religion, their ideals will be shaped. The practical man was compelled during the nineteenth century not only to build universities, but to control them. He intended, doubtless, as in the past, that professors in them should spin exquisite theories and think beautiful thoughts. But the professors saw the great world at their doors. They heard the practical

men extolled as the directors of the universe. They saw that they were poor; they felt that they had no part in the making of supreme decisions. Though they were professors, they were human, and they determined to be practical men.

The passionate intensity of their determination has exhibited itself in innumerable ways. In part, of course, it was the inevitable outcome of the marriage of science to industry, of the need for better hygiene and a more rational medicine. The business man found himself compelled to come to the university for his experts. He learned that in a law case two or three academic minds are valuable as witnesses. He was taught that where political corruption is too outrageous, a professorial report, or a professor's name as signatory to a report, carries with it a sense of possible impartiality to an angry public. He did not dare to neglect physics or chemistry, engineering or medicine. As the problems accumulated with the evolution of an electorate which passed from doubt of the Divine Right of Kings to doubt of the Divine Right of business men, he found that he needed the academic mind in problems of national frontiers, in questions of banking and currency, in difficulties that arose in connection with native races. Sometimes he took academic advice and paid heavily for it; sometimes, again, he trusted his intuitive judgment in its face and paid still more heavily. Occasionally he even bought out an academic mind for his bank or factory, or took over a chemist to his experimental laboratory. He met professors increasingly often and found them convinced that they had a part to play in shaping the policy of the state. They pronounced on labor questions; they had political views; they even ventured dogmas of their own in the religious sphere. When, as the apotheosis of the academic mind, he met the professor at his Rotary Club, the practical man must have felt that his monopoly of common

sense was threatened at its strategic center.

Nothing, indeed, is so out of date as the picture of the average professor as an unworldly and abstract philosopher devoted to the analysis of first principles. Such professors exist, and they are doubtless the glory of the academic world. Alexander and Whitehead and Morris Cohen in philosophy, Eddington and Michelson in physics, Turner and Tout in history—men like these continue to settle *hoti's* business in the approved manner of Browning's grammarian. The young candidate for the graduate degree continues damnably to reiterate his minutiae and to publish his intolerable *inédits*. I open the last number of a famous literary journal and find upon its correspondence page that a man still yearns to write a book upon John Thelwall, who is worth, perhaps, a half-column obituary notice in a biographical dictionary; and a new life of Francis Jeffrey who, after a century, is perhaps worth a longish essay in the Macaulay manner. The young academic aspirant will still show for years to come that, were it necessary, he could display the academic mind by a learned tome upon the possessive genitive in Tacitus or adjectives in middle-English signifying heat and light, both, of course, replete with bibliography and *apparatus criticus*. But, to-day, these are exercises in method, a milestone on the road, not a lifelong habit to be cherished as precious. The doctorate to-day is rather proof that its recipient is ready to be a practical man.

This means, in general, one of two things. The modern professor will be either a writer of text-books, or, in his supreme expression, an expert in his subject. He will compile his annual volume upon some selected theme within his province, a history of England, a history of America, a history of France. If he is a lawyer he will do his case-book. If he is a professor of literature he will edit some classic text. There are endless students to-day (since we have realized the civic import of the higher education)

waiting for the pemmicanized manual whereby the right facts can be memorized without the grim need to omit the irrelevant and the inessential which caught the great man's fancy when he wrote. The elementary classes in the great universities in major themes like economics, or history, or politics number hundreds; and there are hundreds of colleges as multiplier. Let the professor write but two or three successful books, and he will rank in the income-tax returns as an almost successful business man. He will drop over to Europe in the summer or even join a neighboring golf club. Prosperity will bring him to orthodox opinion, and he will find that mystic connection which so impresses Main Street between President Coolidge and Prosperity. At college he will have office hours and a stenographer. His lectures will become well-organized formulæ that he repeats from year to year, a standardized product as much the outcome of mass-methods of output as the cars of Detroit or the furniture of Grand Rapids. He will buy a little on margins, and his stockbroker will whisper faintly that he can meet his differences. *Beati possidentes* is his motto, and the accusation can never be made against him that he toys with the infinite or the heterodox.

Alternatively, he is an expert, and, at this height, he commands an ever higher esteem. For if it be war-time he can prove that Kant or Hegel or Nietzsche begat the great War; that Danzig is obviously Polish; that Austro-Hungary is an historic outrage. He can prove that Prussian militarism would be the death-blow to freedom, or that Germany's capacity to pay is in the dimensions of the infinite. Since the general public insists on a decent volume of facts to cover the nakedness of its burdens, since, too, the practical man is helpless before the printed page, the academic expert is here invaluable. He produces unanswerable memoranda with the same bewildering profusion as



The old notions will not do for them; and in that private world where the most intimate part of them dwells, real revolutions occur. They probably lack altogether the genius for ordering men. They cannot perceive the importance of authority. They are queer, a little unbalanced, unmoved by the normal standards deemed adequate by the world. They will not, above all, serve practical men. They cannot be regimented and controlled. They cannot be persuaded that, in particular realms, ideas are dangerous, and not to be tossed lightly to the multitude. They have to communicate the truths they have found because, like all great artists, they are born teachers; and silence for them in the realm they deem supremely important is worse than death.

When the academic mind is this, no practical man can ever hope that its governance will pass into his hands. He will always find it restless and uncomfortable. He will never quite know what it is going to say next. He will always be disturbed by its habit of questioning accepted values, disturbing equilibria that he had thought fixed and final. What is a French Minister of Education to do with Alain, who does not desire promotion, and announces, with calm seriousness, that Jules Lagneau, of whom the Minister has never heard, is the only great man he has ever met? What is a millionaire to make of a mind like Morris Cohen's, which holds esteem for Duns Scotus, Bernard of Clairvaux, Spinoza, and Bertrand Russell, but certainly for no figure of eminence in the world of industrial enterprise? What is an English politician to make of Professor Gilbert Murray who draws from the study of Cleon and political parties in Athens the lesson that Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition government corrupted the political life of his country? What can the practical man grasp in that eternal challenge to English complacency which Matthew Arnold—a typical academic mind—flung at it in his famous "choose equality

and flee greed"? He cannot tell to what academic theorizing may lead. Clerk-Maxwell's speculations on the ether may lead to Hertzian waves, which, in turn, lead to the wireless industry. Nettleship's lectures on Plato's *Republic* may help to form a new outlook for English Liberalism. Turner and Beard may so rewrite the history of American politics that the old satisfaction with a constitution intended as a safeguard against social democracy may never again be possible to their students. A pupil of Haskins or McIlwain will learn an intellectual integrity from their methods of handling evidence fatal to the ordinary conventions of adequacy. Those who have listened to Allyn Young are never again persuaded to easy confidence in "economic laws."

There is, in short, a certainty that the academic mind of this sort will produce at the least something cleansing and unexpected. It will challenge the conventions it encounters simply because those conventions are, almost invariably, convenient hypotheses imposed upon a generation by those who hold the keys of power. And the challenge will permeate the minds of those who encounter it. Let the university do what it can to enforce orthodoxy and a normal outlook, one great academic mind will by its teaching destroy the utmost its effort can make. And that mind will be the more disturbing because the drive within it produces conviction without. Its own sense of the urgency of new truth is compelling. At the best, it will leave a skepticism of the established; at the worst, it will overthrow it. Nor must it be forgotten that the main importance of its operations lies not in the results themselves but in the habits of mind, candor, doubt, integrity which the method of attaining them unconsciously imposes. Here is a realm utterly unsusceptible to organization and control. Not the most grim and determined body of trustees, not the most servile of university presidents, possesses here sanctions of conduct

which can even hope for effectiveness. The great teacher will teach greatly; and, do what we will, the consequence of great teaching is the sense in those taught that actual social institutions are not coincident with the inevitable foundations of society.

## V

Let it be freely admitted that the great academic mind is rare; there are thousands of bad violinists for one Paganini. Let it be admitted, too, that there is nothing duller than the dull academic mind except the dull practical man. We meet mediocrity everywhere; and perhaps because the average university offers special prospects of security, in the university it is too often enthroned. As a rule, he is an expert in some tiny field and equates his specialty with the universe. Outside its confines he steadfastly refuses to wander. His subject is the youth of Lincoln, and he would not be a scholar if he dared to pronounce judgment upon the problems of Lincoln's maturity. He has found a letter from the great man, written in 1834, but he is not going to publish it just yet for fear that Professor Jones may anticipate the inferences he will found upon it. Or he may lack the constructive mind, and live his life as the collector of learned minutiae which he does not publish but stores up as weapons for a destructive review of a colleague's book. There are incredibly learned dons at Oxford, terrified themselves to write, but waiting with calm joy to demolish the rash scholar who ventures upon a volume in their field. Lord Morley, indeed, with certain grim memories in his mind of the reviewers' habits in the 'eighties once defined an Oxford don as a man who plans a work in seven volumes and dies in the middle of the first. The type is not confined to Oxford, and it is not rare. It cannot build; it can sometimes accumulate and almost always criticize. It has too seldom the generosity of men like Ingram Bywater or Henry Jackson

from whose immense stores of unpublished learning other men have been able to write their books.

Sometimes, again, the academic mind reveals itself not as scholar but pontiff. It finds itself in a professorial chair and, instead of playing devil's advocate to its students, it produces its pretty little set of orthodoxies which the undergraduate rejects at his peril. It never revises its principles; it never finds it necessary to be skeptical of itself. It finds early in life a convenient system of categories, and these remain its tyrants to the end. Year in and year out it proclaims its nostrums; and they have the same unvarying monotony as the insurance company's demand for an annual premium. It may be laid down with some conviction that the pontifical professor is mentally dead. Some accident or other, a trick of eloquence, a power of dubious simplification, a youthful promise which colleagues still pray may be fulfilled, has prevented his burial. His mind has intellectual sclerosis, and the harder its outer shell, the greater the degree of his pontificality.

Sometimes, the professor is obsessed by the politics of his profession. He is immersed in the *paperasserie* of the university, loves its card-indexes, its soul-destroying committees, its complicated intrigues for promotion or an increase in the departmental budget. Your academic statesman rarely devotes himself to scholarship, though there may have been a time when he gave prospect of achievement; usually he confines himself to a commencement address on the vocation of the scholar or the place of the university in the modern state. His object is power, and direct is the road upon which he marches to it. He can estimate the intellectual standing of all his colleagues, however different their subjects from his own. He stands well with the trustees. He is an easy conversationalist, and a mellifluous speaker. He is careful, as a rule, to explain that he stands apart from the public controversies of the time; "he does not



believe that a university should meddle with politics," or, alternatively, "scholarship and teaching are a full-time job." He has real genius in appointing his students to suitable posts, and his colleagues must take care not to offend him. He is methodical, quick to take points, full of zeal for organization. He is comforted by increased endowments and bigger buildings. He does not like dangerous academic minds, since these prevent the flow of manna from the heaven of the practical man. He is quite often selfless, and, as a rule, he genuinely loves the university he adorns. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; and he has no notion how power corrodes the heart and dulls imaginative insight. For power searches always for routine, and when the academic politician becomes a university president there is nothing he so subconsciously fears as the genuinely inventive mind.

## VI

If an industrial civilization can leave the universities genuinely unfettered, the academic mind has, at its best, a great part to play in the future of civilization. Its business is to do what practical men have never the time nor the knowledge to attempt—the cutting of fundamental principle from the raw material. No task could well be more difficult. It means searching for unpredictable results which may have consequences which frustrate your desires. It means a continuous suspension of judgment before the facts, the recognition that the inconvenient and the unexpected may turn out in the end to be truth. "To think great thoughts," Mr. Justice Holmes has written, "you must be heroes as well as idealists." The academic mind that is to perform its function must never falter before the duty to announce its insight. The more inconvenient, the more unexpected, the less welcome it will be; there is nothing that those in power dislike so much

as criticism of the assumptions upon which they rest. Yet the academic mind is untrue to itself unless it is willing to go into the wilderness for its convictions. It is, indeed, in the very difficulty of persuading men to the acceptance of new truth that the supreme worth of the effort should be found.

What, then, should be the relation of the practical man to the academic mind? The answer is that the relation should be as distant as is compatible with academic efficiency. It cannot be complete separation, if only because that makes of universities closed corporations inaccessible to new ideas; the syndicalist government of Oxford and Cambridge has involved a reforming commission in each generation of the modern time. But, short of complete separation, the greater the distance the better the result. Once practical men begin to meddle with universities mediocrity within is given its opportunity. Orthodoxy becomes the ideal in any subject of social import. Volume of publication becomes the measure of academic quality. The skilful popularizer, whom the practical man can read with pleasure, is almost inevitably mistaken for the scholar. What is the intellectual fashion of the moment is developed and cultivated at the expense of what is basic. The administrator becomes more important than the teacher, and the glib professor whose results are immediate and obviously useful, is invariably preferred to the lonely scholar who moves hesitatingly to a goal he hardly knows how to define. The university, at the best, becomes a semi-technical school; and, at the worst, a graceful academy where the sons of practical men learn that modicum of cultivation which social success demands. But the university that is free builds an atmosphere of creativeness for the great thinker who finds place there, and the generations that are to come move in response to the measure of his thought.



## “BLACK MAN TROUBLE”

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

FOR a week the freighter *Penstroom* had cruised among the marshes of the Niger Delta. We had waited for cargo, waited for tides, for pilots—had waited until every temper aboard ship was frayed. All day long, in the terrific heat of the African summer, there had been spurts and gusts of fury. The officers had quarrelled with one another, with the sailors, most frequently of all, with the negro workmen who handled our cargo. When we gathered at mealtimes in the saloon—the close, ill-ventilated saloon with its stained tablecloth and the enforced proximity of its five uncomfortable chairs—we ate in almost unbroken silence.

The Captain spat cherry seeds into his cupped hand. First Officer Van Schmoeler picked his teeth. The rest of us stared at the empty plates.

“When do we get away?” the Chief Engineer asked. He addressed no one in particular. No one looked at him.

“Ten more tons. Figure it out for yourself,” said the Captain.

“Of what?”

“Palm oil. Ask the mate.”

Van Schmoeler screwed around and jerked his head in the direction of the stern. “All depends on them dam’ niggers. They get finished and we go at daybreak to-morrow. Maybe we wait one day then at Forcados for the tide. We got now one foot too much draught for that bar, yes, Mynheer?”

Captain Doon leaned back and flipped his wrist magisterially. The wet cherry stones clung to his palm.

“No. This is the rainy season, and there is more water at the river mouth.

Maybe you had not noticed it is the rainy season?” He chuckled.

No one else smiled. Van Schmoeler cursed softly. The Chief spread his napkin over both hands and proceeded to rub the beading sweat from his throat, his face, his bald head, his neck. Then he thrust one hand down the open collar of his shirt and wiped dry the rivulets that ran down his chest. He grinned sheepishly at the Lady Passenger. She smiled and nodded.

“These African rivers are no place for a fat man,” said the Chief. “In my last letter from my wife, which I got at Lagos, she said she had a bad time keeping the house warm this spring. We live near Amsterdam, and there is always a cold wind across the *Zuider Zee*. It is so hard to remember.”

“Those dam’ niggers,” murmured Van Schmoeler.

Again we were silent.

Vague sounds came through the open ports. The saloon faced forward, and the decks in front of us were deserted. But from N. 4 hold, where the native stevedores were working, we could hear the wrench and snort of the steam winches, the squeaking of the pulleys, an occasional boom when heavy cargo swung in against the side.

The smoke of our cigarettes hung above the littered table. There was not breeze enough to stir it. The negro workmen aft began to sing, a queer, lilting melody so curiously timed that all the sounds became perfect accompaniment.

“Those black men,” said the Chief Engineer, “will sing any time. They would sing, I think, if we went down.”



"I heard," interrupted the Captain, "of an American fellow who was coming up from the Congo. He put his ship aground off Corisco Island. There was a heavy sea running, and she was breaking up fast. He had sixty-five Kruboyes aboard that he had taken on at Free-town for the round trip. The white sailors got off in the first lifeboats all right. They could launch them on the lee side. But when the Captain and officers tried to get away in the last boat those niggers rushed him. There was no room for them, of course. . . . Bloody niggers! The Cap'n got away all right too, but he had a bad few minutes." He laughed unpleasantly. "I guess maybe they didn't sing that time."

"Perhaps," suggested the Lady Passenger, "they sang after the boats were gone. . . . What happened?"

"Total loss," replied Captain Doon laconically. "There was good cargo, too."

"And the blacks?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "They drowned, I guess."

The Lady Passenger and I excused ourselves and climbed to the empty bridge.

We looked out into the faintly luminous dark. Around us, illimitable, stretched the swamp and the jungle. The town which supplied us with the casks of oil—except for a few vague figures in the glow of the lamps at the end of the tiny wharf—was asleep.

"All this," said the Lady Passenger, "must have been so beautiful long ago."

"There were hatreds and slavery from the beginning."

"Cruelty without contempt is bearable."

"They bear that, too."

"Why?"

"Because they are a gentle people. Because there are so many tribes, so many languages."

She turned and leaned against the forward rail. Beyond the main house there was a glow against the sky. Two wire-cased cargo lights hung from the mast,

and the swinging booms crossed left and right before them.

"They have worked since six this morning, haven't they? That's—let's see—sixteen hours."

"A day saved here means the ship gets home a day sooner at the end of the voyage."

"Four months away!"

Van Schmoeler emerged below us from the lighted door of the saloon and walked swiftly across the deck. His slippers clattered on the iron flooring, his hands hung loose, his sharp face was thrust forward. He disappeared into the passageway that ran past the engine housing.

We followed him. Night cargo loading, the grotesque, furious mobility of the shadowy figures around the open hatch, is a spectacle one cannot resist. Van Schmoeler arrived aft while we were still groping down the steep companion-way. The singing stopped.

The Chief Engineer, his always scanty costume now reduced to a pair of once white trousers and a damp net singlet, stood in the dark on the narrow footway behind the engine room, gazing at the lighted scene below. We joined him. He pointed his pipe-stem.

A great cask of palm oil was being lifted over the side. It was five feet high, four feet through, and weighed just under seven hundred pounds. Suspended by a slender cable, it swung high above the deck. For an instant the winches were still, and the signalman watched, arms held up arrestingly. He shouted, there was a roar of released cogs, and the huge hogshead hurtled down into the hatch opening. The exact instant of its swing had been estimated. A yard either way and it would have missed the hole and burst. Twenty men stood far below to receive it, trusting its fall would be arrested just before it reached them. Calls of direction came faintly up. The winchman let the drum spin once around and the cable relaxed. The steel hooks that held the barrel, relieved of its weight, came instantly free, were lifted up, and

lashed back across the deck for the next load. Those in its wake ducked expertly. An unwary skull would have been smashed like a china cup.

The Chief lowered his voice. "Between you and I, that fellow Van Schmoeler is a fool. You know what he's doing? To-night he's loading two places down the same hatch. On the bottom and on half of the first flooring. He thinks maybe it goes faster that way. That means after the barrels get fifteen feet down they only got half the opening to go through. Half of the lower hatch boards are on and some men are working there. The rest are right underneath."

Another hogshead rose up and swung against the night sky. Twenty sweating, upturned black faces watched it.

Van Schmoeler stood outside the area of light, looking on. Suddenly his shrill voice screamed out.

"Bloody niggers! Dam' niggers! You think we stay here one month, hey?" He clapped his hands furiously together and strode forward. The little signalman, his eyes still on the suspended keg, retreated. "Get a move on! Hurry up! Hurry up! Bloody, dam' niggers . . ."

He trailed off into a yelping tirade of abuse.

The barrel swung. It had lost momentum and hung wide of the opening. For several moments the signalman, a wiry, beady-eyed little black, maneuvered to get it once more into position. The inertia of so great a weight was hard to overcome. At last with a terrific roar it shot down.

Van Schmoeler had stood watching in tense, sardonic silence. Till the winch drums spun there was only the faint croaking of the frogs in the nearby swamp. The instant the cable relaxed he leaped forward like a madman. The signalman was quick, but not quick enough. The Mate's bony fists smashed against the negro's face, his mouth, his skull till he stumbled back and fell sprawling on the deck. Van Schmoeler stood over him. "Get up. Now maybe I learn you to go quick, hey?"

His arm lifted. It was the signal for the winchman to heave up. Van Schmoeler was not looking into the hold. From where the winchman sat, he, of course, could see nothing. The steel hooks jerked up.

There was a booming, rending, roaring crash, a crash so terrific the iron ship trembled like a hull upon a reef.

With an agility incredible in so big a man the Chief Engineer was over the rail and running to the open hatch, we after him. One glance down into that shattered hell of wreckage and we knew what had happened. The Mate had worked with half the lower hatch flooring in place. The flooring was supported on a single steel beam set loosely into two sockets at the sides. The whirling, lifting hooks, undirected, had caught the beam, lifted it, and let go. The steel support, the heavy flooring, three tons of oil, and four native men had been flung far down upon the laborers on the bottom.

The kegs had burst and in the faint light of the electric lamps below we could see a chaos of splintered barrels and writhing, screaming men in a sea of flame-red oil. Everyone was shouting, straining forward to peer down.

Some negroes were already streaming down the ladders.

I found Van Schmoeler near me.

"That nigger," he whined, "didn't watch his signals."

"You're a filthy, lying swine," I said.

He started back, glared at me and moved away.

Captain Doon in pajamas, his blond hair tousled, appeared at a run and began to bellow orders. They were unnecessary. The Kruboy had taken charge. A big wooden case was found, affixed to the cable, and carefully lowered. Blue Joe, a gigantic, apelike man, foreman of the gang, climbed up from below, told us swiftly that those on the bottom were uninjured—they had jumped in time—but that the four men who had fallen were badly hurt. He climbed to a place from which he could see every-



thing, shoved the Captain—Captain Doon, the Master—violently aside.

The muscular, naked blacks with unbelievable tenderness disentangled the injured men and sent them up one by one in the box. Others took them and gently laid them on the nearby hatch cover. A dozen men stripped off their loin cloths—their whole poor property—and wiped the prostrate bodies clean of blood and the thick oil that smeared them.

The Chief, the Lady Passenger, and I leaned over them. Incredibly, it seemed at first that none was fatally injured. Three were badly cut and bruised, but conscious. The fourth—we turned him over—had not a mark upon him. But, unlike the others, he was moaning painfully. Away from the immediate area of the cargo lights it was dark, difficult to see plainly.

In a moment Van Schmoeler appeared with bandages and began roughly to bind up the more conspicuous hurts. The stevedores had come up from below and formed a silent, anxious ring around us.

The Mate finished the third man and examined the fourth. He stood up. "That fellow's only fooling. The dirty loafer! He can get back to work." He kicked him violently in the stomach.

Blue Joe brushed past Van Schmoeler and dropped to his knees beside the moaning man. The little signalman joined him. The man Van Schmoeler had kicked, it appeared, was the signalman's brother. Tears—a rare spectacle—were coursing down his ugly face.

The foreman stood erect and gave an order. The group broke and hurried toward the lighted hatch.

Captain Doon seized him by the arm and spun him round. "What you say, eh?" he shouted.

Joe looked at him. "I tell them to put the hatch covers on. For now work be finish." He towered hugely above Doon, his mouth set in a line of savage obstinacy.

Doon was cold with fury. "I say no, savvy? We finish to-night so we

can catch the tide. We save one day."

The foreman shook his head. "For now, work done finish." He turned his back, bent down and picked the unconscious man up in his arms. The others, assisted, staggered to their feet.

Doon was stammering. He hesitated an instant, then rushed away in the direction of the bridge.

"I guess," whispered the Chief, "he's gone to get a gun. We better go too."

The men covering the hatch saw and stopped work. There was dead, pregnant silence. Joe, the little signalman helping, started with his burden toward the forward deck. The others, a shadowy, savage army, moved uneasily, then filed slowly after. The hot night became vibrant with foreboding. The dark now held a new quality. To disobey aboard a ship is to declare immediate war.

The Chief, the Lady Passenger, and I found our way quickly to the bridge by another route.

The Kruboyes came slowly, passed like an avenging shadow across the main deck. We watched from above. Van Schmoeler and Doon held automatic pistols. There was not a sound upon the ship—a dangerous sign when fifty negroes are grouped in the darkness twenty feet away. Four pencils of yellow light rayed out from the open saloon ports beneath us. By that and by the stars we could soon see clearly.

The four wounded men lay in a row on No. 2 hatch, the crowd behind them. The little signalman knelt by his brother. He massaged him gently, forced his chest up and down to help the labored breathing. The rest had their sullen, angry eyes turned up to us upon the bridge. Blue Joe stood ahead of them. Each man, we observed, had picked up a knout of rope, a piece of iron, or dunnage lumber.

The light picked out certain faces. The heavy lips were stiff, the eyes were narrowed viciously with hatred. Every man among them, we knew well, had borne injustice and contempt from child-

hood. We were white, they black, and they loathed us . . . when, as now, they thought of it at all. The accident, then Van Schmoeler's brutal kick, had given focus to an ancient feud. The mob with a single movement stirred forward. Fifty hands took tighter grip on the crude weapons.

The Lady Passenger whispered in my ear, "They're going to rush us. A mutiny."

Captain Doon displayed his pistol conspicuously on the rail and spoke. His voice shook.

"You, Joe! Take your men and get back to work. Those who are hurt can stay here. We finish to-night, savvy? We got . . . we got to make the tide. We save one day. In one minute I shoot."

No answering sound came from below. But the mass of men moved one pace forward. One had a choking sensation—as a swimmer has in prospect before a wave engulfs him.

The Captain tried once more. He was visibly, horribly frightened. His voice whined. "I want no trouble . . ."

From the gloom below came a single phrase. It was the signalman.

"*Black man trouble . . . that's all.*"

I have never heard a human voice so heavy laden. The phrase lashed us like a whip. "*That's all!*" The tragedy of a race that cannot resist—five centuries of loathing, of slavery, contempt. The accident—the kick—the dying man. *That's all!* Just black man trouble. It was a comment, simply, on the way things are.

Blue Joe, the big foreman, stiffened and his heavy head flung back.

"Black man trouble!"

It was a cry, a wounded, lonely cry to the old, forgotten gods. The voice boomed out into the night and faded away across the swamps.

Some men behind him muttered. "Black man trouble. Black man . . ."

A new voice repeated it, whispering slowly. "Black . . . man . . . trouble." They stirred.

Captain Doon cocked his pistol. We braced ourselves, clinging to the rail. The tornado was about to burst. An instant, a boding instant and the rush came. But . . . God help them . . . it came as a rush of song! A great, tragic chant of fifty human voices singing.

"Black man . . . black man . . . black man trouble . . . trouble . . . trouble. That's all. . . . That's all."

They had made a song. The naked, sweat-streaked bodies in the dark caught the rhythm, swayed to it, swayed to it. A hundred feet lifted softly up and down in time. The knouts and sticks fell one by one upon the deck, and the dark palms beat together. The heads were all bent back, the mouths soft, yearning. We were forgotten. They had found their way and were no longer lost . . . a far, queer way of melody down which black men can find release.

"*Black man trouble.*" The song throbbled out, filled the night, enveloped us.

Captain Doon stared. Then we heard a rasping, nervous laugh. He pocketed his gun. This time he spoke gently, but with sure authority.

"All right, Joe," he called "Get back to work now. When you finish, put the hatches on good. We sail to-morrow. . . . We save one day."

The ranks broke, the solid phalanx became amorphous, personal.

All that night we heard the song go on. "Black man . . . black man trouble, that's all." Sometimes a single voice, sometimes a moaning, wistful chorus of them all.

Forever and forever till the ends of time.

They will not resist. They never have and never shall. They are a gentle people. There are many tribes and many languages. And they can always make a song.

"Black man trouble."

The far-away chant wailed out across the marshes.





# THE CONQUEST OF TUBERCULOSIS

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

**I**T IS my deliberate opinion that the control which we have gained over the causes of sickness and of premature death constitutes the most important single advance by the American people in the last fifty years. Life today is incomparably easier, more cheerful, and more productive because we have learned in large measure how to banish the specter of disease. Ordinarily we do not appreciate the degree to which our current prosperity as a people is traceable to this source. Chief of these specters was tuberculosis. Its ravages, while less spectacular than those of plague in the East, were not less serious, because they were present in and out of season, taking a toll of young and old, and crippling those it afflicted with many years of invalidism before the inevitable end. The world is by that much a better place to live in because this situation has been changed. It would, therefore, seem desirable to see if now we can analyze some of the basic causes of the change that has taken place and to take stock of the general principles that have guided those who have been most closely associated with this accomplishment. The general public, as well as medical specialists and health workers, should know where we are tending and how best the ultimate goal, which we all hope for, may be achieved.

Let me review in a few words the experience with this disease since the inception of the movement generally understood as the campaign against tuberculosis. In America it began approximately with the beginning of the new

century. That does not mean that there were not very important health activities launched against tuberculosis before 1900 which had an effect on the disease; but the movement was not organized and self-conscious until about that time. It was in 1904 that the National Tuberculosis Association was founded to represent the aims and aspirations of the large group of persons who associated themselves with that work. At the beginning of the century the rate for tuberculosis in the Registration States of the United States was 195.2 per 100,000 of population. That means that approximately two persons out of every thousand died from tuberculosis in the course of the year. The disease was then the first of the captains of death; and this was true not only in our country but generally throughout the world. By 1910 the death rate for the disease in the identical registration area had dropped to 164.7, or a decline of 15.6 per cent in the ten-year period. In 1920, ten years after, the rate in the same group of states was only 112 per 100,000 living. In the second decade the rate fell 32 per cent, or a little more than twice as fast as in the first decade. By 1926 the figure had fallen to 84.5 per 100,000 in the same states, which is considerably less than half the figure for 1900. But the interesting point to keep in mind is that in the six-year period from 1920 the rate of decline, if continued for the entire third decade, would be 41 per cent, or in excess of the rate of decline of the second decade and very much in excess of the rate of decline in the first decade. The most dramatic fact in the whole situa-

tion to-day is that the rates of mortality and morbidity are dropping at an ever-faster rate from decade to decade. There is no evidence as yet of a diminishing rate of decline. So striking in fact is this declining tendency that there are sober-minded men who talk in terms of the practical elimination of tuberculosis as an important cause of death in the next ten or fifteen years.

These statements may seem like dull figures, but their implications are really very eloquent. When analyzed, the figures indicate that the decline which has taken place is responsible for the active presence of 140,000 persons each year who would have died from tuberculosis if the rate of 1900 had continued to prevail. And because there are about ten times as many cases of this disease as there are deaths, these figures further suggest that close to a million and a half persons are up and about and attending to their daily work instead of suffering in greater or less measure from the effects of the disease as they would have been under the old conditions. This is a striking illustration of what is going on behind the scenes—of the working of one of the great social forces which make for the peace, contentment, and prosperity of the people.

What are the causes of the decline in the rate of tuberculosis? Those who have been engaged in the campaign against the disease during the last twenty or more years have very naturally associated their activities with what has been accomplished. There has been no evidence at any time that the campaign would be a failure; and it was to be expected that those who give all their time and strength to such a cause would claim credit for whatever good was accomplished. Such claims, however, do not constitute proof that the two phenomena, namely, the campaign and the decline, have been closely related in terms of cause and effect. It is possible on logical grounds alone to insist that these two are entirely dissociated phenomena and that, in view of the fact that the

decline in tuberculosis began before the organized campaign, it may well have continued without reference, or even in spite of the campaign. This is the question which I propose to consider in this paper, namely, to determine whether the fundamental principles upon which health workers have acted during the last thirty years have been justified by the facts and, if not, to discover new principles of action which are called for to suit the present situation. We do not wish to be like the man who was cheerfully moving along at a fast clip until he found himself half-way on his journey but going in the wrong direction.

## II

The campaign against tuberculosis as it has crystallized out of the many preparatory activities is best associated with the name and the work of Sir Robert Philip of Edinburgh. The principles underlying his conception of the campaign may be summarized as follows: Tuberculosis is an infectious disease. The infecting bacillus is universally present. Virtually everybody is, therefore, exposed to infection at one time or another and most, if not all, become infected. Infection, however, is not synonymous with disease. Sickness follows only when the resistance of the individual is at a low ebb, and such resistance may be lowered by any one of a chain of circumstances. Among these may be included insufficient food, exposure to inclement weather, continued poisoning of the system by alcohol or fatigue toxins or, in fact, any one of a host of circumstances which act unfavorably on the physical well-being of the individual. Under such circumstances the disease takes hold, and the symptoms of active tuberculosis, such as loss of weight, continued cough, night sweat, marked fatigue, etc., usually make themselves manifest.

Such are the principles underlying the tuberculosis campaign as Philip conceived them. The emphasis was on in-



fection, on the one hand, and on the environmental conditions affecting the resistance of the individual, on the other. Growing out of this conception, the campaign was directed essentially to the control of the source of infection and to the building-up of the physical resistance of the great mass of the population. To accomplish these ends, a number of activities were launched. First and foremost was the education of the public in the essential facts regarding the infectious character of tuberculosis and the necessity for better personal hygiene. It was necessary also to reduce as far as possible the opportunities for gross infection and especially of young people. That meant the wide establishment of clinical facilities for the discovery and registration of cases of tuberculosis. For those who were found in advanced stages, isolation was to be provided, and for those who were not advanced—that is, for incipient and second-stage cases—facilities for rest and the building-up of resistance were recommended. In this way began the organization, on a nation-wide scale, of tuberculosis clinics with their adjuncts of sanatoria for early cases and of infirmaries for more advanced cases. To these were added in most communities, ordinances for the compulsory registration of open cases, anti-spitting ordinances, the supervision of milk supplies, together with the wholesale pasteurization of milk.

Never before has a social program appealed to the imagination of the medical profession and of the people as a whole as has this directed against the spread of tuberculosis. In virtually every state of the Union a strong organization has been built up to direct and administer the campaign. Millions of dollars have been spent—in fact, hundreds of millions—to give effect to these ideas and to-day the various features of the campaign as I have outlined them are the approved practice of every modern community not only in our country but in the world at large.

### III

I have said that this campaign has been, to all appearances, very effective. But this does not mean that there have not been many who have challenged the assumptions underlying the anti-tuberculosis campaign. The movement has been severely criticized from its inception, and there have been those who have warned against the dire consequences of the program put into operation. In fact, there has crystallized a definite opposition which must be taken account of. The biologists, for the most part, and the eugenists have not been enthusiastic at what has been done and have consistently deprecated the results. To them the tuberculosis campaign, as it has developed especially in America, is founded on a totally false conception of the nature of tuberculosis. It is, in their opinion, a misguided philanthropy, sentimental and ineffective, and calculated to do much more harm than good. "There is no evidence that anything that man has done has affected either one way or another the decline in tuberculosis which has been continuous for three-quarters of a century." This is the dictum of one critic.

But the fountainhead of the opposition is associated with the name of Professor Karl Pearson, the great biometrician of England, and I will quote a succinct statement from him, which better than any other, clearly states the nature of the opposition to the assumptions of those engaged in the public health field. Addressing himself in 1911 to the phenomenon of the then moderate decline in the tuberculosis death rate, he said, "Has or has not the selection due to many years of heavy phthisis mortality left us with a more immune and resistant population? If it has—and that I believe will be found to be the ultimate explanation of the fall, especially the retarded fall in the phthisis death rate—then infection is not the only factor worth investigating. There is the question of hereditary immunity. It may be a bitter pill for man-



kind to swallow when we suggest that natural selection may have done more for racial health in this matter than medical science, but it may have its compensations from the economic standpoint. Above all, it may suggest that Evolution helps man better than he at present knows how to help himself, and that possibly he would learn to help himself better if he studied her processes of racial selection a little more closely."

The issue is, thus, clearly drawn. There are two sharply antagonistic views as to the nature of tuberculosis and the best method for its control. The first emphasizes the importance of the environmental factors in the causation of tuberculosis and credits the improvement in the death rate to those activities which have centered around the improvement of the conditions of life of the great mass of people. The second emphasizes the importance of stock and ascribes the decline to secular changes in the germ plasm which follow from the interplay of natural forces rather than from the conscious interference of man with nature. If the second of these views is correct, then not only has the campaign against tuberculosis which has been launched by the public health workers been ineffective but, in fact, doomed to failure from the outset and, what is worse, the very campaign may have sown the seed of much evil. For by seeking out the tuberculous and keeping them alive by careful treatment, the number of those who maintain through breeding the tuberculous stigma may very well have been increased. By indulging in vain philanthropies, we may be simply making trouble for our children, for they will have an even larger number of the tuberculous to take care of. This is a serious charge which must be considered and weighed carefully.

#### IV

Let us, therefore, examine the facts with regard to tuberculosis that have

come to hand during our close contact with this condition during the last thirty years. Possibly these facts may throw some light on the situation and will enable us definitely to determine whether there is any merit in the criticisms of the biologists and eugenisists.

There is first the striking fact that the incidence of tuberculosis varies greatly in different parts of the United States and in different countries throughout the world. The rate is higher in urban than it is in rural areas. Some of the rural states like Utah and Nebraska show rates about 30 per 100,000; while other states like New York and Delaware with large urban populations have rates three times as high. Cities vary as do the states. Extraordinarily low rates occur in such cities as New Haven, Des Moines, and Grand Rapids with rates about 40 per 100,000 as contrasted with rates above 100 in other communities like New Orleans and Baltimore. Are we to interpret these variations as indications of the concentration in various localities of people with varying degrees of racial immunity or resistance to tuberculosis? Are the citizens of Utah more select than those of Delaware, and if they are, when and how was this process accomplished? We know that the growth of our states and cities has been very haphazard; and is it not much simpler to explain these differences in tuberculosis fatality in various localities on the score of the differences which we know exist in the level of well-being of the people. We know that the rural dwellers enjoy very definite advantages over their city cousins. They are out in the open air more and are engaged in healthier occupations. They live more normal lives and enjoy a larger and better supply of food. As regards the differences in the several cities we know that often the communities with the lower rates are the very ones which have made the greatest effort to meet their tuberculosis problem by providing facilities for the care of the sick and for the education and care of the well.



Tuberculosis varies also in regard to the racial origin of our people. The highest rates are found to occur among our negroes, among our native Indians, and among the Asiatics, especially the Chinese living in our cities. Among the whites the highest rates occur among those born in Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland. The native whites, on the whole, present an intermediate position. The lowest rates are found to occur among those of Italian and Jewish extraction. These facts have been made much of by the eugenists who insist that the low rates of the Jews indicate the result of an immunity acquired during many centuries in their Ghetto life. But it is significant that in any one racial group the greatest variations may occur, as, for example, among the Jews, where high rates prevail in the congested and impoverished sections of the city and the very lowest in those quarters where housing is good and where the people are well off. The racial picture is at best very confusing. The rates for the Irish living here are twice as high as in their native Ireland, and for the British-Americans, three times that for the same race in Australia. These facts are not consistent with a theory of innate racial differences. I do not believe that the higher rates of the northern Europeans indicate a lesser degree of racial immunity, but rather reflect modes of life, habits, and particularly the effects of exposure to inclement weather. Tuberculosis has been a disease to which all the races of Europe have been exposed for ages, and I can see very little evidence for the operation of selection as an explanation for the racial variability we now find. It is very much simpler to explain the higher and lower rates by the obvious facts of the mode of life of the people with whom we are concerned, the prevailing occupations, and their economic status.

There is another fact of even greater importance. Tuberculosis varies according to economic well-being the world over. It is a disease of misery, afflicting

the poor, the squalid, and the disinherited. There are few better indications of the economic level of peoples than their death rate from tuberculosis. Where high wages prevail tuberculosis is not a serious condition. For high wages mean better food, better housing, better medical care, and these and tuberculosis apparently do not go well together. What sociologist of standing would to-day give credence to the idea that the poor and the rich are separated by a gulf of different genetic worth? This assumption has never been proved and, in my judgment, never will be proved. We know, in fact, from abundant evidence that the industrial classes, in spite of their higher tuberculosis rates, register as well, if not better, as regards their physical equipment than their economically more fortunate brethren. They perform the hard work of the world and they have the physique to do it with. But continued arduous industrial employment pays a heavy toll in terms of tuberculosis. The children of the industrial families at any rate have no higher general death rates and only slightly higher tuberculosis rates than the corresponding figures for the children in the community as a whole. That can mean only one thing, namely, good physical equipment for the industrial classes to begin with.

What shall we say as to the clear-cut gradation of tuberculosis in relation to occupation? The fact is strikingly brought out by the much lower death rates of females than of males during the working ages of life. But within the male sex there is much variation among the several occupations in which people are engaged. If we take the incidence of tuberculosis as a cause of death among farmers as our starting point and call it unity, other occupations may be arranged by various multiples, from two times among textile workers, to three times among hatters, four times among foundry workers, and twelve times among tin miners. The general conclusion drawn by most students of the rela-

tion of tuberculosis to industry has been that the highest rates are found among those exposed to mineral and metallic dusts; next to these are the occupations exposed to the use of alcohol, and then those that are exposed to lead. Certain occupations with exposure to the hardships of weather and occupations with exposure to organic dusts also are generally found to have a high frequency. Are these evidences of genetic differences in the various occupations, or do the figures simply express the difference in the hazard to tuberculosis associated with each of the occupations, including such items as low wages, excessive fatigue, changing temperature, and the presence of inorganic dust?

## V

Of great significance in our discussion is the fact that tuberculosis is a disease capable of rapid change. I have already presented the figures for the Registration States of the United States since 1900. Not only has tuberculosis declined rapidly, but the disease has shown a capacity to decline at an ever-increasing rate over a period of thirty years. The year 1928 will probably show a decline of about five per cent under the figure for the year before. Never before has there been so sharp a downward tendency as in the last few years. Is this fact consistent with the conception of Professor Pearson and his followers that we are concerned with a temporary phase of a long-term trend in which nature operates alone by its selective action on the germ-plasm of man? To support his argument, Pearson predicated a retarded fall for the phthisis death rate. The very opposite has taken place. This fact of itself does not augur so well for the geneticists.

But there is another aspect of the same phenomenon which is extraordinarily illuminating. We must not forget the facts which the War and its dire consequences to the peoples of Europe made available to us. While our death

rates from tuberculosis went down, a very different picture was presented in the war-ridden countries. In the German cities, the death rate which in 1913 was only 157 per 100,000, rose in 1918 to a maximum of 287. Individual cities like Vienna and Warsaw suffered from much worse conditions. In fact, Warsaw had a rate of 840 per 100,000 in 1917 when the war conditions were at their height, and in the City of Belgrade, which passed through long periods of military occupation and food stringency, the rate rose to the horrifying figure of over 1,400 per 100,000 in 1918, a rate twelve times as high as that prevailing in most American cities. I shall never forget an occasion when, as a member of a Red Cross Commission, we inspected a large group of little children in Belgrade and were told by the local doctors—and, in fact, ourselves observed—that the great majority of the children were active cases of tuberculosis. But these frightful conditions did not continue with the resumption of peace and the return of fairly normal conditions of industry, of feeding, and of housing. The most recent figures show that the death rates from tuberculosis in European countries are back to where they were at the beginning of the War, and in a few places, especially in Germany, they have fallen to figures below the best of the ante-war years. We may look upon the War as in the nature of a huge biological experiment, and no one can fail to read correctly the inference of that experiment. We have indisputable evidence that in tuberculosis we are concerned with a condition responding quickly to changing environment rather than with one expressive of inherent genetic structure which only generations of selection can modify. Changes in germ-plasm are fixed by inheritance and require generations for their accomplishment and not a mere few years.

But possibly the very best evidence we have on the nature of tuberculosis comes from the record of the actual achievement in the care of the sick.



All over the country there has been built up a network of sanatoria and hospitals for the care of tuberculosis. More than 75,000 beds are now available for such patients, and possibly 120,000 different persons receive care in them in the course of each year. Not less than a million persons have received such medical attention in the course of the last thirty years and, of them, 750,000 are now alive and a considerable proportion of them at work. We know that the sanatoria are effective in restoring large proportions of their patients to health and activity, depending upon the stage at which the patients are received, the duration of the care, and the adequacy of the treatment. In the best sanatoria for which records are available as, for example, at the Saranac Lake Sanatorium, the one at Mount McGregor, and in many others, those in the incipient stages of the disease can be cured, or at least, the disease can be arrested in the great majority of cases. At Mount McGregor the subsequent mortality of the men discharged from the sanatorium who were incipients on admission has been practically the same as for the entire group of male employees at the same ages. In other sanatoria the subsequent mortality is only twice as high as for the general population. Moderately advanced cases also receive very great benefit and many are thus saved from early death. I estimate that each year more than 6,000 persons are saved from death from tuberculosis because of the care they have received at the tuberculosis sanatoria of the country. What the total number amounts to for the thirty-year period can only be conjectured.

We see in the operation of these institutions, before our very eyes, what accounts for a considerable part of the reduction in the mortality from tuberculosis. This is not a matter of theory but of fact open to everyone. Tuberculosis can be cured. Hundreds of thousands of persons are being cured at the present time, and the very process of

their recovery shows in unmistakable ways how the original breakdown we call the disease occurred.

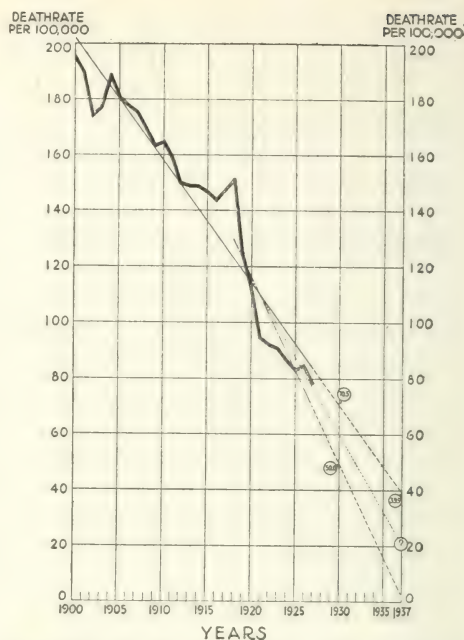
## VI

I have given enough evidence, I hope, to justify the conclusion as to our primary problem, namely, that the tuberculosis campaign as it has been conducted in the United States has been effective. To my mind, there are no two ways of evaluating the facts that have been presented. The principles which underlie the campaign against tuberculosis have been proved to the hilt. We need no longer have fears or inhibitions such as the cautions of the eugenists would inspire. Public health workers can now go full steam ahead with their program, knowing that what they are doing is based on knowledge and experience consistent with common sense and every good instinct and impulse of man.

It is not necessary to ascribe the entire gain to the tuberculosis movement. It is entirely conceivable that much has been accomplished through the increase in real wages of the working classes of the country, through the improvement of working conditions in factories, and the improved well-being of the great mass of the people. But it is to the great credit of the tuberculosis campaign that so much of the enlightened relation that now prevails between employers and employees has resulted from the intelligent stimulation by health and social workers who have been interested in the control of tuberculosis. The campaign of education has not been waged for naught. Anyone who is familiar with what has been accomplished in this country in the field of health education cannot fail to be impressed with the value of the work. The anti-tuberculosis movement, whether through its direct or its indirect influences, has made the body of American men, women, and children more resistant to the development of infection, keener to know the

state of their health, more intelligent about their needs when disease has developed, and more likely to obtain proper and sufficient care. The anti-tuberculosis movement, therefore, stands clearly and outstandingly as a major force in what has been accomplished.

The time has, in fact, arrived when we may look forward to the virtual elimination of tuberculosis as a major problem in the public health. Guided by the experience of the last twenty-seven years, we can make a safe forecast of the death rate ten years from now. If we assume that the trend line of the last three decades will continue without change over another ten years, we may expect a death rate under 70 per 100,000 for 1930 and of under 40 by 1937. I believe, however, that we shall do much better than that. The decline in tuberculosis in the period between 1918 and 1927 has been at a much more rapid rate than in the prior twenty-year period. This very year is marking an epoch in the campaign, and the figure for 1930 will probably be nearer 50 than 70, and if that proves so, then 1937 will see the culmination of the effort of forty years. My best judgment, however, is not to assume too much but rather to make forecasts conservatively. We should be content if in 1937 our tuberculosis death rate is no more than 40 per 100,000, although I am very confident that it will be below that figure. When that is achieved, then the end will surely be in sight. For by that time, we shall have started in motion a chain of circumstances which ultimately will eliminate tuberculosis altogether. For with fewer deaths, there will be correspondingly fewer advanced cases of the disease, and a reduction in the number of advanced cases will reduce the number of new infections. It is entirely possible that a point will then be reached at which the number of new cases will be insufficient to maintain the death rate from tuberculosis at anything like a significant level. It is on the cards that tuberculosis must soon disappear.



Prospective death rates, 1928 to 1937, for original Registration States and District of Columbia

## VII

In view of the foregoing, the reader may think that I have taken the opposition too seriously; that I have put up a straw man simply to throw him down. It is true that time alone has demonstrated the futility of the genetic argument against tuberculosis control, and one might have rested his case on that. There is, however, a very live and real opposition which is not yet convinced of its error. If it is, there is no evidence of any retraction of error in the literature. The experience of the last thirty years has apparently made no impression, and the same people with the same formula are now extending their operations from tuberculosis to child welfare and to the other spheres of social effort which aim to improve the condition of the masses. There is always the same fear lest through lightening the burdens of suffering humanity we shall go contrary to nature and help fill the world with weaklings and incompetents. Nature acting through selection and inheritance is the great purifier. Nurture and the ways of Christian charity are only delu-



sions which are sure to lead to the slough of despond. This is the current fashion in biological circles and there is only an occasional scientific voice raised in protest.

There is, accordingly, a larger issue involved than the control of tuberculosis, important as that may be. The purpose which has been in mind in the foregoing discussion has been to present an important current problem and to show how two fundamentally different schools of thought approach its solution. The issue really is whether man, living in civilized society, is still a mere helpless creature in the hands of a ruthless nature, or whether civilization acting through social processes is able to circumvent the gross effects of the struggle for existence. I believe that with reference to the control of tuberculosis man has proved his competence. But in establishing this proof we have also learned a few things along the road. We have learned that nature is not the cruel mistress we have always believed; that much of our trouble is directly

traceable to our ignorance and greed and, in short, to our own inhumanity. Nature does not require that we screen out the unfortunate because they are perforce unworthy. We now know that many of our unfortunate and the sick are genetically fully as good as the rest and will make just as good parents. It is necessary only to give most of them a fair chance and to lift from their backs the disabilities which nature itself never intended to put there. The geneticists have been a bit premature in their applications to human sociology. The problems that confront man are not as simple as they would have us believe. Human experience crystallized in our folk ways, in our religions, and in our social theory need not be scrapped. The forces which are at work both under public and private auspices to raise the level of well-being of the people may go on without fear. That is the lesson we have learned from the increasing control over tuberculosis. There is no room to-day for a jungle ethics in a civilized state.





## HOW THE ENGLISH MIDDLE-CLASS LIVES

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

WE MEMBERS of the English middle-class are accustomed to think that the economic changes produced by the War have hit us pretty badly. And so indeed they have. Income tax stands at four shillings in the pound. When we calculate our burdens and our grievances, that is the burden which seems to us the most grievous of all, although I doubt whether it really is so. What with personal allowances, children's allowances, and insurance allowances, we actually pay about two shillings sixpence in the pound, which makes a pretty heavy first charge on our incomes. But the real burden is the rise in the cost of living. The Government statistician tells us that it is no more than 63 per cent; but we know that for us it is at least 100 per cent.

The Government figure is based on the cost of the essential foodstuffs and the minimum requirements in the way of rent, fuel, and clothing; but it is in those accessories of life—luxuries, if you like to call them so—which use has made necessary for us that the real rise has taken place. We can't send our children to the State schools—Goodness knows what sort of an accent and what sort of habits they would pick up there—but the fees at the Preparatory Schools and at the great Public Schools have become staggering. Our Club subscriptions are doubled. The suit of clothes that cost me eight guineas before the War now costs me fourteen; and in my position I simply can't afford to go to a cheap tailor. The single whisky and soda which I take before I go to bed costs me twelve shillings sixpence a bottle against

the four shillings which I used to pay; my bottle of beer at dinner is seven and a half pence against the old two and a half pence; and the price of tobacco is an outrage. In the old days when only about one-fifth of the population of these islands ever dreamed of taking a holiday, holidays cost very little: now that practically the whole population takes a week at least at the seaside, the cost is appalling. And worst of all is the habit, ingrained in us since the War, of spending money with a frequency and recklessness that would have appalled us in those prosperous and care-free days fifteen years ago. Where my father, who lived a life of very considerable comfort and died in 1915, would have looked twice before spending sixpence, I think nothing of half-a-crown.

And the result is that I am overdrawn at the bank at the end of every month (my father would have considered himself eternally disgraced if he had ever been overdrawn at his bank); that I haven't saved a penny (but then I can look forward to a pension, and my life is fairly well insured), and that we wonder how on earth we are ever going to find the money for the children's education. And we shake our heads mournfully and say to each other how happy we should be if we only had five hundred pounds a year more, and that it's all this accursed War. And I suppose it is the War that's responsible for the changes in us no less than for the changes in the cost of things.

But I'm beginning to wonder whether, after all, we really are so badly off as we think. It seems to me that when we're



not actually grumbling about our poverty—which we do for about five minutes a week—we're pretty contented, and that on the whole we have good reason to be contented. I may be overdrawn at the end of the month, but I'm solvent. If we do spend a lot of money, we get a lot of fun out of it. While we wonder how on earth we're ever going to educate the children, two of them are already at excellent schools; and I've no real doubt that when the youngest (he's only four) has to go to school next year, his bills will get paid just as the others' are. And I like my work, and I still smoke my pipe, and have my bottle of beer with my dinner and my whisky and soda before I go to bed; and we go occasionally to a theater or to the pictures, although we grumble at the excessive cost of all these commodities. And I can still afford to read *Harper's*, and James Truslow Adams's article on "The Cost of Prosperity" in its December number. And it is that article that has set me to wondering whether, after all's said and done, we aren't at least as well off as our brother and sister members of the middle-class in that paradise of wealth and prosperity, the United States.

That article, and other articles and stories which I read from time to time, not only in *Harper's* but in other American publications and novels, give me an idea of the sort of life which a man in the professional class—a part, and an important part, of what in England we call the middle-class—lives in the United States. And it has occurred to me that American readers may be interested to consider what sort of life members of that class live in England, or at any rate what sort of life one member of it lives; for I make no claim to speak for anyone but myself and the more intimate of my friends.

## II

It's impossible, I think, to say anything about the *quality* of a man's life—its comfort, its happiness, its contentment, or the reverse—unless you know

something of the most important element in it, namely his marriage. I notice, looking back on what I've written, that I have used "I" and "we" quite indiscriminately; and so far as Cynthia and I are concerned, the two pronouns are in fact indistinguishable. We act and react very much as a single individual. That, no doubt, is partly due to an initial similarity of outlook and temperament, and very largely due to the fact that we love each other; but it is also, I think, partly due to the conception of marriage common to our class and age. One of the things that puzzle me most in the social life of the States, as depicted in magazines and books—from which alone I derive my knowledge of that life—is the American conception of marriage. If we may judge from what we read, the average American husband and, still more, the average American wife does not regard marriage either as essentially permanent or as a completely equal partnership involving on both sides obligations as well as rights. But I don't believe that that impression can be a true one; after all, it is the abnormal, especially in such matters as married life, rather than the normal that finds its way into print.

In my country and in my class, at any rate, marriage is regarded as a permanency. However much the figures of divorce may be on the increase, divorce is still an accidental and not a calculable incident of marriage; and it would never come into the mind of either party to a marriage that he or she was doing anything else than enter into a community of interests for the term of their natural lives. If you start out as a matter of course with that idea in your minds, the question of rights and obligations hardly arises. The "obligation" on the husband's side to earn a sufficient income to provide for his family, and on the woman's side to spend that income so that it does in fact provide for them, are obligations not towards each other but towards a common interest equally important to both and, therefore, they cease



to be felt as obligations. Similarly the "right" of each to receive help, comfort, and affection from the other ceases to be felt as a right (always an uncomfortable thing to possess) when it becomes something like the natural and unquestioning expectation which one has that of course one's partner in business will do his best to promote the common interests of the firm. In short, marriage, in England at any rate, is a very settled state of existence, something one does not expect will change, unless by imperceptible degrees; with the result perhaps that the whole of life in the middle-class is in a high degree static and permanent. A man does not expect to change his work any more than he expects to change his wife, nor does he willingly move from one house—still less from one town—to another. He hopes to send his son to the same school, and to the same college at the same university as he went to himself; and he confides his not very heavy legal business—the drafting of his will and of his daughter's marriage settlement, the drawing up of his lease, and the settlement of his father's estate—to the son of the solicitor who performed the same services for his father. We are, in fact, a very conservative tribe.

And, to return to the point from which I started this digression, you must assume that when I say "I" in this article, I might in most places equally well have written "we."

### III

I am forty-two and have been married fourteen years. We have three children, Mary aged twelve and a half, Dick aged eight, and John aged four. I occupy a fairly senior and responsible position in the Civil Service, in one of the big Government Departments whose Offices look on to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, and I draw a salary of fourteen hundred pounds per annum. Offering as it does a decent competence, with a good pension at the age of sixty, pleasant and responsible work, with the possibility of exerting real (albeit anonymous)

power, and of being behind the scenes of important events and policies, the higher division of the Civil Service presents many attractions to a young man who has done well at Oxford or Cambridge. The aspirant enters, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, through the door of one of the stiffest competitive examinations in the world; and, once entered, he is irremovable except for gross misconduct, and can look forward to an official career of some forty years spent in not unreasonably strenuous work, in dignified surroundings, and amid colleagues who, having entered by the same strait gate as himself, will certainly possess considerable intellectual ability and are likely to have an intelligent and informed interest in one or more of the various spheres of artistic, literary, or scholastic culture. In short, the higher division of the Civil Service is one of the inner fortresses of the English middle-class, and displays in an eminent degree nearly all the great qualities and defects of that class—on the one hand its scrupulous integrity, its innate capacity for the business of government, and its devotion to its job just because it is its job; and on the other, its smug sense of superiority, its hard-baked conservatism, its somewhat limited sense of humor, and its almost complete lack of real initiative and drive.

### IV

The salary of a man in my rank in the Civil Service before the War was £1200—a very comfortable middle-class income in the circumstances of those days. On such an income a man could be sure of sending his sons, if he had any, to good schools and to Oxford or Cambridge, and of "finishing" his daughters on the Continent; he could entertain discreetly, and look forward to a comfortable old age in which his pension would be supplemented by the income derived from the savings he would bequeath, not unduly depleted by death duties, to his children. The salary of my rank is still



£1200, but to it has been added a temporary and fluctuating "cost-of-living bonus" of approximately £200; and £1400 now is very far from being equivalent to £1200 before the War. It is when I compare £1400 now with £1200 then that I begin to grumble at my lot; and it was with some such idea in my mind that I began this article, which was to be called "The Plight of the English Middle-Class" and was intended to show how hard hit we were by the War. But like Johnson's would-be philosopher, I find that cheerfulness will keep breaking through; and, if we don't live as well as perhaps we should have done before the War, we don't really do so badly.

The Office pays my salary into my bank on the last day of every month—£100 in January and February, April and May, July and August, and October and November, and £120 in March, June, September, and December, making a total of £1280, the remaining £120 being deducted at the source for income tax. As my rent is exactly £80 a year, the odd £20 in March, June, September, and December goes straight to my landlord, and in effect I have £100 a month and a rent-free house.

Our rent is one of our bits of luck. We have a house to ourselves in a very pleasant street in one of the pleasantest quarters of London; and all our neighbors, for exactly the same sort of house, are paying at least £120. Cynthia found it before the War, and before we were married, dragged me away from my Office to come and look at it, and we took it on the spot. The rent then was £60 a year, which was pretty cheap even for those days; and just as our agreement was expiring, Parliament in a mood of benevolent wisdom passed the Rent Restriction Act, which enabled our landlord to raise the rent to £80 but prevented him either from turning us out or from raising it any more. When the Act comes to an end I don't know what will happen; but if we have to find a new house or to pay what our neighbors pay, our budget will be seriously upset.

For our £80 a year we have two very decent sitting rooms on the ground floor, with a little room that used to be my "study," but is now Mary's room; a really good bedroom for ourselves on the first floor with a dressing room for me behind, and a bathroom; a big nursery and the maid's bedroom (for cook and house-parlormaid) on the second floor; and in the basement a kitchen and scullery, and a good sitting room for the maids, and behind it a tiny bit of garden, haunted by cats, but in which we manage to grow a flower or two. This would be well enough for a childless couple, or even for father, mother, and one child; but when three children and a nursemaid have to be packed in, it's a bit of a squeeze. The two boys have to sleep in my dressing room, and the nursemaid in the nursery—not a very desirable arrangement, but the only possible one. Another drawback is the single bathroom, which means that neither of us can ever have a bath before dinner—when a bath is above all things desirable—because the bathroom is occupied by a succession of grubby children en route to bed: night and morning is *our* time. It *is* a squash: but at any rate the fact that they sleep in my dressing room gives me a chance to get a talk with the boys, both of them in bed, as I dress for dinner, which is the only time of day I ever see them during the week, except for a few minutes at breakfast. And much as we should like two bathrooms and an extra bedroom or two—not to mention some place where I could set up a carpenter's bench and the boys could keep their railway permanently on the floor—our roots, nurtured by fourteen years of happiness and love—have struck deep into this poky little house, and I'm not sure that we would leave it if we could.

## V

Cynthia and I have always had a single bank account on which we both draw; and as time has gone on the management of our financial affairs has fallen

more and more into her hands. This is partly due to the fact that far more of our expenditure is within her control than within mine, and partly to the fact that on two occasions I have been out of the country on business for considerable periods—once for nearly two years and once for eight months—during which time she has had to look after everything; so that it seemed convenient that she should continue to do so on my return.

While we both of us have complete freedom, so far as the Bank is concerned, to draw checks, it is more or less understood between us that Cynthia will not draw more than £45 a month during term time (when the two elder children have their midday meal at school) and £50 during the holidays, and that I shall not draw more than £15 a month, leaving £35 or £40 a month to meet what are known as "the bills." Out of her £45 she pays for all food and drink (including beer, which comes from the grocer, but not whisky or wine, which come from the wine merchant), for all household cleaning materials, laundry, and other household necessities, including the replacement of breakages, the servants' wages (£9 a month among the three of them, with occasional additions for a charwoman and a sewing maid), and for all her clothes and the children's. For her own clothes she has in addition the allowance of £40 a year which her father gave her before her marriage and which he still continues to pay.

Judging by the children's health and spirits, both of which are in a high degree robust, they must be pretty well fed, and I don't suppose that any husband of my acquaintance goes home from his office with a more confident anticipation of a really nice little dinner than I. We have friends to dinner (four besides ourselves is all our dining room will hold) once or twice a month; and while I do not claim that the food we give them is exceptional, it is at least as well chosen, as well cooked, and as well served as in any house in which we ourselves dine. As for dress, my wife has, I think, a touch of

genius. Not only is she a first-rate dress designer and maker herself, but she has the gift of inspiring the sewing woman we occasionally employ. We go every year to a Garden Party at the Palace, and to Court once every five years or so; and at these functions she always seems to be as well dressed as any woman there, though she has never yet spent more than £15 on her complete outfit, and only once as much; and for more ordinary occasions she is always more than adequately turned out, even though some of her friends may sometimes recognize an old acquaintance among her frocks in a new reincarnation.

My £15 a month is intended to meet—and does more than adequately meet—all the fixed and variable expenses which befall a man in my position in life. The fixed expenses are fares, sixpence a day; lunch, one shilling sixpence a day; and tobacco, about twelve shillings a week (including Cynthia's cigarettes). Variables are hospitality (it is convenient, and pleasant, to have a man to lunch at the Club two or three times a month), clothes (other than my tailor's and haberdasher's bills—i.e. boots, hats, an occasional overcoat, or a tie or a pair of socks that catch my eye and my fancy), our joint fares when we go for a week-end or take a taxi in the evening, an occasional whip-round at the office for a wedding present or something of the kind, gramophone records (we have a collection of pretty good stuff, which gives us a great deal of pleasure), the "pictures" once or twice a month and an occasional theater or music-hall—in fact, all the hundred and one odd things on which one does spend money. Sometimes I draw the whole of my £15, often I draw only about £10, and I have been known, when we are very hard up, to get through the month on as little as £7; but in any case I feel myself at liberty to draw up to the full £15 if I want it.

The rest is for "the bills"; and with these we always seem to be panting about a month, and sometimes two and even three months, behind. Only on three



glorious occasions have we been able, on the first of the month, to pay off every bill we had in the world; and then we went such a burst the next month that it took us some time to recover. And, on the other hand, only once have we had outstanding bills amounting to more than £100, and that occasion produced so thick a domestic gloom and so frantic and uncomfortable a spasm of economy, that the bills rapidly got paid off, and the phenomenon is not likely to recur.

The bills include everything that does not come within the sphere of Cynthia's or my monthly allowance. Chief among them, marking the four financial crises of the year, are the terminal school bills (roughly, £25 each for Mary and Dick, and as yet nothing, thank goodness, for John), and my birthday, when most of my life-insurance premiums, amounting to about £60, fall due. Like great breakers when one is bathing, they approach, one is overwhelmed beneath them, and at last emerges, gasping and relieved, on the other side. Twice a year come the rates (£15 or £16 every six months), every quarter the gas and electric light and telephone, a running bill, starting again as soon as it is paid off, with the coal merchant, the plumber, and decorator, and the wine merchant, an occasional tailor's bill of awful dimensions, the dentist and the doctor. But the doctor, as an important element in the middle-class life, deserves, and shall have, a division to himself.

## VI

I have watched with considerable interest, in the pages of *Harper's* and elsewhere, the battle in the United States of specialist versus general practitioner. Here in England, notwithstanding a slight tendency to resort direct to the specialist in recent years, the general practitioner, God bless him, still holds his own without apparent difficulty. If we had had to engage a specialist for each of Cynthia's confinements, we simply could not have afforded to have

any children; and if for anything wrong out of the ordinary we had to go to a clinic, where neither our circumstances nor our particular physical characteristics are known, we should probably leave it until too late to begin with, and then should get treatment no better, and probably worse, and at far greater expense, than we get from our family doctor.

When we married, Cynthia's family doctor was giving up his practice, and at his recommendation I went to see a man who lived within half a mile of our new home. I liked his looks, told him what my income and position were, and asked him to take us on. His first bill was for bringing Mary into the world. It included all preliminary visits (and there were a good many), all attendances for a month or so after the confinement, and vaccination, and it amounted to £15. It was a long and not too easy, but by no means an abnormal confinement; and at intervals, knowing what husbands feel like on these occasions, especially when they have not experienced them before, he found time to come downstairs and cheer me up. Both Cynthia and I knew that if he had felt the least necessity for the assistance of a specialist he would not have hesitated to call one in. If we had gone to a specialist in the first instance we should not have had half as much pre-natal attention; he would not have been as immediately accessible at any time of the day or night in the event of a premature confinement or other emergency, and he would have charged us not less than £100, a sum which we simply did not possess.

Since then he has brought both boys into the world, has taken Mary's tonsils out, and has operated on Dicky for hydrocele. Whenever he has felt that he would like a specialist's opinion or assistance he has asked for it; but that has been on three occasions only, twice for Cynthia and once for me, when I had all my insides taken out, refurbished, and put back again minus a few bits. And

he has never yet sent us in a half-yearly bill exceeding £25; it is usually anything from £3 to £8. When I had my operation he arranged with one of the leading abdominal surgeons of London, whose fee, if I had gone to him direct, would have been £200, to do the job for £70. He himself attended at the nursing home as assistant surgeon, and looked after me during recovery; and in the end sent in a bill, which included John's birth and my operation, for £25.

But the fact that, as a rule, he is amazingly cheap is not the only, or even the greatest, merit of the general practitioner. His real value lies in the knowledge and experience which he possesses of the ordinary man and woman in general, and of the individual patient in particular. Our doctor has an intimate acquaintance with all the physical characteristics and idiosyncrasies of my wife, our children, and myself. He knows that if Mary or I has a temperature of one hundred or so, it's probably nothing to bother about, but that if Cynthia or either of the boys goes up to ninety-nine they must be taken seriously. He knows that because Dick is a bit thin and pale it doesn't mean that he's any less robust than John, who always looks the picture of health even when he isn't well; and that if I get a sudden fit of sickness, it's merely a peculiarity left over from my operation. It would never have occurred to him to suggest that Cynthia should go for her confinements to a nursing home, where she would be among strangers and separated from me; and he had no objection to my being with her up to the very last moment. And I shall not easily forget his yell, through our bedroom door, of "It's a boy" when Dick turned up, a yell loud enough to produce cheers from the kitchen, two floors below, where the maids, almost as wrought up as I was myself, were waiting for the news. That's the sort of comfort you can only get from a family doctor; you certainly won't get it from a gynecologist.

## VII

When I said, a few lines back, that the maids were almost as wrought up over Dick's birth as I was, I was of course guilty of exaggeration. But our maids, with few exceptions, have always been as it were a part of the family, and they have been tremendously excited and pleased at each new arrival. In this, at least, we of the middle-class in England are very definitely better off than our brothers and sisters in the States; for we can not only obtain, but also afford, good servants. One hears, it is true, many complaints that good servants are no longer to be had; but I suspect that most, if not all, such complaints come from bad mistresses. Cynthia has always had the trick of making our maids devoted, not only to her personally, but to our family as a whole. I think the secret of it is that she never forgets that they are human beings, and that our home is temporarily their home; and in return she expects, and gets, just as regular and good service as I expect and get from my clerks and typists.

When first we married we had a cook (wished on us by my mother) and a house-parlormaid (whom we found ourselves). The cook was a bad cook and dirty at that; but we were young and inexperienced, and we put up with it until, to our joy, she gave Cynthia notice a month or two before Mary's birth. Then for the first and only time in our lives we went to an employment agency, and got a young cook who turned out to be all that could be desired. Our house-parlormaid was a success from the start; and when Mary arrived she took on with enthusiasm the added duties of nurse. In due course she left to be married, and then the cook brought in her sister as house-parlormaid and her cousin as nurse. From that day forth none of our maids has left us for any other cause than to be married, except two who were unsatisfactory from the start and were practically chased out of the house by the



others; and each vacancy as it occurred has been filled by the remaining two bringing in a friend or relation. At present we have a cook aged twenty-three who has been with us three and a half years, a house-parlormaid (the sister of a friend of the cook's) who came six months ago to fill the vacancy caused by the marriage of her predecessor and who shows every sign of being a jewel, and our treasure of a Nanny, who came to us as a child of sixteen, six and a half years ago, and whom we can and do quite happily leave in entire charge of the children if we go away for a week-end. To the cook we pay £36 a year, to the parlormaid £32, and to Nanny £40.

### VIII

Closely connected with this blessing of good service is another blessing which, if again one may judge from what one reads, our fellow class-mates in the United States do not enjoy to the same degree as ourselves; and that is the blessing of privacy. It is a blessing which you can only really get in a big city, and only then when you do not have to scrub your own door-step or hang out your own washing in the back garden just as your neighbor next door is doing the same. We don't even know the names of our next-door neighbors; and we know only two other families living in the same road, and these because we met them elsewhere and liked them and they liked us. In a small town, or in the suburbs that are springing up like mushrooms all round London, you've got to know your neighbors, and dine with them and have them to dinner with you, whether you like them or whether you don't; and as your tastes and interests may be, and probably are, totally dissimilar, you sink to a level of intercourse based almost entirely on the universal interests of sport and money among the men and clothes and servants among the women. We very greatly enjoy having people to dinner, and we never have to ask anyone

we don't want to ask. We don't play bridge, so that our only occupation on these occasions is talk; but as we have interests and pursuits in common we *do* talk, and it's very good fun. We go out to dinner, with people like ourselves whom we like, perhaps once a week, and do an occasional evening at the theater or the "pictures"; and on other nights—that is to say, on more than half the evenings of our life—we sit after dinner in the drawing-room, Cynthia with her work and perhaps a game of patience, I with a book or sometimes scribbling something, talking when we want to talk and not otherwise, with an occasional gramophone evening when we feel like it, until my whisky comes in at ten-fifteen and, after the last pipe, we go to bed about eleven o'clock. It sounds devastatingly dull; but it isn't—or at any rate we don't find it so.

And even if in the country one has to know one's neighbors more than one does in a city, yet one's house and garden are one's own. My mother lives in an old house in a village in East Anglia, a place whose population and activities (all arising out of agriculture) are about the same now as when Domesday Book, in which it is described, was written. My father bought the house thirty years ago to live in when he should retire, and died before he could enjoy it. My mother usually lends it to us for the summer holidays. There is a garden of about three-quarters of an acre, with a river running past the bottom of it, on which we have a boathouse and a boat, and a good high wall all the way round; and it's surprising how seldom we find it necessary to go outside the front gate and how much we enjoy ourselves within. We usually have friends staying with us—a married couple, or a bachelor friend of mine and a friend of Cynthia's, and perhaps one or two of the children's friends (there are lots of bedrooms). He and I will go up to golf (there is a good course about a mile away) in the morning or the afternoon, and she and Cynthia will sit with their books and needle-

work in a sunny corner of the garden. Nanny and the children will probably go out and do the household shopping, and for the rest of the day they will be completely happy in the garden, the girls playing tennis or ping-pong or reading, the boys helping the gardener, or digging in the sand heap, or playing brigands in the stable-loft, or all of them going out in the boat or having a swim. And after tea, by established usage and tradition, the whole lot of us play cricket on the lawn until it's time for the kids to go to bed.

## IX

When I started to write this article I hadn't the smallest intention of writing an intimate and detailed account of our daily existence. My idea was to draw a picture of the life of the English middle-class as a whole, and to show how harried and crushed by taxation and debt we are in this post-war world. But when I came to draw my picture I found that the only members of the middle-class whose lives I knew at all well were ourselves; and that so far as we are concerned, although the tax-gatherer is always with us, and the education of our children is a lowering cloud over the future, nevertheless we live, on the whole, an extraordinarily contented life.

How far is that true of our class as a whole? I think that we are in fact happier and more contented than most of our neighbors; but I think also that that is because we both of us happen by temperament to be people who are positively conscious of our blessings, and not merely negatively receptive of them. Of our class as a whole it is true that they live differently from their fathers; but to live differently is not necessarily to live less happily. We marry on comparatively smaller incomes, we spend comparatively more on our pleasures, and we no longer regard thrift as one of the cardinal virtues. We may perhaps have to pay in our old age for our failure to save now; but meanwhile there is no

doubt that the standard of living is higher, in our class no less than in the lower classes, since the War than it ever was before. A rise in the standard of living is nearly always accompanied by an outburst of discontent among precisely those persons who benefit most by it—the reason being, I suppose, that one's hopes and desires always run ahead of one's attainments, and that most people measure their contentment by the standard of what they would like to have next year rather than by that of what they actually had last year. I do not suggest that the economic condition of England is healthy at this moment: it is not, though I believe it will be within a measurable period. But if we compare the life of the individual in any class of life except that of the "landed gentry" with what it was before the War, it is unquestionably fuller and richer, if not more happy and contented, now than then. Even the unemployed are, comparatively speaking, hardly more numerous; and hard as their lot is, it is infinitely less hard than it would have been and was twenty years ago. The "landed gentry" are gone, or nearly so. Their homes are empty, or bought up by the new rich; their furniture and pictures and old silver and books have gone to America, and they themselves are living on the proceeds, comfortably enough, but with most of what made life worth living, including their work—the governance of the countryside, which they did supremely well—gone. That is a void that is deeply felt, and that has temporarily unbalanced our social equilibrium: but it is a phenomenon that has occurred before in our history—most of our oldest and most aristocratic living families sprang from "trade" in the late Middle Ages and early Tudor times, or later—and which will right itself as the newcomers learn to take up responsibilities the existence of which at present they hardly suspect.

We have, I think, on the whole much to be thankful for.





## RETURN

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

MRS. DESMET turned the lamp low and went out. She carried her knitting with her, for she was going to spend the evening with Mathilde Verplanck. She went down the path to the river, the path they used to take before they had beached the houseboat and built on the room for Louis.

The DeSmets had been among the first of the colony to beach their boat. Then, the Plow Works were running full time, and there was scarcely a break in the line from the Power House to the mouth of the Canal. From the deck of a packet in the middle of the river, one would think that in all that two-mile stretch of gravel beach not one more scow could find a place to moor.

Others followed the example of the DeSmets, for there was a stretch of grass-covered dune land which nobody claimed between the riverbank and the slough. Beyond the slough, to the east, the low buildings of the Plow Works ran in a long line, their high chimneys standing like smoldering torches in the dawn, their many-paned windows reflecting with blinding brilliance the flames of sunset that danced upon the Iowa hills.

Each spring would come high water, and many of the newly beached boats would be flooded. But when the river had subsided these would be dragged a little higher, and others would take their places on the lower flats.

Then the Plow Works shut down. Wide gaps appeared in the line along the river as boats were cast off to drift

downstream, seeking other towns, towns that did not depend upon the Plow Works. Many that had been beached were deserted. One by one, the panes in their windows disappeared, sand sifted from the dunes over their low stoops, and their chimneys came tumbling down.

A few remained, however. The Plow Works kept a skeleton force at work, oiling the machines, testing power lines, loading cars from the overstocked warehouses whenever there were orders to fill. But an air of desolation pervaded the Works and the dunes.

At the riverbank Mrs. DeSmet turned toward the Canal outlet. Twenty rods in that direction the Verplanck houseboat was bobbing heavily on the surface of the water. The wind had come up at sundown. Night had fallen, but she could still make out the form of the scow and its square cabin, a patch of black against the deepening darkness of the mist that hung over the river.

Mrs. DeSmet scuffed along through the shale, and Mrs. Verplanck heard her coming.

"Is that you, Emil?" she called, coming to the doorway.

Mrs. DeSmet could see her silhouetted in the square of light, holding the screen open with one hand, shielding her eyes with the other. She pressed it tightly against her cheek and forehead, shutting out all the light that came from within the cabin.

"It's only Gretchen," said Mrs. DeSmet.

Mathilde's arm fell to her side, and her shoulders drooped a little. She said, "Oh. Come in, Gretchen."

Gretchen climbed the plank. She tried to grip the cross strips with her toes. She might forget for weeks on end that their house had once floated on the river, except when she came down to Mathilde's. But as soon as her feet touched the plank, and she could feel through her shoes the strips that kept one from slipping, she would remember. Always her toes had sought to grip on them.

Her man, Louis, had rigged up a hand-rail on theirs. Verplanck's had never had a hand-rail. Emil Verplanck had always been tumbling into the muddy water. Young Louis DeSmet had never fallen off either the plank or the boat. His father had carried the rail clear around the boat. Emil could play on the narrow deck and be safe.

There was that difference between her Louis and Mathilde's Jacques. Louis was always fixing things up. Jacques was a loafer. Mathilde had often said she did not know how she would have got along without Gretchen. They had known each other so long.

"I suppose you won't be coming up to see me evenings any more," Gretchen began, as she settled down in the rocker, "once your Emil comes home."

"And why not? He's like his father, that boy. He won't be home much evenings."

"Maybe he'll be different. Maybe he's changed, being away so long."

"What'd change him? He's so big and strong, that boy, and full of life. You couldn't expect him to stay all the time at home."

Gretchen wondered what traces had been left upon Mathilde's Emil by confinement and prison fare. How could she warn Mathilde who did not know where her boy had been?

"You can't tell," she said. "He might have been sick or something. He mightn't be so strong as when he went away."

"You're trying to scare me, Gretchen."

"But I'm not. I'm only trying to, well . . ."

"Anyway," Mathilde went on, "I know better. His letter said he was fine, didn't it?"

Gretchen, who had read the letter to Mathilde, confessed that it did. "Still," she said, "it's a long time since he went away."

"Seven years."

"And how long since you heard last?"

Mathilde fumbled with the knitting in her lap. "Four years," she admitted reluctantly. "But he was never one to write. Not like your Louis. Writing is easy for him, workin' for the paper."

"I only meant he might have been sick before. A couple of years ago. He might be over it, but still be different from when he went away . . . quieter."

"You never did like my Emil. Folks always were against him."

"Now, Mathilde . . ."

"You'll see. He won't be different. I wouldn't want him different." Mathilde was belligerent. "Folks always were funny about Emil. They never knew him."

"I knew him, Mathilde. We all knew him at our place. Him and Louis together so much. I can see 'em yet."

"I know, Gretchen. But you thought he was going to be a bad one."

"I never said that."

"But you thought it, plenty times. Folks don't see it's just he's so full of life. Like his father."

Above the slapping of the water against the hull could be heard the crunch of boots on the gravel shore. Mathilde hurried to the door to peer out. Her head turned slowly, following the sound of the footsteps as they passed.

"I thought it might be him," she said, coming back to her chair.

"You shouldn't count too much on him coming to-night. Something might keep him. He might miss his train."

The gray yarn climbed up from the ball and onto the swiftly moving needles in Gretchen's hands. The ball danced



to the edge of her lap and fell to the floor. She recovered it, but laid her work aside.

"You remember in Flanders, Mathilde?"

"Yes."

"We been good friends so long."

"It's a long time."

"I should know about your Emil. I wouldn't say things about him. Sayin' he was bad when he wasn't."

"Sometimes people don't take him right. He's like his father. Take that night . . ." Mathilde crossed herself, ". . . up at Dave's. Jacques didn't mean any harm. He was so big and so rough. That man Tony was scared of Jacques. Out quick with his knife, that way. Many's the time Jacques would be like that at home. You know that. He never meant any harm. Emil's the same way."

"But Jacques, sometimes he treated you bad."

"But he didn't mean it. I know he didn't mean it. I lived with him all the time."

"It's the New Country does it to them. Jacques wasn't that way in Flanders."

"He was outdoors all the time. Here he was all day long indoors, in the polishin' shed. All day polishing shares."

"That's so hard on them, too."

"Jacques was strong though. He could stand it. It never got him in the chest like so many. He was strong the day he died just like when he first come over."

"He was a strong one, all right."

"Emil's just like him. Indoors, it bothers him. He's always restless. Wants to be out. You know how it was for him in school. Not like your Louis."

Gretchen picked up her needles and her wool again.

"I seen your light last night. Did you wait up?"

"Yes. A while. I didn't want to be in bed if he came. I had some coffee on."

"You shouldn't wait up so late. You'll be all done up."

"Suppose he should come?"

"Well?"

"After seven years."

"He'll be changed. Twenty-nine he'll be. Just like my Louis."

"Two months older."

"You won't know him, I bet, when you see him."

They both laughed at that. The idea of Mathilde not recognizing her son!

"I seen the Hunkie's boat go by this afternoon."

"From up by the Pest House?"

"Yeah. The one that came down from Clinton before the shutdown."

"What was he? Polisher?"

"I don't know. I think he was out in the foundry. I don't know, though. I never hear, any more, now Louis's dead."

"I never hear either."

"I used to see him comin' home sometimes. He was always black in the face. I guess he was in the foundry all right."

"Stokin', maybe."

"Prob'ly."

"The foundry's been shut down quite a while."

"They won't ever open up again, I bet. I'm glad my Louis's not in the Plow Works. They always make newspapers. He says, 'They never get a lot of newspapers ahead and lay off the men. Each day they have to have a new one,' he says. You know how Louis is."

"I'm just as glad."

"How do you mean?"

"If they don't open up. When I think how it was in the Old Country, and how they are when they come over here . . ."

"I ain't seen the country since we came here. Only the river and the weeds."

"There's that too. But I'm thinking about Emil. He could get a good job. Truckin' or something. Or we could start a truck farm, maybe. I could see to help."

"That's hard work, Mathilde."

"At five years old I did it in the Old Country. I'm strong. I could hoe. I could help him plant."

"He'd be home then."

"He'd be outdoors, not all the time indoors. Not all the time in that awful noise."

"I remember. I went with Louis once to see. I never heard such noise. I was scared. I don't see how he stood it."

"In the polishing shed where Jacques was, did you go there? The sun shines only a little way in. Everywhere is dust from the wheels and from the discs. It choked me right away. I had to go."

Gretchen looked at the clock. "I'll be going now," she said.

Midnight had passed. The lights of the few remaining houseboats had long since been extinguished, and the path along the shore to DeSmet's was dark. Gretchen did not mind. She often stayed this late with Mathilde. Louis did not get home until one, and she usually waited up until he came. Being on the night desk, he always had things to tell her when he came in. And she had known Mathilde so long.

"I wouldn't wait up too late, Mathilde," she said. "You got to sleep sometime. You don't want to be all done up when he comes."

"I got to wait for him, Gretchen. You know how it is."

Gretchen went down the plank again, her toes clutching at the strips. She scuffed through the gravel. Mathilde stood in the doorway, listening to her steps receding, then suddenly dropping to silence as she turned in at the path which led through the high grass that fringed the dunes.

Gretchen went in and turned the wick of the lamp up again. She put fresh water in the coffee pot and drew it forward on the stove. She shook down the fire and added coal to it. It blazed up quickly. When they took a house up in the town, they would have gas. No more of this dirty soft coal except in winter time, for the furnace.

She went back to the lamp to wait for Louis.

Not that the heat from the stove was not welcome on frosty evenings. Mornings, too, this late in the year. She would have to be up at dawn, fixing the fire, getting the water heated for breakfast.

She had seen Mathilde's light when she got up this morning.

She had kept Emil's story from Mathilde so long. It would break her heart if she knew it. But there would be trouble keeping the secret now. It would come out. Emil could not shake it off. Those things follow a man.

Gretchen did not know much of it. Something about a robbery and a fight. Way off in Kansas. And they sent him to jail. Almost four years ago. No wonder he did not write.

Always in trouble, that boy. Just like his father, as Mathilde had said.

Well, he was born to it. The night he was born, Gretchen would never forget it. Jacques had come running to their boat at midnight. Louis, her husband, had thought his neighbor had gone crazy.

"Come! Mathilde!" he had shouted at Gretchen, who peered out at him from the other room.

She did not find out for weeks what had happened.

That night, getting supper, Mathilde had not been able to keep her mind on her cooking. At intervals pain would stab her, and she would sink into the rocker, dazed, frightened. But she kept about the supper as best she could. Jacques came, at last, from work. She heard the clatter of his heavy boots on the plank, scraping the mud off on the cross strips. And the table was bare.

"I couldn't, Jacques. I am not well."

He was tired of that excuse, he said. For months she had fallen back upon it. Other women . . .

"I think . . ." she paused. "I think it will be to-night."

He slammed the door into the other room behind him. She continued to



travel from range to table, from table to range. All the while she could hear him moving about in the next room, throwing things, kicking things angrily. One of his heavy shoes crashed to the floor, then the other. He was changing his clothes. That meant he was going to town, going to leave her alone. She rushed into the other room and flung her arms about him, begging him not to leave her. Supper was ready at last.

He was tired of her whining, he said. He was going to Dave's. He flung her from him roughly, thrusting outward with his huge, hairy arm, and she fell to the floor.

When he came reeling home at midnight he found the houseboat dark. He was frightened. Gretchen recollected that he had never admitted being frightened. But there was a satisfaction in knowing that he had been—too frightened to admit it. He found Mathilde lying on the floor where she had fallen, and the baby Emil beside her. He had fled to Mrs. DeSmet and brought her running after him. And her own baby only two months away. . . .

She closed the draft in the stove. It was getting too hot.

. . . Now, Emil was coming home. From prison. Louis had been surprised at first when Gretchen told him about Mathilde's letter

"He wrote her a letter?" he asked in surprise.

"Sure."

"The damn fool."

"Why? Why shouldn't he write her a letter?"

Louis moved uneasily. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "What did the letter say?"

"Just he was comin' home as soon as he could, and not to talk about it," Gretchen replied. "I was surprised. You said he was in for ten years."

"He must have been paroled," said Louis.

"What's that?"

"Let him out for good behavior."

"He's changed then."

Louis had grunted at that and had gone to bed without finishing his coffee, as if something were bothering him.

This had happened two weeks ago. Mathilde had been watching for him ever since. . . .

Gretchen could hear Louis coming now. He whistled. They had a signal, so that she would know when he started down the hill.

She went over and put coffee into the pot of boiling water, and a broken eggshell from a cup on the shelf at the top of the stove.

When they moved up into the town Louis would not have so far to walk. The street cars stopped at midnight, and it was a long, lonely trip. She had walked it once with him. All the way down Market Street to the Bend. That was where the sawmill used to be. When you walked beyond the end of the paving the ground gave under your feet. It was all sawdust, Louis said. The mill was gone now. Mathilde had never seen it. It had gone before they built the Plow Works.

At the Bend you turned to the south along a twisting road that had dirty little houses along both sides. Pretty soon you came to the first buildings of the Works. All along beside this road, clear down to the Main Gate of the Works the trolley ran. She used to walk over to the Works and take the car, day-times, when she went to town. Crickets sang in the weeds between the rails at night.

At the Works, you turned to the right down a narrow lane. You had to turn there. There was no other way across the slough. The lane was bad walking. It was deeply rutted. In many places there were huge cobbles to trip you. People had to throw them out into the road on rainy days for stepping-stones. There were some places where the puddles in the road never dried.

Beyond the slough the lane went to the top of a little ridge and then broke

up into a hundred tiny paths that led off in as many directions and disappeared among the houseboats. Most of these paths were overgrown now. Some of them were used a little.

That was the way Louis came home every night. It must have been three miles.

At the top of the hill he always whistled. Then she would put his coffee on. She could hear him now, opening the gate. She went to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Ma."

"Hello, Louis."

Over his shoulder, she could see Mathilde's lamp still shining from her window.

"Tired?"

"Oh, no. Same as always." He kissed her. "What you been doin'?"

"Nothing. Went down to see Mathilde."

"I saw a light down there."

"She's expectin' Emil, you know."

"Yeah?"

"You know. I told you. We talked about it."

Louis began to say something but checked himself.

"What's the matter, Louis?"

"What do you mean?"

"You went to say something, but you didn't."

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes it was."

"No, honest. I keep forgetting. It's just the Giants are leading again. I keep forgetting you don't know about baseball. We talk about it so much at the office."

Gretchen poured his coffee. She took none herself but sat down to watch him drink his.

"You're bothered, Louis."

"Me? No, I'm fine."

"Sure?"

"Tired, maybe. Big night to-night. The wire was red hot. They were sure shoving it through on the city, too. The slot was jammed when I left."

"What's goin' on?"

"Oh, nothing much. Small stuff, mostly." He pushed his cup away, half full, and rose. "When you're tired, go to bed, hey, Ma? Guess I'll turn in. Good-night."

"You sure you're all right?"

"Sure, Ma." He kissed her.

Gretchen carried the lamp to her room and undressed. Cool nights were good for sleep. The muslin sheets were tingling cold and warmed slowly, pleasantly about you.

At dawn she stirred, from long habit, and woke. Again she shook down the fire and put on fresh coal.

Mathilde's window showed a wan light in the mist over the river. She was still waiting, then.

Gretchen hurried back to bed for another hour's sleep. Louis would not waken till eight-thirty.

The sun came in her window, and she rose again. She heard someone at the pump, outside. Mathilde, probably. She hurriedly pulled on her house-dress and went to the door. She waved at Mathilde and called, "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Gretchen."

"Did he come yet?"

"Not yet." Mathilde's voice was tired, but not devoid of hope.

The clatter of pans roused Louis and he came out, shirtless, to the kitchen. He hung his razor strop on the nail in the door-frame and whisked up a lather on his face.

"I heard you talkin' a while ago. Who was here?"

"Mathilde. She came up to the pump, like always."

"Oh!"

"I wish Emil'd come. She'll be all worn out."

"She ought to go to bed."

"That's what I tell her."

"Hm."

Emil finished his shaving and put on his shirt. Breakfast was on the table then. They sat down, and Gretchen said grace.

"Bacon's swell—a morning like this," said Louis.



"I'm glad to see you eating so good. I was afraid you was sick last night."

"I was all right. Just thinking."

"What about?"

"I guess you'd better tell her."

"Who? What?"

"Mrs. Verplanck. Emil ain't coming."

"What?"

Louis ate greedily, pretending not to hear his mother.

"Why she just had a letter. I told you about it."

"Yeah. I know. That's how they got him," he said at last.

"Who? What did he do? He was out, wasn't he? You said they let him out?"

"I know. I didn't want to tell you. I thought he might . . . Of course, I knew he couldn't. I didn't want to

tell you, knowing Mrs. Verplanck the way you do. He wasn't out on parole. He broke jail. He killed a guard doing it, too, the poor fish."

"Killed . . ."

"Yes. And he got away. Clean away. They were hunting all over. Then he wrote to his mother. She hardly ever gets any mail. It was a dead give-away. They been layin' for him ever since."

"And they . . . they got him?"

"I'll say. He tried to come home all right, but they were watching every freight. He raised hell till they got his gun away from him."

Louis resumed his eating. He paused a moment later.

"That's what all that copy was about last night." He laughed. "I didn't want to tell you last night. It'll be all over the paper."

## A SICK MAN IN SPRING

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

**T***HEY rest me well—these dull spring days  
Of soft wet light and faint sweet sighs.  
The roads are glimmering waterways,  
Heaven's field an empty paradise.*

*The very thrush sings not so loud  
As is his careless wont to do,  
And the sun, dreaming in a cloud,  
If glorious, is pensive too.*

*Whither I walk I scarcely care,  
Since there is mystery all around;  
Such fresh sweet sadness fills the air,  
Such shy sweet joyance thrills the ground.*

*Mysterious both! I have small part  
In these and shortly may have less,  
Who taste clear nothing in my heart  
And find in that pure happiness.*



## THE CULT OF UNINTELLIGIBILITY

BY MAX EASTMAN

TWO tendencies are confused in the literary movement called modernist which ought to be distinguished. They are clearly distinguished for me, because I like one of them and the other I regard as an affliction. But many people see only one tendency here and are puzzled to define it. The tendency that I like might be called the cultivation of pure poetry. The tendency that I do not like I call the cult of unintelligibility.

If you pick up a book by Hart Crane, E. E. Cummings, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, or any of the "modernists," and read a page innocently, I think the first feeling you will have is that the author isn't telling you anything. It may seem that he isn't telling you anything because he doesn't know anything. Or it may seem that he knows something, but he won't tell. In any case he is uncommunicative. He is unfriendly. He seems to be playing by himself, and offering you somewhat incidentally the opportunity to look on.

All poetry, according to Mr. I. A. Richards, is an act of communication. It is that, whether the poet thinks so or not, because words are in their very nature communications. All literature, indeed, Mr. Richards describes as a verbal communication of values. I defer to him because he is a psychologist who teaches literature. I accept his assertion that all literature is *in some degree* a communicative act, and I say that modernist literature is characterized by an increasing stinginess in the performance of this act.

A dominant tendency of the advancing schools of poetry for the last twenty years has been to decrease the range, the volume, and the definiteness of communication. To my mind that statement, which has a verifiable meaning, might take the place of about one-half of the misty literarious talk of the poets and the poet-critics of the modernist movement. They are not "abandoning romanticism," "returning to the eighteenth-century tradition," "inaugurating a neo-classical era"—it is the height of romanticism to imagine that they are. They are not "overcoming the distinction between subject-matter and form," "revolting against the tyranny of the general reader," being "primitive," being "intellectual," being "æsthetic," instituting an "artificial barbarism," or clinging to the "hard matter-of-fact skeleton of poetic logic." There is no such skeleton and no such logic. What they are doing is withdrawing into themselves. They are communicating to fewer people, they are communicating less, and what they communicate is less definitely determined. And this is true of the whole movement, all the way from free verse to free association.

Free verse decreases the definiteness of communication by introducing into the transcription of poetry a gross mark of punctuation which has no significance commonly agreed upon. Suppose that instead of this arbitrary line-division I made up a new character, a semicolon composed of two commas with the tails going opposite ways. And suppose I announced that as a poet I was going to use that comma-colon wherever and



whenever I wanted to, like the joker in the pack, without any agreement as to its value, either rhythmical or grammatical. It would be obvious, would it not, that the freedom I had acquired was not a freedom to communicate more to my readers, but a freedom from the terms of communication—a freedom to play by myself? This is the principal thing accomplished by the line-division in free verse, except in a few poems where it is employed, as Blake and Whitman usually employed it, to divide the actual phrases of a chant.

From free verse it was a short step to free punctuation. I mean the habit of turning loose a handful of punctuation marks like a flock of bacteria to browse all over the page, and even eat their way into the insides of apparently healthy words. Let us see an example of this from the poetry of E. E. Cummings. We have to *see* his poetry because it is composed so largely of punctuation that it cannot be heard. In fact we shall soon have to exhibit Cummings in a projection-room; for undoubtedly the next step in modernism will be to show these punctuation marks in the actual process of entering a word, and show how the nucleus of the word, its meaning, divides, and the new and more delicate meanings are formed by a process of endogastric proliferation. For the present we must content ourselves with examining the poem first in its normal condition, and then seeing how it looks when infected or impregnated with punctuation marks.

Among these red pieces of day—against which, and quite silently, hills made of blue and green paper, scorch-bending themselves, upcurve into anguish, climbing spiral, and disappear—satanic and blasé, a black goat lookingly wanders. There is nothing left of the world, but into this nothing “il treno per Roma signori?” jerkily rushes.

That is the poem, and it might be an excellent one, if the poet would come down and tell us where he is and what he is talking about. Here is the way it

looks after an attack of punctuation, and as it appears in published form:

Among  
these  
red pieces of  
day (against which and  
quite silently hills  
made of blue and green paper  
scorch bend in them  
-selves-U  
pcurve E, into:  
anguish (clim  
b)ing  
s-p-i-r-a-  
l  
and, disappear)  
Satanic and blasé  
a black goat lookingly wanders  
There is nothing left of the world but  
into this noth  
ing il treno\* per  
Roma si-gnori?  
jerk.  
ilyr, ushes

You can see from this that punctuation is a serious disease. Moreover, it is quite possible that if you put this poetry under the microscope you would find that the commas and parentheses themselves have been attacked by still more minute grammatical organisms, and that the whole thing is simply honeycombed with punctuation.

To show the length to which a sane man will go when he sets out to be literary, let me quote the comment of Paul Rosenfeld on Cummings's use of punctuation marks:

The typographical display exists upon his pages never in the intention of picture-writing, and always for the purpose of marking the acceleration and hesitation of the rapid, capricious, and melodic line.

What would a man who was trying to be scientific say about this same question? Or rather what would he do about it—for science has a way of answering

\*I venture to correct Mr. Cummings's spelling of this word, hoping that “treno” was a typographical mistake and not a part of his lyrical inspiration.

questions by doing something. He would take two of the most enthusiastic admirers of this poetry—Paul Rosenfeld might be one, and E. E. Cummings another—lead them into separate sound-proof chambers and permit them to read this poem in the august presence of a sphygmograph, a machine designed to record in a white line on a black roller the actual pulsations of the “rapid, capricious, and melodic line” as it is “marked” by these signs of punctuation. Is there any reason to believe that, punctuation being what it is and human nature being what it is, the two of them would produce curves showing the same “accelerations and hesitations” at the points where these punctuation marks appear? Of course they would not. It is only necessary to mention the experiment. The critic, therefore, is not talking sense. He is talking literarious nonsense.

Science is nothing but a persistent and organized effort to talk sense. And science would tell us that these punctuation marks on the rampage do not promote accuracy of communication, but destroy it. They may have a very subtle, fine, and real value within the poet's mind. It is a mere conspiracy of folly to pretend that they have an identic value in the mind of any reader.

From free punctuation it is an easy step to free grammar—or rather, freedom from grammar. I use this inexact expression to characterize the kind of freedom attained, in its ultimate purity, by Gertrude Stein. Let us examine a passage of Gertrudian prose:

The Hartford pigpen never supported, never confirmed food, therefore are not supported and this building will pay for that and food which confirmed it. White immortal eternal receipt for food. The war planet Mars. I have the white immortal eternal receipt . . .

I was looking at you, the sweet boy that does not want sweet soap. Neatness of feet does not win feet, but feet win the neatness of men. Run does not run west but west runs east. I like west strawberries best.

One can hardly deny a beauty of ingenuity to these lines. They have a fluency upon the tongue, a logical intricacy that is intriguing. But any deeper value they may have, value for the mind or the passions of a reader, will be composed of elements not objectively implied but accidentally suggested by them. No doubt anyone who dwells with idle energy upon their plausible music will find thoughts and impulses from his own life rising to employ them as symbol or pattern for a moment of thought or imaginative realization. But the impulses that rise to these lines from the reader's life will never by any chance be the same that dictated them in the life of the author. Communication is here reduced to a minimum. The values are private—as private as the emotional life of the insane. In fact the passage quoted was not from Gertrude Stein, but from the ravings of a manic-depressive cited by Kraepelin in his *Clinical Psychiatry*. Here is a passage from Gertrude Stein:

Any space is not quiet it is so likely to be shiny. Darkness very dark darkness is sectional. There is a way to see in onion and surely very surely rhubarb and a tomato, surely very surely there is that seeding.

It is essentially the same thing, except that Gertrude Stein perpetrates it voluntarily, and—to judge by the external appearance—not quite so well. It is private literature. It is intra-cerebral art.

Edith Sitwell says, in her *Poetry and Criticism*, that Gertrude Stein is “bringing back life to our language by what appears at first to be an anarchic process. First she breaks down the predestined groups of words, their sleepy family habits; then she rebrightens them, examines their texture, and builds them into new and vital shapes.” If this engaging statement means anything except what every good and vivid writer does, it means that Miss Stein is emptying words of the social element. Words are vessels of communion; she is



treating them as empty vessels, polishing them and setting them in a row.

James Joyce not only polishes the words that he sets in a row, but molds them and fires them in his own oven. From free grammar he has taken a farther step to free etymology. All boisterous writers have made up words, but they have made them in such a way or placed them in such a context that their meaning or value was conveyed to the reader. Joyce, in his recent writing, makes up words to suit the whim-chances of a process going on only in his own brain.

For if the lingo gasped between kicksheets were to be preached from the mouths of wickerchurchwardens and metaphysicians in the row and advokaatoes, allvoyous, demi-voyelles, languoaths, lesbiels, dentelles, gutterhowls and furtz, where would their practice be or where the human race itself were the Pythagorean sesquipedalia of the panepistemion, grunted and gromwelled, ichabod, habakuk, opanoff, uggamyg, hapaxle, gomenon, ppppff, over country stiles, behind slated dwellinghouses, down blind lanes, or, when all fruit fails, under some sacking left on a coarse cart?

This literary form also finds its involuntary parallel in the madhouse. There too the inevitable step is taken from free grammar to free etymology. That automatic "flight of ideas," the result of some pathological drying upward of the deeper associational roots of words, naturally passes over into a mere flight of syllables. Indeed anyone can imitate both these symptoms by compelling himself to talk faster than he can think or feel. But he cannot imitate them with the rare and various genius of James Joyce. Joyce is equipped for creative etymology as few men ever were. He has a curious and wide learning in languages and their ways; he has a prodigiously fine ear. You feel that he lives in a world of spoken sounds, through which he goes hearing as acutely as a dog goes smelling, that all the riches of his mind are but an ingenious complication of the neural paths from ear to tongue.

The goal toward which he seems to be traveling with all this equipment of genius is the creation of a language of his own—a language which might be superior poetically, as Esperanto is practically, to any of the known tongues. It might be immortal—as immortal as the steel shelves of the libraries in which it would rest. But how little it would communicate, and to how few. When it is not a humorous emotion—as praise God it often is—that we enjoy with Joyce in his extreme etymological adventures, what is there that we experience in common with him? A kind of elementary tongue dance, a feeling of the willingness to perform it. This may be enriched a little among the devoted by prolonged hard work with a pile of dictionaries, but in the main the richer values—except the mere value of devotion—will be supplied by the reader's own mind and imagination. They will be accidental and his own.

For better or worse, it results from the indefiniteness of the matter communicated in these extreme kinds of freedom that only one genius can distinguish himself in each kind. Gertrude Stein discovered the flight of ideas as a literary form some twenty years ago, and she has been hammering away at it, lonely and immortal, ever since. No one else can distinguish himself in this form, because there are no definite distinctions in it. A similar thing is true of Joyce in so far as he speaks a private language, and of Cummings as the discoverer of intra-verbal punctuation. They cannot be rivalled; they can only be imitated. Their glory is secure.

Younger modernists ought not be discouraged by this fact, however, for there are other freedoms still to be won. There is alphabetical freedom, for instance. Why should the letters within a word be permitted to congregate forever in the same dull, old, conventional and sleepy groups? Why not a little spontaneity of arrangement here, and the occasional eruption of an Arabic or Chinese or Russian letter that happens to linger

in the memory and chime with the whims of the poet? The Russians have a great, fat, double-squatting letter that looks like a toad sitting on his grandmother waving his arms. One poet might enrich the alphabet with borrowings like this. Another might abandon the alphabet altogether and make a new one more congenial to his inner life.

Moreover, with all respect to the typographical genius of E. E. Cummings, he is a mere infant in the free art of punctuation. Why content oneself with meagerly redistributing a handful of tame signs, dried up, stale, dead and familiar to all Western European civilization for upwards of three thousand years? Can you wake a man up with an exclamation point that was known to his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfathers before him? Can you stop the modern breath with a colon that was a bore to Cleopatra? Let us have a little real creative activity in these fields. A little cross-breeding between plus signs and semicolons would be a good beginning. By crossing the minus sign with the colon we got the sign of division; a cross between a plus sign and a semicolon might give us something even more remarkable. That has never been tried. And why not introduce a few foreign strains here, too? Spanish question marks behave in very queer ways, too, standing on their heads in front of a question as well as jumping up and making faces behind it. All these things would help to jazz up the rapid, capricious, and melodic line. Each of them would give one more uncommunicative poet a place of distinction.

And then there is free type-setting still to be adequately exploited in English, although known long ago to the futurist poets of Italy. And there is free photo-engraving still to be imported from Russia. I have a volume given me by the Russian poet, Maiakovsky, in which a large part of the total effect is produced by a series of scrapbook designs made out of reproduced photographs and magazine half-tones. The

cover design is a picture of the poet's wife, a charming girl in real life, apparently entering the first stages of an epileptic fit. On another page she appears, more tranquilly, as an insert in a menagerie. Another page shows Maiakovsky himself being shampooed by a dinosaur while engaging in a long-distance telephone conversation through an automobile horn with his cook who seems to be standing on the poop-deck of an astronomical observatory getting ready to do the family wash. If Paul Rosenfeld thinks that E. E. Cummings's typography is not picture writing, it may be so, although the question is subtle. But here is a far more powerful poet than E. E. Cummings—the most gifted Slavic poet of his generation—and several volumes of his rhapsodical mixtures of poetry with picture writing of the most childlike type have been published by the State Printing House and sold by the tens of thousands in Soviet Russia.

Maiakovsky's crazy-quilt photo-designs are actual illustrations of the themes of his poems. Both the themes and the illustrations are infected with unintelligibility, and I find the designs distasteful because they are inexpressive and old-fashioned. Even in progressive kindergartens the scrapbook has been replaced by picture writing of a more active and original kind. Nevertheless, in so far as these typographical experiments *are* picture writing, and overtly so, they are not so much a part of the cult of unintelligibility as an effort to escape from it. The marks in the book, having lost their clear character as signs suggesting imaginary experience to the reader, begin to be cultivated as an offering of actual experience to him. Following this road, the modernist poets might become exquisite painters of letters as the poets of ancient China were. They might give their creative attention to the mixing of inks, the selecting or inventing of textures and tints of paper, and the binding of books. They might even anoint their verses, as once the



Persian poets did, with an appropriate odor—not always as in those days, you may be sure, a pleasant one. And in this manner they could revive, if they had money enough, on a small cultural island in the midst of our machine civilization, some of the charms of a past age of the world. But in so far as they are really modern, and not wealthier than is usual with poets, I do not see how they can go very far in this direction, except to abandon poetry altogether and become either painters, on the one hand, or on the other, printers and manufacturers of ink and paper. And that is, perhaps, the logical outcome of the tendency I am describing—a tendency to ignore the terms of the act of verbal communication.

I have described only the cruder manifestations of this tendency. It appears, however, in poetry that is quite sociable in the matter of verse-form and grammar and punctuation and etymology. A freedom to make unlimited use of all the foreign languages that happen to be known to the author is one of its manifestations. A freedom to make unexplicit allusions to some book or manuscript he happens to have been reading—accessible perhaps only in the Bibliothèque Nationale or the British Museum—is another. Mr. Graves and Miss Ridg in their *Survey of Modernist Poetry* speak with great enthusiasm of this kind of freedom.

In a single volume of Ezra Pound's *Lustra*, they tell us, "occur literary references to Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Provençale, and Chinese literature—some of these incorrectly given. Mr. Eliot, who is a more serious scholar, has references in *The Waste Land* to Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, German, and Sanskrit. The English classics quoted or referred to are not now the stock-classics to which Victorian and post-Victorian poets paid tribute, not Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, but others known only to the cognoscenti—Peele, Kyd, Lyly, the less familiar Shakespeare, Webster, Marvell,

Dryden, Swift, Darley, Beddoes; making the succession of English poetry wear a more varied look. The same enlargement is made with the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French poets."

The authors call this a method of "civilizing and enlarging poetry." Its actual effect is to narrow the circle of communication to a small group of specialists in a particular type of learning—by no means the most important type—and to communicate even to the members of this circle only a part of the content of the poem. Most of the "cognoscenti," as I know them, will be so tickled by the poet's assuming they know everything he is alluding to, that they will get along better than others without the more specific pleasure of finding out what he is alluding to. Even those who do find out, will have enjoyed a cerebral exercise rather than the emotional and intellectual experience of the poem.

I use the word *cerebral*, because it is the firm conviction of the modernist poets and their admirers that they are extremely intellectual, and it is my firm conviction that they are not. They have a great deal going on inside their heads in proportion to what goes on in their organs of vital emotion, but so has a bridge player or a tired business man devoting his idle moments to cross-word puzzles. In my opinion, the admirers of modernist poetry as a distinctively *intellectual* phenomenon, may be divided into two classes. First, those who think they understand what is unintelligible because they do not know what it is to understand. They are the same people who listen in a theater to a foreign actor speaking an unknown tongue, and come home and tell us his acting was so wonderful that they understood the whole play. Second, those who do know what it is to understand, but find so little in real life to exercise their understandings upon that they develop a devout passion for conundrums, riddles, rebuses, anagrams, charades, logogriphs, and games of dumb-crambo and twenty

questions. My own playful tastes lie very strongly in the opposite direction. Life itself as I try to live it is puzzle enough, and there is no dearth of riddles even when the talk is clear. Therefore, when the modernist critics object to Mr. Cummings's poems that they are too lucid—"they do not present the eternal difficulties that make poems immortal"—I can only bow and retire. I do not live in that world. When they object to the established punctuation of Shakespeare because it "restricts his meaning to special interpretations of special words," and say that "if we must choose one meaning, then we owe it to Shakespeare to choose one embracing as many meanings as possible, that is, the most difficult meaning," I feel that they have never touched the mind of Shakespeare. And when they describe one of the great sonnets, punctuated in a manner that they consider, on very flimsy evidence, to be Shakespeare's own, as "a furiously dynamic cross-word puzzle which can be read in many directions at once," I feel that I am confronted with beings of a different species. It seems to be a species in which the cerebral cortex is severed from the midbrain and the rest of the vital system, and seeks the experience of life in speeding up all by itself like a racing motor.

T. S. Eliot has discovered another kind of freedom that deserves comment. It is to be found in a series of explanatory notes which he appends at the end of his poems. A similar device was adopted by Dante in his *Vita Nuova*. But Mr. Eliot's notes differ from Dante's, and from all other explanatory notes, in being almost entirely free from explanation.

Another friendly custom of the older poets has been abandoned by the modernists—the custom of giving the poem a title which tells us what it is about. The modernist titles tell us what the poem is not about, and they usually tell us that in a foreign language. Here, for example, is a poem by Edith Sitwell. Edith Sitwell is, in my opinion, the most gifted of the modernist poets—the one

who is most unaffectedly expressing a genuine and inevitable poetic character—but she is also one of the most wilfully unfriendly to me, her admiring reader. She has entitled this poem "Aubade," and if you do not happen to know what "Aubade" means, that is your good luck. You will have less difficulty in finding out what her poem is about.

Jane, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again.

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,  
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

Each dull, blunt wooden stalactite  
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,

Sounding like an overtone  
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking, empty light  
Will never harden into sight,

Will never penetrate your brain  
With overtones like the blunt rain.

The light would show, if it could harden,  
Eternities of kitchen garden,

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,  
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light  
Flames as staring red and white

As carrots or as turnips—shining  
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind  
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind.

Jane, Jane,  
Tall as a crane,  
The morning light creaks down again.

Perhaps you can guess what Jane is—or who she is—or whether she is, indeed, a who or a what. But will you ever feel sure that your guess is right? If not, you do not belong to the "cognoscenti," the very intellectually élite, to whom Edith Sitwell addresses her poems. Fortunately for you, however, she has condescended to explain this particular poem to the vulgar and uncultivated.

The modernist poet's brain [she tells us] is becoming a central sense, interpreting and



controlling the other five senses. . . . His senses have become broadened and cosmopolitanized; they are no longer little islands, speaking only their own narrow language, living their sleepy life alone. When the speech of one sense is insufficient to convey his entire meaning, he uses the language of another.

After that much by way of general explanation—if you are “intellectual” enough to accept this rather confused psychology as explanation—Miss Sitwell takes up the difficulties in her poem, phrase by phrase:

*“The morning light creaks down again.”* The author said “creaks,” because in a very early dawn, after rain, the light has a curious uncertain quality, as though it does not run quite smoothly. Also, it falls in hard cubes, squares, and triangles, which, again, give one the impression of a creaking sound, because of the association with wood. *“Each dull, blunt wooden stalactite of rain creaks, hardened by the light.”* In the early dawn, long raindrops are transformed by the light, until they have the light’s own quality of hardness; also they have the dull and blunt and tasteless quality of wood; as they move in the wind, they seem to creak. *“Sounding like an overtone from some lonely world unknown.”* Though it seems to us as though we heard them sensorily, yet the sound is unheard in reality; it has the quality of an overtone from some unknown and mysterious world. . . .

So far we are still in the dark—are we not? We have found out that the author is rather hypnotized by the idea that sights can be compared to sounds, sounds to things touched, and so forth. We knew this long ago, have observed it in poetry as far back as the Rig-Veda—“the fire cries with light”—and read about it also in the text-books of psychology, where its extreme manifestations are described as “synæsthesia.” But we have never seen it piled on quite so thick before. We have never seen a poem in which these comparisons were coldly and deliberately and, therefore, unconvincingly perpetrated throughout twelve or fourteen stanzas by a poet

seeking to exemplify what she imagines to be a new psychological discovery. So far, then, her explanation has made us aware of her capabilities in bad taste, but we are still unaware of the subject of her poem. But now she suddenly, and quite recklessly it seems to me, condescends to tell us what she is talking about:

The poem is about a country servant, a girl on a farm, plain and neglected and unhappy, and with a sad bucolic stupidity, coming down in the dawn to light the fire.

Is not that a wonderful relief? And how beautifully it is expressed! We must say one thing for the modernist poets—they all write excellent prose. When they do want to tell us something, they tell it with lucid and luminous precision.

As poets they do not want to tell us. They do not want to sacrifice, in order to tell us, any least value that their poems may have untold. The act of communication is irksome to them. It is irksome at times to us all. It is inadequate. How much *can* we communicate, indeed, by this elementary device of tongue-wagging or by making these tiny ink-wiggles on a sheet of paper? Little enough. Everyone who has composed poems knows how often he has to sacrifice a value that is both clear and dear to him, in order to communicate his poem to others. Abandon that motive, the limitation it imposes, and you will find yourself writing modernist poetry. I know this because I have tried it.

The modernist tendency may be defined, then—this first element of it—as a tendency toward privacy combined with a naïve sincerity in employing as material the instruments of social communication. In a later paper—a happier one—I am going to define the other element of modernism, the tendency toward pure poetry, and show why it is confused with this one and why it ought not to be.



## BULL MARKET

BY CHARLES MERZ

**U**NDER a round glass globe of the sort that used to cover the wax flowers on grandmother's parlor table, in the years before the nation discovered a broad and easy road to wealth, a small brass mechanism purrs and stutters. Click, click, click. Two little rollers pause just long enough to rub their hands in printer's ink, then beat a light tattoo on the strip of tape that runs through a slit in the side of this glass box and falls to the floor in lazy spirals. Click, click, K N 6  $\frac{1}{2}$ , click, click, click, L N P 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ , click, click, U N C 7  $\frac{3}{4}$ . . . . The rat-tat-tat of these little blows spells out the state of mind with which the nation views the outlook for prosperity from one moment's flurry to the next; and outside the box the white tape runs through eager fingers.

It is a commonplace observation that the last few years have witnessed the development of a bull market in this country like no market the world has ever seen before. One phase of this market may be drawing near its end; one phase of this market may, in fact, have ended in a manner wholly satisfactory to the most impassioned pessimists before these words appear in print; the fact remains that the bull market of 1924 to 1929 is a phenomenon unmatched in the records of this country. It is possible to regard this market merely as another of those recurrent waves of speculative mania which sweep all nations periodically, but useless to look for its precise analogy in the McKinley boom of 1897, or the Northern Pacific wave of 1901, or the war flurry of 1915-16, or the post-war

boom of 1919, for the reason that none of these markets remotely matched it in vigor or duration. As a rule, they lasted two years or three at most; they never succeeded in forcing trading on the New York Stock Exchange above three hundred and fifty million shares a year; and within reasonable limits they conformed respectfully to the scheme of behavior which the experts had charted for them in advance.

By comparison with these earlier waves of speculation, it should be noted of this last great rush that in 1929 it entered its fifth year; that time and again it confounded the experts and robbed the prophets of their honor; that after sixty months of sensational trading the average price of fifty leading securities soared in February, 1929, two hundred and twenty-eight per cent above their level in October, 1923; and that the volume of trading on the Stock Exchange increased so phenomenally as to smother the record of two hundred and eighty million shares in 1924, with a record of more than a billion shares between March 1, 1928, and March 1, 1929.

Tirelessly the brass rollers under the small glass domes of the stock tickers have pounded out new highs in railways, oils, and metals. Tirelessly the pools have thrown their resources behind new favorites, and the market has recovered from successive shocks. Tirelessly for many months a vast public has registered its faith that what goes up need not come down, at least not until it has provided a new set of tires for last summer's car, a closed-in sunroom for the back piazza, and at least one winter in Miami.



## II

Thanks to the publication of a good many photographs in recent Sunday rotogravure sections, the market place that is the center of the nation's trading in securities is as familiar to the average man as the interior of Madison Square Garden with a prizefight in full swing. He knows that its walls are high and that they look down upon an ample floor left free for the battle of the bulls and bears. He knows that this floor is dotted with some thirty "posts" where stocks are bought and sold, each post ringed at its top with strips of paper fluttering like prayer-flags on a pole in a Tibetan monastery. He knows that on this floor three million shares change hands on an average day, that this is the place where prices are driven up or battered down by eager traders, and where his own small holdings must be sold when the day arrives for him to lump his loss or take his profit.

It is a scene that often figures in the daily papers and the moving pictures; and the traditional accounts which describe it as a great stone hall in which an apparently disorganized rabble mills its way excitedly from post to post through a shoe-high litter of its own discarded memoranda do it justice. Crowds that have formed as if by accident rotate for a moment around an unseen axis before they fall apart again. A dozen little disagreements coalesce suddenly into a major riot. There is the same panic of motion here as that produced by stirring up an ant-hill. Only, these ants have enormous voices. The high walls echo with the unbroken roar of five hundred bidders calling numbers full of noisy vowels. The blackboards crackle with the sharp staccato clicks of flapping numbers calling brokers to their telephones. Dead paper swirls on the floor like leaves in an October blow. And over the balustrade of the Visitors' Gallery, intent upon the pandemonium which exists beneath them, hang fascinated tourists from Riverside Drive,

New England, and the Middle West, wondering whether the market is going up or going down, and picking out Mr. Morgan and Mr. Raskob more or less at random.

This is a scene of intense activity, but the impulses behind this activity are not local within these four Greek walls; they come from a thousand widely scattered towns and cities in a nation which did not really plumb the joys of a series of sudden spurts in American Can or Montgomery Ward until 1926, and the pillars on the floor of the Exchange are simply their converging points.

Somewhere in Oregon lives a banker who owns one hundred shares of Magma Copper which he is willing to sell because the state of the market worries him. Somewhere in Massachusetts lives a doctor who has never owned a share of stock in an active life of sixty years but who is now in a mood for sudden action. For three years he has heard his neighbors boast of the killings they have made in this bull market, of General Motors bought for a song at 99 in 1925 and sold at 212 in time for Christmas, 1928—of Radio picked up casually at 88 in 1926 and sold three hundred glittering points above that mark in February, 1929—and his patience has been worn to the bone by this long vigil. Now a fresh triumph scored by his wife's brother in Imperial Oil convinces him that the time has come at last to discard the notion that it is too late in the day for a small investor to wring an honest penny from the market and present his claims for his own share in these vast mysterious profits. Of Magma Copper he knows only that it has been bought by the neighbor who snapped up Radio in 1926, that his wife's brother has a friend in St. Paul whose uncle has an inside tip, and that either copper or lead has been featured lately on the financial pages of his local paper. More than this, no doubt, would be needed for a complete grasp of the copper situation. But the iron is hot, the chance is there, and in a mood that is at last more eager than reluctant he enters

a broker's office with an order for a hundred shares.

It is the initial phase of a transaction performed with the speed appropriate to such an act as the investment of new money in the industry of a dynamic nation. Within sixty seconds of the time when this late convert has appeared in the branch office of Jones & Co. in his home town with his first order, a clerk has written "Buy MMX 100" on a slip of yellow paper, a telegraph operator at his "bug" has transmitted the message to the main office of Jones & Co. in New York, an order clerk has extracted it from an incoming rush of business, and the telephone number of the floor-man of this company is flapping like a wounded crow on the giant blackboards of the Stock Exchange.

Thereafter, when he has hurried to his booth and received this message, which ought not take much more than another sixty seconds, the floor-man of Jones & Co. buffets his way to Post No. 28 and for ten seconds joins the milling crowd around this particular Mecca. "One hundred Magma at one thirty-seven and a quarter!" This is the voice of a broker commissioned, within the last two minutes, to sell one hundred shares for the banker in Oregon who has his doubts about the market. The floor-man of Jones & Co. calls out, "Take it!" The sale is made and the bargain sealed with a scribbled symbol on two bits of paper. Nobody asks for cash on one side or securities on the other. That will be adjusted later through the Clearing House. Two minutes, three thousand miles of telegraph wire, and a half-dozen shouted words are enough to link Oregon and Massachusetts once two total strangers have made their minds up to do business. From the crowd around Post No. 28 comes an attendant of the Stock Exchange on a gallop with a message for the ticker. The wires hum. And before this latest purchaser of copper stock in Massachusetts has had a chance to ask himself for the second time whether all this really was not rash and wouldn't it

have been more statesmanlike to wait until to-morrow morning, the small brass drums under the round glass globes are inking themselves for another go at their strips of paper ribbon. . . . "Click, click, click, M M X, click, click, 7 1/4."

By how many pairs of eyes this latest bulletin from the front is read with interest there is no sure way of telling. Certainly it is safe to say, however, that during the last two years an incomparably greater audience has followed the ticker tape on its endless journey than has ever followed it before in any boom or at any time in the whole history of trading in this country since the first small company of frock-coated brokers met under a buttonwood tree near the site of the present Stock Exchange in 1790. For it is the most impressive fact about this market not that it set an endurance record or raised prices to bewildering levels, but that it succeeded in attracting to itself a great new horde of small investors who were never in this game before and have come out of it with six-passenger coupés or whitened hair. This has been a children's crusade, not an adventure for a few hard-boiled knights; and no historian of the years 1924 to 1929 can afford to ignore the evidence that the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker have been in this market on an unprecedented scale.

There is the direct evidence lent by the fact that the persistent orders of the small trader have created a phenomenal business for the "odd-lot houses" which handle securities in blocks of less than a hundred shares; as I write, the *New York Times* reports that odd-lot business is "at the highest level ever recorded" and that "the outstanding feature of this business is the heavy demand for lots of less than twenty-five shares."

There is the corroborative evidence of brokers' loans which increased from three billion dollars on February 1, 1927, to nearly seven billion dollars on February 1, 1929, to the dismay of the Federal Reserve Board.



There is the fact that brokerage firms which are members of the Stock Exchange have been forced to double the number of their branch offices since 1925 to handle the heavy rush of business, and that these branch offices have now invaded territory as remote from Wall Street as Steubenville, O., Independence, Kans., Amarillo, Tex., Gastonia, N. C., Storm Lake, Ia., Chickasha, Okla., and Shabbona, Ill.

There is the telltale evidence of stock reports being put on the radio with vespers, the official time, and chest-expansion exercises, as an indispensable item in the day's routine, and the phenomenal growth, meantime, of stock tables, market lists, and syndicated columns of successful inside tips in small-town newspapers which devoted this extra space to kitchen recipes even as late as 1926.

There is the fact, finally, that this new game of get-rich-quick has been played not only in the New York Stock Exchange, but played at the same break-neck pace in a score of local markets in every section of the country; that the Chicago Stock Exchange has multiplied by seventeen the amount of business it handled even as late as 1918; that the St. Louis Stock Exchange now deals in a million shares a year instead of eighty thousand as it did ten years ago, and that the Los Angeles Curb Exchange, which was not even in existence in the year 1927, handled no less than eighteen million shares in the year 1928.

There are still men left in the spring of 1929 who do not thumb their way straight to the stock news when they have had one fleeting glance at the first-page headlines in their evening papers, but the number of such men is smaller than in the spring of 1928; and the account-books of every brokerage firm in a broad nation show the names of school-teachers, seamstresses, barbers, machinists, necktie salesmen, gas-fitters, motormen, family cooks, and lexicographers who have taken their first dip in the market in the last two years. The ticker tape runs on. And to a greater

extent than ever before in its history the whole country has been buying stocks, selling stocks, trading stocks, assessing profits, covering close margins with fresh capital, and following with increasing interest the broad line in the market-graphs that curves between the lowlands and the Himalayas.

### III

Much has been written of the causes of this extraordinary market, the importance of easy money in its early stages, the degree to which the mob and the shrewd insiders deserve to share credit for its later peaks, the efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to keep it from taking capital out of the lap of industry, and the effects of this long-sustained trading in securities upon the economics of the nation's business. Much more may be written, before this market is forgotten, of its effect upon matters of perhaps even greater interest: namely, its effect upon the habits and the interests and the loyalties not of the old-timers to whom all this is a more or less familiar story, but of the new clientele of millions of eager people who have found themselves unexpectedly in the fringes of this vast unprecedented trading.

It is possible to hazard a few guesses:

1. It would seem to require no proof that one effect of this widespread interest in the market has been to reinforce the factors which join hands to give this nation a remorseless unity. When ten thousand widely scattered hearts are beating high with hopes of a rise in some favorite discovered overnight, a new persuasive influence has been brought to bear to develop a national likemindedness. When the whole country follows the same tips, shies suddenly at the same suspicion that the time has come to shy, finds comfort in the same reassuring signs that normalcy is here to stay, takes fright again at new phenomena, and opens the door of the storm-cellar with one great resounding bang, we know without doubt that this is a united

people. Mysteriously, new hopes and fears are communicated from one corner of the country to another; and in the influences behind these sudden rushes either to buy in, or to get out from under, students of mass psychology will one day delve for accurate data on the flux of mass opinion.

2. There has been a breaking down, it would surely seem, of certain ethical values and many household mottoes which were only recently in their prime. There was a time when, outside of certain circles in a few large cities, speculation in the New York Stock Exchange was widely regarded as mere "gambling." There was also a time when a host of such maxims as "a penny saved is a penny earned" emphasized the importance of steady application and close-fisted economy, rather than the persistent playing of successive hunches, as the most promising means of self-advancement. The spectacular profits reaped by nit-wits at some points in this astonishing bull market have come among these maxims with the disruptive force of science among the fables of the Bible.

3. Meantime, there is the question of the individual and his job. What is the effect of sudden profits, or of constant angling for sudden profits, on the average investor's relish for the ordinary humdrum task which has hitherto earned his daily bread? It would take a poll of a very considerable number of these investors to furnish a convincing answer to this question. But certainly there is every theoretical reason for believing that a man who is carrying one hundred shares of Calumet & Hecla on a thirty per cent margin and an income of sixty dollars a week, and who has been fortunate enough to have this bull market earn him more in a lucky four months than he has been accustomed to earn in twelve, is less interested in store-keeping or school-teaching or mail-carrying than he was before a broker opened his eyes to this bonanza.

4. The broker himself, meantime, has achieved a new estate and taken his

place with the authoritative witch-doctors of a modern age. Like the Advice-to-the-Lovelorn columns and the modern psychoanalyst, he is that combination confessor-advisor which the stress of strenuous times demands, and in an era of wild speculation his prestige has advanced to new-flown heights. Old ladies pour out their troubles in his ears. Young stenographers come to him to make them rich. He is supposed to know how far and in what direction all stocks will move to-day, to-morrow, one week from to-morrow, two weeks from to-morrow, and a year from Christmas. When he is successful in this respect he is honored by having his customers boast of having discovered him with the same pride that they boasted of discovering a dependable bootlegger in 1923.

5. With the rise of the broker to a position of new eminence we have witnessed the rise of a new national literature. The subject-matter of this literature is the future achievements of an ascendent industry—its car loadings, bank clearings, stock dividends, and gold reserves—filtered through a medium of rich romanticism. There are, and have been for many years, a number of reliable publications supplying their subscribers with accurate information regarding the intrinsic values behind various securities. In addition to these publications there now flourishes a sudden horde of "tipster sheets" whose psychology and whose ethics will make an interesting chapter in any painstaking study of the evolution of modern America written fifty years from now. Any newsdealer at any street corner in any large city will corroborate the fact that these publications have achieved enormous popularity. He will also report that the sale of tipster sheets has prospered particularly at the expense of racing forms. Upon the significance of this phenomenon his comment is likely to be, "They ain't playing the ponies any more."

6. There has been rapidly evolving in the United States a new substitute for



the old-fashioned bar, and Prohibitionists may well take heart from the success it is achieving. It has the same swinging doors, the same half-darkened windows, the same community of interest once the threshold has been crossed. This modern bar is the branch office of a brokerage firm which deals in Stock Exchange securities: a low room hung with smoke, furnished with mahogany chairs, ringed with the tall pontifical wicker baskets into which the ticker tape traditionally falls, and walled on one side by a blackboard where the latest scores are tallied. Here all manner of men rub elbows in the tolerant good-fellowship of a common interest, and the ticker tape runs easily through the fingers of professionals who read in its mysterious symbols a coherent story of the day's events, or travels in unpracticed jerks from thumb to thumb in the hands of an amateur who hunts his way half-heartedly among strange figures for his heart's desire, confusing it too hopefully with something else, going back to look for it again, failing to find any trace of it, and often enough concluding that there is no market left for the stock he bought with rosy hopes, and that the bottom has dropped out of the world entirely since ten o'clock this morning. It is true that these dark retreats which give men shelter from the world are still reserved more or less exclusively for the upper crust, and that they have not been democratized; but as time goes by and interest in speculation spreads still wider, there is no reason why they should not become in the long run as common and as popular as the old-time caravansaries dispensing beer and pretzels.

7. The impetus behind the growth of these new-style bars is the emergence of a new national sport which can be played for the price of an evening paper. The most active participants in this sport are those investors who have actually bought stocks, but this is a game that can be played vicariously, through an interest in the investments made by friends. One and a half points up. . . . Three-

quarters of a point down. . . . One and a half points up again. . . . The business of following the market is an absorbing game, and it is not to be wondered that no new Ask Me Another craze or no new substitute for the Crossword Puzzle was developed, or was needed, when the bull market reached its crest. This new pastime has vastly stimulated after-dinner conversation. It has provided a new topic on which men can boast of great deeds done and tell one another sagas. It has fitted perfectly into the interests of a highly mathematical nation which can really give its heart to no sport which cannot be tallied in batting averages, fielding averages, goals per game, strokes per hole, team percentages, or stolen bases. Every night the American public knows precisely where it stands in this new contest. There are no uneven edges. Down to the last eighth the ticker posts the winners and the losers.

#### IV

Finally, whatever else this market has done either to change this nation's interests or upset its habits or dislodge its loyalties, at least there can be no doubt that it has profoundly altered the attitude of a great mass of Americans toward "Big Business." A fabulously rich and prosperous corporation may be an octopus when it is selling gasoline at twenty-two cents a gallon instead of seventeen, but it is no octopus when some of its stock, even on margin, is in the hands of the customer who has recently been groaning. In this case it becomes either a benevolent philanthropic institution whose purposes have been greatly misunderstood and whose services to humanity are ridiculously undervalued, or a jolly partner in an admitted hold-up which must not be complained of too vociferously lest Congress come along with an investigation.

It is obvious that at this point we are reckoning with something more formidable than the emergence of a new game

or the cultivation of a new romantic literature, and that this change in the attitude of a great mass of Americans toward corporate wealth has contributed vastly to the political conservatism which has been characteristic of this country in recent years. The change is unmistakable, and its sharpness can be measured if we look back upon a time less prosperous. For it takes no great stretch of memory to recall the years when the American people were deeply suspicious of huge alliances of capital and stubbornly determined to break them into manageable units. These were the days when party platforms rang with eloquent denunciations of "illegal combinations in restraint of trade," the printing presses panted tirelessly with new books discussing "the trust problem," Mr. Dooley wrote of the "heejous monstherers" that were raising Mr. Hennessey's meat bill, a nineteen-volume report on the sins of great corporations was mere routine work for Congress, and no more familiar figure dominated the newspaper cartoons than the heavy-jowled villain with a silk hat and dollar-spangled waistcoat who had become the authentic symbol of Big Business.

It is surely a sign of the times, and the sign of a time in which stock market speculation has been an important influence in changing popular opinion, that people no longer talk of "Frenzied Finance" or "The System," and that except in a few out-of-the-way corners the symbol of the dollar-studded waistcoat is as extinct as paper collars or the two-step. Ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania issues a broadside charging that a six-sided General Electric-Insull-Mellon-Morgan-Byllesby-Doherty monopoly now controls two-thirds of the electric power of the country, and by both press and public this indictment is received with perfect silence. The newspapers report that in 1928 the net earnings of ninety-five great public utility systems totalled eight hundred million dollars and set a new high record for all time; and instead of an outburst of popular indignation

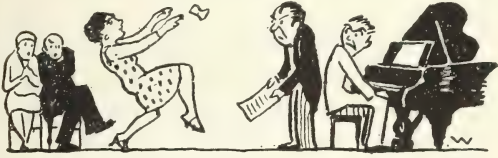
that so vast a tribute should be poured by the public into private pockets for a public service, there is a prompt stampede to buy utility stocks on margin, on the theory that these figures certainly ought to be good for at least a five-point rise. The Democratic party nominates a candidate for President; and instead of attempting to lead the time-honored Democratic assault upon the breastworks of Big Business, this candidate promptly appoints the major domo of General Motors as national chairman of his party; and the new national chairman begins campaigning for his candidate with the plea that Mr. Harkness is for him and Mr. Spreckels is for him and Mr. James is for him, and that Mr. Harkness is "a Standard Oil financier," Mr. Spreckels is "a banker and sugar refiner," and Mr. James is "a New York financier whose interests embrace railroads, securities companies, real estate and merchandising." . . . Not one of these gentlemen, the new chairman triumphantly announces, "considers that his interests are in the slightest degree imperilled." Vote for Smith and a full dinner pail for Wall Street.

For the moment, certainly, a comfortable political conservatism pervades the country, and one factor in this conservatism is the far-flung interests of a public which is deeper in the market than it ever was before: a vast public which is perhaps not quite so certain that God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world, as Mr. Coolidge would have us think as he takes leave of office, but a public none the less content not to disturb the market when the pickings are so good.

Five hundred miles of ribbon, the officials of the Stock Exchange will tell you, run over the spindles of the tickers each time a million shares of stock are sold. The small drums under the round inverted globes beat out a new reveille. And out into a nation that has put its political insurgency in cold storage for the present there runs each year enough white tape to tie an ample four-in-hand around this planet and the moon.



## The Lion's Mouth



### HOW TO MAKE HOUSEHOLD SCENES

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

**I**F THE great Episcopal Church—as has been reported—is really going to make a study of training for marriage, with the checking of divorce statistics as a goal, no better topic could be assigned to the ten wisest bishops than a study of the hundred most charming and the hundred most irritating household scenes. Parishioners in each diocese could give them lists.

As an interested parishioner, I have a few contributions to offer for such a list. I have purposely chosen scenes enacted, not by the heroes of modern fiction equipped with cocktails and pistols, but by fine, sensible, busy people who are doing the work of the world without rancor, avoiding fireworks when they can. Yet three of my chosen scenes are warlike, proving that there are some emotional compounds which can cause explosions even among the salts of the earth.

The first is a music-room scene. It includes a pianist; a young baritone, the pianist's brother-in-law, singing with all his heart; and the mother of the baritone, herself a skilled violinist, playing an obbligation for the men. These three, on a Sunday evening, had been giving a program of rare music to a group of relatives and guests. The baritone, exalted by the responsive mood of his listeners, was singing beautifully his sister's favorite in all music, that serene passage in Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" where the an-

dantino begins, "But the Lord is mindful of His own"—when the mother of the baritone suddenly spied a moth. Casting aside her violin, she sprang up and went plunging about the room, bringing her hands together with a sharp percussion, peering into them, plunging again, beating her hands again. Her activity was appropriate to a discerning housewife alive to the fate of woolens. But it was too much for the baritone. An oratorio and a moth-exterminator call for separate platforms.

The mother-and-son scene which followed had for its make-up just one prime ingredient—the comedown. Analyze one whole category of the warlike household scene, and you will find that some emotion, conviction, enterprise, ambition, song, or story was in full swing, and a sudden drop befell it. Down tumbled the diminished human spirit; but it landed on its feet with a rapier in its hand.

My next scene involves a thoughtful scientific expert, his wife, and their eldest son. The lady of this troupe had been called away for a journey that would keep her out of town over night. On the day of her departure she discovered that a certain homemade attachment to the lock on the front door was out of order. Sometimes it would work, and sometimes it would not. There was no time to have it repaired, so she told her scientists that they had better leave the lock absolutely as it was, or, if they felt obliged to snap it off and on, at least they'd better take with them the key to some other door.

The gentlemen, while she was speaking, gazed at her indulgently with keen eyes. And with that, supposing that they had heard what she had told them,

she went off. Toward evening next day she returned, just in time to see her husband in the garden steadying a tall ladder against the house, and her son, high up at the top of the wistaria vine on the third story, preparing to enter through a latticed window under the roof. At her surprised exclamation, both men turned toward her with glances of reproach.

"It's a pity," began her son from his wistaria bower, "that you couldn't tell us the front-door lock was on the blink."

"Did you know," inquired her husband with restrained austerity, "that it was out of order?"

"Why, yes," said she, "and I told you both about it before I left last night. Don't you remember?"

Most emphatically they did not. They were not, they said, in the habit of remembering things that never had been told to them; and in this they backed each other up.

Because the combatants in the scene which followed had so many other interests to attend to, they stopped just short of using the garden hose. But the stopping-place in a scene of this kind always has to be arbitrary. The motif, "I certainly did, you most certainly did not" has been carried to the Supreme Court and to the field of honor. Knives have been drawn, and blood. Multiplied sufficiently, divorces have been had.

The chief ingredient of this scene is what may be called defective mental acoustics. Persons of the abstracted, creative turn of mind can appear to be listening with eyes as bright as buttons, but that is no sign that they have heard. They are aware that syllables have impinged upon their ear-drums; with perfect honesty they can assure you that they have listened. But there is a world of experience behind Mrs. Nickleby's desperate remark to her son, "All I say is, remember what I say now, and when I say I said so, don't say I didn't." We admire Mrs. Nickleby's rhythm of utterance, but we suspect that her hope is vain.

In a similar state of desperation, one

wife, whose husband had not heard an important message which she had relayed to his ear, inquired of him earnestly, "Next time somebody gives me a message for you, *what* in the *world* shall I *do* to make sure that you've taken it in?"

"I'm afraid," he groaned remorsefully, "that you'll have to ask me for a receipt."

This would not be such a bad idea. If one has to cope with defective acoustics in a meditative household, a neat card-catalog of one's more important receipted remarks would be a handy thing to have about the house.

Acoustics and the comedown can stir up many a rumpus; but they are as nothing compared with our third explosive, the counter-complex. When one person in a family has a complex, and somebody else has an opposing complex, and the first person's complex hits the second person's complex squarely amidships, what do the psychoanalysts advise?

A popular bachelor headmaster of a preparatory school was obsessed with a mania for promptness. Since he had perfect control of his bailiwick, absolute punctuality prevailed. But in the middle of the winter term one year he married the prettiest girl that anyone who ever saw her ever had seen. He fetched her home to his model campus, introduced her to his model schedule, and discovered that she was incorrigibly tardy, with a brain-set which made her arrive everywhere at least fifteen minutes late.

She could not seem to help it. She loved to attend his chapel-talks, for instance, and would come gracefully up the center aisle in the middle of paragraph five, to the vast delight of the bachelor sub-masters and the boys—but to the infinite irritation of their captain. It was not so much the fact that the unquestioned master of the Ship of State was unable to maintain discipline in his own cabin, though that was the aspect which most enormously tickled his men. Personally, he knew that his margin of command was generous enough so that he could afford to be openly flouted by



his bride. But his lifelong emphasis on punctuality was based upon a very deep thing: the eternal thrill of starting the day with everything shipshape, everything ready, everybody hoisting sail at the moment set. One beauteous female straggler forever clambering up belated onto the poop-deck—the sight of it spoiled the day for him. He had been an only child and a bachelor, and never before had he been gainsaid; consequently he had whatever complex you do have when nobody ever gainsays you. She had the counter-complex of the reigning belle. Therefore, in the privacy of their new home, on their one topic of dispute, they staged some very cranky scenes.

I wonder if there is anything that can be done about a scene of this kind except to drop it and shift life's emphasis onto something else? Certainly there is not necessarily any logical end to arguments on such a topic, because the counter-complex may be coextensive with personality, and personality may be immortal. But there is at least one family that has a convenient watchword which they use as a signal for the sudden shifting of this kind of argumentative scene. It is based on an episode that occurred one day when the family was out for a ride. An argument among half a dozen counter-complexes was waxing warm, when up from the stream beside the road came a little dog, soaking wet, his coat dripping and a spray of watercress clinging to his ear. As the dog stood and shook himself on the bridge, the youngest daughter of the leading debaters remarked wisely, "I guess that dog's been in the brook." No attention was paid to her, and the argument raged on. But each time her elders paused for breath she solemnly repeated her observation, "I guess that dog had been in the brook," until it began to sound as if it had a subtle bearing on the feud. Ever since, in that home, when counter-complexes on a threadbare subject have reached a dangerous point, somebody observes, "I guess that dog's been in the brook," and the meeting adjourns, *sine die*.

Nearly every family that sticks together through the years has known what it was to do this kind of scene-shifting; and the art of doing it in the nick of time calls forth the best talents of all the gods and goddesses of peace.

There is one scene, however, which should always be allowed to run its course: the scene in which the dominant emotion is disappointment, perplexity, or woe. When one member of the family bursts into the house with tragedy in his heart and a story of his dire fate upon his tongue, then is the time for everybody to up and listen. Every person who has a family worthy of the name should be able to rush home with one sure conviction in his soul: "They may not agree with me, they may not be able to help me, but at least they will listen to me."

A bride once told her friends that the very best part of being married was the fact that, when things in the outside world were all against you, you could say to yourself, "Well, anyway, there's *one* person who likes me!" A very great boon in family life is the knowledge that, even when one is most bedraggled and buffeted, one's identity still retains significance somewhere. The building up, in a home, of this tradition of confidence and safe conclave is a very precious art. Homes are not broken up quite so promptly when there is something in them that anybody would hate to smash.

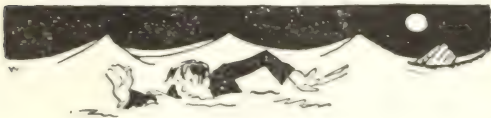
Not often is it recognized that a scene of peace can be as intensely remembered as a scene of wrath. But it can. Such a scene, infinitely enhanced in memory, becomes a returning place for the questing spirit. It may be created from the simplest elements and in the most unpromising hours, as happened in my own early home where the high peak of the day, when we were children, was the moment at which we were normally most inclined to be cross. Everybody knows that fractious hour for children, just at the fag end of the afternoon before it is

quite time to begin to get their early supper. That low point of a child's day was made into a moment of enchantment by our mother.

At every other time she was busy; but when that crotchety hour was about to arrive she would drop everything and sit down by the west window with the youngest in her lap. My sister and I would stand as close as we could get at either side of her, looking out of the window with our elbows on the sill. When there was an early winter sunset, we watched the sunset. When there was a crocus on the lawn, we discoursed upon the crocus. When there was a snowstorm, we watched the snow.

Once in a while there were stories, and sometimes we played the exciting game of guessing which would be the next to pass the house, a lady or a man. What was there about that scene that we and our brother should have remembered it all our lives? The ingredients of it were very simple: a rocking-chair, a window sill, and a fairway to the sky.

Oh, you who still have your day to live, what a panorama is before you. How dramatic a thing is life upon the changeful earth—particularly if, somewhere on the crust of the planet, there is a lively household with whom you can blend your talents in making scenes.



### THE SWIMMERS

BY JOHN MACY

**T**HE Chinese poet, leaning from his boat  
To pluck a mirrored moonbeam,  
slipped, was drowned.

*We reach for the delusive beams afloat*

*Upon the troubled waters that surround  
Our fragile craft, but have not Li Po's  
luck:*

*We topple, plunge—and then swim like a  
duck!*



### SO A MAN SUFFERS

BY MACGREGOR JENKINS

**I** SAT on the edge of my bed irresolute. I held in my hand a tiny thermometer. After hours of indecision I had determined to take my temperature.

I still faltered. This secret investigation seemed cowardly and the whole proceeding unmanly. I sneezed, and a curious sensation of cold crept over me. That settled it. I gave the tiny tube a vigorous shake. I do not know why except that I had seen it done. I placed it slowly beneath my tongue, took out my watch, and sat rigidly upright. What an eternity three minutes is! I hardly dared to breathe, much less move. The minutes passed, and then I was seized with a strange disinclination to know the result.

I nerved myself to know the worst, slowly removed the tube, and turned it in my fingers. I could see nothing. Once I caught a fleeting glimpse of a slender column of silver, but it vanished. I turned the thing over and over without seeing it again. Then I noticed a crude arrowhead in the glass. It evidently indicated something. By watching it intently and turning the tube ever so slowly, I finally lured the silver thread back into my field of vision. Something told me that the arrowhead must point to that highly desirable thing normality.

I gazed at the thread and found it magnified when held at a certain angle. My heart beat tumultuously and my hand shook, but I bravely persisted. Then the whole thing appeared luminously clear. The silver thread reached the arrow. Horrors, it passed it and abruptly ended two or three tiny spaces above it. What the spaces indicated I



did not know. I did not care.

The mounting fever in my body had pushed past the arrow. That was enough. I undressed and went to bed. The sheets felt cold. My head sank on the pillow. I folded my throbbing hands on my bosom. I closed my eyes and waited for the end.

I heard footsteps and I knew my wife had returned home. A sad home-coming indeed, I thought. She came to my door and looked in. I felt her astonished gaze. I closed my eyes and sighed.

"What is the matter?" she asked. I opened my eyes and smiled bravely.

"I am ill," I whispered.

"Have you taken your temperature?"

"I have."

"What was it?"

"Above the arrow," I groaned.

"How much?"

"I don't remember," I said petulantly. I thought her manner too brisk, cold, and unsympathetic.

"Let me see," she said.

I distinctly did not like her attitude toward the situation. She gave the tube a shake, plunged it into my mouth, and left the room. Left the room, I say! Abandoned me in this great crisis! I sighed again and determined to adopt an attitude of resignation. She returned after removing her coat and hat. She took the glass to the window, read it at a glance, and smiled. Smiled, I tell you!

"Three tenths above normal," she said. "Really not enough to notice, but you had better lie still. We will take it again later." She laid her hand on my forehead. It felt cool and soothing, but I drew my head away.

"Perhaps you will go to sleep. You are probably tired." Tired, thought I; woman, I am ill. Ill, I tell you.

"I will send your dinner up. What would you like?"

"I do not care for anything to eat, thank you," I said coldly. She left me with a smile. It was a cold and cruel smile.

It is not my intention to give a de-

tailed account of my brief illness, interesting and instructive as it would be. It is rather to sketch, in broad lines, the mental reactions of the male under such circumstances.

For some reason, from the outset, I was conscious of a cold and callous attitude on the part of my whole family. I adopted at first an attitude of gentle heroism. I did not fail, however, to emphasize whenever possible my great bodily discomfort and to hint darkly at the sinister possibilities lurking in the mild indisposition that had assailed me.

I was disappointed in the results. I could not seem to bring others to share my apprehensions. During a very brief period when I was at what I called the "crisis" of my illness and was really uncomfortable I derived a good deal of pleasure from the dramatic possibilities of really being unable to do for myself. I received unremitting attention, but I like to fancy that it was given grudgingly.

After a day or two I was declared convalescent and encouraged to consider myself so. Here I saw a malevolent motive. I was to be hurried back to health and labor. I was to be got out of bed and out of the house at once to relieve others of unwelcome duties. I determined to get well slowly. It was a little difficult to accomplish. With returning health I craved my normal pleasures. I desired, above all things, a smoke. I had learned to eat in bed. A cigarette with my breakfast coffee now seemed indispensable. But was it not a concession to indulge in one? They had been placed temptingly on my bed-table. I resisted for a day and then yielded on the ground that dying men had been known to smoke with their last breath.

What with a little natural weakness and the burden of constantly acting a part, my resignation gave way to peevishness. I became irritable. I demanded more and more attention as I needed more amusement. I noticed the selfishness of the family in retaining the newspapers below when a "sick man" was

feverishly awaiting this, his only contact with the outside world.

There were extraordinary omissions, intentional I felt, in the meals sent up. No salt on one occasion, no sugar on another. How, I asked, could a man fight his way back to health and vigor if not given proper food?

One memorable day I lay in utter boredom. No one had been near me for hours. People had hurried by my door without even looking in. I lay bathed in the delights of self-pity, reveling in my belief that I had at last been permanently abandoned to a tragic end.

For days I had been encouraged to sit in a great armchair in a sunny window. I had resolutely refused. Such an undertaking was far beyond my strength, though I had made many surreptitious trips to bookcase and table for books and tobacco. I now determined to totter alone and unaided to the chair. But it must be done in the presence of others for its full dramatic effect. I called to someone passing my door. I demanded a sweater. I knew it to be down two flights—that was why I wanted it. My messenger crossed to a closet and brought me a bath-gown with the specious argument that it would answer my purpose better than a sweater.

That was the last straw. I was to be neglected until I was driven out of the house.

"Very well," I said bitterly, "it is good enough for me, I suppose." I was left alone. I kicked the bath-gown to the floor and sprawled in impotent rage. I discovered the bed to be hot, disordered, and crumby. I rose, put on the hated bath-gown and strode vigorously to the window. I grew calmer. Life from the window was interesting.

In an hour my wife came in with a telegram in her hand.

"Isn't it nice?" she said. "Ethel is coming for the week-end."

"I am sorry I am so ill," I said, with a sudden return to the resigned manner. "But have her come just the same. You will enjoy it."



She left to send an urgent wire. I pondered. Ethel I knew to be an attractive person. I did not like to miss her visit. I might be better by the end of the week, I thought.

The lingering remnants of my illness soon vanished before my indomitable masculine determination to share with my wife the social duties of Ethel's visit. When she arrived I was again fit.

My mental processes also became normal. So normal, indeed, that I wondered a little if Ethel's arrival had been arranged for its curative effect.

At all events I am again reconciled to my wife, and I have heard her express an ardent hope that I may continue to enjoy robust health.





## Editor's Easy Chair

### EINSTEIN GETS US GUESSING

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE are a number of topics for discussion as composition proceeds for this installment of the Easy Chair, but the important one seems to be Albert Einstein, and whether he has really said something that adds to knowledge, and if so, how much. Doctor Einstein has put out a pamphlet six pages long, which is said to represent ten years of study. The facts of the pamphlet have been communicated to our newspapers, or at least our newspapers have obtained and published them. The publication began when on January 30th the New York *Evening Post* got over Doctor Einstein's remarks in facsimile, somewhat smudged, but still good first-page matter. If these remarks are so important as the few learned persons who think they understand them seem to believe them to be, their appearance at birth, so to speak, is a matter of substantial interest. More legible than the *Post's* offering was the translated text of the Einstein treatise which was published in the *Herald Tribune* the following morning. One can read this translation and the words at least are understandable.

Doctor Einstein's previous exploit as we all know was the discovery of relativity and its effect on Newton's law of gravitation. Relativity seems to have made good, though that is not yet a universal opinion. The new Einstein discovery links together gravitation and electricity. It says they are both subject to the same law. That is important,

we are told, because science has already learned how to control electro-magnetism, and if now it is about to develop a capacity to control gravitation, that may lead to extraordinary changes in terrestrial life. "It may be possible," we are told, "through further research in the new theory, to develop means whereby human beings can float in the air and otherwise free themselves from the forces of gravity."

When human beings or other ponderable objects float in the air without visible means of support that phenomenon has heretofore been known as levitation. There are many records of its being done, especially in the sittings of the spiritists. D. D. Home used to do it. The levitation of tables is common. Tambourines that float about are a commonplace. When Christ walked upon the water, that, apparently, was levitation. But about all these recorded phenomena there has existed a large mass of stubborn incredulity. Accordingly, if these incomprehensible formulæ of Doctor Einstein's contain the germs of an explanation of how levitation is done, that will be quite momentous. For really to bring observed, though disputed, phenomena under the law is a very great matter.

Well, we need more knowledge. A lot of things happen all the time which we do not understand. It may be recalled that in the latter part of the 19th century there was a person named Keely, who contrived a motor for which

it was claimed that it involved a discovery of a new source of energy not yet known to science. For the prosecution of his experiments Keely sold stock in his motor, but he was not able to make good on his claims, and finally his pretensions collapsed, to the grief of his stockholders who lost their money. Doctor Einstein has not sold any stock on his formulæ. We all believe that he is a true scientist and not a Keely. One outspoken opponent of his theories is Doctor Poor, Professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University. Doctor Poor says that "if Einstein has found, as he claims, a general mathematical formula, from which by proper substitutions the laws of gravitation and of electricity may be derived, then he has simply found a mathematical curiosity without scientific or practical value." Other scientists, however, of quite as much authority as Doctor Poor are stronger in the faith, and seem to feel that Einstein has really started something, and that his formulæ are a beginning in the attainment of new and highly important knowledge.

At any rate we see an extraordinarily animated public interest in an alleged discovery which hardly anyone understands and the practical results of which are wholly hypothetical. This generation of men in this country seems to have an appetite for knowledge. If there is anything important going on it wants to know about it. It has been so often astonished by remarkable occurrences that it has come to be in a receptive condition of mind. It will buy and read in great numbers books on solid and serious subjects. One such book was Dr. James Harvey Robinson's discourse on *The Mind in the Making*. Another was Durant's exposition of the philosophers and their theories. Still another book that has had an astonishing success considering its form and subject is Benét's *John Brown's Body*, which is really the spiritual history of the Civil War, and another is Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* which is a highly psychological

narrative. If such books as those named can prove to be best sellers in this community, our country has developed an important company of good readers. The interest in Einstein doubtless includes them but goes far beyond them, being an instinctive, popular suspicion that something important has been discovered. Einstein is a Jew. If his studies and intuitions turn out to be an important new revelation, it will be interesting to observe that they have come through the Jewish mind—that mind through which have proceeded in times past revelations of the highest importance to humanity.

The process by which great discoveries usually come is very curious. They seem not finally to be logically worked out but to flash on the mind which is working on them. There is a great deal to be learned about the mind, how it gets its ideas, its language, its pictures, its plans; and about inspiration, what it is, how it comes and where from. The persuasion is general that there are plenty of inspired writings besides those which are credited to the Bible; and opinion grows that in art, letters, and music most of the great works show traces of derivation from subliminal sources.

THE long illness of King George of England has produced some very interesting reactions. The King at this writing is not yet out of the woods—not what the doctors are willing to call convalescent—but he has prospects of recovery. Most people feel that the time they spend in being ill is wasted. Often it is not. The months that King George has devoted to that occupation have really been very fruitful, since they have drawn into public notice not only the deep-seated popularity of the King in his own country and dominions, but the lively interest which is felt in the United States in the King of England. King George in this country really seems to be a popular character, like Charles Lindbergh or Captain Fried.



The British concern for their King is more or less impersonal. King George as a man is very popular at home and for many and substantial reasons, but besides that there is visualized in him the history and traditions of the British peoples and their form of government. If he is, as appears, the only important King that is left on earth, it is not because of his political powers, though he has and uses more than is commonly supposed; but because he personifies the traditions and the government of the British section of the English-speaking people, and is the leading figure in its ritual.

The good will that has been shown about him here seems to have surprised his faithful subjects. He and his Queen and various members of the English Royal Family, especially the Prince of Wales, have had their pictures in our papers whenever the news about him seemed critical; and many kind and friendly things have been said about him.

But, after all, why not? When the American Colonies revolted and set up for themselves it was not because they objected to Kings, though the British King in that day was much more objectionable than now. So far as royalty went they were not disgruntled. Their objections were to some ministers, some governors, to taxation to which they did not consent, and government from abroad. Virginia and Massachusetts were loyal enough so far as royalty went. The thing which is now important is that as a consequence of King George's illness the British generally have come to feel that the Americans of the United States are more friendly to them than they supposed.

That has a bearing on naval extensions, and makes for a less anxious and certainly less querulous settlement of building programs. There is no good reason why the United States should not build as many cruisers as its interests seem to call for, and of the size required, nor why the British should not do the same. These countries are not going to

fight each other; but this is a parlous world just now, and both of them may feel a lawful need to nurse their strength and buttress their influence against the possibility of a sudden call to keep the world's peace.

Universal armament such as we see now proceeding may be an instinct of the nations that war is not yet quite a by-gone. The strengthening of the navies of Great Britain and the United States may be a part of a great precaution of the more advanced nations which recognize the brotherhood of humanity against the destructive impulses of more backward peoples which don't yet see it.

So we see a vast, blind contention between agents who do not really know what they are about—who do not, cannot, see the end, and merely follow such promptings as they feel about the means. The whole solicitude about ships of war may be a concern about something that has already become obsolete, or is fast becoming so, because of the rapid development of airplanes; but because warships are still formidable in times of peace, we have to go on with them until it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that they are no longer an important reliance in case of war.

Perhaps something will be done at Paris before these words reach any readers that will make for some abatement of the zeal for armament. The Reparations Committee to settle finally what Germany shall pay and who shall receive it has on its hands as important an international job as any since the War. Presumably, agreement could be had in Europe from all the nations interested to wipe all war debts off the slate. That may be the thing that should be done. If it were done the only loser would be the United States, and it is quite conceivable that the United States would not be a loser. Peace in the world is, of course, valuable to these States, and if cancellation of war debts would promote it, the erasement might well be worth its cost. And possibly they would benefit also from some

abatement in Germany of the intense endeavor, based on need, to sell commodities to other countries. It is quite possible that the reality of the war-debt situation escapes the great majority of observers and that the American position as the universal creditor is much less useful and profitable than most people think it.


PERHAPS we should be better able to consider the medication of the Prohibition law and devise a measure that would retain most of its benefits while diminishing its ill effects if we read up a bit on the history of drinking. Lecky, in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* says that the English long ago were reputed to be the most temperate of the northern nations; that they contracted an increased taste for stimulants from their soldiers who participated in the wars in the Low Countries; that they got along well with beer, and that the preference of the richer people who could choose was for the wines of France, but that in the 18th Century when they were fighting France most of the time, those wines became difficult to get and they got into the habit of drinking the heavier wines of Portugal. But, he says, they got along even with that until gin was invented and the making of it was popularized and enormously increased until, about 1725, it was so cheap that its vendors offered a drunk for a penny and a dead drunk for twopence, with straw free in a cellar to sleep it off in. This immense cheapness and profusion of high-power intoxicants, Lecky says, raised hob in England and produced all manner of disorder and crime, so that the government tried to rule it out. First they passed a bill that amounted almost to Prohibition. That was too stiff and would not work and could not be enforced. Bootleggers sprang up just as now, but a less ambitious bill did some good though not enough.

It was in that very drunken England that Methodism started and started


apparently with the same indiscriminate bias against intoxicants of all sorts that it has to-day. Everybody knows that Methodism, in spite of all its defects, did a vast deal of good in England and later in America, among the people for whom it most needed to be done. Something like the same effects have been won in our time by the Salvation Army. All the good that Methodism has done, that the Salvation Army has done, that Prohibition has done should be kept. What is erroneous and, therefore, damaging about any of them we should get rid of if we can. That is true about everything we know. Most of our measures for human improvement are imperfect. The tares grow up along with the wheat. We are warned, it is true, not to be too eager to eradicate the tares lest we kill the wheat off too, but to let them all go together to the harvest. That is excellent sense, but still there are times when we have to clean up our crops, and we know from history, if not from Scripture, that when these cleaning periods come they go through.

Now about Prohibition: We learn from experience that there is a difference in alcoholic drinks, that some do much more harm than others, that some indeed are rated as beneficial if used with moderation. Of course moderation is a pretty scarce article, as anyone can observe by inspecting the more urgent Prohibitionists; but there is no prospect of bringing human life permanently to a basis on which the need of moderation in food and drink and most other matters can be eliminated. Immoderate people will always get into trouble. No rum law will ever take care of them altogether, and the best that can be done is to diminish their temptations to hurtful excess. What Prohibition needs is the application of dispassionate intelligence to the problems that it has tried to solve. The wisest of us know little about ourselves, but libraries could be filled with what the legislating and enforcing Prohibitionists do not know about human bodies and human nature.





## Personal and Otherwise



THESE are difficult times for parents. Thousands of them will agree with the author of our leading article of the month that it is hard enough to adjust themselves to shifting customs and convictions without having to help a new generation to find a code to live by. *Lillian Symes*, a new HARPER contributor, is a San Franciscan who has lived in New York City for five years. Her working life has been divided between journalism (she has written for the *New Republic*, the *Survey*, and various newspapers) and industrial research. Her last piece of research—working in New York candy factories for six months—had such a disastrous effect on her health that she is now a permanent free-lancer. She has a small daughter and thus faces herself the problem with which she deals.

*Ruth Suckow* owns and manages the Orchard Apiary at Earlville, Iowa, and her stories are true to the rural life of her state. Miss Suckow is the author of *Country People* and *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*; her two latest contributions to HARPER's have been "Mid-western Primitive" and "Spinster and Cat," both of which appeared last year.

In a companion piece to his "What Is Religion?" in the last issue, *Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick*, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York (shortly to be established in its new home on Riverside Drive), answers those who assert that all great religions are essentially alike. Dr. Fosdick sets forth the qualities that make Christianity unique with the brilliance and clarity that draw crowded congregations to hear him wherever he goes.

*John Langdon-Davies*, author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Women*, has himself lectured from one end of this country to the other; no one could be better fitted to put in a word on behalf of the much-abused English lecturer.

Those who have not forgotten Mr. Adams's comments on the mucker pose will find an explanation of its prevalence in *Duncan Aikman's* discovery of a new and powerful social class in America. Mr. Aikman happens to live in El Paso, where until recently he was an editorial writer for the *Morning Times*; but we suspect that the sub-plutocracy is as firmly entrenched in New York and Ohio and Oregon as in Texas. Mr. Aikman has published *The Home-Town Mind* and *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats*. The latest of his many HARPER articles, "Ladies and Lawlessness," appeared only two months ago.

*Laura Spencer Portor* (Mrs. Francis Pope) is a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion* and has long been an occasional but welcome contributor of stories and verse.

Occupying an important position in the Republican organization during the campaign, *Anna Steese Richardson* had every opportunity to watch political womankind, on and off its guard. She writes about what she saw with a perspective gained in long experience as a newspaper and magazine writer on feminine problems. Like Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Richardson is connected with the *Woman's Home Companion*.

*Harold J. Laski*, professor of political science in the University of London, is not only one of the most brilliant English possessors of the academic mind but knows university life on this side of the water as well as in England; he taught for many years at McGill and Harvard. He is vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education and a member of the council of the Institute of Public Administration, and has written *The Problem of Sovereignty*, *Authority in the Modern State*, *A Grammar of Politics*, etc.

A few years ago *John W. Vandercook* explored the jungles of Suriname (Dutch

Guiana) and gained there an immense admiration for the ability of the Bush-negroes to evolve a manner of life perfectly adapted to their environment. After that experience he wrote *Tom-Tom*, several chapters of which appeared in HARPER'S. More recently, continuing his interest in negro civilization, he has written *Black Majesty* (a life of Henry Christophe, one-time monarch of Haiti) as well as "The Fools' Parade" (a two-part HARPER story of an escape from the French penal colony of Cayenne), and has twice made extended visits to Africa. In an episode of his travels he now epitomizes the black man's tragedy.

We all know that man is gaining the upper hand in his fight against the scourge of tuberculosis, but it takes the thorough evidence collected by *Louis I. Dublin*, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to make us realize how tremendous and far-reaching the victory already is. Dr. Dublin has written previously for us on such problems as the cost of medical service, the problem of heart disease, and the longevity of college athletes, and the House of Harper has published his book, *Health and Wealth*.

The author of "How the English Middle-Class Lives" has hidden his real identity under a pseudonym in calling himself *Geoffrey Layman*, but the article is an authentic account of his way of living and his expenses, some of which will amaze the American reader.

*John Frazier Vance* of the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Company made his first HARPER appearance as a short-story writer in January with "Business Trip," and followed it in February with "Beans for Two."

Those who know of *Max Eastman* only as a radical in politics and the former editor of *The Masses* and *The Liberator* may be surprised to find him discussing modern poetry with such acute discernment; but those who recall his book on *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, one of the best things ever written on the subject, will be well prepared for his present contribution.

At this writing the Federal Reserve Board is making valiant efforts to subdue the bull

market, but we suspect that even if they succeed the public will not quickly lose that intense preoccupation with the tape under the little glass dome of which *Charles Merz* writes. Since Mr. Merz contributed to HARPER'S the studies in exaggeration—"The Once Open Road," "Bigger and Better Murders," "Sweet Land of Secrecy," etc.—which were later included in *The Great American Band Wagon*, he has divided his time between his editorial writing for the New York *World* and the preparation of a recently-published book on Henry Ford.



The poet of the month is *Robert Nichols*, versatile English writer, former professor of English in the Imperial University at Tokyo, and co-author of the play "Wings Over Europe."



In the Lion's Mouth appear *Frances Lester Warner* (Mrs. M. D. Hersey) of Washington, who used to teach English at Mt. Holyoke and Wellesley and has published several amusing volumes of essays; *John Macy*, whose observations on feminine limitations have enlivened several recent issues of the Magazine; and *MacGregor Jenkins*, former publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with which Mrs. Hersey was for a time associated.



*Eugene Speicher*, whose study of "John Himmell, Quarryman," is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born and brought up in Buffalo; studied art in Buffalo, at the Art Students' League and the Henri Art School in New York, and abroad; has won a long series of awards for his portraiture, and is a member of both the National Academy and the New Society of Artists. After two or three years of unremitting work at Woodstock, he has recently gone to Europe to rest and study the work of contemporary European painters.



Bishop Fiske's article inquiring whether America is a Christian country has brought a



flood of letters representing every conceivable point of view and varying in length from a few lines to fifty-four pages. Here is one that testifies to excellent progress in divine grace:

I am distressed at the declaration that Christ's teaching must be freely interpreted, not literally obeyed. What about such a saying as: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—does it not mean to follow literally to perfection? Jesus does not think this impossible and many who have taken Him at His word know that it is not . . .

Another letter interests us on account of the measure of blessedness which the author sets up:

Bishop Fiske is entirely mistaken in saying that the teaching of Christ is not to be taken literally. Not only must we follow Him in all that He asks of His disciples, but if we do this, we receive a blessing here in this world, full measure, pressed down and running over. I know that this is true, for I have tried it. Ever since I became a follower of Christ, God has blessed me abundantly so that my income is now four times what it was when I began.

Upon this delightful testimonial Bishop Fiske comments as follows:

Had he "followed Christ literally," what about the command to "give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away"? Evidently his "literal obedience" is along the very lines of interpretation that I laid down, viz., to discover the real principle underlying the aphoristic saying and apply it in one's own circumstances and conditions. Would this correspondent accept literally such a saying as "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out"?

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Speaking of religion, here is a novel suggestion for the clergy from one of our readers:

Why not a discussion of "Consumer Demand in Religion for the Spring Season of 1929"?

The consumer class outnumbers the theologians hundreds to one, but has no champion to present its cause. There are plenty of articles in the Magazine on religion, but has any article ever appeared on the kind of religion that the consumer wants? There has not.

We would like to have preached to us the belief in *God as He is to-day*. It sounds simple and sensible, but of course it's heresy. No church will admit one to membership on that basis. It

doesn't imply any disrespect toward God, but it may slight Organized Religion. It's something like the "direct to consumer" idea in business.

And it's very different from the Church creeds. The Apostles' Creed, for instance, covers the time from the Creation to the crucifixion and ascension of Jesus, skips from there to the Judgment Day, and says "Amen."

The period from about 30 A.D. to a million years in the future didn't interest the Fathers that drew up the creed. They didn't mention it. But it's the one that interests us most. It's our vital concern. We want a religion that has to do with the "Now."

While God must be the same in all ages, the picture in the Bible doesn't look quite like the God that runs the Universe to-day. In adjusting the differences we are inclined to believe that He was the same then that He is now, but the Church spends all its time trying to convince us that He is the same now as He was then. And these are two things equal to the same thing but not equal to each other.

Modernism in the pulpit hasn't helped. A minister throws away Genesis, Revelations, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles, and the Atonement. Does he then throw the energy of his preaching into what's left? He does not. His whole life from this point is spent in telling how wonderful it is to be free from the weight of the Creation and Atonement. And it doesn't interest us.

If you begin with God as He is to-day, all the problems of the past and future come to a friendly solution.

I suppose it's too simple to be a religion. But it's what most of us want.

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Readers of "Women in the Campaign," and particularly Southern readers, may be interested in this item in a letter from Mrs. Richardson which came to us with her proofs. It is based on her observations during a post-election Southern trip:

To my amazement (I might say horror) I learned that Southern women as a class, urban and rural, actually believe that Mr. Hoover can and will enforce the Prohibition laws. They were so told during the campaign by political and church leaders and by representatives of the Anti-Saloon League. When I tried to explain the limited powers of the President in all law enforcement, they looked at me with the patient, pitying air of women completely enslaved by church and tradition. I had heard of Southern ignorance, but direct, close contact with it really appalled me.

The arguments in the following reply to Mrs. Armstrong's "Have Women Changed Business?" might perhaps serve also as a rejoinder to Mrs. Richardson's paper in the current issue. After pointing out that it is a mistake to regard women as "the natural uplifters of the world," our correspondent goes on to say:

Women who go into business, politics, or the professions have to take conditions as they find them. And although women have been browsing, more or less surreptitiously, in these newer pastures for thirty years or more, the breaks are still, and naturally, all to the men. The breaks have, of course, always been to the men. Even when Woman was living a purely natural life in caves and open spaces, she lived by her wits and the grace of Man, for he was the stronger, and they both knew it. So, if she shows a streak of the opportunist even at this late day, it probably survives from her cave days when she kept her family alive by dint of edging around the old man and keeping him from bating out the brains of her babies when he felt annoyed. The conditions of the game have always been set by Man, and Woman has tried to play it as she found it (even when it didn't come natural), often to her discredit and the critics' contempt.

This must be taken into consideration in any estimate of Woman's present status, or of her shortcomings in public relations. For the world as a whole being always in transition, Woman alone cannot be separated from it and, in fairness, be expected to be static, either in her characteristics or in respect to her job. She is—along with Man, and Inventions, and Education, and Political Systems, and Fashions in Clothes, and Modes of Thought—being adjusted, with or without her consent, to changing conditions.

Just now, in business, as in politics and other fields where the terrain is new and uncertain, women are probably using all their energy in getting a toe-hold, and hanging on, and are content to hold their reforming instincts, if any, in abeyance, until

a more favorable day. It is probable that such a day is a long way in the future. All the women in business for themselves put together are a mere drop in the bucket compared to the total number of men in business, and the men have a very solid background of training and tradition, so that business sense and business judgment seem almost to have been born with them, like an instinct. The women have nothing like that. But they have a quicker, and more sympathetic, intelligence than men, and lots more curiosity, and with a little experience their ancient genius for managing their cave daddies will be easily converted into first-class diplomacy in politics and business.

Just now, however clearly they may see the need of improvement in present business and political methods, nothing very much can be done about it while women are so greatly in the minority, in numbers and in power, among the practitioners in these fields. Given time, and the opportune boost of a possible feminine Ford, or Rockefeller, or Pulitzer, the expected definite, general improvement in ethics and customs will be forthcoming, no doubt. By that time the men will see the need for it, too.

G. M. A.

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Those who enjoyed the delightful stories and articles of Harvey O'Higgins and his serial, *Julie Kane*, which we published in 1924, were shocked to hear of his death from pneumonia on February 28. Less than a week before this he had come into our office, apparently in perfect health, with an article on Walt Whitman, which will shortly appear in the Magazine. We looked forward to many years of further close association with him. The Magazine will miss him for the unfailing distinction of his work, every line of which was written in a style of perfect clarity and superb rhythm; his friends, for the integrity and friendly warmth of his character.

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LOUIS LOZOWICK

UNDER THE ELEVATED  
By Louis Lozowick





# Harpers *Magazine*

## THE UNSOCIAL CHRISTIAN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE title of this paper may be misleading, yet it implies, in truth, the heart of the matter. At the present moment, there are thousands, if not scores of thousands, of men and women who are constrained, by the nature and temper of the various existing sects, to keep their Christianity to themselves, and to cherish their allegiance to Christ in solitude and silence. As Christians, they are unsocial, since they find themselves unable to go along with any of the articulate and organized groups. I do not speak of people who have mentally renounced the Gospels; rather, of people who fundamentally believe them: men and women who have had neither time nor inclination to become learned in theology—of which there is practically none, anyhow, in the Gospels—who are, therefore, from the cleric's point of view, ignorant, yet who bring such intelligence as they have, to bear on the relation of the various churches to Christ, and who find that relation too frail, too disingenuous, too inconsistent, to wish to become, or to remain, committed and militant members thereof. Theologically, histori-

cally, unlearned as they are, they would perhaps be of no importance were it not for their vast and constantly increasing numbers. If a large proportion of the intelligent and well-meaning members of a great community reject the churches, the churches cannot forever stand as constituted. In the more civilized centers, indeed, the churches have already been driven to desperate expedients to preserve their power over men's minds, and are constantly found engaged either in deliberately arousing factitious emotions, or widening their scope to include all sorts of non-religious activities. Neither incense nor the open forum has, strictly speaking, anything to do with religion.

This unsocial Christian, who ponders the Gospels by himself—it may be, without sufficient exegetical reading—comes eventually to believe that the plain, untwisted words of Christ give no sanction whatever to half the doctrines and counsels promulgated by the churches in His name. The clearer words of the Master—many remain, in spite of all the efforts of doctors and divines, terribly

obscure—are counsels of perfection to the individual. Nowhere does he find any injunction laid upon Christians to build themselves into any mundane fabric whatsoever. Even the tender pun of "*Tu es Petrus*" disintegrates as a practical statement, apparently, when the scholars have finished with it. The only thing that leads a dogma-less Christian into any existing church is the pronouncement: "He who is not for me is against me." In a so-called Christian civilization he does not like to stay outside, for fear of being reckoned an enemy of Christ. At the door of almost every communion, however, rise some literal words of Christ to bar him out.

Matthew Arnold, in his day, made a fine plea for the Established Church on the score, precisely, of its being established: historic, familiar, part of the social fabric, and endeared, by every process of association and memory, to generations. He even, in his brief for conformity, went so far as to say that no breaking away from an historic church could be justified save on moral (not theological) grounds; that the reformers were justified in revolting if the sale of indulgences was continued as a practice by the main body of the Church, but that no difference of opinion on matters like priestly absolution or the Real Presence (Matthew did not capitalize it) could justify revolt. Such a statement rings oddly in religious ears; but Matthew Arnold was not exactly a religious man, though a highly moral one. In any case, right as he is about the folly and egotism of much religious "reform," no church is "established" in America, and no single church can hold the place, in the American mind and heart, that the Establishment holds in England. Eminently persuasive is Arnold's contention that all dogmas are but human glosses on the Gospel; that Christianity has grown as it had to grow, adapted itself to the times and the natures of men as conditions obliged it, and that the summit of religious knowledge has not yet been reached. I remember once hearing a

distinguished missionary bishop of the Methodist church declare that we should never understand the Gospel according to St. John until India was Christianized and could explain it to us. Perhaps.

Granted all these reasonable points of view—they do not help us much. For what one seems to see ever more clearly, as one ponders the Gospels, is that the various churches with their dogmas are not so much human glosses on Christ's words as plain denials of what He clearly stated or plain inventions of what He never implied. Between interpretation and denial or invention, there is a big difference. Get down to His plainest statements—some of them are admittedly obscure—and you find, first of all, that the duty of a Christian is to save his own soul, and to establish the kingdom of God within himself. The practical advice as to how to achieve this, if followed, would turn a man into a saint. It would also make it impossible for him, in any Western civilization, to be a good citizen. The struggle to reconcile Christianity with the political and social notions of the Western world has been going on for nearly two thousand years. The words remain as they were written: the Christian is to take no thought for the morrow, what he shall eat, drink, or wear; he is to forsake friends and family for Christ; he is to renounce every loyalty save the one. True Christians, evidently, were to be celibate and impoverished nomads, preaching salvation to whoever would listen. There is no sign of interest in any political or social scheme whatever. Arguments as to whether Christ, like His disciples, thought the end of the world imminent, are beside the point. The significant thing is that He explicitly denied to His chosen any worldly advantage. Those were to be blessed who mourned, who were meek, who were reviled and persecuted. Easier it was for the camel to go through the needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, and the young man who had great possessions had to go away sorrowful. Possessions—whether



financial, social, or intellectual—were not in the Christian scheme. Have we any right to behave as if Christ did not mean what He said? Yet where does it leave us?

It leaves the Roman Catholic, no doubt, very much where he always, inevitably, was. If only the Church can explain Christ, then he may—must—take whatever the Church says, and give himself no further mental exercise. But it leaves the Protestant in a hole; for even Calvinism or Lutheranism or Wesleyanism is a matter of free allegiance. A man may choose this or that body of doctrine or reject it, according as his intellectual conscience dictates. His responsibility is to God, not to any organized faction. No subject is, in itself, more fascinating than the history of doctrines. The mind can play about delightfully among the earlier centuries of the Christian era; a man may place a red Sabellian on a black Catharist, or checkmate the Demiurge with the Logos, and find excellent interest and amusement therein. But it avails nothing, and he knows it. From the beginning, politics and majorities, great individuals and powerful blocs, had their way with creed and dogma. In other words, the Church was made by man, more or less after the fashion in which man makes other things. But in the stark teaching of Christ Himself was neither metaphysics, nor fetichism nor hair-splitting; and when a man comes back to the Gospels, he finds no warrant for a political, or a social, or a philosophical fabric to call itself a church—hardly a warrant for any church at all. The Church is pure pragmatism: it invented itself in order to be successful.

## II

There are plenty of classical historians who insist that Christianity consumed the Roman empire; that it was Christianity, in the last analysis, which delivered civilization up to the barbarians to destroy. I am not competent to de-

termine whether or not these historians are right. But what is clear to anyone surveying Europe for the last two thousand years, in however sketchy a fashion, is that pure Christianity is, and always has been, essentially a lower-class religion. Every desperate attempt to cling to, or return to, the literal simplicity of Christ's own words, has come from the poor, the unconsidered, the downtrodden. For a long time, Christianity could exist only (as one historian puts it) "among the washerwomen of Rome." The Christian counsels have always borne hardly on people who had a stake in the community, who cherished civic duty or civic privileges, who had anything to lose. Even in the Middle Ages (save where now and then a great man played politics) the movements for reform and return came from the people who had socially, politically, nothing to lose. Even to-day, Christian fervor is largely confined to the poor and the ignorant. So long as society is intricately organized, and based on power—martial, financial, or tribal—literal Christianity *can* be only a lower-class religion. It can be only that so long as there are any mundane classes at all. For the essence of Christ's teaching is the complete renunciation of the world and its materialistic or intellectual advantages. People who want to keep any of those can but "go away sorrowful."

The great commandments are to love God and to love one's neighbor as oneself. Loving God is an intimate and personal and incommunicable business—leave it, for the moment, to one side. To love one's neighbor as oneself (backed up, as the command is, by all sorts of more specific commands which make the meaning clearer) means ultimately to renounce all position, all ambition, all striving for any *comparative* advantage whatsoever. No wonder the Church has ignored the positive for the negative admonitions. "Thou shalt not" do this or that is so much easier to obey than "Thou shalt." Christ reiterated the Ten Commandments, yes; but when He

developed His own gospel He became positive. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." He promised His chosen that if they obeyed His precepts they should have eternal life; He also warned them that they would have nothing else. Kindness was strictly enjoined upon them: the sick, the widow, and the fatherless were to be objects of their individual concern; otherwise, their value as citizens was to be, as far as one can see, negative—the value of doing no positive injury to any man. They were not to defend their rights, even in a suit at law, much less by physical retaliation. Virtuous they would be, but absolutely non-social; and it is a question whether, if they came to preponderate in numbers, any society—from all the normal duties and responsibilities and activities whereof they were explicitly to abstain—could possibly hold together.

It is needless to point out, so familiar is the fact, that it was the realization, precisely, of all this, and not any theological objections, that made the early Christians anathema to the Roman authorities. A good Christian could not be a good Roman citizen, for Christ never condescended to envisage people as citizens. The primitive Christian, close to the apostolic age, was apparently too preoccupied with his personal salvation to care about the welfare of the community, too ignorant to value an intellectual heritage, too humble and unconsidered, himself, to view with alarm the discomfiture of his superiors. Christianity was an emphatic negation of all aristocracies, whether political, financial, social, or intellectual. Its denial of all the values of this world could be pleasing and appealing only to the "have-nots." Almost any classical historian will tell you that it was the bad citizenship of the Christians, their tendency to evade social and civic duties, that prejudiced the Roman world against them. That Christians began temporizing almost immediately with the commands of Christ is obvious; for His counsels, if taken at

their face value, destroy not only the state but the home. Christ knew perfectly that states and homes would go on being constituted, human nature being such and such; He merely made it clear that His counsels of perfection, if literally followed, isolated the Christian completely in a state of mind that refused all traffic with mundane arrangements.

### III

When Rome was gone, another civilization was inevitably built up to take its place. Primitive Christianity had been by this time abandoned, and the organized Church, as we all know, took a dominant role in the building of that civilization. Let the historians recapitulate; it is sufficient to our purpose to point out that, regardless of the sincerity and devotion of certain great and saintly men, the Church compounded freely with the political and social notions of the times, and stained itself with every sort of temporal ambition. The Church became powerful; it became political; and, in spite of the noble by-products of clerical and monkish activity, it may be said to have departed widely, in spirit, from the teachings of Christ. Asia had conquered Europe, in the first centuries; now Europe conquered Asia. Western Europe never knew what to do with anything as alien to its own genius as the Gospels, and the spirit of temperance and tolerance, so explicitly inculcated by Christ, was racially impossible to it. Temperance and tolerance were lost pagan virtues, never re-discovered. No, not even to this day. Historic Christianity has never fostered them. Christians got farther and farther away from loving their neighbors as themselves. When Christ said "I came not to send peace, but a sword," He (who was a master of irony) may well have been thinking of the centuries that established His church with its foot on the necks of men; His words implying mere futurity, not purpose.

What one sees, through the centuries,



is the long struggle on the part of the Church—whether in its Roman or its Reformed manifestations does not matter (for since the schism both parties have been equally unsuccessful)—to adapt the social fabric to the Christian religion. Either one or the other had to be profoundly altered, since organized society and the pure Christianity of the Gospels are immortally at war with each other. On the whole, society has had its way, for self-preservation—scorned utterly by Christ—is the deepest impulse of the human organism. Christianity was adapted to the social fabric. It became, naturally, almost unrecognizable. Christians, instead of being told to abandon the more positive duties of citizenship, were encouraged to pursue them: to fight in armies, to amass property, to fill worldly positions, to establish themselves as conventional and even powerful citizens. Instead of being warned that they ought to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child, for Christ, the domestic relations were, for the great body of the laity, positively enjoined and glorified. Though there were vast numbers of monks and nuns, ostensibly renouncing the world, Christendom as a whole was not expected to enter the convents—rather, to stay outside, and support them. Both state and home—neither one apparently of any concern to Christ Himself—were elevated almost to sanctity. Inevitable, given the impulses, passions, and ambitions of men? Yes; but entirely non-Christian, as far as one can see.

No amount of exegesis helps us much in these matters, for the commentators interpret one text into a paramount position and another into nothingness.

"This is my body" is taken figuratively by one great group, and literally by another. To the Protestant it seems clear beyond dispute that Christ spoke figuratively, and that "This do in memory of me" pointed straight to the agapæ of primitive times, the little memorial services furtively celebrated underground, beneath the tread of Roman feet. To

the Catholic it equally seems clear and beyond dispute that Christ Himself inaugurated the fetichistic ceremony of the Mass. The question of the Virgin Birth—it is hard to see why—still agitates the minds of men. The thorny problem of the Atonement, with all its bitter Semitic implications as to the nature of God the Father, grows no less thorny as time wears on. Arius and Athanasius did not mark the end of bitter controversy. The Western world has ever been more theological than religious. It is told of a Yale Freshman that he ended a paper with the words: "And now they have taken from us even our hope of a future life, Hell being a myth." That there has been too much hell-fire in Christianity, all sects would doubtless now agree; as they would agree that the Old Testament has been too much permitted to overbear the New. There is a present tendency among clergymen of the more enlightened sort to reject the "carvers of cummin," on the one hand, and, on the other, to eschew the repellent Jewish metaphor. Too long have both hair-splitting and violence been pulpit vices. Where the Romanist was content to

. . . hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,  
And see God made and eaten all day long,

the Protestant consented to suffer from "that outpouring of bile called Calvinism," or sought an unintellectual relief in brutalizing hymns about being washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No Christian, however, has a right to challenge the churches because they are steeped in human nature unless he can divest himself of his own human nature; nor can he deny that, in spite of their remoteness from the Gospels, they have made of a so-called Christian civilization a much more humane thing than any pagan civilization has ever been. It is not the Christian church, perhaps, that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries turned the Western world humanitarian; the most enlightened liberalism, evidently, sprang outside the Church.

Yet no liberal, even though he be a free-thinker, is what he is save by the grace of a two-thousand-year heritage; and, whether he knows it or not, it is Christ—proclaimed and adored, however misunderstood or perverted—who has enabled him to love his neighbor. The noblest Stoic of them all lacked something that colors the point of view of even the most indifferent Christian of to-day. It is even possible, falling under the glamour of historic evolution, to take a mystical attitude towards the very errors of the Church, and to murmur

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art  
thou sinless,  
Stained hast thou been, who art therefore  
without stain.

But all such truces with human nature, the glittering enemy, are shattered when a man returns to the words of Christ. In plain English, and in plain honesty, he must let the glamour go; and he is forced to realize that none of the churches can possibly be what Christ meant, even though they should all, by Him, have been foreseen. If he takes stock of himself frankly, he acknowledges that he is by no means a Christian according to precept: indeed, if he keeps on with his normal activities and duties to country, kin, and friends, he cannot be. He knows that he is not going to throw over his work, his pastimes, his family, his home, his sure support, his deep implication in the body politic and the body social.

Short of that, just how can he call himself a Christian? He looks about upon his more outspokenly Christian acquaintance, of whatever communion, and finds even the most earnest of them as deeply and complacently involved in these relations as he himself. The sects divide on this or that point of doctrine, organization, or ritual; and the most temperate and tolerant sects have, apart from tolerance and temperance, no more to do with Christ than the others. The churches that lay most stress on the figure of Christ are the ones that hedge

Him about with the stiffest human interpretations.

There was, in the dawn of the Christian era, a little group (heretical, since it did not prevail) known as the Ebionites, who rejected St. Paul *in toto*—for very poor reasons, one gathers. The unsocial Christian of to-day is sometimes tempted to call himself, ironically, a neo-Ebionite; for it often seems to him that the Old Testament and the Pauline epistles (read or misread) have done a large amount of the harm. On them, at least, has been based, however wrong-headedly, the greater part of the repellent theology that keeps men aloof from Christ Himself; and while there is some tendency nowadays to get away from the Old Testament, there seems to be no tendency to get away from Paul. Matthew Arnold once explained ingeniously the long injustice that has been done to St. Paul by the great divines who have misunderstood him. Call it interpretation or misinterpretation, as you like, Paul has certainly lent himself all too easily to the service of dogma. Roughly speaking, you may say that the Western world has nearly always chosen one of two extremes to fall into—dogmatic theology or fetich. There is little lure in either to the mind of the weary modern, who seeks to refresh himself with the eternal and convincing beauty of Christ. They stay his feet on the path to the Master.

#### IV

That the churches have kept Christ in the minds of the world for nearly two thousand years is their great achievement. Whatever they have called Christ, however they have defined Him, they have at least named Him, and men have not been allowed to forget. That is much.

Yes, it is much; though it cannot be denied that what they have called Him, the ways in which they have defined Him, have caused millions of people to reject Him, and rejection is as bad, perhaps, as ignorance. Not to know Christ is a terrible thing; but knowing Him, not



to love Him, is a worse fate. It is evidence of the invincible, irresistible nature of Christ that the unsocial, unaffiliated, sectless lover of the Gospels can believe in the Incarnation without crediting the Virgin Birth; can believe that He died to save sinners, though he reject the archaic and brutal dogma of the Atonement; and can believe that He came to give eternal life, without tarnishing that priceless gift with primitive eschatologies. He needs neither the Immaculate Conception, nor the Atonement, nor the Resurrection, to believe in Christ; and the three statements, "God is love," "God is a spirit," "The kingdom of Heaven is within you"—authentic and clear if anything in the Gospels is authentic and clear—destroy, at a breath, half the creeds of Christendom.

This unsocial Christian is not concerned with pitting his intelligence against that of a Jerome, an Aquinas, a Luther. Modesty, as much as prevision of defeat, would keep him from that contest. But he sees that controversy is not dead, and that nothing is settled. The human glosses on Christ's words continue to be made, in all good faith and earnestness. Inevitably, he goes back, himself, to the Gospels, to spell out the message as he can for himself. Doctors, I believe, still disagree as to whether or not Christ thought the physical end of the world was near. It would be interesting to know; and the knowledge might seriously affect our interpretations of some of Christ's words. But, not knowing, we have to take the words as they stand. In either case, the world was to be forsaken, despised, ignored; certainly not dallied with or sacrificed to. Whether because it was an illusion soon to pass, or an illusion to be fought through countless ages, does not really matter. The duty of the Christian was clear: to be in no wise a slave to that illusion. Penetrated with this conviction, the Christian can but envisage all religious organizations as pure pragmatism, pure compromise; and the question puts itself to

him, as it has put itself for two thousand years to the blind heart of man: is it better to be Christian or to survive? All the great churches have answered that it was better to survive; and Christ was not interested in survival. Self-preservation and Christianity are profoundly, immitigably at war. You can explain away many things, but you cannot explain away what Christ thought of the world, or of the devices by which a man saves his life. A Christian civilization is a paradox, for the machinery of civilization must be anathema to the true Christian (as indeed it seems to have been to the primitive Christians). If anyone argues that counsels of perfection are meant to be followed only so far as seems possible, Christ Himself retorts, "Be ye perfect." Strait indeed is the gate, and narrow the way. . . .

The unsocial Christian admits frankly to himself that he does not intend to be perfect; that, caught in his context, he will stick to his job, his home, his family, his mundane responsibilities, his pleasures, his ambitions. The organized Christians in the churches do the same, without apology. But even stronger in him than the impulse to call himself, before men, by the name of Christ, is the impulse not to ally himself with groups that officially controvert the Saviour's teaching. Neither he nor they will go into the wilderness; but he will at least confess to himself that the wilderness is where both he and they belong. The immense aid of solidarity he wistfully acknowledges; but what if the solidarity seem to him misconceived, misfounded, and misdirected? Like the young man of the Scriptures, he goes away sorrowful, keeping in his most secret heart the vain knowledge that Christ was indeed the Son of God, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Vain, because it is barren of practical results; not vain, in so far as a man who acknowledges Christ in his heart can never be really at peace with worldliness. But being a Christian, as we said, is a desperately unsocial business.



## FATHIMA THE COOK

BY LELAND HALL

THE house I occupied in Marrakech was spacious and charming, but not rich. From the short entrance passageway one stepped down to the right into a big square courtyard, where there were three bitter-orange trees and a fountain, running pure water into an octagonal basin. This allowed me to dispense with the professional water carriers, who bring you water from the public fountains in goatskin bags, and who are faithful, laborious men from the countryside. Both the trees and the fountain came up as topics in my Arabic lessons; and I learned to say of them in Arabic that the landlord had set out the trees, not for their fruit, which is unpalatable, but for beauty and for shade, since the sun burns fiercely in summer; and of the fountain, that the soft sound of its water kept me company when I was alone in the house. In the hot weather it was good, in any language, to dash one's self with buckets of water from the basin.

Round the courtyard the house rose to two stories. The plaster was stained by weather to a soft tan or rosy tint, and within the arches of the doorways was plaster carving painted deep blue and red. There was a coping of green tiles above. From this big courtyard a short passage led into another and smaller one. Here was the kitchen, with delapidated rooms above; and here water ran in a pipe from the wall.

All the living rooms, upstairs and down, gave on the pleasant space of the courtyard. Like Moorish rooms in general, they were very long right and left of the door, narrow across, and high.

Neither doors nor windows were contrived to let in the sun. Nine months of the year are hot, and in the summer months the native needs a retreat from the sun. Of the five big rooms which opened onto the main court I used but two: one below to eat in if my table might not be set out under the trees in the court itself, and one above to live and sleep in.

There was no access to the roof top. In the neighborhood a few rich and powerful men had their palaces, with enclosed gardens where their women walked; and lest neighbors look amorously down into these, they had put a restriction upon building in the vicinity in the matter of stairways and doors to the roof. If my roof leaked and had to be mended, the masons went far down the street till they came to a poor house the roof of which was within reach of their makeshift ladders, then clambered back over the intervening rooftops to mine. Once I went with them, looked down into the forbidden gardens on my left, and over all the city on my right to the snowy Atlas range, the untroubled view of which it was supposed I might disregard for some Bathsheba.

My chief servant was a woman, Fathima, Mohammed's daughter, who was not precisely of my own choosing, though I could never have chosen so faithful or so willing a one. Though many of the Moroccan women servants will do more work than a man, they are not generally responsible and must be continually supervised and trained. The men more often take charge of things, and besides quickly learn enough



French, if they do not know it already, whereas the women seem almost to withhold from doing so. My Fathima could speak no French.

A man cook, who had agreed to stay on with me after he had settled us in the house in the Zaouia, decided so suddenly to leave Marrakech that he had not time to find me another good man to take his place. But women are more plentiful, and he bade me not to mind because he would bring me a good woman. Early the next morning, the very day of his departure, while I was bathing at the fountain, he dragged the woman into the court. An urchin named Mahjoub, a half-starved little fellow whom the cook had always had about for errands and odd jobs, followed her. From the top of her head to her feet she was shrouded in her "haik," the outer garment women wear, which seems no more shaped than a blanket, yet which, with a single skilled twist of hand, they will plait over their heads and brows so that it falls in voluminous folds about their bodies, clutched tight by an inner hand only at the throat. The veil was tied across her face. It is curious how this costume, which is only the daily fashion for respectable, even freer, women who must go out in the streets, evokes a traditional spell of the Orient.

Fathima, however, allowed me but a fleeting vision of a woman veiled; for, without hesitation, she cast off the enveloping haik and the veil, as one of our women would take off her hat and coat and, with head tilted slightly back, presented herself to my inspection. She was short and rather dumpy, rather poorly dressed. A cloth was tied tightly over her hair, which gave the effect of flattening her head and widening her dark and oily face. Her somber eyes were big and far apart, and she did not smile.

"Take her to the kitchen, Hamed," I said, "and set her to work." Hamed did so, Mahjoub trotting after them.

With rather terrifying suddenness it now fell upon me that Hamed, whose

French could meet and discuss my every want, considered his work done. After breakfast, which he served me hurriedly, he strained to depart. I got a pencil and a piece of paper.

"Give me the Arabic words for these things," I commanded, and thereupon plucked him for a list of such necessities as my anxious mind was capable of remembering. I was to lunch up town; but my dinner must be carefully planned.

"You shan't go from this house," I said, "till you have instructed her about my dinner."

"What do you wish to eat, sir?"

"A big salad of vegetables," I said wildly; and, taking from the list and adding to it, made a word salad of lettuce, carrots, peas, a little cauliflower, a little onion, and a French dressing. "Now tell her!"

So he called Fathima from the kitchen and told her; and his words—as Arabic words have a malicious way of doing—squeezed and utterly distorted themselves in the open air, so that I did not recognize one of them, though I had but now written most of them down. But she understood something, for Hamed translated her reply, which was that she knew how to arrange a salad and even how to make a dressing for it.

"Now," said Hamed, "my mother is crying because I am going away to Fez."

"Tell Mahjoub I wish him to stay and work with Fathima."

Hamed did this, and the urchin's face brightened.

Then Hamed went away, wishing me peace, which seemed the last comfort I was likely to have.

I did not, would not, see or hear the woman in the house the rest of the morning; but when I was ready to go up town I found her in the kitchen. She had been busy, had washed down the floors and cleaned all the corners. The towels and kitchen aprons were washed and hung on a line.

"Peace be with you," I managed to say. "I shall return for supper."

"Peace be with you, monsieur," Fathima and Mahjoub responded in low unison.

Night had fallen when I came back to my house. My step echoed in the starlit courtyard. I was prepared to find them both fled, and ready to be glad of it. But after I shouted, Mahjoub, silent and vague, ran out from the kitchen passage, and into the dining room. He lighted two candles on the table. They might not have known how to turn the electric switch or have been afraid to do so. But the supper table was neatly laid; a bottle of wine stood uncorked by my plate, and the glass was shining. This was not so bad; and on such a warm, soft night a big bowl of salad was truly what I desired.

So I sat down and commanded my food. Mahjoub brought me soup in a tureen almost as big as he. I drank it. He brought me a dish of French fried potatoes, excellently done. I ate them. Then a dish of creamed carrots, then a dish of turnip warmed in olive oil, a course of green peas, very hot, a steaming cauliflower. So it went on, dish by dish and each served separately. There was not a cold morsel of food that night. At the end Fathima herself brought my coffee. She was to take that always as her own service, lifting with her fingers a bit of sugar from the tin and dropping it in my glass, then pouring the coffee.

"I wanted cold food," I said to her pleasantly.

She did not understand. She looked startled.

"Cold," I said.

"A little," she replied—of the night, retiring to her kitchen.

They allowed me five minutes for my coffee. They were not to live in the house, but to return to their own homes, which were two miles off in the Kasbah. Mahjoub cleared the table. I heard the creak of the heavy doors which shut the kitchen passage. The band of light from the room in which I sat cut across the starlight of the court, across the fountain and under the orange trees

beside it. Fathima stepped into the light out there. She had put on her haik and the veil across her face was a white mask.

"Give me a franc to buy the morning's milk," she said with a sort of stubbornness. When I had given it to her she wished me peace; and, veiled and cloistered in her robe, turned from the light and vanished. Mahjoub followed her like a puppy, directly in her footsteps. When the big door had closed behind them I was left to my thoughts and the sound of the fountain.

## II

During the first three or four days I noticed her appearance. She had no longer the freshness of youth, though the plumpness of it still filled her unlined face. She just missed being beautiful. Her eyes and her forehead were beautiful and the line of her chin. She had a pleasant smile, opening her mouth prettily and revealing small, even teeth, unhappily no longer white. It was the curious high and spreading cheekbones which destroyed the proportions of her face.

When she went about her work she wore torn, baggy pantaloons, and a shirt of coarse yellow stuff, which hung from her shoulders to her knees. Over this she tied one of the kitchen aprons. When she leaned across the table, to lift a bit of sugar from the tin, for instance, the yellow shirt fell away from her, revealing the smooth, yellow side of her body below her arm and the crease of her breast. Her legs were slightly bowed and too short for grace. She was always barefoot in the house and, like Mahjoub, carefully avoided any water on the pavement.

For days it never occurred to her that she could understand what I should try to say to her in Arabic; and she insisted upon Mahjoub's being present at our interviews, who, indeed, because he had known me longer, was quicker to detect what ramped in my brain behind my un-



couth accents. Sometimes she would twist and squirm a little before me, and scratch one bare knee with the other foot. She had always a fearless, direct look, but usually, at first, a pretty solemn one.

I remember the first time I saw her really smile. I had asked her if she was married. Yes, she had been married, but her husband had left her. Had she had children? Yes, two, but they had both died. In telling me this she smiled brightly.

"How old were they when they died?"

"Little, little. But they were beginning to say 'mamma.'"

The light in her eyes did not fade. She recalled only the joy of having had sons.

"What did they die of?"

"They died. Our Lord willed it."

Here her smile was radiant.

Often the wailing or screaming of women flew across the sky above my courtyard. So news of many kinds spreads over the city. To me the shrill sounds remained indeterminate, but Fathima, and every native who came to my house, recognized without seeming to listen what they announced. It was by no means always death. One day a great burst of screaming proclaimed that a boy in the neighborhood had accomplished a day's fast in his first Ramadan. But sometimes it was death, and the natives knew whether it was the death of a man, a woman, a son, or a daughter. Doubtless Fathima mounted to the roof of her dwelling when her children died and proclaimed her loss over the city. Such is the convention. The shrilling brings mourners and those who prepare the body for burial without delay.

I have seen many funeral processions, and among them those of children, natural and touching. Never have I seen a woman in the following, which walks swiftly and directly, no matter who the dead, with the ringing chant of men's voices. Fathima did not follow the bodies of her children to the big cemetery outside the Bab Aghmat, but

she knew they were buried there. For little children her heart still swelled with an overpowering love. You would have thought her breasts still must give milk, such was the rapture on her face when she held a child.

Sooner or later the barrier of language between us, enforced by our mutual unreadiness to believe we should ever understand each other, had to crumble. One morning Fathima came down from cleaning my room and, sending Mahjoub to wash dishes in the kitchen, stood straight before me at the breakfast table. She talked rapidly, and I, pretending to understand, said yes, yes and no, no indiscriminately. But the feeling grew on me that this was not enough. Fathima was saying something. As she said it over and over again, I slowly grasped the separate words, slowly put them together, and shivered.

"I will not work any longer in the house with him."

"You mean Mahjoub?" I asked; and it was immediately plain by her more agitated breathing that for several minutes she had meant nothing else.

"He does not do the work I set him. Your dishes, he will not wash them clean. I tell him they would not even in his own filthy house eat from such dishes. Your food, on the way to your table he picks from it with his fingers. He eats what I try to save. I tell him you will accuse me of that. He says you will never know. If he stays in the house I go."

I had sympathy for the half-starved youngster and tried to palliate his offense. Fathima was inexorable. Justice gave me a sting. They say all the Arabs scheme and lie, especially the women; and perhaps Fathima had a boy among her relatives whom she wished to work into Mahjoub's place. I ought to hear Mahjoub's side. But Fathima was indignant and firm. She was on the very point of action. If I kept Mahjoub, she would go; and I knew not where I could find another so pleasant and so compe-

tent as she. I bade Justice mind her own business, which is in another world than ours.

However, I delayed the wicked moment of deciding. I told her I was not sure of understanding all she had said, and that she must tell it all to my Arabic teacher, who would come in a little while and who could interpret. In due time, therefore, I summoned her with a clap of my hands to appear before Sidi Mohammed in his full robes and me in my stinky Western suit. She came and stood against the sunlight on the upper balcony and the tops of the orange trees. Instead of the indignation of early morning, she was possessed with coyness before this man of her own race who saw her unveiled. From his seat of judgment Sidi Mohammed flashed a certain look at her. It was very swift, but he must know, to judge agreeably, whether she was my mistress as well as my cook. The glance sufficed; he need but interpret, not adjust.

Fathima told her story directly. A little indignation resurged, and she stated my alternative even more firmly. When I had dismissed her my teacher said:

"She is an honest woman, and she will not stay if you keep the boy. You understood her this morning. You are making astonishing progress in the language. Some day you will be professor of Arabic in a great American University."

After he had gone I knew I must call up the miserable youngster and fire him. But gently, gently; not just a kick, like all the other kicks which had shot him hither and yon. How could I state the case to him most kindly? And, lo! while I was in this distress, he appeared before me, hang-dog as ever.

"Shall I go now or after dinner?" he asked, quietly.

"Eat a big dinner here. But give me your address."

"I am Mahjoub, son of Mohammed. I live in the Kasbah but do not know the number of my house."

"God willing, I may want you again."

"God willing," he said.

I shook his skinny little hand, then he walked to the stairway and down it out of my sight, probably out of my life.

Fathima could have done the work of the house unaided; but she had no acquaintances in this part of town and I thought a boy would be company for her during the long days. He could tend the door while she was at market and do odd jobs. She said she would bring a boy the next day, the son of one of her friends whose husband was indifferent to the welfare of his family.

"Mahjoub was a bad boy," she said.

"He ate too much."

"What will the new boy eat?"

"He'll eat what I give him."

"And what will you give him, Fathima?"

"Bread," she answered, tersely.

There was nothing hang-dog about Omar, the new boy. He was tall and thin, so much the growing boy that he seemed to elongate while you looked at him. His head was small and round; his face was a fine big nose, to which he had not grown, and a pair of bright little almond eyes. His clothes were neatly patched and clean.

"You will do what Fathima tells you to do," I said, "and I will pay you eight cents a day, with your meals."

"I want ten cents," said Omar.

"You can't have it," said I.

So he stayed for eight. Doubtless he helped Fathima, but he made me work. For as soon as Fathima was out of the house and he ought to tend the door, he curled up in a sunny corner and went to sleep. Then, when someone knocked, I had to arouse Omar, which was more laborious than opening the door myself. Yet he served me well at table, was pleasant about the house. He was a Mercury for errands, too. Let me send him with a message to someone in town with only the vaguest indication of an address, and he was up and away. He never failed to deliver the message. If I sent him a great distance I gave him



money to hire a bicycle. He would return at the end of an hour, a little out of breath. I don't doubt he had raced round the outer circuit of the walls, which is many miles. After all, it was no life for him, shut up all day in a house with a Fathima who was "serious," and an American trying to learn Arabic out of notebooks.

What I valued most in him was his plurals. Arabic plurals are for the foreigner an almost irreducible difficulty. Of course, they had grown in Omar with his teeth, and they were no less firmly implanted in Fathima. But if I said to Fathima, "One mouse, two—?" she would repeat "one mouse, two." If I said to her, "One foot, two—?" she might say, "Yes, some Moroccans wear Christian shoes." Whereas, if I said to Omar, "One mouse?" he said "two mice." He knew I wanted plurals: for he had imagination and Fathima had not.

Yet Fathima was once brilliant in plurals. It was over a matter of charcoal. The charcoal dealers drive their wares to market in panniers suspended across the donkey's back. Now, panniers are double baskets. Doubles are often dual, not plural, in Arabic; and they end in an *n* sound. Fathima was talking about charcoal, which we needed, in terms of *hamelain*. Was that from *hamel*, which might mean a basket? Was it, then, a double basket, or a plurality of baskets? Was my hypothetical *hamel*, which was never mentioned, only half a double basket? The price of charcoal was soaring; I did not wish to overstock. Did I need half a basket, a basket, a double basket, or a plurality of baskets?

Fathima and I were hooked on this infinitesimal point, and Time and Space roared by us. Omar failed. It seemed to me that charcoal could be bought no more, that I must shave in cold water and go out for my meals. Then Fathima freed us from the snag.

"*Hamelain*, one donkey!" she breathed, amazed at the daring of her intelligence.

### III

I gave her forty francs, which was the price she expected to pay for a *load* of charcoal. An hour later she returned to the house, and I heard talk of charcoal in the court and a man following her, wheezing under a load. When she brought me my coffee after lunch, she took money from the pocket of her apron and laid it on the table before me. There were fifteen francs.

"What is this?" I asked her.

"I went for the charcoal, and when I had come almost to the gate of the market a mile or more from our house, I overtook an old man driving his donkey with a load of charcoal. I saw he had come from the country. I said to him, 'Peace be with you, old man. Where are you going?' 'I am going to the charcoal market to sell my load.' 'It is a long way to the market,' I said; for I saw he was an old man and tired from walking and that he did not know the gate of the market was before him. I said to him, 'Sell me your charcoal and bring it to my house, which is nearby.' 'How much will you give me?' he asked. 'Twenty-five francs,' I said. Said he, 'It is not enough. They told me in the mountains where I live that charcoal is dear in the towns, and that I might sell my load for thirty-five or forty francs.' 'They knew nothing who told you so,' I said. 'Old man, it is Jews who buy in the markets. They will give you only twenty francs for your load. It is not very good charcoal, I see. Perhaps they will give you only fifteen. But I will give you twenty-five. Besides, the market is far from here. You are tired and my house is at hand.' 'It is true,' he said, 'that I am tired. I walked all day yesterday and all night and again to-day from my country. Your house is very near?' 'It is but a step,' I said, 'and here is the money which I will give you at the door.' So he turned his donkey and followed me. When we had gone five minutes, he said, 'It is a long way, your house.' 'No,' I said,

'you are tired.' When we had gone ten minutes, he stopped and said, 'I must sit down and rest.' 'No,' I said; and I whacked the donkey. When we had gone twenty minutes, he stopped again. 'You have lied to me; your house is far,' he said. 'Give me the money for my charcoal here. I will not go farther unless you pay me more.' 'Go back to the market and sell your charcoal, then,' I said. So he came with me to the door. 'Bring in the charcoal,' I said. 'For that you will pay me extra?' 'We shall see,' I said; and he brought the charcoal in to the kitchen. I went back with him to the door and paid him. Then he asked a 'favor' for having come so far and having brought the charcoal in. But I said, 'Peace be with you now, old man, and off to your country.'

"And what did he say to that, Fathima?"

"I shut the door in his face."

"But he was old and tired, perhaps hungry!"

"Like his ass," said Fathima, giggling. Thus was my stewardess faithful.

As we got to know each other better she would linger after she had served me my coffee, and Omar would linger, too. I cherish the memories I have of them thus, one on each side of the table in the shade of the orange trees, with the fragrance of the blossoms, perhaps, and the soft sound of the bees. They would give me plurals as long as I asked, laughing happily. They would tell me little stories in phrases natural to their tongue and rich as the growing grain or water flowing. They had tales of treachery and murder, too, which had come close to them; and these they would tell when I thought of going to walk in the groves beyond the city or of accepting some Moroccan's invitation. So that I saw them smiling against the fear they had inherited, like all the poor in Marrakech, from the insecurities of oppression and tyranny, the melancholy distrust which is in their blood.

In search of a vocabulary, I would put them any sort of question, intruding up-

on their private affairs as if they had no more feeling about them than a dictionary. So I went ferreting into Omar's family.

"What does your father do for a living?"

Omar stiffened. "I don't know," he answered.

Fathima said, "His father has gone away."

"Where?"

More rigidly than before, Omar answered that he did not know.

"Does he not send letters?"

"No."

"Does he not send money to your mother?"

"No."

"Why?"

Omar began silently gathering up the dishes. Fathima said Omar's father was a bad man; he had abandoned his wife and children. She laughed about it, but Omar never cracked a smile. Somewhat less bluntly, I returned to the attack; and though Omar's monosyllables grew more sullen, I learned he had a sister likewise abandoned by her husband and living in the mother's house too sickly for work; that there were three children younger than Omar, two of them too young to work; and that they all must live on what the mother and Omar could earn. When Fathima, who had also been abandoned by her husband, declared that all Moroccan men were bad, I told in the interest of international justice the story of a man or two in my own family upon whom Christian vows had rested with similar looseness. To Fathima it was quite spicy to hear that men were men the world over; but Omar marched away from us in silence with his head high.

Several weeks after that Fathima called me into the kitchen to meet a gaunt native woman, sitting on a mattress there and nursing a baby. She was unveiled and dishevelled, and she made no move to stand but only raised her eyes to look at me. These, though tired, were strangely blue and alight in



her long, bony face. Her hair was reddish and wiry.

"This is Omar's mother," Fathima said.

"Omar is a good boy, an honest boy," I said, thinking to please her.

"Good enough, honest enough. But now he wanders at night and no longer brings me the money you pay him."

It was never my experience to hear a Moor whine, except a professional beggar now and then. Of mortal happenings in their lives which we should color with the word tragedy they speak with the monotony of existence itself; and with like evenness, which is more remarkable, they speak of irritations and hardships. They are invariably readier to laugh than to cry; and for this reason I cannot believe that fatalism, if I am right in feeling it a mirthless word, defines their acceptance of life. To be sure, each, when he is worried or stricken, silences complaint with the phrase: It is written. Yet I believe that his patience—that patience which, with his laughter, is an outstanding characteristic—is founded not in the faith that what has befallen was decreed specially for him, but in the certainty, perhaps intuitive, perhaps instilled by his religion, that just such suffering as his has befallen all the children of Adam since the beginning: just such, no more nor less, and no other. The Moor finds no private feature in his hardship or his grief.

So Omar's mother, looking up at me from the mattress on the kitchen floor. There might have been in the street where she lived a dozen women deserted by their husbands, a dozen sons who, discovering life for themselves, had ceased to bring in their earnings to the family. There was nothing singular about it.

But to me, of course, it was a special case. Something could be done about it. I engaged myself to speak to Omar, and, if need be, to withhold for her a part of his wages, which Fathima could carry to her each week.

On the next pay day I gave Omar what was due him.

Fathima said, "Now don't go and spend it all, but take some home to your mother."

Omar was silent.

"It's so easy to spend money when you have it in your pocket," I said, "and for things you really don't want. Suppose I keep back ten francs each week for your mother. That would still leave you four or five to spend."

Omar hitched out his sack from the folds of his jellaba and put his week's money in it—all of it, and finished his work. He never came to my house again.

This must have happened near the end of April. The natives were still bringing their sickles to the street of the iron workers to have them beaten and sharpened for the harvesting. It was Omar who taught me the word for sickle, and for sowing and growing, ripening and reaping. Whether it was the end of April or the first of May, it was not before the harvesting and could not have been long after it. For me, as for the natives among whom I lived, the months were becoming the moons, the year the seasons. The jerk and hitch of dates were smoothing away, and time flowed evenly.

So it flowed while Omar was with Fathima in the house, many easy and profitable weeks, bringing me not only plurals but many a natural phrase which was not of my world, many a laugh. In the current of it Omar slipped out, yet it flowed on evenly as before.

#### IV

I did not engage another helper for Fathima. After all, the work in my house was relatively easy for her, and I gave her the money I should have paid a boy as an extra. This may have meant more luxury for her than she had ever been used to, for she was of a poor family and had always been poor. Her parents were both dead. She had brothers who

had left Marrakech. A widowed sister with an infant and two young sisters lived with her in the Kasbah; and sometimes one or the other of these would come down to the Zaouia to spend an afternoon with her. In the slack hours, then, she would go with them to the mosque of Sidi bel Abbas for prayer.

The state of women in Mohammedan societies is often brought up among us as derogatory to the creed. It is not perhaps generally known how firmly the laws of Mohammed safeguard the property rights of women, nor what comfort the women find in their religion. Fathima held herself rigorously to the fast of Ramadan. She neither ate nor drank during the long hours of the day. When I asked her once if she did not suffer from hunger or thirst, she said, "Oh, no; I pray, and that is better than bread or water." The sweet immediacy of God was always shining in her face, and so without astuteness and without spiritual challenge that it was as natural as the sunlight.

To her sister's child she devoted herself passionately. He was as unattractive a little brat as ever I saw, with a running nose and curiously ugly back-sides, which were the top of his presentment when I saw him. He was learning to walk. He would not creep on his knees, but boosted his rear on his little legs, and seemed to push his face along the ground that way. If he happened to be headed towards me, he promptly turned round. His single little shirt was in a ruffle round his neck. But I need not hear his wails to know he was in the house; the happy look on Fathima's face told me that.

There came in June a spell of burning weather. On Fathima's face one morning I noticed an unfamiliar expression. I asked if anything ailed her.

"It is the little boy," she said. "He is very sick."

She and his mother had sat with him all night. His skin was hotter than the sun in these fearful days and he panted for breath. Even water he vomited.

"Fathima," I said, "there is a very kind doctor in town. Let me bring him to your house. It will cost you nothing and we will do everything we can."

She tilted her head and looked at me with no trace of feeling.

"Not the Christian doctor. Oh, no; Oh, no. Not the Christian doctor to lay his hands on a little Moroccan child, a little baby who cannot yet walk."

There was a noble French woman in town, herself a physician, who had established a hospital for women and children and ran a clinic there.

"Fathima," I urged, "let us take a carriage now and drive to your house and bring the baby to the woman doctor."

"You have your ways," she said, still firmly though her eyes were moist. "We have ours. Our baby is in the keeping of God."

"But, Fathima, you must do something."

"There is," she said, "an old Moorish woman who knows the illnesses of children. If need be, we shall go to her."

I sent her home immediately after lunch. The next morning her face was sad beyond words. The child was still living, but I saw she feared it might not be for long. She and her sister had watched all night. After midnight when they thought the baby could not breathe for fever, they wrapped him in a blanket and ran with him through the dark streets to the house of the old Moorish woman. But no one opened the door to them. The old woman had gone away to the country. There was not even a moon, Fathima said, and they were afraid in the darkness.

It seemed to me, both from what she said and from her anxiety, that the baby could hardly live. Therefore I did not urge again a Christian doctor.

"It will be as God wills," Fathima said, with trembling lip.

And the child lived. Yet I knew that though Fathima had spoken of the death of her own children as one of our women might not speak, her heart had known grief even like theirs.



Soon after, it was time for me to go. Fathima put the house well in order. We had a carriage come down into the Zaouia, and she carried my heavy bags out to it, and baskets of odds and ends which I had given to her. A native shirt she asked for I had promised to the Chleuh beggar who could not walk. To this she was not reconciled. When we were in the carriage, together with the woman she had had helping her with the house that day, and luggage and bundles high over us, I held the shirt on my knee.

"If we do not meet the beggar, Fathima," I said, "I will give you the shirt."

But we did meet the beggar, and I fell out of the carriage and gave him the shirt. When I had pushed in again amid the luggage, I spoke to Fathima a phrase I had recently learned.

"You're out of luck," I said.

Thereupon she laughed; struck the other woman on the knee; twisted round and shouted up to the cabman that I had said she was out of luck because we had met the beggar. It seemed quite to delight her.

It was after nightfall. We drove to the offices of the transportation company on the central square of the city, and she scolded the boys who squabbled and fought to carry my luggage. When it was checked in I found Fathima still waiting. She was all in her haik and veiled, and about her stood the half dozen old baskets full of odd bits I had given her from the house. She shook hands with me, and her eyes were quite starry above her veil. Then she and the other woman loaded themselves with the baskets and trudged away.

## HARVEST

BY HELENE MAGARET

*STARVING, he did not beg for food,  
Nor, homeless, ask a bed,  
But walked with hunger-stricken eyes  
And proudly lifted head.*

*Now that his cellar runs with wine,  
His bins have burst with grain,  
He longs to feel the old-time thirst,  
The old starvation pain.*



## STILL A MAN'S GAME

REFLECTIONS OF A SLIGHTLY TIRED FEMINIST

BY LILLIAN SYMES

**R**ECENTLY I was one of a group of women who met together occasionally for dinner and an evening of informal talk. The group was bound together by the loose tie of common interest in various movements and by personal friendships. All of these women were feminists of a sort, but decidedly new style. Their ages ranged from twenty-eight to thirty-eight. They were well-dressed, well-informed, intelligent. Because of the too common acceptance of the Menckonian theory that all "new" women are so because they are lacking in pulchritude, I hasten to add that all of them were attractive; a few downright beautiful.

The conversation drifted from Russian movies to someone's—perhaps Mr. Macy's—recent attack upon feminism, and from that to "the new man." There was a scornful sniff from behind the cloud of cigarette smoke which enveloped our youngest member, a good-looking Ph.D.

"Who is he? The gentleman who expects you to assume half the financial obligations and all the domestic ones. I've seen him in action. You can have him. Some day I shall look up some blood brother of George F. Babbitt who won't expect me to be beautiful, brilliant, seductive—and a good provider; and I'll marry him for life. I haven't watched my free-souled sisters all these years for nothing."

I waited for the protest or raillery which in other days would have followed such a declaration in such a group.

There were only a few derisive smiles. I think we were all a little shocked at our mutual silence.

These women were typical of a generation of feminists who have experimented with the social and economic emancipations talked about since the days of Mary Wollstonecraft. Because I believe that, as pioneers of a wider freedom in a highly transitional social period, their experiences are significant, I want to define them more fully and differentiate them from their predecessors and successors. For what a small, self-consciously "advanced" group is doing to-day may become the common practice, through sheer necessity, of the masses to-morrow. Already the Nora who slammed the door of her Doll's House behind her has been followed by hordes of young girls in stores and offices who find it absolutely essential to cling to their jobs after marriage.

My own generation of feminists in the pre-war days had as little in common with the flat-heeled, unpowdered, pioneer suffragette generation which preceded it by a decade or two as it has with the post-war, spike-heeled, over-rouged flapper of to-day. We grew up before post-war disillusionment engulfed the youth of the land and created futilitarian literature, gin parties, and jazz babies. If in those younger days we believed didactically in our right to smoke and drink, we considered over-indulgence in either "rather sloppy" if not anti-social. If we talked about free love and if a few even practiced it



"as a matter of principle," we should have been thoroughly revolted by the promiscuous pawing and petting permitted by so many technically virtuous young women to-day. The gold-digger, according to our code, was only a little less honest than the kept woman. Promiscuity was the one thing worse than marriage without love. We were idealists, you see, in our quaint way, and we took ourselves rather seriously. We read Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy, and the Continental social novelists. From Olive Schreiner, Ellen Key, and Charlotte Perkins Gilman came our phraseology. Lester Ward was our sociological authority. If all this makes us sound like prigs, I can assure you we were not. We made ourselves as attractive as we knew how to be, we were particular about our clothes, and few of us ever "sat out" dances.

Already equal suffrage had been won in many states and its federal success was imminent. Political freedom and the right to enter the professions and arts had been almost gained by a braver, grimmer, and more fanatical generation of feminists behind us. These were the women who had had to make the famous choice between "marriage and a career." We were determined to have both, to try for everything life would offer of love, happiness, and freedom—just like men. To us suffrage was only a starting point, one of the many facets of the woman's movement, one of several causes we believed in. While we were not all political radicals, we were examining our socio-economic order and our sex mores with an inquisitive and skeptical eye. We were the left wing, in a sense, of the woman's movement. Conventional marriage with its conception of the supported, or as we called her, "the parasitic wife" who spent the money which her husband slaved to earn, was spurned for the conception of the fifty-fifty union in which husband and wife earned the living and shared the family expenses. Children, we admitted, did necessitate a certain amount

of compromise with one's theories; but did not Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her several volumes, furnish adequate blueprints showing how, with the aid of co-operative kitchens and scientific day-nurseries, the modern woman could hold her job and raise a fair-sized family? I am afraid that not many of us were able to find those scientific kitchens and nurseries, such institutions being even scarcer ten or twelve years ago than they are now; but we struggled through somehow with the aid of grandmothers, aunts, or none-too-scientific nursemaids, permitting ourselves to be supported through the uncompromising reality of pregnancy and nursing.

Most of us who married found men of our own kind—young men with their way to make in the world, men of liberal or radical enthusiasms who agreed with us about woman's place and who probably would have been unable to marry for years had they chosen a more dependent type of woman. (However "slightly tired" I may feel now, I am still convinced that such a situation is more socially healthful than the old conception of marriage which forces hundreds of thousands of men to wait until they are middle-aged and have achieved a solid position before embarking upon the support of a perfectly healthy, self-sufficient female.) Most of us married men who were unlikely to achieve great financial success in a highly competitive business world. They were, for the most part, journalists, writers, artists, college instructors, liberal lawyers devoted to the under-dog, or completely untrained young idealists, so our careers after marriage were not altogether dilettante. Undoubtedly Freud could explain it satisfactorily, but I have noted that the prosperous young bond broker, the hustling young go-getter, is almost never attracted to the intelligent and independent young woman with "ideas," no matter how attractive she may be. And vice versa.

Some of us did not marry. But when I think of the large number of unmarried

women in their thirties whom I now know, many of whom are well-known and respected in the arts and professions, I can think of almost none who has been completely loveless. Except for their childlessness and possibly more hectic emotional life, their experiences are more or less identical with those of their married sisters. They have played a man's game in a world which is not yet quite humanized. The self-supporting wife of whom I am speaking has little advantage over them, because she would no more think of taking advantage of the slender legal protection which her marriage certificate has conferred upon her than she would think of quitting her job and joining a Thursday afternoon bridge club. She has married because she believed marriage the best and most convenient way of living with the man she loves, or because she wanted children and believed that a free union would be unfair to them, or in order to save her more conservative family from pain. Her marriage has usually been prefaced by some "complete understanding" such as this:

She: I can't imagine that I'll ever stop loving you, but if I do, or if I care for someone else, I'll tell you right away and I want you to do the same. You mustn't let any fool idea about chivalry stand in the way of complete honesty, will you, dear?

He: Of course not. We are both adults with our own work to do, and if we find this won't work, we'll just shake hands and part without any fuss and with no strings on either of us.

She: Of course. It isn't likely to happen, but if it does we'll make no demands on each other and we'll always be friends.

This is the same naïve understanding with which her less conventional sister enters upon a love affair, tacitly pledging herself to demand none of the privileges which tradition has bestowed upon her as Woman, and to act like a gentleman at the end.

"But how many women ever live up to such an understanding?" the skeptic may ask.

Some do not, of course, and the same may be said of men. The number of men who threaten to "go straight to the devil" when their lady's love cools is probably as great as the number of women who have hysterics under similar circumstances. But aside from immediate reactions, I know that a great many women do keep to their bargain. Yet I am convinced that they pay a higher price for each smash-up than the man does.

Whether the reason for this is psychological and acquired or biological and inherent, I have not yet been able to decide, but I incline toward the latter theory. The fact remains that to most women, even the most intellectually emancipated, sex experience can never be as objectively casual as it can be to many men. To all but a comparatively few women, happiness and satisfaction in a sexual relationship can be achieved only when they are to some extent emotionally involved. That there are a few men, unusually sensitive in make-up, to whom this condition is also essential to satisfaction, does not alter the general situation. The average woman whose love affair, in or out of marriage, goes to pieces, cannot adjust herself to a new relationship within a short space of time. While her lover drowns his troubles in a bottle of Scotch and then looks about for some "good little sport" who will keep him amused until the edge of his sorrow has worn off, she usually grins, or cries, and bears it, knowing it will probably take a long period of acute pain and dull ache before the involved tendrils of her emotional life straighten themselves out again. If she knows anything about herself, she will know that experiments with Scotch and some other man's kisses will prove relatively futile as anodynes.

In Aldous Huxley's recent novel of sophisticated contemporary life, *Point Counter Point*, the wise Elinor says, in describing the promiscuous young vampire, Lucy, "She is one of those women who have the temperament of a man."



Men can get pleasure out of casual encounters. Most women can't; they've got to be in love more or less. They've got to be emotionally involved. All but a few of them. Lucy's one of the few. She has the masculine detachment. She can separate her appetite from the rest of her soul."

"What a horror!" remarks the over-refined Marjorie.

To which Elinor, who has had her own painful moments, replies, "It seems to me rather an enviable talent."

Envable or not, it is a talent which few women have, and the lack of it is a distinct handicap to those women who are prepared to take their chances and ask no chivalry in the game of love.

Parenthetically, I am even a little suspicious of the complete detachment of the Lucys. I am inclined to believe that the promiscuous woman is the one who has failed to achieve or maintain a completely satisfactory relationship with any man, that she flits from man to man, unconsciously seeking what she has been unable to find. Cheating herself of it by the very casualness of her encounters, she over-compensates her ego by a series of easy conquests and superficial pleasures. In other words, she is not the norm, but the neurotic. If she discovers the source of her own frustration and finds a man who meets her need, she usually settles down to as deep an emotional involvement as her most romantic sister.

If the sub-title to this article seems to imply that I believe that the gallant ladies who have lived their own lives, paid their share of the costs and have acted like gentlemen, are mistaken fools, I beg to correct the impression. They have my heartfelt admiration and somewhat sympathetic respect. Each time I see in the newspapers the photograph of some over-massaged female incubus who has just extracted large sums of alimony or breach of promise loot from some grubbing male, or when I witness the shopping neuroses displayed by the thousands of idle, acquisitive women who

parade Fifth Avenue daily, I thank my God that some women are human beings.

It is when I think of women I know who, in attempting to combine the functions of mother, housewife, and breadwinner, are carrying two-thirds of the family burden and inviting nervous prostration, when I look about me at the number of genuine feminists whose very gallantry has wrecked them in a world built primarily for man's technic and convenience, that I have misgivings.

## II

Perhaps some case histories will illustrate better than argument the nature of these misgivings. Individual cases prove nothing, I admit, but each one of those given is representative of two or three others within the scope of my own knowledge. They are sufficiently disguised, of course, to prevent identification.

John and Jane, as I will call them, had been married for ten years. They were both thirty-eight. John was a poet by inclination but took on odd editing and lecturing jobs when poetry sales ran low, as they usually do. Jane was a copywriter in a large advertising agency. Her work, requiring regular hours and a rather high degree of nerve strain, had resulted in her looking several years older than John.

Their relationship had been on the fifty-fifty basis consistent with Jane's feminism and John's modernism. Each contributed equally to the family exchequer. Each, in theory, was supposed to assume half of the household tasks left undone by the twice-a-week maid. In actuality, Jane carried most of this burden. Like many poets, John was indifferent to dirt and disorder. His culinary talents were limited to boiling eggs, and he never could remember to send the laundry. Still their marriage had worked for ten years and they had been as happy as most couples are who have cultivated tastes and inadequate incomes.

Then John fell deeply in love with a young thing of twenty who returned his affections. When they told Jane about it, there was nothing for her to do, according to her own code of gentlemanliness, but to pack up her half of the household gods and move into a room and bath apartment. It was useless to reproach John for something he couldn't help; and if her eyes were slightly reddened and her face slightly haggard in the days that followed, none of her friends knew just how many times she cried herself to sleep.

It wasn't until I tried to visualize Jane's future that I realized her predicament. John, at thirty-eight, managed to look several years younger, but even to those who knew his real age, there was nothing especially incongruous or silly in his alliance with a girl of twenty. Jane, at thirty-eight, looked her age because she was always a little tired with her double burden of exacting job and small household duties. How people would snicker if Jane should suddenly take up with a boy of twenty or even twenty-five! As an alternative to loneliness, she was limited for companionship or love to men of her own age or older. Many of these men were looking for young and pretty wives. All her life she had played the game according to a man's code. Support, legal protection, alimony, she would have scorned as the weapons of a weak and parasitic womanhood, and she would have been intellectually correct. But intellectual integrity is cold comfort under such circumstances.

All this was a year ago. Perhaps Jane would be having her revenge now, if she didn't still happen to love John. He and his new love having gone abroad, he writes her occasional affectionate letters with many references to her good sportsmanship. But the letters contain long accounts of the new love's incompetence, her rather charming helplessness and jealousy, her annoying chatter when he wants to write, and her complete dependence upon him. He will

never be able to leave her, he intimates, because she needs him so. After each such letter, Jane swears a little and then sheds a few regretful tears for her own competence.

The elements of Celia's case are, I think, typical of many others.

Celia was nineteen and in college when she suddenly married a very charming man with no very visible means of support. Phil had been raised in a Southern family to be a gentleman, and a reversal in the family fortunes had left him completely unfitted for the mad scramble of modern business—which may be more of an indictment of modern business than of Phil. After their marriage he tried his hand at newspaper work, and Celia went back to college to complete her course. Unfortunately she became pregnant and six months before her baby was born she left college. During the first year of the baby's life, they managed to keep afloat on Phil's meager salary. Then as their expenses grew greater and old bills remained unpaid, Celia took a job, leaving her baby with her mother during the day. Her work was as difficult as Phil's but, being a woman, she was paid one-third less. That was twelve years ago and she is still working. During the baby's first two years when her sleep was interrupted and her work hardest, Celia became "run down"; and she never quite recovered her strength. Phil was "an angel about helping," but they lived in the West where household help was exorbitant and there were things about the house and the baby that Phil just couldn't do. In the eight years that followed, she had two nervous breakdowns. Then she and Phil were divorced, because of growing incompatibility, and they shared the divorce expenses and the support of young Philip, equally. When I went to see Celia during a recent illness, she was worrying because for the time being she would be unable to carry her share of this burden. To my suggestion that perhaps Phil could take care of the



whole thing for a while, she replied wearily, "I wish he could. I hate to admit it, even to you, but I'm getting darn tired."

The case of Ruth is one of those in which the new woman suffers for the sins of the old.

Ruth married a man who had just been divorced. His wife had gone off with a very young man, but being a gentleman, Bob had let her sue him, rather than accuse her of New York's sole ground for such action. The wife had taken advantage of the situation to claim alimony as well, but in order to get rid of her and rather than acknowledge that he had faked the evidence against himself, Bob had paid.

In order to keep the past wife in idleness, it is necessary that both Ruth and Bob should work. Ruth would do so anyway, but they could live much more pleasantly without this serious drain on Bob's income. Children are out of the question at present, although they both want them. Illness and other unforeseen expenses must be paid for out of Ruth's salary. Recently, I found her torn between tears and rage and announcing that she was about to stop work. Bob's former wife had written asking him for a "loan" of three hundred dollars with which to buy a fur coat.

"He was going to send it," Ruth went on, "if I hadn't flatly announced that if he did, I would go up town and charge him up with a brand new mink. What do you think he said? 'But she doesn't know how to earn money and you do!' Well, I'm going to unlearn it immediately. A year of helping to support that husky parasite is enough. I've decided to be one too."

Ruth finally kept on with her job, but the ex-wife did not get her fur coat.

Marian is one of the flaming young feminists I knew at eighteen who did not marry. She is now thirty-four. The child of an unhappy marriage, she has

something of a "complex" on the subject of matrimony. Unusually attractive and richly endowed, emotionally and artistically, Marian had more to give to life than any other woman I know. When I see her now I have a sense of rather pathetic waste.

Looking about her at the lives of her friends, Marian at twenty-two decided that any serious emotional entanglement would be dangerous to her well-planned career and possibly painful to herself, and Marian had seen enough pain in her own household. Marriage was ruled out. She would live a man's life, giving herself to her work, taking love if it came as a thing apart, but never letting it for a moment interfere with the serious business of life—the business of showing the world that she, a woman, could be as good at her job as any man. There was something of the old-style feminist attitude left over in that. At thirty-four she has almost succeeded. Everything has happened as she planned. She has never been hurt through her affections because she has never felt deeply about anyone. She has an excellent income, a charming apartment, admiring friends, a devoted maid. But her smile is rather "hard-boiled." Only once have I seen her hard, bright surface crack for a moment. At a studio party I found her watching as though fascinated a well-known woman of nearly fifty who sat alone at the end of the room sipping cocktails. The majority of the guests were younger people, and few of the women and none of the men concerned themselves with her. None of them seemed to remember that for fifteen years she had been the most successful, talented, and sought-after woman in their literary world.

Marian watched her as she drank cocktail after cocktail in an obvious effort to forget the indifference of the crowd. When Marian turned away, there was something almost frightened in her expression.

"The high and dry fifties," she whispered with a shudder.

## III

I am willing to admit that in the cases I have cited the feminists involved have suffered no more than have thousands of non-feminists in similar circumstances. There is no talisman against pain except, perhaps, a callousness which precludes happiness as well. Thoroughly conventional wives have been deserted for sweet young things since the beginning of time and they have had neither the distraction of a job nor the habit of independent thinking to sustain them as did my friend Jane. Furthermore, the number of deserted husbands is increasing daily. Thousands of women who have never heard of feminism have had, for various reasons, to support themselves, raise a child, and do their own housework as did Celia. The divorced husband of an alimony-hunter suffers as much from her depredations as does his subsequent wife. Perhaps Marian in the lonely fifties will have had as full and interesting a life behind her as the more conservative maiden aunt of yesterday.

Why, then, have these blithe young feminists of twenty, who have turned into slightly disillusioned feminists of thirty to forty, any particular right to feel tired? And in what way are they worse off than the thousands of women who have had similar burdens to bear and have borne them without benefit of philosophy? On the whole, I think that the feminists of whom I have been speaking are beginning to realize that *pragmatically* there is no essential difference; that the world still being what it is, their self-conscious attempts at economic and social emancipation have merely put them in the same position as their more conservative sisters who have been forced by accident into playing both a man's and a woman's part. Instead of achieving freedom, they have achieved the right to carry two burdens, to embrace a new form of servitude.

The difficulty is this: that the new woman of to-day is suffering the handicap of all insurgents who live before their

time. She is attempting to live and act as though the millennial conditions for which she hopes had arrived. She is like some Tolstoyan Christian who might try to practice literal Christianity in the cut-throat competition of the modern financial world, to love his neighbor as himself on the New York Stock Exchange. She has an intellectual conviction that in our modern, mechanized world with its small families and apartment living, the stay-at-home wife is becoming increasingly parasitic, a mere drone who spends without earning. She holds the conviction that in this modern world the most satisfactory form of sex-relationship is that between two equally independent, self-reliant human beings who live together only for the duration of their mutual need. Then she has proceeded to act as though the world were practically and ideologically adjusted to those convictions.

Occasionally she is fortunate enough to strike just the right combination of career and man and she "puts over" her dual role successfully. I know of several such happy accidents. In one, both husband and wife earn over ten thousand a year. They can afford, with their joint earnings, to keep well-trained servants and a superior college-trained nursemaid to take over every shred of domestic responsibility. In another, the woman is wealthy in her own right and can work at the things she loves best without household distractions. The solution in these cases has been—money. But few women earn ten thousand a year and few inherit wealth.

More often, she finds herself pledged to the task of supporting herself in a world in which women are paid much less than men for similar work; of superintending, if not actually doing, that residue of household labor which remains in spite of all our mechanical devices; of maintaining a highly tentative relationship with a man who has probably taken too literally that gospel of individual liberty which leaves him so free of his ancient responsibilities. The man or



woman who realizes that freedom imposes its own responsibilities is still a rare soul.

Is it any wonder, then, that she finds herself slightly tired at times or looks ahead to fifty with a somewhat frightened expression? All women are slightly tired at times and even the most protected have misgivings at the thought of fifty; but it is somewhat galling to the feminist who has deliberately renounced the conventional pattern of woman's place and the protective devices which chivalry has thrown around her, to find that her renunciation has bought her no immunity.

If the emancipated woman of the present day finds herself holding the hot end of the poker it is useless for the anti-feminist to offer some such panacea as "back to the kitchen and the nursery." As has been pointed out, thousands of women who have never heard of feminism are finding themselves in the same position. Modern life, with its changed standards of living, its economic precariousness for vast numbers of people, is making the old-fashioned family a burden which even the most conservative young man hesitates to assume. Social changes do not come about through the efforts of a few propagandists. The latter are merely symptomatic. The modern feminist is merely the woman who has assumed somewhat foolishly that she could immediately remodel life more nearly to her heart's desire by living out her own conception of freedom. Instead, she has found herself caught up in the machinery of social transition, which grinds even more slowly than the mills of the gods.

That this machinery will eventually grind out some solution to the practical problem of "love, home, and work" seems fairly obvious because dim beginnings may already be seen here and abroad. In Russia, where the nation was suddenly confronted with the necessity for making rapid economic adjustments and increasing production, the proletarian wife and mother, in factories

and offices, is being surrounded with every facility for making her dual role a practicable and even desirable one.

But the *emotional* disadvantage of the new woman who has forsworn the legal and traditional protections of her sex will present a more difficult problem. It is as useless to tell her to go back to the old psychological attitudes as to go back to the kitchen. However much she may feel the need for security, however "sold out," in a sense, she may feel at times, she cannot remake her mental and emotional reactions. Individuals here and there, like the disillusioned young Ph.D. referred to, may decide to find some old-style, reliable male and be supported for life, but for her to achieve emotional satisfaction from such an arrangement is another matter.

I think there is no question in the minds of my more intelligent feminist friends that both economic and social emancipation are, in the present as in the past, a man's game—a game which we have been playing with all the odds against us. That, in the latter case, the odds will always be somewhat against us is quite probable.

Perhaps in forswearing our past security we have forsworn something which had a biologic as well as a conventional and religious sanction. The old-fashioned union built upon the conception of permanency and family life, rather than on the duration of the romantic passion or intellectual compatibility, had its middle-aged compensations. It was not superimposed upon the world by some Machiavellian masculine brain. It sprang as much from a handicapped motherhood's need for security as from man's primitive lust for private property and legitimate offspring. Modern society has taken over very largely the functions of the protective paterfamilias, but I think that the modern feminist has somewhat overrated the rapidity of this transference. She has abandoned her old defenses before the new ones are quite finished. However, she cannot go back. Already

the economic foundations of the older order are shifting and one does not return for shelter to a home which already shows signs of decay.

The only way out seems to lie ahead. Accepting the disadvantages of our present position, we can work for a fairer attitude and more decent pay for the woman who is doing a man's work whether through choice or necessity. Our biggest job perhaps is to impress upon the "new man," who is profiting by our independence, the knowledge that what we propose is to share, not to assume, the burdens of a common life—that our independence does not relieve him of all the responsibilities of a domestic and emotional relationship.

To compensate ourselves for the advantage which man's greater emotional detachment and easier sexual adjustment gives him over the newest woman, our only defense is a varied and inter-

ested life of activity outside our emotions—a work under which we can bury ourselves temporarily when the world seems to be rocking. Men have used this defense for ages against the slings and arrows of an unhappy love life. With a little less success, perhaps, we too can learn its uses—and in this we have the advantage over our more old-fashioned sisters who may garner alimony but not distraction in similar crises.

From all of this the generation of women that comes after us may profit, as we have profited by the struggles of our older sisters for different freedoms—unless in some strange fashion this new generation reacts to the social patterns of its grandmothers.

Just last week a friend of mine remarked rather wistfully, while watching her small daughter at play:

"I rather hope Mary doesn't grow up to be too uncompromisingly feminist."

## POLITE REFUSAL

BY WILLIAM HAROLD McCREARY

**I** KNEW it would be so. The cool clean glance  
 Carries the word your syllable would hide.  
 No vague extenuating circumstance  
 Can matter now, no pity save my pride.  
 Always it was this shadow on the far  
 Horizon of my joy I feared—the dim  
 Unalterable echo that could mar  
 The music of your answering. The slim  
 Grace of your parting courtesy was such  
 As clever duelist might once have used,  
 Wielding his blade with the same skillful touch  
 That left his foe helpless but unabused.  
 Thus would I make my parting bow and go.  
 I find no fault. I knew it would be so.





## THE PLATE

A STORY

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

**F**ROM now on you needn't call me until nine o'clock," said Monsieur Glephte to the maid as she brought in his morning coffee.

"I'll not be going to the shop any more," he explained, a trifle apologetically.

And for the first time in his life breakfast seemed bitter to him.

It was because Monsieur Glephte was to taste the humiliation of being forced out of business. Just as a leaky boat fills with water, slowly, imperceptibly but surely, so the firm of Hipoux Jr., Émile Glephte, and Frederick Tuval, once gloriously successful, had been engulfed by disastrous inventories. One must be enterprising, one must take chances, one must be up to date if one is to succeed selling collars and ties. But the firm paid no attention to the whims of fashion; they kept right on in their old rut, and in time they were forced to sell out at a great sacrifice. M. Hipoux Junior was seventy-nine years old. From the shipwreck he managed to save a pittance which he had gone to live on in a secluded spot in the country; there he re-read his old ledgers with the emotions of an aged poet reading over the works of his youth—"Think of my being able to do that!" M. Frederick Tuval, in his fifties, mated with a substantial widow; and M. Émile Glephte, ruined, sought consolation in the bosom of his family.

Happily, a source of pride remained. His son, Désiré, made good money selling insurance; he saved the day.

"Myself to a *T* when I was his age," mused the father affectionately. "He has the blood of the salesman in his veins, the young scalawag! He talks you into buying insurance just the way I used to place six dozen ready-to-wear four-in-hands—as easy as rolling off a log."

He got on very well with the boy, who while big, strong, good-looking, was still shy and modest in spite of his success.

But there was Madame Glephte.

While Monsieur Glephte, a thin, meager little man, with straggly whiskers, apologetic movements, and the subservient manner of a shopkeeper, was wont to efface himself, Madame Glephte, fleshy and loud-voiced, ruled with a rod of iron. From the moment there was no longer any economic reason for her husband's existence, Madame Glephte could see no other excuse for it. Oh, not that she hurled reproaches at him directly; she prided herself upon being resigned. But her look, charged with reproaches, followed him wherever he went; she crushed his spirit with her scorn. To the outside world her pretensions were:

"My husband has retired—worn out. He's no longer young and, besides, when one has enough to live on without worrying there's no use being too ambitious, now is there?"

Saying this, she would roll her eyes defiantly as though to vanquish anyone who would dare contradict her. And they nodded their heads so quickly and

so energetically in agreement that she suspected their sincerity. However, thanks to Désiré, she was able to keep her apartment, her "at-home" day, her servant, her dressmaker. The daughter of the house was Aline, now in her twenty-seventh year. Fear, inspired by her formidable mother, had given Aline a nervous twitching; she had a way of shrugging her left shoulder and winking with her right eye. To get Aline married was becoming more and more a problem. Supposing, for instance, her husband were to address her in a drawing-room, it would look as though she were answering him by disdainfully shrugging her shoulders, at the same time making eyes at another gentleman a few feet off—an inconvenience only to be compensated for by a snug little dowry.

Such was the situation in the Glephte household when Monsieur Glephte, after the exasperating legal formalities connected with the business failure were finally ended, found himself with leisure on his hands. He did not dare wait until his wife woke up; he went for a morning walk along the Faubourg Poissonnière, without his cane, dangling his arms with the same kind of joyless pleasure tinged with remorse which he had felt fifty years before when he "played hooky" from school. He tried to take an interest in a fallen horse and he addressed some words of sympathy, "Paris, paradise for women, hell for horses," to a by-stander, who, being a foreigner, looked at him blankly. Then he continued his aimless stroll and, not daring to take a seat in a café along the boulevard, he went into a little bar, where he sipped a melancholy drink while he glanced over his morning paper.

At last, lunch-time arrived. In the dining room he found his wife, his daughter, and his son already seated, waiting for him. Madame Glephte snapped, "You're late. That never used to happen. But sit down; you can wash your hands later."

She carved the leg of lamb and passed a large slice to Désiré.

"I'm serving him first," she said. "He works, he hasn't any time to lose."

Monsieur Glephte whitened, his self-respect touched to the quick. However, he did not wince. He made no comment. He only stammered, "Very small piece for me, Léontine; I'm not very hungry."

They didn't ask him about his health, they said nothing to him. Désiré looked troubled; Aline, unhappy, shrugged the left shoulder furiously. Madame Glephte, as rigid as a statue of Justice, kept right on eating; the poor father, crestfallen, suddenly felt himself so alone that he wanted to burst into tears.

"Pass Monsieur Désiré the string-beans," Madame Glephte ordered the servant. "The rest of us have plenty of time. Monsieur Glephte doesn't have to hurry any more."

So, he was to be relegated to the category of women, put into the class of the useless? He swallowed his strawberries whole, threw himself down on a divan, and fell asleep. That nap, broken by bad dreams, filled up the time until four o'clock. He went out to look into the shops along the avenue, then at six o'clock he went back to the little bar, where he enjoyed listening in on several business conversations. This became his daily routine. People began to notice that his mind was becoming less keen. He repeated over and over the same phrases, insisted on telling the same stories, beginning always with, "It's just like"—even though the story had no connection with what had gone before.

"That's like my brother Gustave. He used to sell English goods in Paris. Nothing doing! Then what does he do? He packs himself off bag and baggage and goes to sell French goods in London. Now he has his million put by and he speaks English!"

"Give us a rest from your brother Gustave," snarled Madame Glephte.



"The selfish old thing, with nobody but himself to look out for and never turns his hand over for you."

The meals were shrouded in gloom. Monsieur Glephte still sat in his customary armchair at the head of the table but all the attentions were centered on Désiré.

"Is it good, dearie?" the mother asked him—she who up to now treated him more severely than tenderly. "Don't hold back. People who work as hard as you do must be well nourished. Take some gravy. Take all the gravy—it's good for you."

Désiré flushed, and Monsieur Glephte, wounded, made a feeble attempt to back up his wife by saying in a hollow voice, "Yes, sure. Take all the gravy. You have to be well fortified to be pleasant to the customers. I learned that a long time ago. It's just like that woman I saw yesterday in the rue Richelieu. She'd lost her way, so she asked a gentleman to direct her. What do you think? He was deaf and dumb!"

His words fell on silence, with none of the smiling attention of former days. Madame Glephte had a subtle way of transforming the meals into a form of penance.

She would say, for instance, "You too, you may have a little glass of wine, too."

Or again:

"Don't stuff yourself—you won't wake up till six o'clock."

She was always making comparisons.

"A machine that doesn't work doesn't need much fuel."

But the thing that stung Monsieur Glephte most deeply was that he was no longer served first, even at dinner. Here, Madame Glephte presided. It was impressive to see her, standing up, dipping the ladle in the soup.

"Take some, Désiré. Tell me how you like it. Eat it quickly. After a day's hard work something hot goes right to the spot."

Frightened into obedience, the boy took a spoonful.

"Delicious—perfectly delicious."

"Ah, I'm glad you like it."

A moment later, Monsieur, in turn, approved fearsomely.

"Splendid, and thick too, just the way I like it. I'd sell my soul for leeks." To which Madame Glephte came back with, "Now that you don't go to the shop any more, you think too much about your food. Émile, do be careful. It isn't because I begrudge you the food that I give you such small helpings; it's for your own good. A machine that doesn't work any longer . . ."

However, Monsieur Glephte, outside of mealtimes, adjusted himself to his new life, and the time passed fairly agreeably. From time to time he would take the train to the suburbs to visit his former partner, Hipoux Junior. Hipoux Junior was beginning to decline. He spent his time adding up columns in his old ledgers, disputing percentages, berating imaginary employees. Monsieur Glephte took a seat in the corner, looked on at first with a heavy heart, then he too got interested and ended by taking a hand.

"They've allowed Langoulette and Fromenteau fourteen per cent, curses on them!" shrilled Hipoux Junior. "They should have allowed them only twelve."

"Excuse me, you've forgotten," broke in M. Glephte, "it should be fourteen per cent."

"Twelve—"

"Fourteen—"

"If that's the case," cried Hipoux Junior haughtily, "I'd rather give up business."

One morning Monsieur Glephte found a pink shirt in his dressing room all ready laid out for him to put on.

"What's all this?" he asked the maid, "that's not my shirt."

"No, sir, it's M. Désiré's."

"Well?"

"Madame Glephte gave me orders to give it to you because your shirts are all worn out."

And Monsieur Glephte put on the pink shirt. This time Désiré could stand it no longer. He drew his father aside and tried to slip a gold-piece into his hand for pocket money. But Monsieur Glephte's paternal pride would not allow him to accept it and, when Désiré questioned him, he reiterated that he was quite happy as he was, having no ambition now except for his children.

"However, there is one thing I won't stand any longer," declared Désiré, "and that is to be the first to be served at table. You know, father, it will end by my telling mother so, too."

His father dissuaded him. Madame Glephte had a heart of gold; she was a masterful woman; she would never do anything just to be mean; it was always for the best good of the family.

However, Désiré never spoke his mind, for that very evening Madame Glephte came to the table with a face purple with

rage. She brandished the ladle like a weapon of defiance and she plunged it viciously into the soup-tureen. Heavy silence reigned. At that moment the servant entered with a telegram for Monsieur Glephte, who opened it and uttered a stifled cry.

"Gustave!"

Madame Glephte filled up a plate and with an authoritative sweep passed it to Désiré.

Monsieur Glephte burst into sobs.

"My dear Gustave! He has just died. Oh, heavens!"

You could have heard a pin drop. Désiré held the plate in his hand; Aline raised her left shoulder; anxiously Monsieur Glephte went on in a breath, "I am the heir. I shall have to go to London as soon as I can."

Then Madame Glephte, lapsing into the intonation of former days, said:

"Well, Désiré, why don't you pass your father his plate?"







## MR. SMITH AND MR. SMYTHE

THE REAL CAUSES OF BRITISH-AMERICAN FRICTION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

**I**N LAST May's issue of this magazine, now just a year ago, I published a brief examination of various peace plans and filed an earnest plea for a little more realism in these matters. No notice whatever was taken of my observations, as far as I know, so perhaps I should feel properly snubbed into silence. Yet I cannot help noticing that meanwhile things have gone about as I supposed they would go, and that realism seems more than ever called for; so I venture to try again.

The Pact of Paris, engineered by Mr. Kellogg, has been duly written out and signed, and duly apotheosized in the proper quarters. There seems to be a pretty general notion, however, that the effect of this is rather more "moral"—whatever that means—than actual; at least, all hands are carefully keeping their powder dry. On the heels of the Pact came the news of the Franco-British agreement, and then the Cruiser Bill. The agreement struck a snag in the House of Commons, and was formally abandoned; but there seems no reason why a tacit understanding might not survive it. Such an understanding was in force between these Powers from 1907 to 1914, and it worked well enough when the time came. The Cruiser Bill went through handsomely. Meanwhile European rivalries and connivings go on very much as ever they did. One looks in vain for signs of any practical confidence being reposed in Mr. Kellogg's treaty, or in any of the other devices proposed for averting wars.

Another matter that has developed rather rapidly in the year gone by since I took notice of it last May is the disagreement between Great Britain and the United States. At that time discussion was rather discountenanced; things were at the "hush! hush!" stage where any serious trouble with England was put down as "unthinkable." Since then, however, there has come a general call for publicity. At Philadelphia the other day, in an address to the English-speaking Union, the Master of Balliol called for "frank exchanges" of opinion, saying finely that both nations would benefit "if we could get together for critical purposes, if we could speak the truth instead of exchanging meaningless pleasantries." These are searching words. On the same day that the Master of Balliol's speech was reported, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald published an address to our people, in which he called for both realism and publicity in no uncertain terms.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald wishes no unofficial and private confab. It is no case for that. "The Governments must act," he says. "Both countries ought to appoint five or six of their most outstanding public men, representative of the whole nation," to drag to light the causes of trouble. Now, what gives a special interest to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's suggestion is this: that he is the leader of His Majesty's loyal Labor Opposition in the House of Commons and if the bye-elections are any sign, he will be at the head of the Government,

provided he cares to accept, a very few weeks after these words of mine are printed. Therefore, unless Mr. Baldwin anticipates him—which seems improbable—Mr. MacDonald may make some move towards such a conference. His earnestness suggests that possibility. Well, then, since realism and publicity seem somewhat in demand just now, might it not be a good thing to talk over Mr. MacDonald's plan a little, and see the actual situation that these outstanding and representative men would have before them?

## II

I take it that control of the seas is the keystone of British policy. It has been that for a couple of centuries, at least, and I know of no change in circumstances which would indicate a change in policy. In control of the seas, obviously, the main desideratum is the control of neutral commerce in time of war. If I were a British subject I should feel very strongly about this, because I should have all history on my side in believing that the moment it was compromised, that moment my country was for all practical purposes disarmed. Suppose that in 1914, for instance, the United States had been able effectively to challenge British supervision of our commerce, where would Great Britain be now? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald asks the rhetorical question whether any attempt is being made "to clear up the confusion of the freedom of the seas." There is no confusion, I think. I hope Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will correct me if I have presented the British view of the issue improperly. May I ask in all friendliness and sympathy—for I know what reply I should make if I were a British subject—if that is not his own view? I put it to him—by way only of helping to clear the issue of any possible "confusion"—I put it to him that if Britain's control of neutral trade with an enemy were effectively challenged she would be virtually disarmed, and her freedom of political action

impaired to the point of practical vassalage to the challenging nation. I put it to him also that this fact would be uppermost in the minds of the British delegates to his proposed conference.

Now, the fact uppermost in the minds of our delegates—and here I speak under no one's correction—is this: that we have every intention of keeping our neutral commerce free of British control under any and all circumstances. It is to give force to that intention that we are now building ships; and if ships turn out not to be the thing for the purpose, we shall build whatever is the thing, and build enough to see us through any predictable emergency. I do not see how anyone can survey our post-war economic development and miss this intention. We are not interested in denying Britain the means of resisting direct attacks or of protecting her trade-routes. We do not care two pins about that. We are solely interested in divesting her of the power to hold up our own trade. Since the War we have harvested a large volume of foreign trade, and our production is geared so high that we think we must get as much more as we can; and what we get must, of course, be at the expense of the export trade and carrying trade of other nations. We seem to have destined ourselves for strong competition in many lines and many markets. I think this policy is extremely bad, and the only reason we shall never regret it is that its prosecution will reduce us too near the anthropoid level of intelligence and character to regret anything. But I am probably the only person in the country who thinks this, so there is no particular use in mentioning it, except to assure Mr. MacDonald that whatever truculence he may see in my statement of our intentions is not mine. Having this volume of trade and these prospects, the United States will no longer consent to any interference with them by any other Power, whether in time of peace or in time of war. There is no more "confusion" about the American view than I am able to see about the British view.



It is a much more serious issue, too, than is generally suspected. In view of its seriousness, one cannot help wondering whether Mr. MacDonald's suggestion of a conference is really a good one. If the conference is to be merely a lollipop-swapping pow-wow over naval ratios, parity, gun-elevations, and that sort of thing, what is the use of having any conference? The one at Geneva was enough. Mr. MacDonald himself wishes no such conference. What he demands is one that shall "bring to a common table for discussion the reasons why ships are being built . . . why we are thinking of trade routes being blocked, what there is between us that for immediate policy, newspaper-writing, and political electioneering, makes the Kellogg Pact a mere collection of words strung upon a pious thread." Exactly so. That would be the only kind of conference worth having. But suppose now that the conference got down to what the sinful call brass tacks, what could it possibly find to talk about? The issue is so little "confused," it is indeed so extremely simple, as to admit only the one formula of unconditional surrender by either side. Mr. MacDonald could hardly instruct his delegates to make an unconditional surrender; nor yet could our Government so instruct its delegates; and there is no ground of compromise whatever.

The only compromise that could be proposed, indeed, as far as I can imagine, would be reducible to this formula: the British delegates could say, Let us keep our control of neutral commerce, and we will agree to a satisfactory set of rules for its exercise. We will get up a treaty setting forth these rules, make an impressive occasion of signing it, and our troubles will be over. If Mr. MacDonald has anything like that in mind, his project would find no favor here. Our delegates would have a rough reception when they came home after assenting to any such compromise as that; and with some reason. There would be no question of distrusting "perfidious Albion"

in particular, but only that we know too well what treaty-arrangements amount to with any nation that has its back to the wall. We would not trust our own Government more than another to behave scrupulously in the circumstances; indeed, we know that it has not behaved scrupulously in circumstances far less pressing; why, then, should we be asked to trust the British Government? No, our delegates would say, we have our own notion of the rights of neutral trade, and we prefer to be in a position to enforce it. If the British said, We deserve more consideration because our hegemony only infrequently and temporarily disturbs your trade, while your hegemony would actually rob us of our sovereignty, security, and liberty of political action—our delegates would merely reply that they were sorry, but there was not enough public opinion at home to back them up in entertaining that consideration.

In short, I see nothing for it but that Mr. MacDonald's conference would be a brief and dispiriting affair, in any conceivable case. Much as I dislike and disbelieve in our national economic policy, certain as I am that it will vulgarize and degrade our civilization to an unspeakably low level, I must yet say a word in justice to our settled intention of emancipating our trade from British control. Mr. MacDonald knows our history. He knows to what lengths Mr. Jefferson went in trying to enforce our neutral rights against this British policy of forbidding our trade with Britain's enemies, and how finally, under Mr. Madison, we went to war in defense of these rights. He knows how British sea-power was exercised against our nationalism during the Civil War. As for the period of our neutrality after 1914, he was certainly in a position to know what took place then. I crossed the ocean several times during that period, on neutral ships. I saw American machinery, consigned to a neutral country, taken off and impounded by the British authorities. I saw our mails

rified for the censorship, and it was notorious that trade-information contained in neutral mails was tipped off to British competitors. Some thick-skinned individual even read one of these purloined letters aloud in the House of Commons one day, so a member told me; and I believe it was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald himself—I am not quite sure, but at any rate the fine action was worthy of him—who interrupted the reading with the accusation, "You stole that letter! You stole that letter through the censor!"

Mr. MacDonald's delegates would not have to encounter any special anti-British sentiment from me on the strength of these incidents; for I happen to be aware that any Government will act that way under such circumstances, so I can be philosophical about it. Besides, I had no freight to be impounded or letters to be confiscated. What they must encounter is the state of mind of my friend Smith, who manufactures red rust-proof paint down in West Virginia, and that of Jones, who makes monkey-wrenches in Youngstown, Ohio. Nothing can be done with these brethren. They are interested in just two things: first, a tariff on paint and monkey-wrenches, as high as Haman's gallows, enabling them incidentally to stand off foreign competition, but chiefly to sting the domestic consumer for the difference between prices in a competitive and a non-competitive market. Second, they are interested in unloading their surplus products on the heathen who sit in darkness on distant shores. Smith and Jones do not venture beyond these two ideas. Tell them that they ought not to mind a little interference with their foreign shipments once in a while for the sake of British security, and they reply that they do not care a button for British security. They are like little Marjorie Fleming's turkey, which "did not give a single dam." I crossed the ocean with Smith last year, and a more generous, kind, and courteous man never walked a ship's deck, but he was

not interested in the larger and more impersonal aspects of the paint business. I asked him pleasantly at last if he realized he was a war-breeder, and he said, No, and moreover he didn't believe it and didn't care a cuss—he was going to get his while the getting was good, and all beyond that might take care of itself.

Now, it is possible, perhaps probable, that Smythe, who makes cutlery at Sheffield, and Jones-ap-Jones who is in the Welsh steam-coal business, would be just as hard to persuade about the freedom of neutral commerce as Smith and Jones are. They are interested in the maintenance of British security; and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald undertook to show them that this security should be sacrificed in order to enable Smith and Jones to trade with Britain's enemies in time of war, I imagine he might have a very hard time of it indeed. The mischief of the situation—and I wish I could get my countrymen to see it—is that it does not admit of any accommodation. One set of interests or the other simply must go by the board; their antagonism is fundamental, and no stringing out of verbosity over superficial matters can ever change its terms by a single iota. If Mr. MacDonald were Prime Minister and I were President, we could get down to a bed-rock conference without difficulty; but the trouble is that neither he nor I would set, or could set, the policies of our respective countries. While he and I were conferring to the top of our bent, and having ever such a pleasant friendly time, and imagining we were getting ever so far along, I am afraid the actual policy of Great Britain would be set by Jones-ap-Jones and Smythe; and I know to a certainty that the actual policy of my country would be set by our hard-boiled friends in the paint and monkey-wrench business.

### III

There seems no doubt of this. My purpose in writing, therefore, is not to throw cold water on Mr. MacDonald's



suggestion, but rather to bear him out in his evident desire to get beyond the superficial aspects of British-American disagreement. Mr. MacDonald and I can write treaties and discuss disarmament, and all that sort of thing until the cows come home for all the good it will do. Until we face the fact of an extremely serious collision of economic interest—face it squarely in open daylight—we shall be merely indorsing and recommending to our peoples the naïve procedure of the ostrich. Mr. MacDonald is wholly right. If, as he says, it is imperative “to end all this foolish and mischievous feeling which is alienating the United States from Great Britain,” the first thing, obviously, is to take a definite measure of the actual circumstances that give rise to that feeling. This I have now done, with all the frankness to which we are bidden, and also with deep sympathy and deep concern, all the more because I sincerely believe that in those circumstances there is no practicable possibility of accommodation or compromise. I think it is neither improper nor inurbane to suggest to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that if he sees any he would mightily encourage his well-wishers by disclosing it.

In my paper of last May I urged the Williams College Institute of Politics to take up the general question under which our present disagreement with Great Britain is a particular. My ministrations, offered in all good faith, somehow did not “take.” I never heard of them afterwards. Now, again, I suggest that this summer the Institute shall wrestle with this particular subject of the collision of British-American economic policy, as I have set it forth; that is, deal with it simply and straightforwardly, without any meanderings into “international law,” any huckstering in propagandist myth, above all, without any agitating flow of sentiment. Why not ask the actual principals in the disagreement to speak for themselves? I am pretty sure I could get Smith to come up to Williamstown next summer

and present his side of the case; and probably Mr. MacDonald would use his influence with Jones-ap-Jones to take a little run over and show us how Smith’s insistence on a big American navy to convoy the paint trade is knocking the bottom out of Britain’s national security and reducing her to the position of a political dependency.

Then we should really be hearing from headquarters, hearing from the men who really control national policies, which is much better than languishing under any amount of talk from political agents, academicians, or eager amateurs of “international relations.” Perhaps by that time there will be an immediate example to lend point to the discussion. Suppose things should blow up in the Mediterranean, and Britain, acting either as herself or as the League of Nations, should put a blockade on Yugoslavia, say. Then Smith, who had counted on painting half the construction-work in Yugoslavia this year and finds he cannot make his deliveries, would arrive at Williamstown in just the right state of mind to discuss the situation fluently from his point of view; while Jones-ap-Jones would have the advantage of a concrete example to show what the power of blockade means to Britain’s security and political integrity. This particular crisis will no doubt not occur; but some day one like it may occur, and Smith and Jones are well aware that it may, and they propose to take no chances.

#### IV

Armaments have a great deal less to do with starting a war than people think they have. I hate to play into the hands of the militarists by saying so, for they are the most objectionable people in the world, as a class; but the truth is as I have said. There are fashions in everything, and it has been the fashion for some time to overplay the influence of armament in war-breeding. Armament has a deal to do with deciding wars, but not much with starting them. Neither

has war talk; this, too, helps a war along, once the war gets going, but it has little to do with bringing one on. What I mean is, for example, if there were no collision of economic interest between Great Britain and us, the two countries might run all kinds of armament-races and blackguard each other indefinitely with might and main, but no war would come of it. The truth is, however, that armament-races and war talk never do set in unless such a collision is either present or impending. When they set in, therefore, sensible people do not fool away their attention on absurd schemes for limiting armaments or hushing war talk; they look around to see where the economic collision is, and what, if anything, can be done about it.

If Great Britain loses the power of blockade in any war she undertakes, she is highly likely to lose the war. Therefore, Smythe of Sheffield knows that only so long as Britannia rules the wave, is he safe from having his cutlery works cabbaged or demolished by an irruption of alien hordes; and he is, therefore, for the *status quo*, even if there be never another quart of paint shipped out of West Virginia. Smith, on the other hand, is against Britannia's ruling the wave, because he does not propose any longer to have some twopenny fuss somewhere in Europe come between him and filling his orders. If the outcome of the fuss is important to Smythe, well, let Smythe fiddle with it.

So we may as well, it strikes me, give up paying attention to disarmament parleys, naval pow-wows, and the like, as not worth the investment. The only kind of conference worth anything at all is such a one as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems to have in mind, one that should consider thoroughly the antagonistic position of Smith and Jones against Jones-ap-Jones and Smythe; for this is all that really counts. Such a conference, honestly carried through, would be worth holding. It would not improve our relations, in my judgment, for they are not improvable; but if, as I say, it

were honestly carried through and honestly reported, it would at least show pretty clearly that they are not improvable, and thus tend to a realistic view of the situation on both sides; and that is a great deal gained.

When I say that our relations are not improvable, I mean that they depend on men who are honest, good, able, kindly, and peace-loving, but who simply cannot see the light, and cannot be got to see it. There are plenty of lessons to be learned from the last War, but the trouble is to get them applied. Admiral von Tirpitz said truly that the ships of the Hamburg-America and Norddeutscher Lloyd lines had a lot more to do with bringing on the War than his navy. But suppose one had told Mr. Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-America, that for the sake of peace he ought to slack off his competition with the British carrying trade, what luck would one have had? Now, how in the present instance can one get this same great lesson applied to Smith of West Virginia? I wish Mr. MacDonald could walk the floor awhile with Smith and try to show him the error of his ways. The first question would also be the last: Why the devil should I sacrifice my shareholders for British security? Tell him he was breeding a war by his obduracy, and he would say that the Government could look out for that; that foreigners liked his paint and were willing to pay for it, and that he proposed to deliver it or know the reason why.

Now, whether a war develops against us out of this mutual intractability depends, as always, on whether the nations who are to wage it think the venture likely to pay. I recall the sterling common sense observation of John Jay, which last year I recommended as a thesis to the Williams College Institute: "Nations in general will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting something by it." Whether there is such a prospect at present attractive enough to induce an attack on us by



the right combination of Powers, is a matter on which speculation is open. The public debts would be annulled, the private loans confiscated, we have a little outlying insular property worth picking up and, while we are certainly unconquerable, almost all our large cities are on the coast and liable to a satisfactory amount of damage. Our trade-routes would be disorganized, and our production suffer apoplexy. Whether all this would yield a balance over what must be charged off against it, I do not undertake to say.

But the fact which is beyond peradventure and, therefore, most important for us to think of at the moment, is that Great Britain's life is at stake on our naval policy, and there can be no doubt of what our policy is—Smith and Jones have seen to that, and they keep seeing to it from day to day. If Great Britain concedes the situation the consequences for Europe may not be altogether bad. I dislike, as I said, to yield a point to the militarists, even a small one, but there is something to be said for their idea that a United States sufficiently armed to enforce its neutrality under all circumstances would be a considerable factor for peace in Europe, at any rate for some time. We shall be under no temptation whatever to start a fight, except for some casual buccaneering of a low type such as we are now carrying on to the southward. Our present establishment is enough for that, and increasing it would not make matters worse. But if we were strong enough to dominate any blockade, and to sell where we chose and as we chose, maintaining meanwhile our present avoidance of political entanglements, European countries might think twice before starting trouble. The disadvantage would lie, probably, in a higher-powered "Americanization" of Europe in time of peace, which, to the civilized mind, is quite as appalling a thought as the thought of war. But that is another matter.

The existing situation, however, gives

so much to think about that we need not venture into speculation of this kind, or of any kind. I hope I have put it clearly to Mr. MacDonald, and that he will see in it no hint of disparagement or disrespect to any human element involved. The wretched thing about it is, in fact, that nobody can be disparaged, nobody can be blamed. How can I blame Smythe for not wanting to see his country disarmed and reduced to playing second fiddle to the United States? I should blame him if he did. My appreciation of patriotism grades very low, so my friends say, but not *that* low. On the other hand, I hardly see how Mr. Ramsay MacDonald can blame Smith for his reluctance to having his deliveries held up. Smythe and Smith, for all I can see, are blameless; yet their mere multiplication by a million or so creates an abominable and, in my judgment, an utterly unmanageable situation. I am reminded of Mark Twain's striking comparison: The water in the ocean is blue; dip up a glassful, and you find it is white; keep on dipping till you have dipped it dry, and every glassful is white; yet it was blue when you began, and you would take oath it was.

Smythe will not be talked out of his convictions, nor should he be; no, nor yet Smith. Smith, multiplied by a million, is taking such energetic measures as he knows how to take, to give practical effect to his convictions, nor will he be talked out of taking them. Should he be? Right there is the root of the disarmament problem, and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knew Smith as well as I do, he would see that the question is precious delicate. I do not know what the multiplied Smythe is doing, nor how persuadable he is; that is for Mr. MacDonald to say. The only thing I know is that Smythe and Smith are in their public capacity incompatible; and my belief is—and I state my belief in the liveliest desire that Mr. MacDonald can find a way to demolish it—that they are hopelessly incompatible.



## ALIAS WALT WHITMAN

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IN 1841, the editor of *The Daily Aurora* of New York City was a rather debonair young man from Brooklyn, a Mr. Walter Whitman, twenty-two years old, who "usually wore a frock coat and a high hat, carried a small cane" and had "the lapel of his coat almost invariably ornamented with a boutonnière." A contemporary described him as "tall and graceful in appearance, neat in attire, and possessed of a very pleasing and impressive eye and a cheerful and happy-looking countenance." It is also recorded that he was a success with the blue-stockings of the day. "I have been with him often in the society of ladies," a friend wrote, "and I never knew of any woman young or old but thought him a most agreeable gentleman of great culture."

It was a brave day for blue-stockings and gentlemen of great culture. A diarist of the time observes, "Walked down Broadway with all the fashion, and met the pretty blue-stocking, Miss Julia Ward. . . . She had on a blue satin cloak and a white muslin dress. I looked to see if she had on blue stockings, but I think not. I suspect that her stockings were pink, and she wore low slippers. They say that she dreams in Italian and quotes French verses." She was the same age as the editor of *The Daily Aurora*, having been born, like him, in May, 1819. And walking down Broadway, "with all the fashion," she may have seen him—tall and graceful, in his high hat and his frock coat, swinging his small cane—since he promenade on Broadway, in those days, as devotedly as Thoreau roamed his woods.

He was more professional in literature than she; he was trying to make his living by writing, and she did not need to; but they both produced the same kind of verse—the kind that was fashionable in the literary journals of the moment. He was about to announce in print:

Not in a gorgeous hall of pride,  
Where tears fall thick and loved ones sigh,  
Wished he, when the dark hour approach'd,  
To drop his veil of flesh and die.

In spite of his buttonhole bouquet and his high hat, he really much preferred to end

Amid the thunder-clash of strife,  
Where hovers War's ensanguined cloud,  
And bright swords flash and banners fly  
Above the wounds and groans and blood.

As elegant sad verse, this would seem to compare favorably with Julia Ward's stanza from her poem "On Looking Over a Diary Kept While I Was Under Serious Impressions":

Oh! Happy days, gone, never to return,  
At which fond memory will ever burn,  
Oh! Joyous hours, with peace and gladness  
blest,  
When hope and joy dwelt in this careworn  
breast.

which she had written, seven years before, at the careworn age of fifteen.

Although they were both made famous, twenty years later, by their poems about the Civil War—he by his "O Captain! My Captain!" and she by her "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—I do not know of any record that they ever met. Certainly not in the 1840's. They were



worlds apart socially. As the daughter of Mr. Samuel Ward, the rich New York banker, she was "a frequenter of fashionable society," to quote her own subsequent description of herself, "a musical amateur, a dilettante in literature." He, in spite of his fashionable appearance, was the son of a Long Island farmer-carpenter, and he had worked his way up to the office of *The Daily Aurora* as a lawyer's errand boy, a doctor's office boy, a typesetter, and a country school-teacher. He had a rather meager education, and if any lady mistook him for "a gentleman of great culture" she must have been hypnotized by his pleasing and impressive eye. In the 1860's and 70's he could still write to his mother, from Washington, "I wish you was here," and to his brother, "I was very sorry you wasn't able to come on to see the Review."

All he had of the fashionable gentleman were the clothes and the taste for idleness. The proprietor of the *Aurora* thought him "the laziest fellow who ever undertook to edit a city paper." It was his habit to arrive at his office "between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning," according to one of his editorial associates, and after looking over "the daily and exchange papers," he always strolled down Broadway to the Battery, spent "an hour or two amid the trees, enjoying the water view," and returned "to the office location at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon." Apparently, these leisurely habits lost him his position on the *Aurora*, and he became what is called a free-lance.

As a free-lance, he wrote a quantity of verse and prose that was mostly worse than mediocre. The prose especially was falsely done, without conviction, without the faintest glint of artistic conscience, and faked in imitation chiefly of Edgar Allan Poe and James Fenimore Cooper. In November, 1842, he put out an anonymous novel, *Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate*, dedicated to the Temperance Societies of the day. It was published in a weekly

story paper called *The New World*, and ballyhooed as written "expressly for *The New World* by one of the best novelists in this country, with a view to aid the great work of reform and rescue young men from the demon of Intemperance." It was really written, one of his friends records, "mostly in the reading room of Tammany Hall, which was a sort of Bohemian resort, and he afterwards told me that he frequently indulged in gin cocktails, while writing it, at the 'Pewter Mug,' another resort for Bohemians around the corner in Spruce Street."

Copies of *Franklin Evans* are now so extremely rare that it is not easy to confirm the adverse judgment of his biographers upon it as "chaotic," "ill-told," "rambling," and "difficult to treat seriously." But much of his other free-lance work of the period has been collected and reprinted, and most of it deserves the epithets that have been used on *Franklin Evans*. Among these fugitive pieces is an article called "Richard Parker's Widow" from a monthly magazine, *The Aristidean*, published in New York in 1845. It begins, "When I was in London some years since," and it describes how Whitman saw the widow of Richard Parker, a once famous mutineer, applying for "parish assistance" from a "magistrate" in a "police office." A friend, he says, pointed her out to him secretly and then "went on to give me the particulars of this celebrated mutiny." Whitman, of course, was never in London, and the story of the mutiny, as he tells it, is taken almost word for word from Pelham's *Chronicles of Crime* or *The New Newgate Calendar* (London, 1841). The only considerable change that he makes in Pelham's narrative is this: according to Pelham, the convicted mutineer, before he was hanged at the yard-arm, was given a glass of white wine which he drank "to the salvation of his soul and the forgiveness of all his enemies"; Whitman makes it "a glass of water."

*The Aristidean* printed also, in March

1845, a long story by Walter Whitman, called "The Arrow-Tip"; and Whitman subsequently reprinted it anonymously as "The Half-Breed," an "original novelette by a Brooklynite," in *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, June 1846, when he was editing that newspaper. In spite of his apparent pride in the story, it is as dull and pretentious an imitation of Fenimore Cooper as any high-school boy ever wrote. It may have been founded on some true anecdote which Whitman had heard, but there is scarcely an incident in it that has any near relation to reality. No character has any life. The plot is awkward and improbable. There is not an accent of sincerity in any line of it—from the "merry peals of laughter" among the "young elves" of school-children in the opening paragraph, down to the closing sentences in which one of the children (after the tragedy of the story has been concluded) becomes a "young political aspirant" for "a respectable legislative office"—quite irrelevantly and pathetically.

I doubt whether anyone can read these magazine contributions by Walter Whitman without concluding that he was not only a lazy young man but a stupid and insincere one. Here is a specimen of his writing when he is imitating Fenimore Cooper:

Just out from the village when the hunting party started that morning, they had been joined by Arrow-Tip's brother, the Deer. He, accompanied by a favorite dog, was watching the evolutions of a large bird that lazily skimmed near the surface of a cascade near by—a charming spot, that, were it in the neighborhood of our eastern cities, would be visited by thousands for its beauty. "Call the dog from me, brother," said the Deer, "he frightens the bird." Arrow-Tip did as he was desired. The party had passed on, bidding the two Indians to follow. And the chief sat himself down a moment, at the foot of a large tree, and waited till the successful aim of the Deer should bring the bird to the ground. One hand grasped his hunting-bow, and with the other he caressed the dog. The plot of the narrative makes it preferable not to detail minutely here all the

events that took place during the day. One of these events—a startling and bloody one—has already been intimated to the reader, at the conclusion of the last chapter.

And here is a paragraph when he is imitating Poe:

And there is one, childlike, with helpless and unsteady movements, but a countenance of immortal bloom, whose long-lashed eyes droop downward. The name of the Shape is Dai. When he comes near, the angels are silent, and gaze upon him with pity and affection. And the fair eyes of the Shape roll, but fix upon no object; while his lips move, but in a plaintive tone only is heard the speaking of a single name. Wandering in the confines of earth, or restlessly amid the streets of the beautiful land, goes Dai, earnestly calling on one he loves. Wherefore is there no response?

Although his more enthusiastic biographers exult that his contributions were printed in the same literary journals as the work of Hawthorne, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Whittier, and Poe, it must be credited to the good taste of the magazine editors and readers of the period that Walter Whitman failed as a free-lance and returned to newspaper work. In 1846, he was editing the *Brooklyn Eagle*. A number of his editorials are given in Emory Holloway's *Whitman*, and they deserve Bliss Perry's complaint, in his life of Whitman, that "the style is slovenly and the thought quite without distinction." In 1848, having lost his place on the *Eagle*, he was offered, as he says, "a good chance to go down to New Orleans on the staff of the *Crescent*, a daily to be started there with plenty of capital behind it, in opposition to the *Picayune*." He went to the *Crescent* and worked for it for three months. Holloway reprints several of his "easy-going, whimsical, sometimes puerile sketches" from the *Crescent* and concludes that he lost his position "possibly" because the proprietors saw "that his slovenly writing . . . would add distinction to no paper."

When he returned to Brooklyn he founded a free-soil journal, *The Brooklyn*



*Daily Freeman*, and earned this contemporary notice: "Mr. Whitman is an ardent politician of the radical democratic school, and lately established the *Daily Freeman* in Brooklyn, to promulgate his favorite 'Free Soil' and other reformatory doctrines." He withdrew from the *Freeman* about a year later, and so ended his career as a newspaper man, for the time. In 1850, he wrote some articles anonymously for the *New York Advertiser* and the *Evening Post*, but they were chiefly critical articles on art and music. "I guess it was about those years," says his brother George, "he had an idea he could lecture. He wrote what mother calls barrels of lectures. We did not know what he was writing. He did not seem more abstracted than usual. He would lie abed late, and after getting up would write a few hours if he took the notion—perhaps would go off the rest of the day. We were all at work—all except Walt."

Only one of these lectures seems to have been delivered—a lecture before the art students of the Brooklyn Art Union, March 31, 1851. In his first paragraph, Walter Whitman turned his back on much of his past. "Among such a people as the Americans," he began, "viewing most things with an eye to pecuniary profit—more for acquiring than enjoying or well developing what they acquire—ambitious of the physical rather than the intellectual; a race to whom matter-of-fact is everything and the ideal nothing—a nation of whom the steam-engine is no bad symbol—he does a good work who, pausing in the way, calls to the feverish crowd that in the life we live upon this beautiful earth there may after all be something vaster and better than dress and the table, business and politics." To utter this call was "the glorious province of arts and of all artists worthy of the name." As an æsthete, contemptuous of dress and the table and business and politics, he reprobated the clothes of "fashionable tailordom"—the clothes which he had worn as editor of *The Aurora*—and

especially "the fashionable hat, before which language has nothing to say because sight is the only thing that can begin to do it justice." And with characteristic sincerity, he included in his lecture, as Bliss Perry points out, "a description of the death-bed of Rousseau quite unwarranted by any historical evidence."

He had given up the costume of the *Aurora* editor and also the "neat frock coat" which he had worn as a school-teacher. He had become progressively Bohemian in his attire as a free-lance writer. Now, suddenly, he began to dress in the rough clothes of a working-man, belted trousers, a shirt open at the neck to show his undershirt, high boots, and a soft felt hat. He had decided to become the Walt Whitman of the *Leaves of Grass*, and he went to work for his father, the carpenter, while he wrote his book.

## II

If anyone doubts that this "Walt Whitman" was only a new alias for the Walter Whitman of *Franklin Evans* and the imitations of Poe and Cooper, I recommend him to read the anonymous reviews which Walter Whitman wrote of Walt Whitman's poems. One of the earliest of the series appeared in the *Brooklyn Times*, Sept. 29, 1855, some two months after the printing of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. He introduces himself, "Very devilish to some, and very divine to some, will appear the poet of these new poems, the *Leaves of Grass*; an attempt, as they are, of a naïve, masculine, affectionate, contemplative, sensual, imperious person, to cast into literature not only his own grit and arrogance, but his own flesh and form, undraped, regardless of models, regardless of modesty or law, and ignorant or silently scornful, as at first appears, of all except his own presence and experience, and all outside the fiercely loved land of his birth, and the birth of his parents, and their parents for several generations before him."

Can anybody imagine that the Walter Whitman who wrote that sentence was really the naïve, masculine, sensual, imperious, undraped, arrogant, and silently scornful person which Walt Whitman pretended to be? Is it possible that his advertisement of his devotion to "the fiercely loved land of his birth, and the birth of his parents, and their parents for several generations before him" arose out of a true patriotism and not out of a blurb-writer's desire to sell his volume to the hundred-per-centers of his day? Could Walter Whitman have been unaware of the sexual exhibitionism in his poems when he came out before his literary side-show to promise that if you paid the entrance fee you would see Walt Whitman, on the inside, "undraped," in "his own flesh and form," "regardless of modesty or law"?

Or consider the following sentence: "Of pure American breed, large and lusty—age thirty-six years—never once using medicine—never dressed in black, always dressed freshly and clean in strong clothes—neck open, shirt-collar flat and broad, countenance tawny transparent red, beard well-mottled with white, hair like hay after it has been mowed in the field and lies tossed and streaked—his physiology corroborating a rugged phrenology—a person singularly beloved and looked toward, especially by young men and the illiterate—one who has firm attachments here and associates there—one who does not associate with literary people—a man never called upon to make speeches at public dinners—never on platforms amid the crowds of clergymen, or professors, or aldermen, or congressmen—rather down in the bay with pilots in their pilot-boat—or off on a cruise with fishers in their fishing-smack—or riding on a Broadway omnibus, side by side with the driver—or with a band of loungers over the open grounds of the country—fond of New York and Brooklyn—fond of the life of the great ferries—one whom, if you should meet, you need not expect to meet an extraordinary

person—one in whom you will see the singularity which consists in no singularity—whose contact is no dazzle or fascination, nor requires any deference, but has the easy fascination of what is homely and accustomed—as of something you knew before, and was waiting for—there you have Walt Whitman, the begetter of a new offspring out of literature, taking with easy nonchalance the chances of its present reception, and, through all misunderstandings and distrusts, the chances of its future reception—preferring always to speak for himself rather than have others speak for him."

And consider that the man who "never dressed in black" is the Walter Whitman of the frock coat, the high hat, and the boutonnière. He is the roughly clothed and rugged workingman "who does not associate with literary people." The Democratic politician of the *Free-man* and the public lecturer on art is "never on platforms amid the crowds of clergymen, or professors, or aldermen, or congressmen." This anxious barker for his own book is "taking with easy nonchalance the chances of its present reception," "preferring always to speak for himself"—in his poems, of course—"rather than have others speak for him," as his anonymous reviewer is supposed to be speaking.

He continues, in his false whiskers, to advertise his Walt: "A rude child of the people!—No imitation—No foreigner—but a growth and idiom of America. No discontented—a careless slouch, enjoying to-day. No dilettante democrat—a man who is art-and-part with the commonalty, and with immediate life—loves the streets—loves the docks—loves the free rasping talk of men—likes to be called by his given name, and nobody at all need Mr. him—can laugh with laughers—likes the ungenteel ways of laborers—is not prejudiced one mite against the Irish—talks readily with them—talks readily with niggers—does not make a stand on being a gentleman, nor on learning nor manners"—and so



on, down to the end of the paragraph: "You may feel the unconscious teaching of a fine brute, but you will never feel the artificial teaching of a fine writer or speaker."

In other words, the dilettante democrat, Walter Whitman, announces that he is now nothing of the sort; that he is a "careless slouch"; that he is no longer "a fine writer or speaker" but "a fine brute" who is "unconscious" of the teaching of which he is here so conscious. He is such an astonishing radical that he even "likes the ungenteel ways of laborers," and he feels so little prejudice against the Irish that he "talks readily with them." Most miraculous of all, he now likes to be called by his given name "and nobody at all need Mr. him." And this last is a proof of his utter democracy which he repeats with unction in his later self-advertisements.

He ballyhooed himself, anonymously, in the *American Phrenological Journal* as the "haughtiest of writers that has ever yet written and printed a book." And in the *United States and Democratic Review*, for the same month of September 1855, he hailed himself, anonymously, as "One of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect." No longer the fashionable gentleman of great culture, he announced, rather incoherently: "self-restraint, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer." As if he were afraid that some contemporary Comstock might fail to advertise his poems by attempting to suppress them, he goes on: "Nature he proclaims inherently clean. Sex will not be put aside; it is the great ordination of the universe. He works the muscle of the male and the teeming fibre of the female, throughout his writings, as wholesome realities, impure only by deliberate in-

tention and effort. . . . If health were not his distinguishing attribute, this poet would be the very harlot of persons. Right and left he flings his arms, drawing men and women with undeniable love to his close embrace, loving the clasp of their hands, the touch of their necks and breasts, and the sound of their voices. All else seems to burn up under his fierce affection for persons." And he printed these three personal advertisements of himself as favorable press notices in the second edition of his poems.

As late as 1876, he was still writing of himself, anonymously: "This Walt Whitman—this queer one whom most of us have watched, with more or less amusement, walking by—this goer and comer, for years, about New York and Washington—good natured with everybody, like some farmer, or mate of some coasting vessel, familiarly accosted by all, hardly any one of us stopping to Mr. him—this man of many characters, among the rest that of volunteer help in the army hospitals and on the field during the whole of the late war, carefully tending all the wounded he could, southern or northern—if it should turn out that in this plain unsuspected old customer, dressed in gray & wearing no necktie, America and her republican institutions are possessing that *rara avis* a real national poet, chanting, putting in form, in her own proud spirit, in first-class style, for present and future time, her democratic shapes even as the bards of Judah put in song, for all time to come, the Hebrew spirit, and Homer the war-life of prehistoric Greece, and Shakespeare the feudal shapes of Europe's kings and lords!"

But perhaps his most extraordinary effort in establishing his alias is the one reported by Fred P. Hill, Jr., in the *American Mercury* of June 1924. Here it appears that Whitman wrote the greater part of the volume *Notes on Walt Whitman* by John Burroughs, published in 1867 as Burroughs' first book and since dropped from the list of his col-

lected works. The style is clearly Whitman's; and Burroughs, shortly before his death, admitted in a letter to Hill that about one-half the book was written by Whitman and that the whole volume had been edited and revised by Whitman. The personal sketch of Whitman was supplied by Whitman himself. It is in the same tone as his anonymous reviews. "There probably lives not another man," he writes of himself, "so genuinely and utterly indifferent to literary abuse or to 'public opinion,' either when favorable or unfavorable. He has never used the usual means to defend his reputation." He describes himself as "seeking not the least conquest or display," but as "making the impression on any unsuspecting stranger of a good-willed, healthy character, without the least ostensible mark of the philosopher or poet; but all the while, though thus passive and receptive, yet evidently the most masculine of beings." And so forth, to the same end as always—to the end of having Burroughs, like the anonymous newspaper reviewers, certify to the truth of the pose which he had assumed in his poetry.

### III

Obviously, Walter Whitman was no such person as he thus proclaimed himself to be. He could not be truly such a person and be aware of it. But what was he? What was the real Walter Whitman who adopted this alias of Walt Whitman, and put on this disguise of the "careless slouch," and pretended to all this rough and rugged democracy and sensuality and haughty-eyed contempt?

The answer is written plainly enough in every real biography of him that I have ever seen, as well as by implication in his poems. He was neither sensual, nor rough and rugged, nor truly healthy, nor lusty, nor even very masculine. He was what is nowadays called a Narcissan, in love with himself, introverted, and so wrapped up in his own ego that he

got no free delivery of energy except in his exhibitionism. Hence his constitutional laziness. He was arrested in his sexual development very near the homosexual level, as several of his poems show; and like many another case of arrested development he was always "a man's man." He speaks of the "fiercely loved land of his birth" in one of his anonymous blurbs, and in another he assumes "to himself all the attributes of his country"; but when the Civil War broke out on April 12, 1861, he disappeared for eighteen months from the sight of his biographers; and the only entry in his notebook, for that period, is the following, dated April 16, 1861, four days after the beginning of hostilities: "I have this day, this hour, resolved to inaugurate for myself a pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded robust body, by ignoring all drinks but water and pure milk, and all fat meats, late suppers—a great body, a purged, cleansed, spiritualized, invigorated body."

This is not the vow of a patriot worrying about the fiercely-loved land of his birth. It is the resolve of a Narcissan thinking only of his fiercely-loved physique. Here is the impulse which dressed him up as a fashionable gentleman of great culture during one phase of his life, and as a rough and rugged workman during another period, and finally as the conspicuous "good, gray poet" in gray cape and wide-awake during his later years. This is the impulse that made him begin his *Leaves of Grass* with the line "I celebrate myself." It is the impulse that drove him to celebrate himself in his "own flesh and form, undraped, regardless of modesty or law." The same impulse moves humorously in a letter to two friends, written from Washington during the war, on March 19, 1863: "My health, strength, personal beauty, etc., are, I am happy to inform you, without diminution, but on the contrary quite the reverse. I weigh full 220 pounds avoirdupois, yet still retain my usual perfect shape—a regular model." It is an impulse to exhibition-



ism that is neither sensual nor healthy, but morbid, introverted, and very near perversion.

Narcissism is apparently produced by an adoring mother in a mother-fixated boy. Whitman loved his mother "with a sort of mariolotry" as Holloway says. He broke down, during her final illness, with a partial paralysis. At the age of fifty-six, he wrote of himself, "I occupy myself, arranging these pages for publication, still enveloped in thoughts of the death, two years since, of my dear Mother, the most perfect and magnetic character, the rarest combination of practical, moral and spiritual, and the least selfish of all and any I have ever known—and by me O so much the most deeply loved." He never married. As a young school-teacher he was "diffident with women." One of his pupils records, "The girls did not attract him. He did not especially go anywhere with them or show any extra fondness for their society. Before and after school, he was a boy among boys." A few years later, at the age of about twenty, as the editor of *The Long Islander*, he wrote of himself, "I would carefully avoid saying anything of women; because it behooves a modest personage like myself not to speak upon a class of beings whose nature, habits, notions and ways he has not been able to gather any knowledge, either by experience or observation." During his mature years in Washington, from the age of forty-seven to fifty-four, his most intimate companion was a young street-car conductor named Peter Doyle; and Doyle has said of him, "I never knew a case of Walt's being bothered up by a woman. Woman in that sense never entered his head. Walt was too clean. No trace of any kind of dissipation in him. I ought to know about him those years—we were awful close together."

The appearance of sensuality in Whitman's verse—and in his ballyhoos—is good evidence to a modern psychiatrist that Whitman never experienced the dissoluteness which he cele-

brates. The sexuality in his poems is a compensation, in phantasy, for his lack of potency in experience. Much of this sexual expression is dangerously near the homosexual level—which is to be expected where the sexual impulse is anchored by a mother-fixation and unable to achieve a heterosexual goal.

When an English critic, J. A. Symonds, read the homosexual poems in "Calamus," he wrote to ask Whitman the truth about himself, and Whitman, at the age of seventy-two, replied: "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried, I have had six children—two are dead—one living Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations." But that statement, written to allay the suspicion of homosexuality, is no more to be trusted than Whitman's anonymous advertisement of himself as "a lusty breeder." He wrote of himself, by the hand of John Burroughs, in Burroughs' *Notes on Walt Whitman*: "Throughout this period (1840–1855) without entering into particulars, it is enough to say that he sounded all experiences of life, with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments. He was young, in perfect bodily condition, and had the city of New York and its ample opportunities around him. I trace this period in some of the poems of 'Children of Adam' and occasionally in other parts of his book, including 'Calamus.'" But this testimony from John Burroughs has now been wiped out by Burroughs' own confession that Whitman wrote it. He and Whitman did not meet until 1861 in Washington, and Burroughs knew nothing of Whitman's life in the years 1840–1855, except what Whitman told him.

The truth in all this elaborate deception about "passions, pleasures, and abandonments" seems to be—as Holloway suggests in his *Whitman*—that Walter Whitman, in 1848, had some sort

of love-affair in New Orleans "with a Creole octoroon," when he was working on the New Orleans *Crescent*. And it also seems probable that he ran away from that affair and never had another. Horace Traubel says, "During Walt's last sickness his grandson came to the house. I was not there at the time. When Whitman mentioned the occurrence to me, I expressed the regret that I had missed him. 'I wish I might see him.' 'God forbid!' said Whitman." Henry Bryan Binns in his *Life of Whitman* supposes that the lady in New Orleans "was of higher social rank than his own—a lady of the South where social rank is of the first consideration." And Binns asks, "Why did he leave her? Why did he allow the foulest of reproaches to blacken that whitest of reputations, a Southern lady's virtue?" The answer might seem to be that perhaps the lady was not so white as all that. And Whitman's "God forbid!" to Traubel may mean that the grandson, if he really existed at all, was also somewhat colored.

No one ever saw that grandson, or any of the "six children," or any woman with whom Walt Whitman appeared to be having a love-affair. In his relations with the women who were emotionally attracted by him—like Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Berenson, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Davis—he was coolly affectionate and detached. Says Perry, "A daily companion of Whitman in Washington tells me that he never heard him utter a word that could not have been used to his mother. There is overwhelming testimony that for thirty years thereafter his conversation, though often blunt enough, was scrupulously chaste. There is also abundant evidence that from 1862 onward his life was stainless so far as sexual relations were concerned." I do not see how anyone can doubt that previous to 1862 it had been equally "stainless," except for his adventure in New Orleans. I see no evidence that he ever gave way to "passions, pleasures, and abandonments." I do not believe

his story that he wrote *Franklin Evans* on gin cocktails from the "Pewter Mug." Just previous to the period of 1840–1855, "he neither smoked nor drank nor swore," says Binns. And the impulse under which he wrote *Franklin Evans* was the same impulse that made him take the glass of white wine out of the hands of the dying mutineer and let him drink to the salvation of his soul in a glass of water. Any form of dissipation is a danger to the "pure, perfect, sweet, clean-blooded, robust body" of a Narcissian. And any real "abandonment" to love is impossible for the introvert who is in love with himself.

#### IV

There remains to consider Whitman's pose as the true poet of democracy, "chanting, putting in form, in her own proud spirit, in first class style, for present & future time, her democratic shapes." And, in the first place, one must admit that, from his earliest days, Walter Whitman was a militant democrat in the sense that he was opposed to aristocracy, class rule, slavery, blue laws, or anything else that threatened or interfered with the freedom of the common American. As a newspaper man and a free-lance writer, he did valiant service in the paper wars that were fought for liberty and the free-soil doctrines before the firing on Fort Sumter. It is no disparagement of this service to point out that it was inspired by his own colossal egotism. He was an advocate of freedom and equality because it was necessary for him to feel himself the equal in freedom of any man. "I never yet knew," he wrote in his notes, "how it felt to think I stood in the presence of my superior." And in describing the "true, noble, expanded American character" he wrote, "It is to be illimitably proud, independent, self-possessed, generous and gentle. It is to accept nothing except what is equally free and eligible to anybody else. It is to be poor rather than rich—but to



prefer death rather than any mean dependence."

But with his failure as an editor, a free-lance writer, an art critic, and a lecturer, he receded into a purer egotism than ever—and he accepted financial dependence, at least, without any apparent qualms. Encouraged by his reading of Emerson's famous address, "The American Scholar"—America's "intellectual Declaration of Independence," as Oliver Wendell Holmes has called it—he undertook to be a new sort of poet, the poet of the New World, "with the feeling or ambition," as he wrote, "to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America—and to exploit that personality, identified with place and date, in a far more comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book." That is to say, instead of any longer identifying himself with his country and expressing its aspirations, he was now to identify his country with himself, "assuming to himself all its attributes," and expressing his own ego as "tallying the momentous spirit" of "current America."

He turned his back, at once, on the economic aspirations of the democracy. In the preface to the first edition of his poems, he wrote, "Beyond the independence of a little sum laid aside for burial money, and of a few clapboards

around and shingles overhead on a lot of American soil owned, and the easy dollars that supply the year's plain clothing and meals, the melancholy prudence of the abandonment of such a great being as man is, to the toll and pallor of years of money-making, with all their scorching days and icy nights and all their stifling deceits and underhand dodging, or infinitesimals of parlors and shameless stuffing while others starve . . . and the issuing sickness and desperate revolt of a life without elevation of naïveté, and the ghastly chatter of a death without serenity or majesty, is the great fraud upon modern civilization." The average American, he declared, cheated by that fraud, suffered "all the loss of the bloom and odor of the earth and of the taste of women and men you pass or have to do with in youth or middle age." And Walt Whitman was to sing, rather, a sort of hobo democracy of the Open Road.

Being himself far from normal, he gave voice to few of the normal emotions of America. "The home, the fireside, the domestic allurements are not in him," says John Burroughs. "Love, as we find it in other poets, is not in him." They are not in his poetry and they were not in him. He neither felt them, appreciated them, nor understood them. What he chiefly voiced was his own egotism—swollen to the dimensions of his country—his own morbidity, his own introversion. These are not typically American nor democratic, and the democracy has never accepted him.



## IN LINE FOR SOMETHING

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

**I**T WASN'T the defeat in itself. By the end of the next day Henry was pretty well reconciled to that. There were many soothing, healing reflections to lay upon his bruised hopes and they were recommended to him right and left. He seemed never to have been so popular. All day long men kept dropping into his office to have a word with him, saying, "If it hadn't been a light vote you'd have gone over this time, Henry. You certainly showed surprising strength." He was stopped on the street again and again with great friendliness and the slightly varying remark, "Nice work, Henry. A few more votes next time and you'll turn the trick." And at noon old Bob Bartlett had come lumbering over to his table—Bartlett, who had never yet lifted a finger for him but who had been watching all along—and said in his hoarse, whispering monotone, "That was a pretty fight. It doesn't do any harm for a young fellow to get trimmed a few times. You ought to be in line for something good one of these days. You're getting quite a following."

Yes, twenty-four hours took out the sting, the poison of not quite putting it over again. He knew that what they all told him was true. It was a defeat that could be explained. Sackett's victory was a Pyrrhic one. The congressman had spent money like water and he had never met with such resistance. Shift the totals just a little here and there, and the nomination would have been Henry's. He had made a good showing and picked

up a lot of new friends without losing any of his old ones. He found it easy to take his cue and say, "Well, we all can't win. I suppose we've all got to get behind Sackett now and put him across in November. That's the next thing on the program."

Easy, that is, until he went home. It was on his own doorstep that defeat became rout, failure, repudiation. He had not forgotten Nancy, looking over the morning papers, a lithe, fine-spun figure, vivid as the scarlet-silk Chinese coat she wore. She had said with contempt, "Aren't they beasts! After the way Sackett has acted. He doesn't even have his scandals, much less his home, out here. And then they nominate him for Congress and turn you down. Well, I hope to heaven, Henry, that at last you've learned something. I hope you're through with the whole vicious, thankless business!"

Henry had remarked thoughtfully that if Pine County had come through it would have been all right.

"But it didn't!" answered Nancy impatiently. "What difference does that make now?"

"I just meant that it was interesting," said Henry.

He did not try to prove that it was. Something warned him that if he continued, that look of contempt in Nancy's eyes might turn squarely upon him. He was tarred by his own defeat. That was why the thought of it began to sting again as he reached home. He had hoped to nail the thing this time, make



her the wife of a Congressman, give her something that nobody else could give her. She liked distinguished people, and he had wanted not only to put her and himself into the approach to that class, but to prove that the only way to get there was to have an uncounted number of friends in whose hands the power to confer distinction lay. Friends were something of a moot point between them. In the last five years since the children had ceased to be babies and certain nursery intimacies had faded, their groups had become more or less separate. As Henry said, he couldn't run around with that outfit Nancy played with. They were all right, but it was too ingrowing a crowd for a man who wanted to do anything politically. When it came to votes, they probably couldn't do more than deliver their own and they might even forget to do that. They were too flip.

Flip, groaned Nancy, when he made that criticism and reminded him of the boosters. For it worked both ways. Nancy had her own story. Henry had taken her once on one of the annual goodwill boosters' trips, when most of the men had brought their wives along, wives curiously unlike Nancy. There had been dinners and bus rides and communal singing and paper caps, and Nancy had grown more frigid and detached with every noisy hour and jovial celebration. She could not sing the mimeographed parodies on popular tunes which took personal flings at the various boosters. She could not bear any of it. Henry never asked her again. When he went boosting, as he still sometimes did, he went alone, and threw away the loot and souvenirs of carnival before he came home. For he knew well enough that Nancy felt that his time might be better employed.

It was not that they needed money. Henry had a good practice, quite as large as he and his two clerks could handle, and Nancy had a small income of her own. She had no chance of becoming a destitute widow, and the chil-

dren could go to college, and the car be traded in every few years. But it was only solvency and comfort, and Nancy wanted more than that, more than the adequate, broad-porched suburban house in which they had lived for nine years. The politicians called Henry young at thirty-seven. But at thirty-four Nancy felt life begin to close in about her, to withdraw its chances, to find its permanent shape, and she hated to see it lose fluidity before she was satisfied. She had hoped for either money or consequence, if not both; and Henry often felt how dull a stone he must look to her in the brilliant setting of her desires.

He had a moment's relief when she told him that they were going out for dinner. That would take her mind off him and to-night he was willing to do anything to please her.

"It's the Towers's party and we're all going to the club, but they couldn't get any of the private dining rooms, so they're coming here for a cocktail first. Hurry up and dress and mix one, Henry."

"Who's coming?"

"Just the Towers and the Burleighs and the Hoyts."

Henry said nothing, for he could think of nothing pleasant to say and he was politician enough to hold his tongue in such case. He knew it was a crowd which would put up with him because of Nancy. The Towers were the sort who could be full of humor during dinner and murderously unpleasant afterward at bridge if luck went against them. The Burleighs would come after having finished their first cocktail at home for, as they had been known to say, always confidentially, they trusted only their own liquor. Trusted it to begin on, Henry had commented before. As for the Hoyts, he liked them least of all. They were always worked up emotionally and talking about it. When Dick Hoyt wasn't making up to some woman, Jinny was taking on some man for one of the semi-public affairs she specialized in. They were both always seeking advice and collecting opinions on their relations

to each other. They were also very broad in conversation. They used raw words in raw places, words that were facts and left living images and should never be encountered in decent houses, according to Henry. Altogether, the defeated candidate for Congress, mixing a very dry one, looked forward to his evening with little trace of pleasure.

Still, if it gave Nancy any, it was up to him to help, he supposed. With all the campaign rallies and his indefatigable speech-making at every available place, he hadn't seen much of her lately. He heard her come through the swinging door at the other end of the long pantry, after speaking to the maid about chives in the canapés, and turned to look at her. She was a confusion of lovely color against the dark oak door as she pulled open a long drawer and began to count cocktail napkins. Her dress was a soft, floating thing that made Henry want to touch it, to feel it in his hands. He had curious moments of imagination, had Henry. Sometimes they got into his speeches and made the old politicians frown. Sometimes they came on him unexpectedly, as just half an hour ago, when he had said good-night to the two boys, and thought that children never could really know what happened to their parents, and that he had been as ignorant of his father's struggles as his children were of his own, that struggles were only hard because they were secret and lonely. He had another odd moment now as he looked at that gown of Nancy's, which he did not know was chiffon and made in such loose, vague ways because that was the fashion. It looked yielding and pathetically delicate. He wanted to take Nancy in his arms and tell her that he'd get her where she belonged yet, where she could find people head and shoulders over these she ran with, that the temporary setback didn't mean anything. He wanted most of all to have her say all those things back to him, so he would be sure of them.

But there was something embarrassing dramatic in such imaginings.

"You're looking fine to-night," was what he said at length, with the restraint in compliment of the long-married. "How do you want this poison? Crippling?"

"Don't make lemonade," she suggested and came over to supervise. "That's grand vermouth. How much gin did you put in?"

"Too much. Want to taste it?"

"Not now. I hate tipping beforehand. You can always tell when people have been doing it."

He laughed at her. She didn't like liquor, and he knew it.

"You were meant for a bartender, Nancy. To dish it out and stay sober."

"Well, it spoils my face," she said briefly. "I look so blotchy if I drink. But Henry—"

"You're going to ask for something," he prophesied.

"Who has a better right?"

"No one ever."

"Well, then, kind of loosen up a little to-night, will you?"

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, you know. Don't be upstage about the liquor and everything."

"Darling, I'm mixing their grog."

"Yes, but mix yourself up too. Be friendly."

"If you mean that I should get cuckoo with that crowd, Nancy, you know I can't afford to do that."

"I mean come to the party really," she said. "Don't just attend."

"You can't do it and get anywhere in politics."

"Politics!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Why, everybody knows those conventions are full of drunken orgies. As for your friend Sackett!"

"I know all about that. But that's just the reason. It isn't that anybody minds a drink or two, of course. But my following is made up of a pretty steady sort of people."

Her gracefully plucked eyebrows arched, mocking his following.

"Your following didn't do much for you yesterday."



"I think that it did very well," he said stiffly.

She felt his hurt and withdrawal and her face changed.

"I'm sorry, Henry. I didn't mean to talk about it at all."

"There were very good reasons why it turned out the way it did," he started to explain.

"Of course." She stopped him on the verge of the reasons, with an affectionate hand on his arm. "And you really don't care. But now that you are out of the miserable business, why not forget it and go after other things?"

"What things?"

"Well," said Nancy, "I was thinking the other day of how hard you work over all those junky little cases that pay so little. You could get other kinds. That estate of Doris Tower's mother—the Wells estate—might just as well be in your hands. Doris is furious at the way the lawyers are handling it, and her mother's in her second childhood practically."

"They don't sound like the most agreeable of clients."

"There are millions in the estate—and she'd let you handle it in a minute."

"But I can't go around snatching business from other firms, Nancy."

"You wouldn't have to snatch. It would drop into your lap. But you always stand off from Doris. She doesn't know what you're like."

"I'll have to tell her," said Henry, with an obvious desire to close the subject.

But Nancy persisted, as she dropped fat olives in some glasses and little white onions into others.

"We putter along so, Henry. I hear these other men talking about the way they make money. Why, Fred Burleigh was saying that last week he made twenty thousand dollars out of stock in that automobile combine."

"He'll probably lose it next week. Anyway, whether he does or not, we can't gamble."

"I'd like to know what you think those elections are but gambling."

"That's different. Sometimes you get what you're after and sometimes not. But in any case you build up a name, an acquaintance. It puts you in line for something. That's exactly what old Bob Bartlett said to me to-day. And he's the boss."

"In line for what? You mean they've offered you something better?"

"No—not definitely. It's not done that way. To be in line only means that you've qualified in a way, if anything does turn up; that you've played a good game and behaved yourself, and that your record entitles you to consideration. You've got something coming to you."

"Wasn't that what they told you when they asked you to run?" she asked, "that it was coming to you?"

"Well, so it was."

"But it didn't."

"It didn't happen to. But don't you see what I mean?"

"Oh, I see," said Nancy impatiently. "Of course I see. It means that we stand around waiting while the rest of the world moves on. In line! Why, everybody's in line for something. You're in line for middle-age and an income that you can scrape along with and a lot of promises that don't come off. I'm going to get in line for something else, and get it too. I can't stand this forever, Henry."

He could feel the restlessness in her like a sudden rising wind, driving her mood before it. It had happened before. It often happened. It always made him feel so helpless when she was like this. He could never find words, swiftly persuading ones that might hold her. The ones that came most readily to his lips were slightly oratorical or breezily friendly. There had been a time when he could speak to her through a caress but he was afraid to try that now. Yet he knew what possessed her. For Henry himself knew secretly what it meant to feel life short and its delays interminable.

The doorbell buzzed just above their

heads and, as the maid came through from the kitchen to answer it, he laid a quick, clumsy hand on his wife's.

"Just the same, you don't want to get in line for the wrong thing," he said. "We can't rush things, dear. We've got to sit tight and play the game."

He was so earnest that she laughed.

"You and your doddering old clichés," she murmured almost fondly, but rather at him than to him, and was off to meet her guests.

Henry automatically finished up what he had to do and followed, standing about a little awkwardly after the first greeting was over. He had little to say to these men. Walter Tower and he had been graduated from the same college within four years of each other and Henry had been more notable than than Tower. But that was vague now and only provided an occasional reminiscence for them which held little warmth of intimacy. All these men did things with their time which were different from the things Henry did. They belonged to a city club and a country club but they never went to dinners at the chamber of commerce for notable citizens or served on public committees or joined luncheon clubs. They seemed to make their very living in different coin than Henry's. He knew their financial ratings well enough. Burleigh was a lucky gambler, rich to-day and poor to-morrow, always suave and well-kept in either case. Dicky Hoyt had nothing but his job, which was well enough, for he was local manager of a public utilities company. He was smart, as everyone agreed, but he lived right up to the edge of his twenty or twenty-five thousand a year, and his bonuses cleared up extra debts. The Towers were the meat of the crowd financially. Walter Tower was a capitalist and money-maker, with the rich man's flair for profitable enterprise. He was rich without considering the money which would be his wife's when her mother died and left her the whole of the Wells estate. Nancy had been one of Doris Tower's bridesmaids,

and she had also always been the beauty of the crowd. She still was, thought Henry, watching the lovely turn of her shoulder and neck as she talked to Dicky Hoyt.

"Nancy's simply glorious to-night," said Jinny Hoyt to Henry. "She's the only woman I'm ever really afraid of."

Henry recognized the tone of emotional confidence and bore up.

"I don't know what you have to be afraid of," he said, that being the first sentence he came upon, and he pressed hard upon the "you" to make it flattering.

"She's the only woman Dicky never got over," answered Jinny, lifting her face with eyes that sought almost professionally for sympathy. "I think that there's one woman like that in every man's life, don't you?"

It was a pretty face, and men had liked to console it. They had consoled it steadily for years. But now it was getting hard to find the pathos under the make-up.

"I don't know. There's one in my life," Henry said, a little heavily.

Jinny laughed and called to Nancy that she had never realized how adorable Henry was and that she was going to fall in love with him after all these years.

"Go right ahead," said Nancy, "he needs exercise."

Henry felt a fool. He poured them all another cocktail, except Nancy, who always managed to give the illusion of drinking without doing much of it. He himself ate canapés. At this time of night he was always ready for his dinner and these people had a habit of delaying it unreasonably.

"We were sorry you didn't get the nomination for Congress," said Tower, as his glass was filled again, "but I suppose that's politics."

They all remembered then and came in with their comments.

"It's too bad, Nancy. I was counting on visiting you in Washington."

"Oh, my dear, they say Congress-



men's wives haven't so much of a time. They have to go to all the deadly parties. Make Henry run for the senate or the abinet or something. That's better."

"I don't see how Davis Sackett can drink the way he does and live! I saw him in New York last winter—with about the most stunning woman I ever saw."

"His first wife—the one who handed him on, you know—married again. Did you hear that?"

"I suppose a fellow has to put up quite a lot of money to get one of those nominations, doesn't he?" inquired Burleigh.

"It depends on how you manage your campaign," answered Henry. "It doesn't have to be an expensive proposition. Of course there's some advertising to do."

"I knew there was something I forgot to do yesterday," complained Dicky Hoyt. "I was going to vote for Henry. And nobody reminded me."

"That certainly would have turned the trick," said Henry, trying to be jovial and not managing it very well. He didn't care whether Hoyt voted for him or not. It would be accident if he marked his ballot so that it didn't have to be thrown out, thought Henry bitterly. But with headlines in red over the front of the morning papers, telling everyone not to forget that it was the day of the primaries, with a dozen important public offices to be filled and a chance of blunder in every case, Hoyt had still needed reminder. Henry ate another canapé or two, dropping a good deal of grated egg, and waited for the start. The women were already looking a little blurred, except Nancy.

"Some of those Washington women have the most fascinating political dinners," Jinny told him. "I've heard that one or two women really run the country. From behind things, you know."

Those were strong drinks, reflected Henry, agreeing with her. He disposed of what was left in the second shaker in random empty glasses, and Anna Burleigh, finishing her third cocktail, said that she was too comfortable where she

was and they could just bring her dinner to her.

But they did not. They assembled at last, after driving in two automobile loads, in the dining room of the club. It was late and all the other diners had gone, except an elderly couple who grew embarrassed and hurried their ice cream and escaped from the room when the handsome, noisy party invaded it. It was a club to which Henry belonged. He rarely came to it, his membership being more of a concession to Nancy's pride than his own desire. It was a club for the leisure of rich men, and Henry was not ready or eager for either leisure or riches. Since they were alone in the room certain club rules were waived, and Tower sent a boy to the room of a resident member for some Burgundy and brandy. The dinner lasted indefinitely, rising into exhilaration over some pyramided comedy, dropping into dialogues, growing controversial over some point quickly lost in the discussion, becoming affectionate and a little promiscuous. Jinny Hoyt was beside Henry, clinging to her profession of being in love with him and sitting very close. Looking down at her bare shoulder and her fatuous little face, Henry had a queer memory of saloons that he had been in when he was much younger. If I were a little drunker, he thought, she might be pretty. But not being drunk, he could see that her nose was red and little wrinkles made patterns around her eyes.

They were making a plan. He didn't pay much attention to it at first, hardly separating it from the nonsense they were talking. The Towers had ordered a new car which was due any day. Doris Tower was telling him that. She was on his other side.

"Thirty thousand dollars is too much for any car," said Jinny pathetically, "more than we earn in a year. Except a good year. It's altogether too much to spend more for a car than we earn in a year. Did you know that new car cost more than we earn in a year? We

couldn't buy the license for it. Could you?"

"We're going on a trip," Doris was saying in his other ear. "I can't go to Europe this year because of mother. You see I simply couldn't. She needs advice all the time. And those lawyers just mix her all up and they're so stubborn and disobliging. After all it's mother's money and you'd really think it was their business to do what we tell them to. And I'm simply exhausted between them all. We thought we'd drive East and take some of those glorious drives in the mountains, and I've some friends in Detroit who have a simply magnificent place and are always asking me to come and bring simply anyone I like. I wish you and Nancy would come along. We could go on to New York and I think it's always cool there in the summer if you do the right things, don't you?"

"It sounds wonderful," said Henry, "but I'm afraid it's a little too de luxe for me."

"Why can't we all go?" asked Dicky. He was good at such plans.

"We might take our open car," said Anna Burleigh, coming lazily into the plan. "I think it sounds good. And one chauffeur for the two cars."

"You'll come, won't you, Nancy? And bring my Henry?"

"Just ask us the once," said Nancy, "and it will be all over except the coming."

Henry had no idea it was serious. When at last the party broke up at the club and adjourned to the Towers' house for a couple of embattled rubbers, over which everyone seemed to become much more keen and less affectionate, he did not take it as more than a stray idea, to be abandoned when the evening came to an end. As they said good-night he heard Doris say to Nancy, "If we started a week from Friday would that be all right? We don't want to get into the midsummer heat." But even then he imagined that it would be forgotten in the morning. He forgot it. By the time he reached his office next day he had put

everything about last night's party out of his mind. He was again the pen politician who knew one out of every ten people he met along the street, but a hand in constant salute.

It was late afternoon when the governor called him on the long-distance wire and the conversation was important enough to demand subsequent thought and conference. Henry did not go home to dinner. He telephoned Nancy that he would be late and when he finally got home she was asleep, with her door shut. He did not disturb her knowing that she would hardly be interested in what had made the day so exciting for him.

But in the morning she called to him as he passed her door and he went in surprised to find her sitting up in bed and having her cup of coffee and bran muffin. Nancy never got up for breakfast. The boys did, and so did Henry and Nancy insisted that was quite enough of a family party.

"Aren't you early?" he asked, kissing her and lingering just a moment over the freshness of her cheek.

"I've a lot to do. It's lucky the boys go off to camp just this week. I have to buy them a bunch of gym suits and bathing suits and tennis shoes. And is there anything I can pick up for you while I'm shopping? That's what I wanted to know. What do you need?"

"I don't need anything," said Henry.

"Well—traveling like that," she said doubtfully, "you probably will."

"Oh, it will be a rough trip. I won't need much."

"Rough?" she repeated, and just as he realized that she could not be meaning the trip he contemplated because he hadn't told her yet, she seemed to guess that they weren't talking of the same thing.

"You haven't forgotten?"

"What?" asked Henry.

"That motor trip with the Towers."

"Why, they weren't in earnest, were they?"

"Of course they were in earnest. The



thing's all set. She called me up this morning. It's going to be marvellous. We're stopping in Detroit and in Cleveland and New York and spending a week or even two on Long Island at Montauk."

"But darling—"

"And it's going to be good business for you, too. Doris Tower said yesterday that she wanted to talk a lot of things over with you. She said Walter thinks you're clever. He could let you into a lot of things if he liked. You want to be nice to him. I thought we could take them out to Jane's in Cleveland. She has such a heavenly place. We want to do our share. I wrote her yesterday. You see if we start a week from Friday, we'll be gone about six weeks."

"But I couldn't, Nancy."

"Couldn't? Why?"

"I couldn't get away."

"Of course you can. You said yourself that when this election was over you'd be free for a trip. Court isn't in session and those clerks in your office ought to do something to earn their salaries."

"I know, but some things have come up."

"What things?"

He hesitated, fumbling for a beginning, but Nancy's deft mind was ahead of his.

"What did you mean when you spoke of a rough trip?"

"That's it," said Henry. "It's this way. The governor called me up yesterday. He didn't have very easy going in the primaries, you know, and he knows it isn't going to be better in the fall unless he gets busy right away. He wants to kind of get an early start. Before people get lined up. He's going to have some opposition that he'll feel."

"What are you talking about! Let him get his early start."

"He's going to make a little trip around the state right now lining up men to manage his campaign in the fall. Some of the ones he had fell down pretty badly in the primaries. And he wants me to go along. You see, I know a lot of the men around the state pretty well. I've met

them in one way and another, on trips and at bar association meetings and such things."

Nancy was leaning back on her pillows regarding him quite seriously. Her face was outlined clearly, like a boy's. It was defiant.

"When did he want you to go?"

"Well, on Saturday of next week," said Henry apologetically, "only for a week or ten days though."

"You'll have to tell him you can't go."

"But I told him I would."

"Do you get paid for it?"

Henry almost wriggled. He certainly moved around inside his collar.

"It isn't that kind of a thing. Of course, it won't cost me much of anything. It's kind of a favor. It's—well, it's an honor, in a way."

"They give you quite a lot of that kind of honor."

He stiffened.

"It's a pretty big thing in its way, Nancy. Going around the state like that with the governor, picking his men for him, practically. It means that he thinks I'm a good organizer, that I've got my ear to the ground."

"But what do you get out of it?"

"Nothing, for the moment, but it puts me in line—"

She sat up bolt upright, the coffee endangered and swaying.

"Don't say that again, Henry, for heaven's sake!"

"But don't you see, my dear—"

"We're asked on this other trip. We promised to go. The plans are all made, and we've got to go. Let your precious governor get his free advice somewhere else for a change. This trip will be worth something to you."

Henry stood silent, and she took it as a triumph.

"They'll appreciate you when you get back," she ended, "all the more."

"No," said Henry, "I couldn't do it, dear. I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry on your account. But I promised. He's arranging the thing to suit my convenience. We fixed the dates and every-

thing. I couldn't just call him up and tell him I was going off on a pleasure jaunt."

"Don't tell him that. Tell him it's a business trip. You can make it that, if you want to."

"I'm not sure I want to," he answered. "Getting business by pleasing women and hanging around them isn't my line."

She was white and she was red and there was no friendliness in her face.

"And what am I to do?" she cried.

"How about me? I've counted on it."

"It's a shame. But when I get back, we could go some place together."

"Thanks. It sounds alluring."

He flushed at her tone.

"If you'd only understand how important this is," he told her.

"I've heard that before. All that silly talk about this and that boosting trip. Where has it ever got you? A small-time lawyer, that's all, at everyone's beck and call. And now when you have a chance to get somewhere—"

"I don't call that getting anywhere," he said, stung to roughness, "not with that cuckoo bunch."

"I know the kind of people you prefer."

"Well, maybe I do."

She put her hand to her head.

"Look here, don't take it so hard, Nancy."

"I take it this hard," she exclaimed, "that I'm going on that trip. You can come or stay. I'll go by myself and take what comes and do exactly what I please. You've picked your way and I'm tired of sitting around watching you addie along. Go follow your master. Get in line. Mark time and you'll be marking time," she beat her hands in march rhythm, "forever."

Henry turned and went out.

It was a neutrality for which he did not have to be armed that followed. Nancy seemed utterly indifferent to what he did. That he would not have minded so greatly, feeling under the sting that perhaps he deserved it for failing her. But she insisted that he was indifferent to her plans also and did not bother to inform him of them in any

detail. The children went off to camp too excited over their woods equipment to notice the cool formality of the relation between their parents. The Tower party was to leave on Friday, but Henry had only a general idea of their route. It bothered him. He thought of flask and motor accidents.

"You don't want to drive with any of those men at the wheel if they've been drinking," he said to Nancy, out of a long silence in which they had eaten and slept under one roof.

She looked at him, hesitated on the edge of a remark and continued the silence.

The best he could do was to give her a check. The size of it was a strain on him and a surprise to her. She lifted her eyebrows at it.

"Can you let this much go?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Thanks," said Nancy, and that was all.

The Towers were to call for her at noon on Friday. Henry wanted to see her off, but she gave him no opening, no excuse for staying around.

"Well, I suppose I won't see you again for a few weeks," he said, going into her room that morning.

"There isn't much chance of it!"

"Have a good time."

"I'm going to," she said in that level tone that shut him out.

He kissed her but there was no pleasure in it. She let the caress stay exactly where it hit her cheek.

"Good-by. My regards to everybody."

"Good-by. Mine to the governor," answered Nancy.

When he came home she was gone. The boys were gone. The house meant nothing. It was a place which only told in pantomime of what life might be without Nancy. He went to bed early and thought about various kinds of automobile accidents, carrying a violent one into his dreams. In the morning he



was glad to take his suitcase and escape from the house where the maid seemed suddenly to have turned sulky and sullenly and Nancy's room looked abandoned forever.

But in the afternoon he took his own train and joined the governor, and that eminent executive, unconscious of the trouble he had caused, took Henry home to the state house where they had dinner and fell upon the job in hand. It was a difficult one, and they both knew it. The governor had been active enough to breed a nest of enemies during his two terms, and it was going to take skill and work diffused all over the state to keep him in. He wanted to stay to finish his work and he put it up to Henry as one man to another in a tight place.

"We've got to have men who are clean workers with us," said the governor, "but they've got to know the game too. We can't use amateurs any more than we can crooks. We need men like yourself, Dana, who haven't always got their hands out. High-class fellows."

"I know," agreed Henry, taking it as fact and not flattery. "I guess we can feel around and put our fingers on a few."

He was so busy for the next week that he forgot about automobile accidents. Once he called up his house to ask for mail. There was none from Nancy, so he pretended to himself that he hadn't expected any. Lying in bed that night in a small hotel in a small town, he wondered to himself that he had ever imagined he could hold Nancy. He faced the whole thing through to the end, a logical end. Small-time lawyer, she'd said. Well, maybe that was about the size of it. She was in some place to-night that was out of his range of expectation, or desire. She was in some luxurious hotel or staying on somebody's estate—he imagined a fountain and Nancy in a colored chiffon dress beside it—or perhaps she was rolling along in a thirty-thousand-dollar car. While here he was in a room that was costing him two dollars. And it wasn't as if he minded it. Guiltily Henry knew that

he was comfortable, though he could imagine Nancy's point of view on the iron bed, the electric lights hanging on cords from the ceiling, and the June bugs buzzing outside the half-screen in the window. He liked the sort of work he was doing, meeting simple people and getting close to them the way a doctor or a judge—Henry had always wanted to be a judge—or a politician could. No, he'd probably never be much. A few more tries and perhaps he might get to Congress. In ten or fifteen years he might make a stab at a district judgeship. Nancy couldn't wait for that. He thought, with a curious feeling of protecting her, that maybe he ought to let her go before she grew any older. Nancy was thirty-four now, and when a woman got older it wasn't such easy sledding. Nancy—and then his arm went out unconsciously as if she were there.

Perhaps it was well that he could not see her. For he had imagined very accurately. At the moment she was in a garden, rather a splendid one with terraces and a graceful mist-shrouded fountain. There was a man with her, and they were looking at each other intently. Perhaps they had drawn away from an embrace, perhaps they waited for the touch of passion. Her jacket of silver sequins glittered as if she were covered with a thousand moonbeams, and her face was pale and beautiful. They hesitated, as lovers pause or enemies draw breath. Then Nancy left the garden, and the mist-shrouded marble figure in the fountain soon wept alone, bent on her eternally folded arms.

The next day there was another town for Henry to visit, more people to talk things over with. He laid away his fears and dreams and went to work. A chain of sound organization was beginning to link up the towns. The governor was making new friends and was vastly encouraged.

"This is the kind of thing that gets somewhere," he kept saying. "You know how to handle people, Dana. You

understand them. We're getting results."

So they were. Henry knew. It was coherent, well-forged support that they were leaving behind them. When, at the end of two weeks, the governor found it necessary to end the tour, he parted warmly from Henry. There were no promises. It had not been that kind of an agreement. They had both thought that what the party needed, as well as the governor, was this kind of strengthening and there they left it.

But it was done. There was the house to go back to now, and the law business which was affected by a summer lassitude. It was more lonely than he had feared and no news, not so much as a postal, had come to him from Nancy. He motored down to see the boys at camp. They had heard from their mother. He read their letters and cards avidly. She was having a good time then, though to the children she wrote mostly of places that were interesting and little of herself or other people.

The boys did not need him and the camp masters did not encourage long visits from parents. Henry went home again, reflecting on the way on the excellent modern arrangements which could make fathers so unnecessary . . . and husbands. He was not quarreling with the situation. He knew quite well that the boys were learning things at camp that he could not teach them, learning to swim and ride horseback and camp out over night. Henry had never been adept at any of those things, though he swam with a splashing breast stroke. He knew that Nancy, too, was engaged in the kind of amusements in which he was no adequate instructor or companion—dancing, playing with alcohol, fencing with light talk, staying up long after midnight. Everyone in his family seemed to be all right but none of them needed him very much. He wished that he knew exactly where Nancy was so that he could send her some money. A dividend had come in on a local industry in which he had invested. The business

was evidently going to surprise everyone and pay. There might be a couple thousand a year in that after a while. It looked big to Henry until he began to think that probably it would look small to Nancy, riding in a thirty-thousand-dollar car. That reminded him to have his brakes tightened. He began to build days up out of things like that. Life was moving slowly, too slowly. He began to understand more than ever what Nancy meant and realize how little he could expect to hold her.

Then Worthing Jones died, on one hot July day. It was a sad thing about Worthing Jones, for he was only a middle-aged man and one of the best judges who had ever been elected to the district bench. He had just been re-elected two years ago at the last general election and had four years to go. After the first shock of the announcement was over, rumor began to fly about concerning his successor. There was no one really in line. The governor had the appointment, and the general guess was that he would pick a man from one of the big law firms, pick Curtis or Jennings or Lasalle.

But it was Henry whom he called on the telephone a few days later.

"Henry," said the governor, "you remember that night in the hotel in Jackson when you were telling that you'd like to be a judge if you had your way?"

"Why," answered Henry, clearing his throat and afraid of his own expectations, "I certainly remember our talk."

"Well, you're going to be a judge. I'm announcing your appointment in Worthing Jones's place, if you'll agree. You'll have four years to go and after that you ought to hold the place as long as you want it. You can, with a following like yours. I've spoken to several people about this and the choice is going to meet with general satisfaction. Bob Bartlett is strong for it. And personally I know you'll be the man for it. It doesn't mean you can't keep an eye on things and stay close to the party. But I know you understand people well, and



everyone tells me you're an excellent lawyer. It's a pleasure to make this appointment, Dana."

Henry could only thank him. He wasn't good at words when they concerned himself. They tricked him, ran away, became embarrassing. He hung up the magic receiver of the telephone and stared across his quiet desk. He could see the chambers that would be his in the splendid marble courthouse, the slow procession of justice through them, the obligation that would soon fall on him to search for wisdom and equity which people could not find for themselves. He had a curious sense of completion, as if after a long march he saw his destination in sight. There was a good salary and no expense and, with those investments beginning to yield, he and Nancy would soon be on easy street. Nancy—and then he realized that it wasn't the end of the march after all. He couldn't tell her about it. He didn't even know where his wife was. A judge, he thought, can't go on the bench and be involved in a divorce suit at the same time. It wouldn't do. Of course they might keep up appearances perhaps—in a sudden flare of anger he told himself that she'd have to come to him! He couldn't throw away a thing like that, after building it up with years of effort. But as the flare died down he knew that he didn't really care whether he had it or not now. Not if it meant putting it up to Nancy as a demand, instead of bringing it to her as a prize, as an honor to be shared.

He went home at length because, much as he disliked going back to the silent house, he was still more reluctant to see people. The news of his appointment might already be abroad, for political news is the swiftest of gossip, and Henry was not sure he was going to accept. He was not sure of anything, least of all when he saw, through the late summer dusk, the lighted windows of his wife's room. So she had come back—without a word.

He would have known she was there

even if he had not seen the light. The house seemed different when he entered it, alive again, awake. He felt his nerves tighten. Perhaps the difference was not in the house but in himself. He had the old familiar feeling of not knowing what to expect, of wondering what mood she was in.

The rooms were more habitable, though he did not know exactly what she had done to them. He saw that the untidy pile of newspapers on the hall table was gone. There was more air, more lamps lit, softer shadow. Yet she must have just come. Her bags were unpacked and she was still in a light travelling suit, though she had taken off her hat.

"Hello, dear," said Henry, and tried to put confidence into his voice. "Well, here you are!"

He made as if to kiss her, but she spoke first.

"Here I am," she repeated. "Perhaps it seems an unimaginative choice. But I couldn't go anywhere else. I haven't held a decent card in three weeks and I just managed the fare home."

"You didn't come with the rest?"

"No. As a matter of fact they put me out. That is, Doris did. It was, after all, her car. She has a strong sense of possession, that girl."

Her voice was too trivial. It was brittle. Under that ice tears might rush. But Henry was concerned with fact.

"Put you out!" he exclaimed in outrage. "Why?"

"As I said, Doris has a sense of possession. She thought I wanted her husband."

Henry's words were chilled now.

"And did you?"

She sighed as if the answer to that question had troubled her, had worn her out.

"No," she said, "not really. A little perhaps. I like him. There were one or two times when I thought it might be more than that. Luxury does things to you, Henry. No, not to you. But to me. Beauty and riches and the power

they give. You may as well know the kind of person I am."

"You could have wired for money. You needn't have come back," he said slowly.

"Yes. I could have done that. Instead of disturbing you. But I didn't. What have you been doing, Henry? In my delightful absence?"

"I've been made a judge," he announced absurdly, rather pompously. "The governor is putting me in Worthing Jones's place."

He flung the announcement at her and waited for its importance to wilt her. He made it a challenge and a rebuke, but they failed to reach her.

"A judge! Judge Dana. And now, poor dear, you never can take a drink," she said, and laughed, which was what

she always did when she was fond of him. "Darling Henry, what an elegant judge you'll make! So you were in line for something all the time!"

He knew he should not be laughed at. Not now. And yet it reassured him, melted him, made him feel absurd and at home and loved. It was when he saw the tears follow her laugh that he put his arms around her.

"Henry, dear," she whispered, and he guessed how tired she was, how much struggle there had been which she would never talk about, "you're so restful! Henry—what do you think will become of me? What do you suppose I'm in line for?"

He didn't know. He could only hold her close, promise her protection, claim her from herself.

## FIDO

BY LEONORA SPEYER

*SHE made a pet of grief,  
Trained it and taught it many a trick:  
It begged and fetched and carried,  
Hid, waiting to be found,  
Or played at being dead,  
Lying limp-heaped upon the ground;  
Ran by her side,  
Lay warm within her bed;  
And on her heart immoderately was fed.*

*Grief was the lady's pride,  
(A jealous brute at best);  
How it would growl and snap  
At any joy that dared draw near,  
Leaping upon her lap,  
Teeth bared. . . . She'd frown  
A little wistfully, and say,  
"Down, naughty grief!  
My dear . . . my dear . . .  
Sweet pest . . ."  
And hold the sly head closer to her breast.*





## MUST OUR CHILDREN START WHERE WE DID?

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

"I WANT Mr. Collins to buy them a house, but he thinks a young man ought to win his own way." Mrs. Collins was talking to me about her young married daughter and her husband. I had expressed my admiration for them and my belief in his future as a lawyer.

"Oh, but it's such a pity they can't have it while they are young," I said, realizing the kind of house which the Collinses would be able to give their daughter.

"That's the way I feel about it, but I can't make Mr. Collins understand. He thinks they ought to start where we did."

"But why should they, when you have all this money?"

"That's what I tell Mr. Collins. If we were to die they'd have it all. And I don't want to have to die before Elizabeth can enjoy it. I wish you'd write an article about it and see if you can't make him understand."

Elizabeth is an only daughter, the adored of her father and beloved of her mother. Always until her marriage she had had everything they could give her, years away at school, college, a trip to Europe, pretty clothes. The Collins home is a large, luxurious brick house of the nineties. Not that Elizabeth was a "spoiled darling"—by no means. She could cook and, on occasion, made cake and fancy desserts and, in lapses between cooks, prepared her father's breakfasts and even washed the dishes. Her advice was sought by her mother's friends on wallpaper and chintzes. She could

skilfully remake her last year's frocks to serve another season. She played a fair game of golf and a better game of bridge, and was an officer in the American Association of University Women. She was not extravagant but she had never known rigid economy. She was not a breadwinner but she earned her board and keep. In short, she was an energetic, ambitious, industrious young woman, able and ready to make a life for herself.

Mr. Collins was a self-made man. Mrs. Collins was an ambitious woman. Her ambition was that Elizabeth should be born to an avenue of trees, brick houses, and tradition, and that she should go on from them, free from poverty and the necessity of worrying about money, wherever ambition and opportunity might carry her.

At first Mrs. Collins's ambitions for Elizabeth were more or less nebulous. The girl must have the education Mrs. Collins had craved, she must know the delights of music, have an acquaintance with the best in pictures, and be at home among cultivated men and women. But as Elizabeth grew up these ambitions became more specialized. She should marry a brilliant young man, move to Kansas City, have a lovely house there, and make for herself a distinguished position in the community. And Elizabeth did not disappoint her. The boy next door graduated from the Harvard Law School with honors. He was offered a partnership in one of the best offices in Kansas City. And Elizabeth married him. There was no ques-

tion as to his ability or his ambition. He had made many friends, some of them influential. Elizabeth seemed to have plenty of opportunity to "go on and on."

All she needed was a little help from her father, a pretty house for a wedding present, the small car they no longer needed now that she was gone, and the continuance of an allowance of a hundred dollars a month. All of this would not make a dent in the property which, according to the terms of Mr. Collins's carefully drawn will, was to go to Elizabeth's children after her mother's and her own life interest were forfeited by death.

Mrs. Collins did not ask enough from Mr. Collins to permit any wild extravagance on Elizabeth's part: merely enough to enable her to begin her married life in surroundings somewhat like those which they had delighted to give her as a girl, and with a sense of building permanently. Elizabeth's husband's salary was not proportionate to his future promise. It could provide a small apartment if they did not mind living over a grocery store. It could furnish food provided Elizabeth could cook it. Clothes? Well, not the kind she had been accustomed to wearing. Entertainment? None at all. After a while, perhaps, after his son-in-law had "shown what he could do," Mr. Collins would give Elizabeth a house. But, said he, "he must make his own way or he'll never amount to anything."

"But can't you see?" Mrs. Collins would explain, "either they won't need it or it will be too late. They will have lost all their opportunities and have to begin all over again."

But Mr. Collins could not see. Pamper his children into weakness and failure? Not he. Let them, too, know the advantage of beginning with nothing, the *necessity* of winning their way. What he could not understand, or would not, was that an inflicted necessity is hardly the same thing as an inevitable one.

## II

When Mr. Collins married he not only had no money but he had no one to whom he could appeal for assistance. If he was to gain a competence, a position in the world, he had to work hard to get it. And he did work hard; he was industrious, able, and disciplined. The result is that he now thinks it was having nothing which made him industrious and disciplined. Ergo, there is a special virtue in the necessity of getting money for yourself. To hear Mr. Collins one would think that only those who begin with nothing can, or do, exercise the virtues of hard work or self-denial.

This is a dogma favored of pioneers. Nor is it difficult to see why. Since work on the frontier is hard and the conditions of life are trying, if not dangerous, naturally the frontier is unlikely to attract men who are already successful or can find opportunities elsewhere under easier, more pleasant conditions. Thus the majority of the pioneers were men who began with nothing. Many among them won wealth and success. What more natural than for them to emphasize the fact that they had been able to begin with nothing and end with so much? From this it was but a step to the dogma that the smaller the beginning, the greater the virtue. Besides, whatever a man does acquires in his eyes a special importance because he does it. Exalt it and in a way you exalt him. Naturally these successful pioneers, taking pride in what they had done, exalted the whole process until they came to confuse the qualities that brought them success with their starting point (or their necessity). The queer thing is that even to the second and third generation they still hold firmly to this dogma of the virtue of beginning with nothing.

But let no one think that the idea is prevalent only in those communities where the fathers and mothers of this generation were pioneers. For America is a pioneer country. It was built from the beginning by pioneers, pioneers from



England to New England and Virginia; pioneers from New England and Virginia to Ohio and Kentucky; from Ohio and Kentucky to Missouri and Kansas; yes, and from New York and Pennsylvania to Oregon and California. Perhaps it is putting it too strongly to say that it is *only* in those communities and among those families which have been in close contact with European or English standards that the pioneer point of view has weakened; but certainly the chief opposition to it has been among those who have derived their social customs from abroad. It is indeed this very fact that hardens the pioneer against such "softness." Take, for instance, the matter of marriage settlements. A marriage with an Englishman of family required that a sum of money be settled on the girl who was to marry him. At first the suggestion was met with scorn by all "red-blooded" American men. It connoted decadence and idleness and its concomitants. But as girls would insist on marrying these foreign "ne'er-do-wells" the devotion of the fathers to their daughters began to overcome their pioneer standards, and they reluctantly gave in. In due time, as Americans adjusted themselves to such strange foreign customs, the scorn decreased. Perhaps the logical thought struck some of these fathers: Why penalize the daughters who marry Americans? And settlements were accordingly made on those daughters who married American men. And then the still more logical thought occurred to some man: Why penalize my son? And so a settlement was made on him. But the custom does not spread so fast as others derived from the same source.

And even to-day we read in the newspaper of the son or daughter of a man of billions in cosmopolitan New York itself driving a Ford or "doing her own work." Still, this man of billions probably is a pioneer in his way; for sixty years ago—when he was born—all but a very few were pioneers, pioneers in a business if not in a community; and a man may

be a pioneer to the extent of holding throughout his life the pioneer's philosophy of wealth, his standards, and customs, even though he comes from Cleveland or Pittsburgh or even Boston or New York.

There are, certainly, other ideas back of this "start at scratch and win your own way" standard. There is the egotistical one, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my boy." There is that of simple logic, "I started with nothing and made good; therefore, if he starts with nothing he will make good." And there is the one springing from a father's vanity, "So long as I have all the money in my own hands I shall remain the important member of my family, the big man in the community." I recall hearing a man make the naïve suggestion that he intended to leave all his money to his son, because if he left any of it to his daughter, her portion, added to what her husband already had, would make his son-in-law more important in the community than his son. Every father, he thought, should leave his money to his sons, as their rating depends on their money. And there is what may be the most powerful idea of all: that the making and ownership of money are the chief tests of worth. If a man's place in the community is due solely to the amount of money he has made, naturally he will want to emphasize the importance and the value of money, as this will emphasize his own importance. How do it better than to deny it to the younger generation, make them get it for themselves, keep them envying those that already have it? Nothing would so lessen its importance and his own as to treat it casually as a means rather than as an end. These ideas actuate parents without regard to location or amount of income. They are present in the minds of Boston mill owners as in those of Kansas farmers, in those of newspaper proprietors as in those of copper dukes, in those of New York banker billionaires as in those of small-town merchants.

## III

To discover how foolish is this dogma that there is a special virtue in starting at scratch, Mr. Collins has only to forget how he made his money, or how he started, and think of his son-in-law's situation. He would then see that a son-in-law who desires to make a name and place for himself as an able lawyer would find it of distinct advantage if he could, perhaps, refuse to spend his time and thought on the collection of bills or the examination of abstracts in order to make every possible cent, and could devote himself to the cases which would bring him to the attention of bar, court, and more important clients, cases which might not bring him money at all. Mr. Collins has certainly seen young lawyers of fine talents and energy diverted into collection agents by the necessity of providing a house, car, and allowance for a wife at the earliest possible moment. Surely he cannot think that freedom from such compulsion would lessen his son-in-law's ambition. That would be to think that the only possible incentive to work is the necessity of providing necessities. Mr. Collins knows that this is not so. He has seen men with one million dollars struggle to increase it to two million dollars. Men continually strive to take something and make of it something more. Why, then, may they not start with something and make out of it something else? Why not begin with money and make out of it a profession, a success, a career? The career will call for work, energy, ability, and self-control in quite as large proportions as Mr. Collins's success in making money called for it. If Mr. Collins will stop and think he will realize that his son-in-law cannot succeed in his ambitions without a liberal exercise of these qualities, even if his wife has more than a house, a car, and an allowance. He will know that reputations are as difficult to win as fees—and political placement even harder.

But this dogma of the self-made man

dies hard. Since lack of money was Mr. Collins's incentive, he fears the lack of this incentive will in some way make a weakling of his son-in-law.

I have a friend who is engaged in the wholesale grocery business. Starting with nothing, he was by dint of economy, good management, and unstinted labor able to save money which, invested cannily in stocks, has made him a very rich man. He longs to retire and travel. But he has a young son on whom his heart is set. He wants this son, also, to know the joys of success. So he holds on to his grocery store in order that his son may follow his footsteps. He pays the son a fair salary as manager, requiring him to reach the store each morning at 7:30 and stay, with an hour for lunch, until 5:30, returning Saturday evenings to stay until 10:30. He gave the boy a house as a wedding gift but he expects him to save from his salary enough to invest in his turn in stocks or bonds or whatever is on the rise at that time. The son, it happens, loathes the grocery business. In college he was devoted to his economics and his literature. He is an inveterate reader. He has ideas. Given a sum of money, he would probably buy a newspaper. If he had freedom, he would find a congenial job. As it is, he does hard labor at a business he hates, hoping the money he is saving may enable him, if his father ever gets ready to retire, to buy the time to express some of these ideas of his on paper.

Surely it is no mean ambition for a man to wish to express his thoughts so that other men may heed them and gather therefrom hope or inspiration or even information. I can bear witness that it is one which calls for energy and self-control—far more, perhaps, than selling flour or beans. Why should his father fear he would become a weakling if his incentive were to succeed at such work rather than to earn enough money to be as rich at fifty as his father?

Ah, but his father might say, "Let him earn his way. He cannot earn his living by writing. When he has earned



enough to enable him to play at writing, why, then he can." Why need he wait to earn it if his father already has plenty? Why waste these years when he might be putting them to such splendid use, given a subsidy by his parents?

"Live on unearned money? Be supported by his father?" I can hear the tones of scorn from the middle-class everywhere. But would the effect on the boy really be any different if his father settled the money on him to-morrow from what it would be if his father died to-morrow and left it to him? In either case he would be living on unearned money, he would be supported by his father's labor and savings.

"Would you then advocate," I can hear this father ask, "that we settle money on our children when they marry?"

I know the very question calls to his mind the profligacy which his democratic prejudices associate with the aristocracy of a degenerate social system. Yet why not? Every Christmas he gave that boy every toy he could purchase. He took him fishing and hunting. He gave his son the best possible education. He provided him a good home, backed his athletic expenses, saw that he had good clothes, sent him abroad. He let him drive the family car as his own from the time he was fourteen. He gave the boy everything he wanted until he was twenty-two and did not spoil him. Why, then, suddenly deny him the most precious gift of all—opportunity to use those years of young enthusiasm, great ambitions, abundant energies in the work he wants to do? Many of us must spend these years in making money, in the hope that later we may have the time to exercise our talents—only, alas, to find that by the time we have the money there is neither energy nor the ability left for the ambitions. With us, with so many, there is no choice. We must start with nothing, so naturally we must spend ourselves trying to get the necessary money. But what a waste for those who might start with

something to be held back as we are, making believe they start with nothing and duplicating our efforts, because their fathers think there is more virtue in making money than in doing work you want to do!

There really are men in America—strange as the news may be to many of these self-made men—who are not moved by the competitive spirit, to whom the "good life" is one in which they may do work in which they are interested and build up a reputation for proficiency in that work, regardless of financial profit. I know a man, for instance, whose ambition in life it was to win for himself in his community—a small one—a reputation as a lawyer of integrity and ability. He did not want money or care for a financial success. What appealed to him was the work itself and success in it. To have to bother with bills, to have to chase the dollar to pay them took his mind off the problems involved in his cases and disturbed his mental balance.

It is true that the need to meet expenses is an incentive to some men; but it is equally true that to others it is a terrible handicap, preventing the entire absorption in their task which is necessary for their success. Still others require a sense of mental peace, a sense of security, before they can do their best. The necessity of making a certain amount of money and the fear of not being able to make it often destroy the balance necessary for the finest kind of creative work. Men and women like this would do much better work if they could be assured of a certain amount of money. It is the need for such assurance that drives many men of transcendent abilities into government positions—such as those in the Bureau of Standards, the Public Health Service, the Geological Survey—and into university professorships. They want to forget money so that they may do good work; and they must be assured a competence, however modest, before they can forget it.

Often there is a direct clash between

good work in the professions and the necessity of making money. Shall a man wait until the project he is engaged in is completed to his own satisfaction or shall he get what he can for it now? Shall he sell out the ultimate perfection for the present satisfaction? There are the hundreds of such daily temptations that meet the professional man or the artist. Shall he take this case which means monetary rewards and give up that case which may determine the interpretation of a law and protect the helpless? Shall he keep on spending his energy on this rich old woman's hypochondria or devote himself to stamping out that epidemic? Shall he accept this newspaper syndicate contract or keep on with that book? Parents ought to be happy to think that they can save their children from such sacrifices of time and energy to the immediate and the trivial. It is a great privilege to be able to make their children's lives so much freer and richer. And yet I remember the banker who said to me of his son who yearned to go to Paris and study art, "I don't know what I've done to deserve an artist for a son; of course he is going into the bank." And I am reminded again of that dry-goods merchant who pushed his son behind a counter because music never paid. They, I am afraid, are more representative of the typical parental point of view than the man who said to me, "If what my son wants is to play the violin, then he shall do it if only to compensate for the thirty years I've spent in a drug store every day of which I longed to be a soldier."

#### IV

And after all it is only make-believe, this enforced starting with nothing. However much the wealthy parent may try, he cannot create artificially the conditions that exist when a son actually starts with nothing. There is a world of difference between the necessity that springs from knowing one can never have anything he does not earn with his

brain and brawn and the compulsion that comes from a parent's refusing postponing gifts or assistance. In one case there is no alternative; it is sink or swim. In the other the possibility of gift is always there. There is no possibility of sinking: the son or daughter is like a swimmer with a full life-saving crew right at hand. No sternness on the part of the parent can give the poor little rich child what saving grace there is in necessity. All it does is to rob the child of the compensations of starting with something.

The wise parent knows this; and so instead of attempting the impossible, he seeks to get for his boy by some other means the sort of advantage that comes from "starting with nothing." The easiest and the best way to do this is to stimulate his son to want something which his wealth may help him to achieve but which it cannot achieve alone or entirely. It may be success in another business, or in a profession, or in some art, or in scholarship. It may even be success in seeing how much money can be made with the money he is given. Or it may be success in the art of wise spending. The parent may, perhaps, stimulate his son to see what he can do with his money, how much beauty or happiness or power he can get with it. There is a very real opportunity for starting with money and turning it into taste, knowledge, or action. In many cases a man or woman can begin with nothing except money and achieve a real success such as money alone could not bring: he or she may, for example, start without taste and end an authority.

Any and all of these substitutes can develop in the child the same courage, daring, determination, ability to take punishment, caution, sportsmanship, self-control, industry, and economy as are supposed to be developed in the journey from poverty to fortune.

But the finding of these substitutes requires imagination, and—alas for the child—it is so much easier for the parent to demand an imitation of his



own experience! In this connection I recall what a very rich mother once told me of her plan with her daughters. They had two homes, one on the Hudson and one on an island in Maine, and any number of servants in each. There was a housekeeper, of course, and everything was done in a formal manner. The mother, a Quaker, had not herself been brought up to wealth and she could not forget her own mother's old-fashioned training of her in the care of a house, of her wardrobe, of her person.

"It worried me for a long time," she said. "I did not want my daughters to grow up without any feeling of responsibility or knowledge of how to work, and yet I could see that the kind of training I had had would be ridiculous for them. I could set them daily tasks such as making their beds, darning their stockings, ordering meals, inspecting the kitchens; but once they had learned how to do those things, the mere doing of them with servants standing by to watch them had no relation to their needs and could teach them nothing except that I arbitrarily was inflicting a disagreeable routine on them. To say that they must darn their stockings or go with holes in them would have been ridiculous. The maids would gladly do the darning in return for their old stockings; and anyhow, any fair allowance would purchase new ones. So I set about trying to find tasks for them that grew logically out of their money and would do for them what the tasks my mother set me had done for me.

"Each girl when she was fourteen was given a budget to do over her room. She had to study decoration long enough to learn to do it right, to buy the furniture proper to the room. From doing over their own rooms they came to take an interest in the rest of the house, and at times each one has redecorated other rooms. I let each one buy one good picture a year from an unknown artist. This led them to make acquaintances among young artists, to attend exhibits, and to know pictures. They have ex-

changed their pictures many times. Each one has a garden of her own, and each a responsibility for buying the new books on certain subjects.

"When the eldest daughter was eighteen we built a community house in the village and moved the pictures and books there. As each girl reached sixteen she took on the responsibility for some activity connected with this house. One had charge of a nursery, another of a cafeteria. Each spent certain hours there each day, was responsible for spending money and raising money for the house, and for organizing it into a success. There was rivalry among them as to the success of their departments, both financially and in terms of accomplishment. A financial loss was charged off their yearly allowance. If they wanted to add to the house, as on occasion they did, we advanced the money and charged it against their inheritance. One girl did not care for the community house but loved animals. We set her up with a kennel of her own, advancing the money and charging the loss against her future.

"I think they have learned as much economy and carefulness and have gained as much knowledge of the value of time, and as much sense of responsibility, as I ever did. At the same time they have been meeting a responsibility which goes with their inheritance. There never has been any sense of compulsion because they see that what they do is a logical result of their fortune, not something arbitrarily forced on them."

If only Mr. Collins would learn this difference between something forced on children and something growing logically out of their situation, he would not seek to make Elizabeth start where he did. For then he would know he was trying to defeat a law of logic.

## V

The symbol for a family is a tree which has limbs growing out of the trunk and smaller branches growing out of

these limbs and others out of these and so on; not a hardy annual which grows up, bears seeds, drops them into the same spot from which it started, and then dies, leaving the seeds to go through the same process from the same beginning to the same end, repeating it endlessly. The limb draws sustenance from the soil through the trunk, the branches through the limb. Society is a forest of trees. True, some die. Some are hewn down. But a tree may live for many generations, each year growing stronger and more beautiful, the growth of each generation of leaves enriching the next, the tree itself sending forth ever higher and higher branches.

I know a man who has ten million dollars invested in railroad securities. He can hardly lose it. He has one son who was married a year or so ago. At first the son lived in a tiny two-room apartment, but when the grandson was born the father gave the son a small five-room cottage in the railroad town where the boy works. The son took a position on one of his father's railroads and now, I am told, is winning his father's favor by investing a certain per cent of his salary in stock in his father's roads which his father sells him. The daughter-in-law, a charming college graduate who does her own work and makes her own clothes, cannot afford to entertain her friends or indulge her taste for the sports in which she used to excel or the study she enjoyed before her marriage. The father is delighted to find her so "sensible." He lives alone in a large and handsome house which, I have heard, he is offering for sale. His son cannot afford to live in it. And the father prefers a hotel.

Could anything be more senseless? What value has this ten million dollars? While it keeps piling up compound interest, the man's only son, living little better than a peasant, is setting out to make ten million dollars of his own. If he is successful, by the time he is fifty he may have ten million, twenty or maybe thirty million—which is all right if that

is what he wants or needs. But what his wife wants, I happen to know, is a family, and space to house them, plenty of ground in which they may play, a good servant, leisure to keep up her music and read, time to play a little golf. By the time she is fifty it will be too late to get these things. What good will a palace do her then when her children have left her? It is when children are young and their habits and ideas of life are being formed that a mother wants dignity and ease and comfort in her home. When she is old she can be content in an apartment. How futile is this American system which houses old and deserted husbands and wives in large handsome houses and places the young and growing families in tiny cottages!

In the days when there was no wealth and all alike were pioneers, starting with nothing and trying to get ahead, there was no alternative. But why should grandparents who have piled up fortunes sit complacently in their big houses while their grandchildren are huddled in tiny nurseries?

Suppose a father, instead of forcing his son to walk in his footsteps, said to him, "Here, take this house. I want my grandson to grow up in a place like this with a sense of space—high ceilings, a sleeping porch, a playroom." And to his daughter, "Here, take this stock and use the dividends to pay for a servant, or two, if you want them. And I've settled enough on you so that you can have as large a family as you wish, without worry. I want my grandchildren to have a healthy, rested mother, informed, active, a mother of whom they can always be proud and who will have much to give them. My life is lived and I want its fruits to be used to enable you to begin here where I've ended."

Would he be afraid his son could not take care of property thus come by, that it would make him shiftless, profligate? Is it not possible that it would do the very opposite? That it would make the boy feel he must do his best to deserve his good fortune by making the most of



it, so that his children in their turn might start still farther on? Or would he be afraid that sons and daughters could not appreciate the value of money unless they have had to earn it? But anyone who has ever lived in a community where fortunes have been quickly and easily made knows how utterly false is this assumption. Those who have not can easily recall the history of the Pittsburgh steel millionaires and compare the first and second and third generations as to recklessness of expenditures. Anyone who has compared the lavishness of the new rich in New York, Newport, and Washington with the careful expenditure of those who inherit large houses, established social positions, and an unearned income, knows that the fear of losing money, the possession of tastes dependent on it for satisfaction, and of a social position which requires large amounts of it, furnish a greater appreciation of its value than the earning of it. No one has ever charged the English upper class with failing to appreciate money. On the contrary they have such a horror of having to earn it that they overvalue the keeping of it. The theory that one must make money to appreciate its value is a theory divorced from experience.

Not long ago the papers heralded the fact that an heiress to millions would do her own work. Great was the rejoicing among the bourgeoisie. "Fine girl." "Sensible." "She's all right. No nonsense about her." The phrases expressed the simple faith of the pioneer that there was a virtue in forgoing a servant. And why? If she could not afford one, certainly. But there was no question of that. Everyone knew she could. What virtue then was there in her putting on a "house-dress," fussing in the kitchen, waiting on the table, when she might be preparing herself for the responsibility of that great fortune? She had much better have given her time to a study of economics and sociology and a survey of social conditions. That would have been virtuous. The present

English ruling family could teach the American billionaire a lot about bringing up his children to meet great responsibilities. No one has accused this generation of Windsors of failing to meet them; but they do not do it by playing at being cooks or by driving Ford cars.

If fathers—and mothers, too, I suppose in these days—can start with nothing and end with ten million dollars, can they not use it to get the next generation beyond the starting point, so that instead of doing a sort of merry-go-round here in America, each generation repeating the history of its predecessor, each may develop a pattern of living more satisfying than that of their fathers?

If each generation began a little earlier to consider the quality and enjoyment of life, might we not be able to put more of beauty into the technic and mechanism of living, and even, perhaps, achieve a higher national standard of culture and taste?

The begin-with-nothing system means practically no ease, dignity, beauty, and little order for the child from birth until the time he or she is twelve or so, when father begins to "arrive" financially. From that time until marriage, a pretty house, "advantages," lovely clothes, extravagance. After marriage, denial and privation again and work, for ten or fifteen years. Then from fifty to death, luxury and extravagance again. Surely this is not a cycle calculated to evolve any beauty or order in the mechanism of living.

A plain, sweet-faced, gentle little woman came to our town. She was simply but perfectly dressed, she had a retiring but completely self-possessed manner and manners, she was unobtrusive but dignified. There was something about her "different" from the rest of us. "Don't you know what it is?" asked a keen observer. "Haven't you noticed? Not once has she ever mentioned *things*. You've never heard her refer to her house, or her table, or her silver, or her horses, or her garden, or her car, or—anything. She rests on herself."

"But of course," answered another, "she has always had them. That's why. They are as much a part of her as our shoes and gloves and hats are of us."

"Yes," said our philosopher, "and that's what gives her poise and assurance."

Her father, fortunately for her, had not been a Mr. Collins. He had not started with nothing; he had gone on from where his father ended, and his father before him had done the same thing. This is how aristocracies are made, be they only aristocracies of character and breeding.

We want the best for our children, yes. But too often it is *our* best that we desire. Why not make it possible for them to attain *their* best, give them the freedom to seek it? A college boy was talking to me. "I mean to make money, Aunt Emily," he said. "I see you've got to have it before you can be free and do the things you want to do. I want to make enough money to retire by the time I'm fifty, and I know that means I've got to think, talk, eat, sleep money and nothing else if I'm going to get it. But what worries me is not making the money. I know I can do that if I work hard enough. What worries me is the fear that by the time I've got the money I'll have forgotten all about what to do with it. I've noticed these rich men. They've forgotten, or never knew, how to spend money right, how to enjoy it. I'm afraid I'll get to be like them if I give myself to money-making. I've about made up my mind that the only way to avoid it is to marry a girl who has the sense of what is beautiful and let her keep her mind on that so that when I get the money we won't have forgotten what to do with it. I'll make the money but let her spend it."

How much of our standardization, our lack of originality or appreciation of beauty, our poverty of interests, I wonder, may be charged to the fact that all the years of youth must be spent in slaving to become able to gratify tastes or express real desires?

Surely, the excuse for accumulated, stored-up wealth, if there is any, is that it frees men, some men, from the necessity of struggle for a livelihood, so that they may spend their time and energy making something more of life than a mere struggle for physical survival. Do not advocates of the capitalist system tell us that this is its advantage? But what is gained from this store of wealth if it may only be utilized by the middle-aged?

## VI

Never was there a time when society had such need for men without the competitive sense. With the cost of living high, the wage scale high, and the demand for capital investment not decreased, the monetary rewards of the professional classes grow so small that only those without the competitive sense will enter them. But the needs they serve do not decrease: those of justice, those of health, those of education. Yet only those can enter them who have small need to make money—or are willing to do without many of the things which make life orderly and beautiful. When rich fathers die they leave their quota to the hospital, the college, the art gallery; and the public commends them. Thus they discharge their social obligation in return for the opportunity to amass wealth which society offered them. How much better if some of these same fathers would endow their sons, as it were, to man those hospitals, fill those galleries, sit in those colleges! Without such endowment these vital tasks must be left to the mediocre, to those who can do nothing else, or to those—and they are always very few in any society—who will pay the price of self-denial for the privilege of service, or of being true to their own tastes. That is what happens in a society that has no reward for the non-competitive. But suppose this competitive society says in effect, To those who want to win in the contest for money, the financial rewards; to those who do not, the professional re-



wards. What better can money-makers do than give to society some sons who may enter this non-competitive class? But they make this enrichment of the arts and professions impossible if they insist on demanding that all their sons shall contest alike for money.

Do I seem to make too much of this? If so, it is because there are too many Mr. Collinses; they must somehow be made to see that it is not enough to begin with nothing and end with something, but that this something should be made

to go on to something else—a more stable, a more beautiful mode of living for each generation in its turn.

I cannot hope to have converted Mr. Collins. He will go on insisting that his son-in-law shall begin where he did. I can only hope I have given Mrs. Collins a few new arguments, so that Elizabeth—if not now, at least soon—may have the house and the allowance which will enable her to devote herself to living, instead of spending all her youth getting the wherewithal to live.

## PARTING SONG

BY HELENE MULLINS

*GOOD-BY, my love, and do not fear  
For me when you have gone,  
The days we held each other dear  
Are few to brood upon.*

*Spring will not fail to come again  
Though you no longer come;  
The circling skylark or the wren  
Will not be stricken dumb.*

*Men will not cease to laugh or build,  
Nor earth to yield its grass;  
I need not grieve, that never willed  
This hour should come to pass.*

*I need not weep unless I choose,  
Nor call myself bereft;  
I've blue and silver dancing-shoes  
And tinkling bracelets left.*

*I've found a curious Spanish ring,  
A dead queen's book of prayers—  
It may be you shall hear me sing  
As you go down the stairs.*



# THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE

BY EDWIN HUBBLE

*Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California*

THE romance of science lies in its explorations. Equipped with his five senses, man explores the universe around him and calls the adventure Science. He is confined to the surface of the planet Earth, hence his explorations of outer space are restricted to the interpretation of light-waves which come flooding in from all directions. In this manner he has found that the sun is merely one of the stars, one of the many millions which, together, make up the stellar system—the system of the Milky Way. From his position in the midst of this system, man looks out through the swarm of stars, past the boundaries, into the universe beyond. For ages he has speculated upon those distant realms, but only to-day have his instruments reached the powers required for the actual exploration.

The last and greatest of these instruments is on Mt. Wilson in southern California. With the 100-inch reflector one could detect a candle at 5,000 miles, one could detect an arc-light on the moon. And with this magic mirror we are now exploring the remoter regions of the universe, far beyond the Milky Way. There is the habitat of the nebulae—those faint patches of light which have been identified as vast independent stellar systems, comparable with our own system, the system of the Milky Way. There they lie, thinly scattered through the depths of space, out as far as the telescope can reach.

We know something of their actual dimensions, something of their real luminosities, hence their mere appear-

ance in the telescope indicates the general order of their distances. We see a few that appear large and bright: these are the nearer nebulae. Then we find them smaller and fainter in constantly increasing numbers, and we know that we are reaching out into space farther and ever farther until, with the faintest nebulae that can be detected with the greatest telescope, we have reached the frontiers of the known universe.

It is distant, this last horizon. Light travels for two hundred million years to make the journey. Yet it defines the observable region of space and restricts our knowledge to a definite portion of the universe. Within the vast sphere are scattered several millions of nebulae—stellar systems—in various stages of their evolutionary histories. One of the multitude is our own stellar system, the system of the Milky Way. It is, we believe, one of the older and more mature organizations.

The nebulae are found singly, in groups, and even in great clusters; but when large volumes of space are considered, the tendency to cluster averages out and, to the limits of the telescopes, the distribution is approximately uniform. There is no evidence of a thinning out, no trace of a physical boundary. The universe, we must suppose, stretches out beyond the frontiers, far into the realms of speculation.

Yet it cannot continue indefinitely. An infinite homogeneous universe is not compatible with the laws and the phenomena of nature. The best working



hypothesis of the day, the general theory of relativity, postulates a universe which is finite. The dimensions can be calculated, in a tentative way, by assuming the observable region to be typical of space in general. It then appears that we are actually observing an appreciable, though very minute, fraction of the entire universe. Such is the present status of the explorations of space—our adventures in cosmography. A definite region has been sketched in outline, a definite boundary established, at least as a working hypothesis, and astronomers are now proceeding with the task of mapping in the details.

## II

Such is the present status. Tomorrow the outlook may change, may fade into a newer, broader vision of the universe. For the history of astronomy is a history of receding horizons. Again and again the narrow frontiers of the ancients have swept outward on surging waves of discovery.

The Greeks formulated the first complete system of astronomy, in the centuries immediately preceding the present era. Their great contribution was the realization that the earth is a sphere. They believed it to be at rest in the very center of the universe—that around it at great distances revolved the sun, the moon, and the lesser planets, each in its own particular sphere. The stars, because of their daily rising and setting, they believed to be fastened to a spherical shell which rotated once a day around the axis of the universe. This shell lay just beyond the orbit of the outermost planet, and they believed it to be the visible boundary of the universe.

The size of the earth they knew very accurately and the size and distance of the moon as well. They even attempted to measure the distance of the sun; but there, as for all the other heavenly bodies, their instruments were too crude. Aristarchus, in the third century B.C., placed the sun at nineteen times the

distance of the moon. Although this is only five per cent of its true distance, no improvement was made for more than eighteen centuries. But where the measures failed, they resorted to speculation. The planets were squeezed into a universe as compact as their motions would allow, and around them was snugly fitted the shell of the fixed stars. Even so, the boundary shell had to be placed at 20,000 times the radius of the earth—80,000,000 miles—in order to clear the orbit of Saturn.

The smallness of this universe was a necessity arising from the daily rotation of the boundary shell. The larger they made the shell, the more terrific would be the linear speed of its rotation. Even at 80,000,000 miles, a star on the celestial equator travelled 500,000,000 miles each day, 6,000 miles each second. Small wonder the mind rebelled at enlarging the scale.

This snug universe of the Greeks, with its restricted frontiers, dominated the minds of men for many centuries until Copernicus heralded the dawn of modern science. Then the mad whirl of the universe was seen to be an illusion and was replaced by the more sober rotation of the little earth. The axis of the universe was recognized as the axis of the earth itself. The boundary shell of the fixed stars, no longer a necessity, faded away into nothingness. The stars themselves receded to distances immeasurable. The sun, with its family of tiny planets, was left isolated and lonely in the bleak emptiness of space.

## III

The systems of the planets offered a restricted field for accurate investigation. The telescope came and with it brought undreamed precision in measuring. The laws of motion were formulated and the majestic law of universal gravitation. Out of these factors emerged the Astronomy of Position. Distances, dimensions, and motions were accurately measured with the micrometer, and the

motions were explained according to the law of gravity. The stars to the austere priests of this sect were merely convenient fixed points in the sky by reference to which the motions of the planets and comets could be followed. The Astronomy of Position reigned supreme during the eighteenth century and much of the nineteenth. The micrometer became a symbol. Its results were certain, all else was speculation.

But while the Astronomy of Position was busy with the planets, laboriously accumulating the measures which signify positive knowledge, the imagination was roaming wide and free through the realms of the stars. Those realms lay beyond the reach of the micrometer, hence the orthodox astronomer paid them scant attention. But bolder spirits, daring greatly, invoked the vague growing principle of the Uniformity of Nature and assumed that the stars were distant suns. As a first approximation they supposed that all stars were exactly as bright as the sun and hence that we see them distributed through space according to their apparent faintness. Distances could be estimated by calculating how far the sun would have to be removed in order to appear as faint as the stars appear. Grand theories were constructed by interpreting the phenomena on this assumption. The stars thinned out as they became fainter, that is, more distant; and hence before a single stellar distance had been actually measured, it was realized that the stars themselves form a definite system, of vast dimensions, but quite isolated in space. This system was called the Galactic System because the Milky Way, or Galaxy, was the most conspicuous feature.

All this *was* speculation but, beyond the frontiers of positive knowledge, speculation was legitimate. Verification had to wait until the Astronomy of Position had developed an accuracy sufficient to measure directly the distances of a few stars and hence to test the assumptions on which the speculations

were based. Attempts were made with each advance in instruments and in technic and, finally, about ninety years ago, the feat was accomplished.

Direct measures of stellar distances by triangulation from opposite sides of the earth's orbit around the sun marked an epoch. They introduced the second chapter in the history of modern astronomy—the study of the stars in the Galactic System.

Precision in measuring has increased, thanks to the methods of photography. The feats accomplished to-day are almost unbelievable. Imagine measuring—not merely detecting, but actually measuring with reasonable accuracy—the change in direction of a point seventy miles away when the observer moves his instrument to right or left a single inch. This represents what can now be done with the micrometer in observing stars from opposite sides of the earth's orbit. Increase the inch to 186,000,000 miles, and the seventy miles is increased to the 160 light years, the greatest stellar distance which can be measured directly. A light year is about 6,000,000,000,000 miles, the distance which light travels in one year going at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. Yet even so, the micrometer penetrates but a very little way into the swarm of stars which surrounds us. Were our knowledge of the universe confined to the distances that can be measured directly, our knowledge would be limited indeed.

#### IV

The great merit of the micrometer was that it bridged the wide expanse of space around the sun and gained a foothold among the nearer stars. It did verify the general trend of the speculations, but best of all, it presented for our inspection a few hundred stars whose distances and hence whose real luminosities and actual motions were definitely known. From the intimate study of these stars, the new and powerful methods of Stellar Astronomy have been formulated. These were



calibrated by the Astronomy of Position, but once established, they pushed out into space far beyond the range of the micrometer. It is with these new, indirect methods that the remoter regions of the Galactic System are being explored.

As an example of the new methods, the stars whose distances are known have been classified according to certain easily recognizable characteristics of the light which they emit, and the physical features of each class have been carefully determined. To-day, wherever a star may be, if only it can be classified, we know at once a considerable mass of information concerning the physical features which it shares with all other stars in its particular class. Among other things, we know the real luminosity—accurately in some cases, approximately in others—and hence, from its apparent faintness, we can estimate its distance.

But with all our knowledge of individual stars the study of the Galactic System, as a system, progresses slowly. We are in the very midst of the swarm, hence the details of structure are blurred. If only we could step outside the system and inspect it from some vast distance, we should see at a glance those broad structural features which patient investigation is so slowly revealing.

We know, however, that the swarm of stars is very much flattened in the plane of the Milky Way—imagine two saucers, rim to rim, bottoms out, and you have the lenticular shape of the Galactic System. There are several billion stars in the system. The diameter is uncertainly estimated as of the order of 200,000 light years and the thickness at the center, perhaps 20,000. The system is rotating in the plane of the Milky Way, with a period of the order of 150,000,000 years. The sun is at a considerable distance from the center in a *local cluster*, one of many such subordinate aggregations in the great system. The Milky Way indicates the rim of the system—in the direction of the Milky

Way we look through great depths of star-filled space, the stars appear crowded together, and hence we have the impression of a luminous belt around the sky.

## V

The methods of Stellar Astronomy are well established, and the study of the Galactic System is the dominating theme of the day. It has replaced in general interest the study of the Planetary System by the methods of Position Astronomy. But now a third phase is opening. History is repeating itself. Once the limited extent of the stellar system was realized, speculation immediately busied itself with space beyond the Milky Way. Again assuming the Uniformity of Nature, men supposed that, scattered through space, there must be numberless other systems of the same general order as our own. Unresolved nebulae were seized upon as visible evidence. The grand vague theory of Island Universes was launched upon its career.

While speculation swept through the new field, the empirical study of nebulae was slowly developing. A half dozen of these small cloudy spots in the sky were known to naked-eye observers. With the growth of the telescope and continued exploration of the sky, the numbers grew, slowly at first, finally by thousands. Some were resolved into clusters of stars. These were weeded out, and around them has grown up a separate department of research. The star clusters are minor members of our own stellar system.

Among the unresolved objects, two utterly different sorts were distinguished. The one consists of clouds of dust and gas found along the Milky Way. They are called Galactic nebulae, for they are part of the Galactic System itself, unused remnants, perhaps, of the material from which stars were formed. They are dark for the most part and are seen silhouetted against the background of the more distant stars; but here and

there small portions are illuminated by bright stars actually involved or conveniently near, and we see the shining surfaces.

The other sort of nebulae, the spirals and other small symmetrical bodies, are found by the thousands everywhere in the sky outside of the Milky Way itself. Nothing definite was known concerning either their distances or their true nature, but among them alone of all the heavenly bodies, did it seem profitable to search for Island Universes. Speculation generally placed them outside the stellar system—in extra-galactic space. It remained for positive investigation to verify or to disprove the guess.

The Astronomy of Position gave no definite answer—these nebulae were too remote for direct measures of the distances. The methods of Stellar Astronomy applied only to stars; and with the smaller telescopes, at least, no stars were found in the spirals. But telescopes developed, and finally the great modern reflectors have resolved the larger and brighter of the spirals into swarms of actual stars. They appear very faint, even with the great reflectors, but they are stars, none the less, and can be studied by the methods of Stellar Astronomy. After long and careful investigation, many of these stars have been identified as belonging to various well-known classes—Novae, for instance, Cepheid variable stars, Red Irregular variables, Blue Helium stars. All of these classes are known to consist of very brilliant giant stars, among the very brightest in the entire Galactic System. In order to appear so faint they must be vastly remote. Distances derived from all of the various classes agree reasonably well, and hence we feel confident that the status of these nebulae has finally been established.

Detailed study of the stars involved has led to reliable distances of seven extra-galactic nebulae, and this is about all we can expect from existing instruments. These systems are at distances ranging from 100,000 to 1,500,000 light

years, their diameters range from 4,000 to 45,000 light years, and the total luminosities from 20 to 500 million times the luminosity of the sun. They are Island Universes in very fact—our nearest neighbors in space.

Estimates, less reliable, but good enough for statistical purposes, are available for 40 or 50 fainter, more distant nebulae. It appears that there is an upper limit to the real luminosity of stars, some 60,000 times the luminosity of the sun. This limit is generally attained and seldom surpassed in all the great isolated systems. Advantage is taken of this fact and, from the apparent faintness of the brightest stars involved, distances can be roughly estimated for all nebulae in which any stars at all can be detected with the great telescope. Beyond some four or five million light years, however, even the brightest stars can no longer be detected as individuals. This represents the maximum range of the methods of Stellar Astronomy.

But, just as the micrometer reached out beyond the system of the planets and gained a foothold among the nearer stars, so the methods of Stellar Astronomy have reached out beyond the stellar system and have gained a foothold among the nearer nebulae. Just as the stellar methods were calibrated by the micrometer, so new and distinctly nebular methods have been devised and have been calibrated by the stellar methods. Once established, these new methods have pushed out into regions where even the brightest stars can no longer be detected—out to the very frontier of the known universe.

These methods emerged from the statistical study of nebulae in general. On casual inspection, they exhibit a bewildering variety of structural forms, but persistent investigation soon indicates a high degree of order. The characteristic feature of extra-galactic nebulae is rotational symmetry around dominating central nuclei. A few objects are irregular in the sense that they lack this feature; such, for instance, are



the Magellanic Clouds, the nearest of all the nebulae. More than ninety-seven per cent, however, are regular and fall naturally into a progressive sequence of structural forms which probably represents their evolutionary history.

The sequence ranges from globular masses of unresolved nebulosity, through flattening ellipsoids, to a limiting lenticular form, and thence on into a succession of flat spirals with gradually opening arms. Fairly early in the sequence of spirals, stars begin to appear in the outer regions of the arms. As the arms unwind, the resolution approaches the nuclei, until, at the end of the sequence, the spirals, like the irregular nebulae, appear to be swarms of stars. If the sequence of types does represent an evolutionary history, then the presence of bright stars is an indication of age. Our own stellar system, the system of the Milky Way, is at the very end of the sequence, hence it should be classed among the oldest organizations that are known. There is independent evidence for the vast age of our system. Certain binary stars show the effects of occasional encounters with other stars, which must have required at least several millions of millions of years to accumulate—and the life of a star is doubtless but a fraction of the life of a stellar system.

The sequence of types is an expanding sequence. If nebulae of the same apparent brightness are arranged in order, the diameters increase steadily along the sequence. From the small bright globular forms, they develop into the large, faint open spirals. The progression is so smooth and uniform that, in spite of wide varieties of structure, all the nebulae can be reduced to a single standard type, or stage in the sequence, and can be discussed as a single group. When the variation in diameter along the sequence is corrected, a new and very significant relation appears. All the nebulae are constructed on the same pattern; the small ones are correct miniatures of the large ones. They may

appear large and bright or small and faint; but the relation between size and brightness is precisely that which would be observed if the nebulae were all of about the same dimensions but were distributed through space at different distances.

The correctness of the interpretation is established by two independent criteria. First, there are the nebulae whose distances, and hence dimensions, have been determined by the methods of Stellar Astronomy. These are all of the same order of intrinsic luminosity and, when reduced to a standard type, of the same order of actual size. Second, there are the clusters of nebulae, physical organizations each containing three or four hundred individuals. Less than a dozen clusters are known, but they all appear to be comparable organizations distributed at different distances. We observe a large cluster of large nebulae, smaller clusters of smaller nebulae, and tiny clusters of tiny nebulae. Each cluster offers a group of several hundred individuals at the same distance in space. Although we may not know the actual distances of the various clusters, yet the differences in apparent size and brightness among the individual nebulae of a particular cluster indicate the range in the intrinsic dimensions of the nebulae.

The various criteria all lead to consistent results. The nebulae are cast from a single mold. There is some variation; the nebulae are not so uniform as the globular clusters, but they are incomparably more so than the stars. The brightest nebula may be a hundred times brighter than the faintest, but it very clearly is not ten thousand times brighter. For statistical purposes, they can be treated as all equally luminous; and this mean luminosity, as derived from the nebulae whose distances are determined from the stars involved, is about 100,000,000 times the luminosity of the sun. Thus, for statistical purposes, the apparent faintness of nebulae indicates their distances.

This offers a simple way of determin-

ing both the average dimensions of nebulae and their distribution through space. The progressive sequence of structural forms ranges from the dense globular nebulae, about 1200 light years in diameter, through steadily expanding forms up to faint open spirals, about 10,000 light years across. The actual count of the number brighter than a particular limit of faintness indicates the numbers within a sphere of a certain radius. For instance, the 150 nebulae brighter than the stellar magnitude 11.0 (100 times fainter than the faintest star seen with the naked eye) are all within 5,500,000 light years of the earth. Counts to successive limits of faintness indicate the numbers in successive spheres, and hence the distribution in successive zones of the visible universe. It is estimated that 10,000,000 nebulae are within reach of the 100-inch reflector. The faintest are more than 100,000 times fainter than the faintest stars that can be seen with the naked eye, and their average distance is of the order of 200,000,000 light years. A sphere of this radius represents the observable region of space.

The distribution of nebulae out to these limits appears to be fairly uniform, hence we must suppose that the inhabited universe stretches on beyond the frontiers and that for a while, at least, the unexplored regions are much the same as the known. Speculations concerning the entire universe can be based on the assumption that the known region is typical of space in general. The observed motions and luminosities of stars and nebulae rule out all possibility of an infinite homogeneous universe, hence the speculator welcomes the theory of general relativity which postulates a universe finite but boundless.

The form of this universe is one of the ultimate problems of science. Alternative theoretical solutions have been offered, one by Einstein and the other by

De Sitter. Both solutions are enveloped in a fog of mathematics, the famous tensor calculus of relativity, and both incorporate curved space-time which cannot be visualized. Out of the welter of equations, however, there emerges a certain constant,  $R$ , the radius of curvature, which measures the size of the world. The actual determination of this constant depends upon which of the two solutions is nearer the truth. Fortunately there is a critical test which should distinguish between them, even within the observable region of the universe. The necessary investigations are now under way with the odds, for the moment, favoring De Sitter.

If Einstein's solution were correct, we could say at once that the radius of curvature of the universe, which depends only on the mean density, must be about  $10^{10}$  (one followed by ten ciphers) light years, and we could easily calculate the volume and the mass. If De Sitter's solution is preferred, we must wait for more data before calculating the dimensions. At present we can only say that the radius of curvature of the universe is greater than the radius of the observable region, possibly many times greater, and hence we can only estimate a lower limit, say of the order of  $10^9$  light years.

We can write the figures but they are utterly beyond our comprehension. The vast scale of the universe is more readily grasped in terms of time. In the study of cosmography—in observing the nebulae of extra-galactic space—we are witnessing scenes and events which occurred in past ages. When we look out into the depths of space we are gazing back into history. The nearest star we see to-day as it was four and a half years ago; the nearest nebulae, the irregular Magellanic Clouds, as they were 100,000 years ago; the frontiers of the known universe, as they were 200,000,000 years ago back in the Carboniferous Age of the geologists.





## OPTIMIST

BY JAMES STEPHENS

*I HAVE always tried to get  
A better song than any yet  
That has been written—and I sense,  
In moments lonely and intense,  
A something whirling in a blue—  
But, no matter what I do,  
How I keep awake, or how  
I wrinkle wrinkles on my brow,  
With my love and hate and wit;  
With every faculty of me  
Exercising ceaselessly,  
I but rarely get the theme  
That is every poet's dream.*

*Late a Muse gave me to sing  
Just half of just not anything:  
Then I soared into my will;  
I bawled upon them there until  
The Nine came, horrified, and swore  
They would give me all and more  
If I would only stop the noise. . . .  
But they gave me toys and toys,  
Poetic-stuff for little boys,  
Love-stuff! Wisdom! That and This!  
Enough to make a poet hiss  
For very rage who wants the theme  
That is every poet's dream.*

*I refuse to be a saint.  
I have reason for complaint.  
Times and times already they  
Gave my poesy away:  
Shakespeare got a lyric I  
Could have swiftest better; why  
Did they send to Wordsworth such  
A clutch of sonnets? Keats as much  
Of odes and what-nots? And A. E.  
Has a song was meant for me—  
A Song of Beauty . . . So I fear  
That, ere the mellowing of the year,  
They may give away the theme  
That is every poet's dream.*

(ENVOI)

*Prince: I have paper and a pen!  
I'm as good as other men!  
Here I am, and here I sit—  
Let the Muse take note of it—  
Ripe and ready for the theme  
That is every poet's dream.*



## THE NO-GOOD COASTER

A STORY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

A FAINT tinkle of ice against glass came from the darkness around the corner of the verandah where Reynolds' boy was busy preparing the inevitable West African vermouths. The pad of naked feet and the faint creak of occasional rickshaws taking diners from the hotel home through the fast-thickening dusk filtered up from below. Hard flies pit-pitted themselves to disaster against the blazing white gasoline lantern that hung motionless in the still air at the far end of the porch.

Reynolds had left me for a moment. I had hung my helmet and white coat beside his on the wall and slumped into the depth of a battered wicker armchair. I welcomed the slight physical tension produced by its lack of a foreleg. It helped keep one awake.

Conakry, I decided, was charming, by far the most agreeable place I'd encountered in a fortnight of slow progress down the Coast.

I said as much when my host—with attendant vermouths—reappeared. He smiled feebly.

"Yes, Ballay, the man who laid this place out knew what he was about. He was a doctor. You don't see a mosquito once a month. It's a grand place. I hate it like hell."

"What's the matter?" We had met an hour before at the Hotel Grand down near the jetty.

Reynolds, deeply absorbed in pouring a drink, didn't reply for a moment.

"I don't know. Listen!" He tossed his head, a rather heavy, young, good-

looking head, in the general direction of the street. The low-pitched sing-song of two natives in leisurely altercation on the road below had added itself to the collection of subdued noises. Nothing else.

He went on. "That's it. Not a darned thing. If I wasn't a good Coaster I'd have gone mad a year ago. Africa's a big continent. Perhaps they told you that in school; but nobody who hasn't lived down here has any idea just how big it is." His gray eyes stared at me curiously. "At night this whole hot world seems to twist up toward the moon and then grow big soft sweaty hands that reach for your throat. . . . That's not my own. Peachy, a friend of mine, made that up. In a place like Conakry where there aren't but four people who talk English you give up trying to say something new every time, you know. . . . Peachy used to say he was afraid of the dark. You haven't been out long enough to know what he meant." Reynolds shook his head jerkily and grinned across the table. "The white man's grave is right. Have some white man's gravy." He shoved a monstrously tall glass toward me.

He turned his head to wipe a drop of perspiration from his chin onto his shirt collar and grinned again. "French Guinea has some nice things about it, though. Have you noticed no one's heard the news down here that the franc isn't so good any more? I get a hundred and fifty Canadian gold dollars a week and pay my house boy fifteen shillings



a month. That's how Africa's got me. I can't quit! When I'm up at the mines it's not bad though. I won't let the office send out another engineer for that end of things. . . . Africa does get you one way or another, it's funny. Not that many like it! You come to lick Africa, and it doesn't even seem to know you're here. Good Coasters don't give a damn. It doesn't bother me, but sometimes there's a fellow like Peachy and it does him in plenty."

"Who's Peachy? And what the deuce is a Coaster? I'm new out here, you know."

Reynolds hoisted himself out of the chair and slopped a new supply of vermouth into my glass. "This is a good drink for any time—unless you want something else? You're new to all tropics, aren't you? If you weren't you'd know what a Coaster is. Every white colonial from Hobart to Delhi knows there's only one Coast—West Africa from Senegal to Congo. A Coaster is just a white who is or has been damn' fool enough to live out here for a while. We all know one another, every white man in every port. But we don't like one another very much." He paused reflectively. "And who was Peachy? Nobody much, really. Just a no-good Coaster."

He stopped once more, staring intently into his glass, shaking it in a spiral so the ice tinkled. "You know, it's a great occasion for me to have someone new to talk to. Not you especially. Matter of fact, when I first saw you down at the hotel I thought you were just a damn' missionary, but I wanted to talk to you anyway. Now when I get started I don't really seem to want to—not about anything serious, Peachy for instance. A good Coaster—a fellow who makes a go of it out here—learns to get in a what-the-hell state of mind and think about nothing but the job and the next drink. . . . Come in!"

My chair dipped dangerously. Reynolds' sudden shout had startled me into forgetfulness of the wounded foreleg.

He laughed delightedly. "Someone knocked downstairs. I can hear a mouse sneeze at fifty yards." He tipped back and craned his neck to look around the corner of the porch. "Hello, Mamada. You come round here, huh? What you want?" Reynolds spoke the pidgin of the Coast.

A tall old black man in green fez and long, well-worn blue and white Sudan robe appeared noiselessly out of the shadows and made us a slow, most gallant bow.

"Afternoon, Mister Reynolds, sir. And you, sir." His voice quavered and was very low. Reynolds, with a look of curious respect, leaned forward to hear better. "I do not like to trouble you, sir. But—" the negro's long, tapering brown fingers toyed at his grizzled goatee and he eyed me doubtfully. "But, sir, I am very hungry. Perhaps, sir, you could . . ." he leaned forward so I shouldn't hear and whispered, quite audibly, "give me fifty centimes?"

Reynolds jerked his head up reassuringly. "What you do, Mamada, if I give you five franc, huh?" he asked.

The old man stood erect and inclined his head slightly. "You would make me very happy, sir. I should be grateful, sir. My sons have all left me and it is sometimes hard." The English came slowly, with a soft mingling of African and French accents that added peculiar emphasis. His demeanor, in spite of his errand, was haughty, almost kingly, in a foreign, somehow antique way.

Reynolds looked at him with a puzzled expression which twisted the corners of his eyes—corners already wrinkled by the glare of the sun. "Mamada," he said suddenly, rather harshly, "why you always talk so with me? You no used to talk to Mr. Peachy like that. *Pourquoi tant de cérémonie*, huh? You know me, Mamada. You think you better than me?"

Mamada relaxed from his erect pose and spread his long hands deprecatingly; smiled quietly, revealing white little

teeth between his crackled, narrow lips. He shook his head. "No, sir, I not think so. But you my master, sir. Mis' Peachy wer' my friend. I loved him, sir. All Fulah people in Conakry love him, sir. Even no-good Landuman and Timini people, they love him too." The old man halted the flow of soft syllables and, astonishingly, his eyes filled with tears. "Except maybe one, sir. But maybe he love him too . . . maybe he love him most of all." For an instant he stared past us out of the ring of light into the dark beyond.

Reynolds ended the pause abruptly. "Would you have done it, Mamada?" he asked.

The old man looked down upon him and did not reply at once. "He not ask me, sir. He too proud, even in that time, to come to friend. But, sir, when black man and white man fight, black man must fight to kill. It is best black man take beating and do nothing. When black man fight back, white man afraid and go crazy—so black man must help himself with knife. That one man, sir, know what Mis' Peachy want. . . . White men are not brave in this country." The white teeth flashed again in a fleeting smile—aristocratic, superior.

Reynolds, his eyes still upon the old man's face, fumbled in his pocket for a moment and then put some tightly rolled notes in the negro's hand, closing the brown fingers over them. "You go eat now, Mamada. When you get hungry you come to me, see?"

Mamada lifted his fez and made us a short bow. I found myself automatically rising half out of my chair, returning it somewhat confusedly. "Thank you, sir," he said, gathered his robes about him, turned, and swept with haunting majesty into the dark around the turn of the porch.

"He used to be night watchman at our warehouse before we sent our machinery up into the bush," Reynolds explained. "He makes one feel devilish young, doesn't he? His ancestors were chiefs back in the Fouta Dialon when

ours still had long hair on their arms. You better have another drink. No?"

Reynolds looked at me quizzically. "I suppose you couldn't make much sense out of what he was saying, about the fighting and what Peachy wanted and all, could you? I'll tell you how it was and what happened and you can figure it out your own way."

He took a long swallow and then began to talk.

"Peachy was a Canadian. He came out to the Coast just after the War. He was engaged to a girl, but they decided they could wait until he was fixed here and then she was to come out and join him. They were about as much in love as any two people can be, I think. I didn't know either of them then, but I knew all about it later on.

"Peachy's job was to go back in the hills behind here—the Fouta Dialon—examine some gold claims another man had located and, if they looked good, he had instructions to arrange everything—concessions, getting machinery, hiring labor, and establishing communications with the coast. It was a responsible job, but Peachy took to it like a mosquito to a green Coaster. He was in town first and then went back into the bush and was up there without seeing a white man for a year; but the climate in the hills is very decent, so he kept healthy, and the native trade caravans kept him in supplies and got his mail to him pretty regularly. Letters from Dorothy—she was the girl in Canada—used to arrive a bale at a time, and he'd send his back with every native who passed by his place on the way to the coast. He was making a hundred a week and banking about ninety of it. It was arranged that she was to come out as soon as he could make his headquarters here in Conakry."

Reynolds stared for a moment over the high balustrade into the soft darkness that rimmed close around the circle of light from the lantern. The rapid narrative tone of his voice when at last



he went on had changed, was more reflective. He spoke slowly.

"But something was happening to Peachy. He didn't know it at the time, but it was. When I say he loved Africa, you won't understand what I mean. But that was just it. Every white man who comes here, you see, has been filled up all his life with the notion that he, as a white man, is just about the greatest thing in the world. We're taught that niggers are just poor devils our God stopped worrying about when he'd only half done with them. We know that America or Canada or England or wherever it is we come from is the only important place on earth. That's all right. I believe it. I'm a good Coaster and I hate Africa. But Peachy didn't believe it hard enough. Back at the mines he lived with niggers like old Mamada—wise old black Mohammedans who know how great and just how unimportant Allah is—how unimportant everything is except the sun, the sand, the forest, and the moon. He learned their language, went about as deep as an outsider can go into their customs and magic and all. He went so far he realized he could never go farther, never, just because he was white, go really to the source of things and find out what's behind those strange quiet eyes of theirs. Often when he was out prospecting he'd sleep somewhere in the hills and listen alone by his fire to the queer whisperings of the night and try to understand what it was saying too. But he never learned the key of that at all. It was so old it had forgotten him.

"At first he was angry. He'd never encountered anything before in his life he couldn't understand. No white man does who stays at home. That's why we think so highly of ourselves. But Africa was one too many for him.

"All this showed itself in a peculiar way. I didn't know until just last summer when I met Dorothy when I was home on leave. She told me. She said that about this time—it was the beginning of his second year on the coast—

he began in his letters to say a lot about how he wasn't good enough for her. Of course, she didn't think much of it at first. I suppose they'd been telling and writing each other ever since they first fell in love how he wasn't good enough for her and she wasn't good enough for him, and all that. I used to be that way myself. . . . It wasn't just a pretty phrase with Peachy, though. He meant it. The two big things in his life were Africa and that girl—a funny combination—and Africa was telling him with every silence, with every whack of the sun on the back of his head that he wasn't as big as it was. And the more he realized it the more he loved Africa—and the more he thought about that girl and loved her, the surer he was that he wasn't good enough, big enough, that is, for her either.

"You can imagine what happens to a fellow when a girl and a continent get all mixed up in his head. He wasn't proud any more. And that's the devil of a thing to happen to a Coaster. He didn't know what was happening to him. I don't really know either, even now. It was just that Africa grew so big in the front of his mind that all the strength and decision he had went into the effort to understand Africa and to adjust his littleness to its bigness. His love for Dorothy didn't die—didn't even dim—but it changed. It became abstract, secondary in its place in his emotions, secondary to the emotion of wonder and awe and strangeness that this queer world of jungle and sky and sun bred in him.

"Not long after this I came out. Peachy had got everything in the bush up to the point where he was ready really to start mining and he'd written home to the office asking that someone be sent out who could take charge of the work there while he stayed down here and ran the business end of things. It was partly true that he did need another man, but it was mostly fake. He didn't like Conakry and he did like the bush; so he'd figured it out in his muddled head

that if he quit the bush he'd maybe be able to think straight again.

"It sounds silly, but I think Africa made him feel somehow unfaithful. He'd catch himself thinking about Africa—trying to make the place and the people and its vastness all fit into a customary pattern like our lives at home. Then he'd suddenly realize he should have been thinking of Dorothy all this time and he'd feel badly that he'd forgotten her. He took this house here—the darned place has sixteen rooms. He was all ready for her. There was no reason on God's earth why he couldn't cable her to take the next boat. But he didn't. Then he started drinking." Reynolds lifted his glass with a quick smile, toasted me in pantomime, and emptied it.

"I don't know you very well. You may be brighter than most, but I'll wager you've never thought about one thing steadily for more than two minutes in your life. I know I never have. Very few white men have. That's why Peachy drank too much—he felt he simply had to think—think about his girl and himself and Africa and what, exactly, was the matter with the lot of them and, naturally, he found his mind began to wander off on other things before he'd put in more than three consecutive minutes at it. Anyone's will. But Peachy didn't realize that. He just took it as another proof that something was wrong with him. He felt *little*—so damned little he couldn't even face this simple business of writing a letter to his girl and telling her to come on out here to him. If she had come she might have made a good Coaster out of him even then. I don't know.

"So he'd have a drink on it. He found that after he'd had seven or eight he got in that half-sleepy state where one idea at a time is plenty. Of course, when he got like that he really wasn't thinking about anything, but he thought he was thinking about himself and her and the Coast and it made him feel some of his old courage had come back to him

—at least he felt so at the time. Next morning he'd realize he was a sneak."

The boy appeared in the circle of light and put some dirty glasses on a tray. Reynolds stared vaguely at him until he went into the dark. Then he continued.

"He wrote to Dorothy less and less. She was getting impatient. She loved him and she was frightened. She did the worst thing she could have done. She asked him questions, 'Why don't you send for me?' 'What is the matter?'—that sort of thing, and they scared Peachy. He'd walk around town for a couple of days after a letter like that with an old helmet on the back of his head and his hands way down in some white drill pants that needed washing, looking like he was going to die. Peachy was tall with not much meat on him. He wore a little mustache that didn't seem to belong to him and he had blue eyes like a girl's. A pretty boy, really. But after one of those letters he'd look like he was sick at his stomach. He'd frame one answer after another, sitting down at the hotel with a bottle on the table, and tear them all up, and after about a pint of liquor sometimes he'd cry. Because there wasn't any reason for anything."

Reynolds opened his hand toward me with a jerk and leaned across the table. "Don't you see? No man wants a girl he loves to give herself to him if he honestly doesn't think he's good enough for her. He felt—what d'y'call it?—inferior. He couldn't make sense out of anything. . . . This was the sort of thing. He told me that once up in the bush a young black woman's baby died while he was staying in a native town—the usual little cluster of round clay huts with pointed roofs hidden away in a clearing in the middle of the jungle. He knew the mother, she had washed his clothes and cooked for him before the child came. She'd never had any children although she was nearly thirty and she wanted one. She couldn't think or talk about anything else, and when it



was born and turned out to be a boy she was the happiest woman Peachy'd ever seen—laughing, singing all the time, as proud as if that kid was the only one of its kind in Africa. Then one night when it was about three weeks old it died. Peachy said he thought the woman would lose her mind. She cried for three days and nights without stopping—and she lived in a hut just four yards from the one where Peachy was trying to sleep—which naturally didn't do his nerves any good. But on the third morning she came out of her hut with the dead baby in her arms and laid it on the ground just in front of the door. It was naked and weazened and brown. She wasn't crying now, though Peachy said her lids were swollen so she could hardly see. She grabbed a white rooster that was pecking around at her feet and, before Peachy knew what was happening, she twisted its head off and let the blood drip down on the body of her baby. Then, very slowly, she stepped over the body into her house, then out again, and then in—three times. She was perfectly calm and after a minute she called to her brother and he took the baby away and buried it. An hour later Peachy saw her pounding coffee in a mortar with the other women of the village as if nothing had happened.

“That apparently silly little bit of flimflam—I can't explain it, it's a very old native custom, a kind of sacrifice and sending back of the dead into eternity—had cured the most terrific and genuine sorrow of that black woman's life.

“But it didn't help Peachy a bit. He couldn't get it at all. He thought and thought and asked questions and finally got to feel that he just wasn't anything at all. He, a white man, couldn't straighten out his own trouble—a fairly simple question of whether a fellow that isn't man enough to understand the mood of a continent can still be man enough to deserve a girl—it sounds absolutely senseless when you put it like

that, doesn't it?—and here this half-naked black mother, just because she belonged and knew old important things he couldn't know—had mended her life with a rooster's blood and three steps over a clay doorstep in a sun-baked nigger town.

“I was making only short trips back to the mines then and would come back to Conakry as soon as I could. I liked Peachy. I was a good Coaster from the start, and he sort of leaned on me. He was two years younger than I and different entirely, but we got on fine. I'd buck him up and try to get him to write something—anything—right away. A few times I wrote letters for him, and he'd sit down at this table here as tame as a whipped child and copy them out and just hand them to me to mail without saying anything but 'thank you.' Then he'd get up and put on an old overcoat—a crazy thing to have brought out here with him; but it does get pretty chilly after dark sometimes—and walk around in the native quarter 'most all night. Once or twice I got worried about him and couldn't sleep and I'd go out to find him. He'd always be in the same place—over in the other end of town, sitting by himself in the shadows beyond the light of a little fire in front of a mud hut, his chin in his hands and his eyes so wide and still they'd scare me. There's not another white man in Conakry who'd have the nerve to go in that part of the city at night. But the blacks, like old Mamada said, understood him. He'd just sit there listening to their soft murmuring talk that makes one feel it's the same conversation that began back when the world was born and won't be done forever. And when they'd bring out a drum and dance and sing he'd stiffen and watch and listen harder still, trying hard, so hard his poor half-drunk head must have ached, to make sense out of the thing. He thought, I imagine, that if he could just understand the drums, find even one thing he could get his hands on so it wouldn't slip away he would be all right.

"He didn't pick out the slums of an African city because things are simpler there, either. Nothing really easy would have satisfied him. He knew as well as every Coaster knows that if you want to get to the bottom of anything in Africa, whether it's just the incomprehensible, old, hating mood of the land, or some bit of native magic, the very last place to look is in a town. In places like Conakry the new has met the old and only the new has lost by it—really. Though it doesn't look like that on the outside. The niggers have forgotten nothing. They've taken some of what we have to give and they laugh because we think that what we've got is all there is. They hide their secrets from us behind the pidgin talk and the sleek manners and the crooked tricks we've taught them, just like they hide—when we're around—their bodies with the dirty undershirts we sell them. Most Coasters, all good Coasters, don't look any farther, but Peachy did. But he'd come home near daylight looking more puzzled, vaguer—younger, if you know what I mean, than before. Once he came in and woke me up. He sat on the edge of my bed in that old overcoat with his hands way down in its pockets and told me for Jesus' sake to talk to him. He said he was afraid of the dark. I told him if he felt that way about it he shouldn't go wandering around at night; but he didn't mean that. He was half drunk, of course, or he wouldn't have opened up. He laughed in a queer sort of way as if he thought I was really funny and then went into his room and to bed." Reynolds stopped again, and looked out into the night. The moon had risen, the trees were taking fairy shapes.

"Then I went up into the Fouta Dialon and was gone six months. I was worried about Peachy but there wasn't anything I could do about it. I had to go. I did one thing, though. I shifted a lot of work onto him, thinking it would be good for him to keep busy. The last two months of the six I was

away I didn't hear from him at all. As a matter of fact, I didn't write either. The machinery had arrived, and I was busy. I was trying to teach a crowd of black cannibals how to operate a mercury amalgam outfit without either blowing up the Guinea coast or burning their fingers. But as soon as I could I came down for a drink with ice in it and a look at Peachy.

"There was the devil to pay. Peachy hadn't done a day's work since I'd left. He made such a complete mess that the people at home had sent a man out to see what was the matter. One of the directors came himself. There was a forty-page typewritten letter waiting for me that he'd written while he was here. It was a funny letter. Most of it was just instructions, of course, but he finished up with a long list of suggestions to me as to how I should treat Peachy, and how he'd send some books out, and didn't I think in Peachy's 'run-down condition' he ought to have special food—one of the queerest letters! The director who came out was pretty old. He'd already been gone a month. But Peachy hadn't bucked up. He was all to pieces. It wasn't just that he was half drunk all the time. . . . By the way, have another? Good."

Reynolds bellowed directions to his invisible boy for requisite ice and a new bottle, then went on, his voice thickened a little by this last and longest quaff. "No, it wasn't that. First place, he was so thin his cheek bones threw streaky shadows into his three-day whiskers. That was bad enough, but he was steady calm all the time. He looked licked.

"You're from New York. Have you ever seen a bookkeeper about sixty years old coming home on the subway in the rush? An old man who's very white and clean and dry—not wrinkled at all, but sort of loose around the temples and with folds of soft skin that hang a little under the chin? They're always carrying umbrellas so tight all the bones in their hands show white. You can't miss one. He's always the only Gen-



tile in sight and doesn't even seem to be proud of that. Just patient, as if he'd waited and waited so long he might as well wait a little longer. Completely licked, not caring terribly. Well, Peachy looked like that. Like he was one of the little fellows. But he wasn't, not when he came out first.

"He didn't speak of Dorothy for a few days, so I didn't want to either. But it was fairly clear that something had happened. Peachy wouldn't have been so quiet if he'd still been worrying about that business. Then I asked him, straight out. I'd guessed it. He hadn't written her for six months—not since the last letter I'd written for him. He'd just let it slip, waiting for something to say. Where there's never any winter, never anything but sun and drowsy mango flies and rickshaw boys asleep in the shade, and the same drinks every afternoon down on the verandah of the Grand, to-morrows and to-days slip one into the other, forward and back, so one hardly notices at all. I suppose Peachy had put it off a day or two at a time and then realized all of a sudden a month or more had passed. Then he couldn't write. There was no excuse. He knew he'd lost his nerve."

Reynolds cleared his throat loudly and went on. "Of course, after a while she stopped writing, too. His letters, what with the ones I'd written and all, had been sort of taming down for a long time, and when they stopped altogether it was pretty clear to her Peachy didn't care about her any more. She told me this herself last winter when we talked. She learned from his people that he wasn't sick or anything. It must have hurt her pretty bad. She'd waited a long time, you know. If only she hadn't been proud and he had, it would have been altogether different.

"That girl and Africa—Peachy loved them both and it looked to him now like neither gave a damn about him. But though he'd crawl in the mud for a damn' old continent to try to understand

it, he didn't know how to do anything to try to make his girl understand what was the matter with him.

"Then the mail from home came in one morning, a whole bag of it. The boy brought it over from the post office while we were having late breakfast out here on the porch. Peachy, I remember, had shaved for a change that morning and he had on a clean white shirt, and his suit and shoes were decent, too. His little mustache was trimmed neat as could be and his skin, especially where it was drawn too tight over the bones of his temples and cheeks, was burned a dark clean brown. If you'd come in you'd have sized Peachy up as a fellow who'd just come out of a long shot of fever, but was getting on fine. That is, you'd have thought so until you'd seen his eyes. They were like I told you, puzzled and licked.

"We pushed the plates aside and dumped the mail on the table and both began to sort it. First thing I picked up was a letter addressed to Peachy in his girl's handwriting. Of course, I made some fool bright remark, and tossed it over to him. He didn't seem at all excited, just opened it, folded it open with his left hand and looked at it—just a glance—then threw it across the table to me. I saw what it was, but I read it through to give me time to think of something to say: 'Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lansing take pleasure in announcing the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Gabriel, to—' some damn' skunk I'd never heard of. Can y' beat it? You can't predict what a girl will do. This was her answer to Peachy. She wasn't going to let him think she cared if he'd forgotten her. But she did, the little fool. She does yet—she told me so las' winter.

"Peachy's face was queer. He got kind of white underneath the brown and he chewed with his lower teeth at his mustache, and his eyes got watery like a baby's who's getting ready to cry, but just the same he made a bluff at looking like a missionary—sort of sanctimonious and 'I-told-you-so' and 'God-bless-her-

in-her-happiness.' He really meant it, too. A funny kid. He made some queer gaspin' attempts to say somethin', but the first thing he got out was, 'Don't you want me to help you go through the office mail?'

"That was all right with me. I was thinking fast but I had nothing to say that seemed worth sayin'. We just sat there, not looking at each other, and made two little piles of letters. A few were personal, but there was mostly office stuff, all of it, struck me as funny right away, addressed to me. We split just the same though and both began to read.

"I was reading a long assayers' report on some ore I'd sent home when Peachy gave a little laugh that made me look up. I knew something had gone wrong. I was still thinkin' about the girl, you know. The report hadn't made any deep impression. I was feeling kind of sick—then that little laugh he gave made the sick feeling twitch into a nasty ball in my insides. The trouble was he sounded as if all of a sudden he shared the joke—he was laughing too—at himself. I asked what was the matter, and he began to read from the letter he was holding."

Reynolds was mouthing his words a shade too carefully.

"It was from the company director who had been out. It wasn' a business letter and it wasn' meant for Peachy to read. I remember some of the expressions he used. 'You will understand me when I say I have come to the conclusion our friend is not the sort of man Africa wants. . . . A certain lack of strength, ill adapted to the peculiar loneliness of the work. . . . I mean this no way as reflection upon Mis' Peachy's ability as an engineer or value as an employe. . . . But, we have agreed that Mis' Peachy is better suited to a position at home, 'mong people of his own kind. Arrange for his return on the earliest convenient steamer. . . . Mis' Peachy's salary will not be changed when he takes over th' new duties which I

am sure we will be able to find for him.'

"Don't you see?" Reynolds flung his hand out. "He didn't mean to, God knows, but nothing he could have said would have hurt Peachy more, not if he'd tried. 'A certain lack o' strength—not the sort o' man Africa wants.' And he wanted Africa—loved its mystery, its heat, its quiet. . . . He loved it because it was old and he was too damned new.

"He wouldn't quit laughin', if you could call it that. He'd stop now and then, but it would come again, under his breath, very soft. He was a no-good Coaster to the bone! Seeing what the hell of a joke man is is dangerous anywhere but out here simply doesn't do. You got to keep a straight face and curse the dirty niggers and do the job and never walk in the moon."

Reynolds stopped for a long minute. A scratchy victrola playing a song of the Paris music halls of two years back came obscenely through the warm shadows of the empty street. He poured himself another drink, with the steady concentration of a chemist, examined the glass against the white blaze of the gasoline lantern and went on, his voice slurring, thickening a little. His head showed a tendency to slip weakly to one side, but he twitched it back.

"That night I stayed downstairs in the office till past our usual time for dinner. I was gettin' some of the letters answered for the boat that went out the next morning. I thought Peachy would wait. But when I came upstairs, it was about seven, an hour after dark, the boy told me he'd had some supper and then put on his old overcoat and gone out for a walk. He hadn't left any message. It struck me as a pretty good idea. He'd done nothing all day 'cept sit on the porch and smoke and take a small one now and then—not enough to bother him. The exercise, I figured, would do him good. Sure! Hmm!"

Reynolds' head reeled and twitched again. He emptied his glass angrily.



"'Bout four in the morning I got worried. I got up and got some clothes on and went down th' native quarter. The moon was full and it was as bright as the dickens. The fires in front of the mud shanties looked ver' pretty. There was a big goin's-on by one of 'em. Bunch of Timinis and Fulahs without much clothes on, all half-tight with palm-wine. A couple of 'em were beatin' drums now and then. You could hear 'em, very low, but quick as your pulse when you're afraid. I figured Peachy'd be there and went up to 'em. They all shut up when they saw me. Just sat there on the ground and looked at me like so many dogs. Not a sound. I swore at 'em and asked 'em where Peachy was. One headman, an old fellow I knew—you know him too, it was Mamada, man who's here to-night—said he didn't know. But when I started to walk away I heard 'em laugh. It was so faint I could hardly be sure. And altogether, starting low, then fading away, scattered, uncertain, pale as the moonlight on the road.

"I went on up the long road—th' old road that goes to Timbuctoo. I stopped at nearly every hut, stuck my head in the door and yelled at whoever was inside and asked if they knew where Peachy was. Nobody did, said not, anyway. I was getting kind o' nervous. Couldn't get the sound of that queer laugh outa' my head. I kep' askin' everyone I met. Some niggers were coming in with market stuff but they didn' seem to know. Don' know really what t' hell I did do. Don' know why I kep' on so long, think it was that laugh. Seemed to tell me plain as words somethin' bad had happened. The moon kep' starin' at me and that laugh kep' ringin' in my ears.

"It got sorta' mixed up with the sound of the surf on the sea wall, 'way the other side of town in th' European quarter. That was the only place I didn't look. Knew perfec'ly well Peachy wouldn't be anywheres over there. Pretty soon it began to get light. I'd been everywhere by then, and I fin'ly got it into my head

I ought to go back where Mamada and the dancin' had been. I was sure that funny laugh must have meant somethin'. It struck me all of a sudden it was sort of like Peachy's laugh that mornin', just as still and queer as his. But there wasn't anything or anyone there. The fire was smoking a little, mixin' with the mist that was liftin' off the ground. There was a wonderful sunrise going on over the jungle in the east, all red and gold and gray. I stood there a minute. Everyone was still asleep—except a baby cryin' in one of the huts—and the sound of the surf came very plain. The laugh, the surf, Peachy's laugh . . . I don't know just why, but it came to me all of a sudden I had to go over the other side of town. I jus' had to.

"I started in to run, but only a little way. It struck me as silly after all this time to be in any hurry now. But I kept on. It wasn't far. The light there was still gray and misty, but it was strong enough to see by. A man was standing on the sand below the breakwater 'bout thirty yards away, right at the edge of the sea.

"I knew right away who it was. It was Mamada. He's one of the tallest, straightest old men in town, and I recognized his long blue and white robe. I jumped off the wall and began to walk out toward him, but just then he started to move and I stopped, thought he'd gone crazy. He was walking right straight out to sea, not even botherin' to pick up his skirts. There's a shallow beach just there and he got way out—almost lost in the mist, before the water came to his waist. It was ebb tide, y'understand. Then I saw him reach out and pick up something in his arms. He turned, and I knew it was Peachy. He walked in as slow as if he had all day. He saw me and came straight toward me, not staggerin' at all from Peachy's weight. He walked up out of the sea and put him on the sand and we kneeled down by him. Both of us had tears in our eyes, couldn' really help it. I thought he'd drowned, but it wasn't that.

"There was a big knife cut in his throat right under his chin. He still had on that damn' old overcoat of his, but he wasn't bloody. The sea had washed all that away. He'd been dead a good while. The tide had taken him out and brought him back again. Then I saw his hands were broken, all swollen and purple and queer, not like Peachy's hands at all. I couldn't understand. I began to swear, but Mamada told me how it was. . . . I don't just remember his words, but he explained that Peachy had wanted to die, but because he knew he didn't have the nerve to do it himself he'd hired some black to kill him. His hands explained what happened then. When the fellow started to do the job he lost his nerve again and fought—fought for the life he didn't want—fought till he'd broken his hands. Then the fellow just had to kill him, I suppose. . . .

"Like Mamada said to-night. Black and white can't fight clean—they fight to kill—and Peachy lost . . . though I guess he got what he really wanted most of all."

Reynolds chewed at his lower lip. For a long minute he stared at the floor.

His eyelids drooped heavily, seemed ready to drop shut. But he lifted his head and went on.

"Naturally I asked Mamada why the devil he hadn't done somethin' to stop it if he'd had an idea wha' was goin' to happen. . . . I remember this time what he said. It was queer and backwards like everything these Africans say, but I sort of got what he meant." Reynolds cleared his throat huskily. "He said, 'In my country all men cannot go long journey. When stranger come to us an' he tired we give him hut. We not say he must go on. Africa so big it not matter how far one man go.' Y'understand?"

Reynolds' head rolled doubtfully; his words, almost inaudible toward the last, trailed off into silence. The head slipped down. My host was asleep.

No sounds came up now from the street. The moon was high and Conakry was bathed in a hard, white radiance. The shadows, by contrast, were black and still. . . . I could hear the surf booming on the sea wall not very far away.







## TEETH AND HEALTH

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D., AND THADDEUS P. HYATT, D.D.S.

“MY CLINICAL experience satisfies me,” wrote Sir William Hunter, the distinguished pathologist and physician of Charing Cross Hospital, London, “that if oral sepsis (mouth infection) . . . could be excluded, the other channels by which medical sepsis gains entrance into the body might almost be ignored.” In the very nature of the case, the starting point of the infective process cannot always be recognized; but that the chief entry is by way of the mouth and the nearby passages is to-day the opinion of the best medical authority. The great Sir William Osler, long an internationally recognized figure in medical education, was much impressed with the original and painstaking work of Hunter and concurred in the opinion that the hygiene of the mouth and the preservation of the teeth were matters of fundamental health significance. Yet, in spite of their great importance, both have been woefully neglected by the medical profession and by the general public. Fortunately, this attitude is changing and, in our own country at least, the practice of dentistry is rapidly rising to the position and dignity of a medical science co-ordinate with other specialties. This new development is one of the most promising phases of the public health movement in the United States.

The mouth is an ideal breeding place for bacteria and, because of its warmth and moisture, fosters rapid growth much in the same manner as an incubator does. Moreover, it constantly harbors bacteria, some of which are disease-producing.

These germs may cause a general poisoning of the system or be transmitted to distant parts of the body, where they may produce definite lesions or injuries. Undoubtedly, some types of heart disease, kidney disease, disorders of the gall-bladder, appendicitis, pernicious anæmia, rheumatism, neuritis, diseases of the eye and ear, certain forms of headache, and various disturbances of the nervous system, sometimes considered functional in origin, may be initiated by unhealthy mouth conditions. In short, there are few tissues of the human body in which bacteria from a dental focus may not locate. The lesions most frequently seen in patients are those of the locomotor and digestive systems; those of the nervous system are fairly common. In recent years there has been much discussion of the part dental infection plays in the causation of mental disease; but the best opinion to-day holds that the favorable results which have followed corrective dentistry in a few cases have been much overemphasized, and that present knowledge does not warrant the assumption that a causal relationship exists between focal infection and neurotic or psychotic conditions.

### II

An abundance of evidence demonstrates that many of the claims made by the dentists are not exaggerated and that often diseases of obscure origin are cured as if by magic after the source of infection in the mouth, usually at the roots of one or more teeth, is removed. The histories of individual cases in which

amazing improvement in general health has resulted from treating and curing the mouth conditions that had caused a general poisoning of the entire system are most instructive. Cases like the following are creating discussion and wonder in medical circles: For example, P. G. had had several attacks of typhoid and, intermittently for a long time, had been running a temperature several degrees above normal, although the cause of the fever could not be determined. He suffered from cough, loss of weight, and general weakness. Tuberculosis was suspected; but no test showed any signs of chest, heart, or kidney complication. It was clear that some source of infection must exist, even though it could not be detected. His doctors reported, "We are of the opinion that he has a chronic appendix which may or may not be the focus producing pathology." And four months later they decided that "the focus of infection is most probably his gall-bladder, with appendiceal inflammation as a secondary or contributory cause." Consequently the patient had his appendix removed and underwent a gall-bladder operation. A few months later he was somewhat better, but after another month or two had a relapse. Then for the first time his mouth was thoroughly examined and infected teeth were discovered. After the offending teeth were extracted and the pus, which had been poisoning his system for years, had been drained, his temperature went down to normal, and his condition gradually though steadily improved. Six months afterwards the patient himself reported that never in his life had he felt better and was certainly fit for work. The doctors on the case comment that "all P. G.'s sickness has had for its beginning the pathology around his teeth."

Another patient was called into special army service some years ago and stationed in Mexico, where the food apparently injured his stomach and affected his general health. He became very anæmic and, after several months of

ineffectual medical treatment, his condition grew so serious that he had to be sent to a sanatorium. There was no evidence of tuberculosis. He did, however, suffer from mitral insufficiency (a valvular heart disease.) Pernicious anæmia was suspected, as well as gastric ulcers. For several months he was kept in bed and then improved decidedly, until after nearly a year's treatment he returned to work, although it was feared that if the case was really pernicious anæmia the patient would probably have a relapse. At that time he had the necessary dental work done, one tooth was extracted and several root canals were filled. Thereafter his health improved so rapidly that several months later he was called into military service and passed all the required physical examinations successfully. He saw almost two years of the hardest kind of service during the War and, though gassed twice, came through all these ordeals in good health and with the greatest distinction.

Doctor Head in his *Modern Dentistry* cites some interesting cases, the most spectacular among them being one where spinal irritation was apparently connected with mouth infection. An automobile accident had resulted in an injury to the base of the patient's spine so severe that for five years she had been unable to sit up for more than half an hour at a stretch. During this time several teeth showed irritation at the root tips characteristic of spinal irritation. But so acute was her condition that any attempt to fill the nerve canals was accompanied by such pain and signs of suppuration that no progress could be made. Finally, a sterilized piano wire drill was passed down a root canal and plunged into the sensitive area at the root tip; a material was obtained that yielded only a single type of streptococcus. From this an autogenous vaccine was made, and the patient treated with it. After the fourth treatment it was possible to fill the canals of all teeth where the nerves had been removed.



After the eighth treatment she was able to sit up, and since that time has had no further trouble with her spine. Evidently the infection of the teeth and the infection of the spine came from the same germ, and the autogenous vaccine that was used cured the mouth condition and at the same time cured the infection which had affected her spine.

And finally, Doctor Hunter describes two extremely interesting cases. The first was that of a man admitted into a surgical ward of the hospital because of severe gastric symptoms which suggested cancer. On examination, no findings of a surgical nature to justify an operation were found, and it was decided to transfer the patient to a medical ward. His anæmia was profound and his temperature above normal. When Doctor Hunter examined his mouth he found that the gums and teeth appeared good with the exception of one upper bicuspid, which contained a considerable amount of pus, and that the antrum above it showed infection. The necrosed root was extracted, the antrum opened up, and found full of pus. The patient had undoubtedly been swallowing and absorbing this pus daily for months, and even possibly for years, with the disastrous results described. In this case, acute gastritis and severe anæmia caused by medical sepsis brought about an emergency condition which apparently called for surgical intervention.

The second case was one in which a surgeon had called him to see a woman in a state of profound septic poisoning, who had been running for several days a temperature of more than one hundred and five degrees. She had had a tooth removed, but the roots still remained, and pus had accumulated around the gums. As a result of local dental treatment, despite the woman's desperate condition, she showed considerable improvement within forty-eight hours, although at the time treatment was given she was almost moribund with septic pneumonia. She eventually recovered; but Doctor Hunter comments that it took several physi-

cians, a surgeon, and a dentist "to rescue that patient from an illness which could, with certainty, have been avoided, if in the first instance, after the extraction of her tooth, her mouth had been washed daily with an antiseptic lotion.

### III

From these records, which could be multiplied indefinitely, it is clear that the connection between mouth infection and health conditions is real and serious. Even more grave is the part which focal infection plays as a cause of mortality. A few years ago a study was made by the writers, with the co-operation of the New York State Dental Society, to determine, if possible, the degree to which certain organic diseases could be traced to original foci of infection in the mouth. Letters of inquiry were sent to a large number of physicians who had signed the certificate of death upon which insurance was paid whenever it had appeared that the death of the policy holder might have been due to systemic infection. Each of these doctors was asked whether in his opinion the original cause of the fatal illness could be attributed to dental infection. The results of the questionnaire were extremely suggestive. Out of the 774 replies which were received, 167, or 22 per cent of the cases, stated that infection of the buccal (or mouth) cavity was evident, and in 61 cases it was considered a distinctly causative factor. A substantial number of fatal cases of articular rheumatism, myocarditis, mitral regurgitation, anæmia, ulcer of the stomach, and infectious endocarditis gave buccal infection as a contributing cause of death. In addition, the replies indicated that mouth infection frequently caused fatal arthritis deformans, septicemia, chronic gastritis, and meningitis. Undoubtedly the score against mouth infection as a cause of death would be still more unfavorable could all the morbid processes resulting therefrom be detected. We know that

often physicians make no record of the original infection when signing death certificates. There is, therefore, good ground for believing that many deaths due to diseases of obscure origin should rightly be attributed to mouth infection.

These facts assume great significance because all available studies showing the results of dental examinations given to large groups of individuals disclose a shocking number of defects and abnormalities of all kinds. Mouth infection is probably the commonest of all human diseases; practically all adults, and a majority of the children, suffer from greater or less dental infection. More than ten million children in the United States have seriously defective teeth, according to one estimate. Another authority states that between 75 and 95 per cent of all children have one or more defective teeth. Ninety-eight out of every 100 first-grade children examined recently in New York City had cavities in their first permanent molars, so that between the ages of five and eight these children's permanent teeth were already impaired. Another New York investigation in a group of nearly 1,400 children showed that 96.5 per cent had defective teeth and that these children averaged nearly seven cavities each. The largest number of cavities were found among the seven- and eight-year-old children, who averaged 7.6 cavities each. An examination of 6,768 first- and second-grade children in Bridgeport, Connecticut, showed an average of seven cavities per child. Ten per cent of these children had open sores on their gums which were the outlet of root abscesses. In Milwaukee, out of 26,700, more than 23,000 had defective teeth; in Chicago, examination of 33,381 public school children showed more than 30,000 with carious teeth.

Examination of high-school children showed that more than 13 per cent of the first molars were missing. Another estimate made upon very good authority is that 18 to 22 per cent of the first permanent molars are lost by the time

students reach high school, and that 48 per cent of the people between 30 and 40 years of age have lost permanent molars. As the first permanent molars are the most important teeth, serving both as a keystone to the dental arch and as the most efficient grinders of food, their loss brings about serious damage to the rest of the teeth, to the soft tissues of the mouth, and to the general health. Artificial teeth to the number of more than one hundred million are manufactured in this country each year, to replace teeth many of which with proper care and attention would not have been lost.

#### IV

Let us now examine some of the opinions and facts regarding the cause or origin of tooth decay, before we attempt to review the modern program of preventive dental hygiene. Dental decay, or "caries," is essentially a process of decalcification and disintegration. It is a disease in which the enamel and dentine of the teeth are first affected; later the tissues of the pulp and gums may be attacked. Although much has been written on the subject, probably less is really known about its causation than about other medical conditions equally important and widespread. Undoubtedly many factors play a part in causing this disease, the main ones being bacterial and dietary, although anatomical structure, the activity of the glands of internal secretion, and the composition of the saliva must also be considered.

All authorities agree that the unclean mouth is always a source of danger. This opinion is based on the fact that bacteria exist in all cases of caries. Some of these bacteria are harmless; others are disease-bearing and may cause infection if the general resistance of the body becomes lowered, or if the care of the mouth is too long neglected. The theory first set forth by Dr. Willoughby D. Miller about forty years ago is still the accepted point of view of the dental



profession, namely that the micro-organisms in the mouth, working especially on sugars and starches, produce lactic acid, which acts as a solvent and etches the enamel of the teeth. Such deterioration can be prevented only by rigid cleanliness. At the same time, it must be admitted that by no means all persons with unclean mouths suffer from dental decay or general ill health.

The bacteriological condition of the mouth is not, however, the only factor involved in dental caries. Defects in the structure of the teeth, their position and relation to one another are also important. Crowding and overlapping favor the collection of food particles and make mouth cleanliness more difficult to achieve. Again, bad dental work is often a serious item. The poor dental appliances sometimes used may be worse than useless and, in fact, may even cause the loss of hitherto sound teeth. The incorrect position of a filling or a poorly-fitting crown may hasten the process of disintegration, since teeth in a faulty position are more likely to be attacked by the process of decay than are teeth in proper alignment. Pockets of infection between the teeth may even owe their origin to the projecting edges of fillings and ill-fitting crowns. Moreover, poor dental work may cover over, with its neat superficial appearance, undetected sources of infection; and infection may follow from uncleanable bridges being inserted over gums already infected. Plates made primarily to aid mastication may hasten the destruction of the very teeth they were designed to supplement.

Other facts in the causation of dental decay require much more research before we can arrive at a clear conception of their method of operation. Many students are much interested in trying to determine how far faulty functioning of the glands of internal secretion is responsible for defective tooth structure and susceptibility to caries. There are likewise in process many experiments which seek to throw light upon the composition

of the saliva, its amount, and the influence these two factors exert upon the formation of dental decay and their relationship to the whole disease problem. These are all fruitful fields of study from which much valuable information is expected in the near future.

But undoubtedly the most important single factor determining the structure of the teeth and their susceptibility to disease is the influence of diet. Both the physical and chemical properties of food have a direct effect upon dental hygiene. Teeth need the exercise which is supplied by the right kind of food; a diet of soft pulpy food weakens them and invites trouble. The teeth and their supporting structures need exercise if under-development of the jaws and a subsequent crowding is to be prevented. On the other hand, a fibrous diet, in addition to its stimulating effect upon the process of mastication, serves also in a measure as a cleaning agent. The surfaces of the teeth are polished in the process of chewing. That is probably one reason why the teeth of peasants and primitive people are better than those of modern city dwellers, since their customary diets of hard, coarse food-stuffs, vegetables, and fruit tend to keep teeth in good condition. Another difference between the dietary habits of European peasants and Americans which bears upon the health of the teeth is the amount of sugar consumed; and as we have already pointed out, sugar is a predisposing agent of injurious bacterial action. During the War our draft examinations disclosed that Italians had remarkably good teeth. These Italian recruits stated that they did not care for sweetened foods. This is a consistent dietary idiosyncrasy; for the sugar consumption in Italy is notoriously low, averaging (according to one authority) but thirteen pounds per capita per year—or less than a teaspoonful per day. Compare this with an annual per capita sugar consumption of well over one-hundred pounds in the United States.

Other factors are necessary to explain the obvious racial differences in the soundness of teeth. Bone calcification upon which sound teeth depend is apparently due to the presence in the diet of certain vitamins. One investigator (Doctor Mellanby of England) claims that vitamin D is especially important. The effect of most foods upon the teeth, according to her researches, is due to their vitamin D, their salt, or their cereal content. The last-named constituent is probably very important, since recent experiments indicate that inordinate cereal consumption hinders the calcifying process. Ultra-violet radiation, such as is given by sunlight or the mercury vapor lamp, on the other hand, acts as a stimulant and has the same influence on calcification as would the ingestion of additional quantities of vitamin D. If this is so, deficient diet together with the lack of ultra-violet radiation would explain the relatively bad teeth of the English, whose land is more or less sunless and whose diet contains large amounts of cereals and sweets and small amounts of the products containing vitamin D, such as milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. The good teeth of the natives of tropical lands and of Eskimos may be explained in the same way. Indians, who eat much cereal, are exposed to strong sunlight which counterbalances the faults of their diet; Eskimos, whose native diet is composed largely of fish, blubber, and meat and contains little or no cereal, have food adequate to produce sound teeth even though they lack sunlight. Again, scientists have observed that the teeth of paleolithic men were apparently very good but degenerated as civilization advanced. Perhaps this was because, instead of the animal products, which primitive man ate in such large quantities when his luck was good, cereals were introduced into the diet and were consumed in ever-increasing amounts.

Another extremely interesting series of studies has been made by Professor McCollum and his co-workers at Johns

Hopkins who concluded that "it is not possible at this time to name any one definite diet which specifically causes dental or oral disease; it would appear that any slight variation in the American diet, which always so dangerously approaches the level of dietary deficiency, might become active at any period of lowered resistance or of physical or nervous stress." Their clinical findings seem to indicate that the type of diet which produced the greatest percentage of dental abnormalities was one deficient in "protein, calcium, and fat soluble A." But when all is said and done, much uncertainty still exists regarding the effect of the chemical composition of food upon mouth hygiene. Researches now in progress dealing with vitamins and other factors should soon give us more definite knowledge and enable us to formulate a sound nutrition program. At the present time all that we can state with any degree of definiteness is that diet is tremendously important—in fact, probably the most important single factor in determining the structure of teeth and their health. It is also clear that the two periods in which nutrition most strongly influences dental hygiene are the time of gestation, when the diet of the mother determines, to a large extent, the tooth structure of the coming child, and the first two years of life, when the diet of the infant undoubtedly affects the healthy formation of the teeth. Experts have called attention to the fact that the artificial feeding of infants may be a predisposing factor in causing dental decay. In fact, one authority goes so far as to conclude that the predisposition to dental caries increases in the same ratio as bottle feeding. The importance of adequate nutrition during the prenatal period and early babyhood, at all events, cannot be over-stressed. Adequate diet and oral cleanliness are, perhaps, the two points which all investigators regard as essential.

The emphasis in dentistry to-day is, therefore, along the lines of prevention. Health workers look forward to the time



when curative and repair work will be reduced to a minimum and when few mechanical devices and artificial teeth will be required. Such a program demands that the mother eat the proper food during pregnancy and during the nursing period, that the infant be adequately nourished, and that the pre-school and school child be given the necessary dental attention. Even the very young child should be taken to the dentist regularly; the age of two is not too soon for him to pay his first visit. Thereafter, according to the best prevailing opinion, his teeth should be cleaned about twice a year. Equally important is teaching the child to take proper care of his mouth at home. When these two procedures are followed there will still remain a small amount of curative work. When defective teeth are found, whether in the temporary or in the later permanent set, they must be filled, treated, or extracted. Fortunately many people are beginning to understand that taking care of the teeth from the very beginning will not only help to avert pain at some future date, but also will definitely promote the general health. Dental prophylaxis among children is highly beneficial, and can be done at a reasonable cost. If teeth are kept in good condition until the age of twenty-five, habits of dental hygiene will be firmly established, and little serious trouble is to be anticipated in adult life. The problem of dental work among adults is different from that among children. As we have seen, work for children is largely preventive; that for adults is mainly remedial and includes the repair or replacement of diseased teeth, the relief of pain, and the removal of infection. But the amount of this kind of dental care is tremendous in volume, especially when teeth have been neglected in youth.

## V

Turning now to the practical consideration of a constructive program, two

problems face us at the outset. First, the number of dentists at the present time is too small to provide the curative and preventive service which the country needs; and second, the cost of dental service is too high to be within the means of the great majority of families with small incomes. In consequence, much necessary dental work is neglected. It is estimated that only about twenty per cent of the population visit the dentist at regular intervals; the remainder go only when they have a toothache. In fact, if this last group, instead of waiting for an emergency, demanded anything like the dental service they actually need, the number of dentists would be quite unable to handle the situation. For there are now only about 68,000 dentists in the United States, or roughly one to every 1,760 persons. Even with the most efficient organization, it is estimated that one dentist can care for only 1,000 patients a year; and under present conditions he cannot treat effectively anything like that number. In short, even though it is true that all dentists are not busy during the entire day because work is unevenly distributed, nevertheless several times the existing number of dentists could be occupied profitably in taking care of the needs (not the present demands) of the American people. Nor is the outlook for the future much better. Only about 3,000 graduates are coming from the dental schools each year. On this basis, it would take a long time for the number of dentists to catch up with the requirements of the people.

A hopeful development is the growing recognition of the valuable services which dental hygienists can render. These young women who assist the dentist are trained to do prophylactic work, such as cleansing teeth, and to aid in furthering an educational program. From the time the first class of hygienists was graduated in 1914, progressive dentists have added them in ever-increasing numbers to their staffs. They are also giving an excellent account of themselves

in dental clinics attached to schools and other organizations where there is much routine work to be done. At the present time the supply of dental hygienists (there are about 1,600) is quite inadequate to meet the demand, and larger numbers are being graduated each year. They will assuredly play an important role in the dentistry of the future, especially since the length of the dental course in the best schools has been increased. As entrance requirements have stiffened, standards have naturally improved; but the cost of dental education has risen to such heights that the services of less expensively trained workers must be utilized to care for the more or less mechanical and routine tasks, carry out much of the preventive work, and leave the time of the dentist free for the skilled remedial work which he alone is qualified to undertake.

Only by more adequate preventive measures can we hope to reduce the amount of corrective work which inevitably looms before our dentists in the future. We must educate the public to realize that by filling the little pin-holes in children's teeth they could materially reduce the highly costly restorative work now often necessary in later life. The tiny fillings cost very little, last indefinitely, and prevent extensive decay. A few dollars spent on preventive dentistry may save hundreds of dollars for inlays, crowns, and artificial teeth and, at the same time, obviate much unnecessary disease and suffering. The vast majority of people cannot afford restorative dentistry; but preventive work all can afford. To-day we are going round in a vicious circle. Neglecting our teeth has resulted in so much remedial work that dentists can attend only to urgent repairs and have little time and energy left for prevention. This in turn will necessitate much corrective work in days to come, and so on, *ad infinitum*, unless the dental hygienist saves the situation. Efficient preventive work, which the hygienist is well qualified to do, will enable the dentist to attend to

many more patients a year than is now possible and to give the population the service it actually requires.

## VI

Part of the neglect we have been depicting is undoubtedly due to economic factors—the high cost of dentistry in relation to the average family income. The fees charged in dentistry have necessarily risen with the general advance in the price level and the technological progress in dental science. The use of the X-ray and other elaborate equipment, while they have enormously aided dental knowledge, have at the same time greatly added to its expense. The public demands highly skilled and scientifically trained dentists; professional standards are constantly being raised, and there is even talk of requiring a medical education as a prerequisite to dental licensure. Naturally all these factors help to raise the costs too high for the great mass of people.

What happens? A study of middle-class family expenditures shows that scarcely any allowance in the budget is made for dentistry except the most pressing emergency work; practically none of the people of this income-level seek preventive service. Conditions among the working-class families are even worse. The Illinois Health Insurance Commission, investigating actual expenditures of working-class families, found that only 38 per cent of the 2,600 families studied had dental work of any kind done during the year of the survey. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, which has made the most careful cost of living study ever undertaken in this country, found that as the size of the family income increased the average expenditure for dental care grew likewise. Only 22 per cent of the families of the lowest income level had had any dental expense in the course of a year; whereas in the highest income group, over 62 per cent of the families reported dental expenses. In general,



the amount expended on dental care was obviously inadequate. The average for all income groups amounted to but \$8.23 per family and \$1.69 per person; its range was from \$1.99 for the group of families whose income was under \$900 a year to almost \$18 for the families with an income of \$2,500 a year and over. Investigation of health expenditures among employees of a large life insurance company disclosed, on the other hand, that when dental expenses occurred they were comparable with medical costs. In fact, it appears that the average family desiring adequate dental care must provide almost as large an allowance as for medical service.

We are thus brought face to face with a real dilemma. We have no reason to believe that as a class dentists are overcharging for their services. A reliable estimate places the average income of dentists in the neighborhood of \$2,500 a year—obviously not an exorbitant figure when we consider the high quality of work demanded and the expense of the dentist's training. And yet in spite of our vaunted prosperity, the rank and file of the population are unable to pay for the dental care they require. What is the way out? If large groups cannot afford to go to private practitioners, it would appear the part of common sense to devise some other method of treatment and to provide some type of public or semi-public facility. Consequently, many are coming to believe that dental clinics must be relied upon to furnish almost all of the preventive work which children require and also to supply a very large part of the prophylactic dental care for the adult population. In the case of the children, one practical arrangement would be to give automatically the necessary dental service to every member of the school population and to regard the dental clinic as an integral part of the public-school system, its benefits to be as free as education itself. The cost of cleansing teeth and of instruction in the principles of mouth hygiene are not very great. It has been

estimated that satisfactory service could be had annually for about five per cent of the usual per capita cost of schooling; and those interested in dental hygiene have pointed out on many occasions that such a measure would make far more effective the other 95 per cent of the present expenditure for public education. For dental care other than prophylaxis, a charge could be made by the clinic, which would cover the cost of all materials used and perhaps include an additional fee for service. In the case of adults, it is suggested that charges should cover the entire cost of the service and should be high enough to allow the payment of an adequate salary to all members of the dental staff.

The considerable recent growth of dental clinics shows that the need for them is now being recognized. A careful study made in New York City has just been published by the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association and the Welfare Council. The number of dental clinics increased almost 50 per cent during the past four years, rising from 104 in 1923 to 152 in 1927. Dental service is offered by hospitals, schools, family welfare and health agencies, settlements, churches, institutional homes, and dental colleges. To these can be added one United Workers' Co-operative Association Clinic, and also dental clinics operated by industrial and commercial organizations which were not included in the study. One interesting fact was the increase from 39 to 60 in the number of dental clinics attached to hospitals. This growth is undoubtedly due to the realization that mouth hygiene makes a definite contribution to the cure of disease and is often a necessary therapeutic agent. Almost two-thirds of the hospitals (61 per cent) recognize dentistry as a hospital department equal in rank to other services. Routine mouth examination of ward patients or special groups in hospitals has increased threefold in the period under discussion.

It is clear that henceforth preventive

dentistry and mouth hygiene must be considered an important branch of preventive medicine. It is necessary, however, to sound a word of caution. The intimate connection between sound mouth conditions and general good health is a comparatively recent discovery. As is perhaps inevitable, the new knowledge has often resulted in rash and unwarranted assumptions, extravagant claims, and unjustifiable procedures. The unwary, when confronted with a baffling disease for which no definite cause can be assigned, may in their desperation advise that teeth be extracted without clearly knowing what benefits might result. Patients and physicians are often disappointed when after the removal of decayed teeth there follows no improvement in the condition for which radical measures were taken. Dental infection is only one of several factors to be considered when dealing with an obscure disease, though it is one which should always be kept in mind and

not ignored as heretofore. But in spite of the harm done by a few extremists, the profession of dentistry has made great progress in recent years. Serious efforts are being made to raise standards and to attract a higher grade of practitioners. The relationship of the physician to the dentist has, moreover, changed greatly for the better, and the two professions now work together for the benefit of their patients instead of giving conflicting advice and mutually deprecating each other's work. The next step is to devise such an educational program as will arouse the enthusiasm of the people and make them realize the great importance of keeping their mouths clean and in a healthy condition. When they fully understand the positive benefits in health that will thereby accrue, they will demand the services of an adequate number of dentists and hygienists and the organization of clinic facilities which will place within the reach of all dental skill of a high order.

## UNSEASONABLE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

**I***F sullen winter were your mood,  
How easy it would be  
To make an ulster of my pride  
And put off organdie.*

*But so inconstant is your mood  
That sometimes thrice a day,  
I'm muffled for December gales  
Who should be smocked for May.*





## MAKING TROUT MEDICINE

BY BRENDAN LEE

OF ALMOST any trout fisherman in the springtime you might say, at least half reasonably, what Mercutio said of Romeo in love: "O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" Long before the first bluebird appears, some nameless *sursum* of earth or sky has brought the awakening call; and from that magic moment he is a man who must make fish medicine. By day he has a look in his eye as if he saw the gleam of sunlight on distant water; by night he is so busy with rods, reels, lines, flies, and all the superfluities of a fishing trip that he goes unwillingly to bed and wakes in the morning with the boyish feeling that no day is long enough to do so many things worth doing.

Thus for weeks before opening day your fisherman lives in a world where sentiment is again fresh and natural. As he is dreaming most of the time not of trout but of *the* trout, let me tell you of mine. So shall you understand that great brotherhood of the rod whose members are young so long as rivers run to the sea and there are fish in the rivers.

He lived, my big trout, and probably still lives in the East Branch of the Penobscot, just below the mouth of a cold brook that comes singing down from the Traveller Mountains till it enters a wild-beaver meadow. There, as if shy of a bull moose that haunts the place, my little brook hushes its song, stealing under bending grasses with a finger to its lips, and entering the river amid such a tangle of alders that no other man, as I devoutly hope, has ever found it or suspected what hides in a certain pool which is spring-cold even in midsummer.

Yes, I lost that trout; to my grief at the time, but to my everlasting joy, I lost him. He rose not to my fly but to another trout that I had hooked and that rushed about in a way to stir up the pool and the old boy's anger, or perchance his appetite. For be assured of this, on the word of a fisherman who has camped by many waters: on lake or river you may lure big trout to your fly, but never the biggest trout that sees your fly. Always there are a few "lunkers" that will not rise, and for a double reason—because they want a mouthful whenever they are moved to feed, which is not often; and because they are too age-wise to be fooled by a feather fraud at the end of a leader which (though I grieve to spoil your illusion) is never invisible in any water, low or high, gin-clear or roiled by the earth that every brook brings down in spate.

Just to show you what is otherwise hard to believe, a few miles above where my trout lives, a much larger brook, called Filfish, comes in from the west; and at its mouth is a pool where trout of goodly size will rise to a fly when the hour or the light is in harmony with their mood. Thoreau camped there with his guide, by the way, and wrote that fishing was much better in Concord. Indeed, he wrote many things in his *Maine Woods* that are not so, probably because he was so sure that his Walden was superior to all other ponds and his Concord to all other rivers that no strange waters or woods could show anything of interest. His fishing, which but gives him opportunity for talk, reminds us of anglers one has seen beside French rivers, with a lunch basket ten times the size of their

creel, and on their rod a tiny battery with a bell that rings when a minnow nibbles. Every fisherman must be happy in his own way. . . . To come back to our trout.

A short distance up Filfish Brook the water spreads over golden sand and gravel, which bubbles here or there from springs beneath. There on a summer day you may see a tingling sight, or might have seen it twenty-odd years ago. As the river warms in the sun, trout come up the brook to enjoy the spring water, more and more, till they and their shadows fairly cover the sand. In that clear, shallow water you can see every motion, even to their gill-breathing; and as they can see every glint of your rod and every knot on your finest leader, it is idle to angle in that teeming place. Among them one September day, after a long spell of weather that was both hot and rainless, lay a sea salmon whose weight I estimated at twelve pounds, making allowance for the fact that he had eaten nothing since entering the river and that a submerged fish looks smaller than he is. Just below him, nose to tail, was a brook trout to make one gasp, his fins already kindled with that flaming beauty, as of liquid fire, which a male trout puts on for his mating. He was fully as long as the salmon, and thicker in the back, and deeper—such a trout, in sum, as no man has ever caught on that river.

On northern lakes, also, one has occasionally had the luck to see trout and landlocked salmon gather to their spawning beds at a time when the new ice permits a fair view of them. Never an accurate view, to be sure, but clear enough to judge their size and weight; for if you lie perfectly still a little while, they will pass only a foot or two under your eyes. As they are hardly fit to eat at the time, or indeed at any time after they don a heavy coat of slime in preparation for the rough experience of spawning, I never fish for them in the fall, when fishing is said to be at its best, because trout, being then ravenous, will rise to almost any fly, and as well to a bit of yarn or tobacco

foil tied up with a string as to the daintiest lure in your fly book. Once, however, in the November woods when grub was lacking, I was hungry enough to stalk a spawning bed and pick a five-pounder (not the largest by any means), and to stun him by a blow of an axe on the ice, which turned him belly up, and to chop him out before he could recover. 'Twas a shameless kind of fishing. I mention it simply to recall the fact that among such spawning and thronging fish are always a few to dwarf the largest of their kind that have ever awakened the song of a reel on those waters.

You may know, therefore, that when the big one came my way at last, though the surprise of him staggered me, he brought only what every fisherman all his life long is expecting.

One morning when the trout were not in their cold den under the alders, having been warned out by falling water, I followed the flow of my little brook out into the river channel, where the current ran strong and deep. There I found them again, and they were "on the rise." After catching four good ones, which were plenty for one day, I let my fly drift far down the current to clear a line tangle that was made when my reel overran while playing the last fish. I was reeling in again, my Silver Doctor skittering on the surface, when a trout rose and I struck—unthinkingly, for I did not want him. Seldom can a fly fisherman so school his nerves that his hand will not snap at the electric flash of a trout. Indeed, many a fisherman has seen a dream fish rise in his sleep, and has been awakened by the twitch of a responsive arm. My trout, a pound fish as I judged, was raising much ado as I haled him through the pool, intending to let him go and have done with his pother, when suddenly he bore deeper and shot downstream, tearing out thirty yards of line in a single rush. Only by a side pull, which strained my tackle to its limit, did I get him out of the current before the last foot of line was gone.



My eye! this was no pounder, but the longest trout that had ever bent my rod. The puzzle was to explain how he could have been so deceived by his guide. Most carefully now I played him—one can speak of playing a fish that is bound to have his own way, and that has ample power to go where he will. Only one thing did I oppose him: again and again a steady side-pull led him out of the swiftest water before he ran out all the line and broke free. Thus a half-hour passed before he showed himself, pulling up beside the canoe to give me such a sight as might cause heart-failure to any fly fisherman. I had struck a pound trout, or better, and my fly had the best of all grips, a tongue hold. A monster trout had grabbed this fish across the middle and was shaking him as a dog shakes a woodchuck. All this appeared in one flashing glimpse, before he saw me or some other unwelcome thing that sent him downstream in another rush, which again tore off most of the line before I could turn him.

A dozen times after that I coaxed him alongside, always deep in the current where he could not be seen. When near the canoe he would surge under it with the force of a seal, and I must instantly slip the line around the stern, to play him from the other side, or have the light rod smashed to smithereens as it doubled to the trout's rush. Some friendly Indian water-fairy or *puckwudgie* of that place must have kept him from going upstream and tangling with the anchor line, which quivered the while like a stretched wire. Why he held his fish, whether from surprise or anger or mulishness, who can say? It was enough for me that he held fast till he wearied and, with a thrill that was half regret, one knew that the gallant old fighter was beaten, not by me but by his own stubborn will. Had he dropped his fish then, leaving a slack line and that all-gone feeling in the pit of a fisherman's stomach, I must have doffed my hat to him; but drop it he would not. So by a steady pull I led him above the canoe, risking

the chancy anchor line, and "pumped" him, oh, so carefully! up to the surface. A low exclamation that seemed to have swear words but that breathed pure wonder broke from the guide as the trout lay motionless, all sheen and glory of color, the sunlight rippling in waves over his mottled side. Another pull brought him into the current; then down he came with the water, just as I wanted him to come, still threshing his great head to give his prize another shake.

"Net him, Ed; he's mine," I called exultingly. And then, for the first and only time, I think, that good guide went completely off his head. He had been coached to hold the net submerged in such a way that a captive might be led into it, gently, as into an open door; which is the only right way to land a large fish on light tackle. Now in his excitement, for he had never imagined such a trout, he made a swoop—the worst thing that could have been done to a fish that was not hooked. Up he heaved, the handle of the landing net cracking at the strain of lifting an enormous trout that balanced an instant across the fifteen-inch bow. Head and shoulders projected over one side, a foot of flipping tail over the other. With a convulsive twitch of all his body muscles he up-ended, and *plunk!* he dropped into the current, tearing off the belly of the hooked trout as he went. A broad tail waved once like a semaphore as he vanished.

How much would he weigh? You would have no sporting blood or be otherwise less than human if you refrained from that question. I could say within a pound, but why say it? 'Tis a canny fisherman who keeps the best of a story to himself. When the eighteen "ghostlike men," all that were left of Magellan's three hundred, brought the battered old *Victoria* home to Spain and said that they had sailed her round the world, they were called liars and cast into prison with the transgressors. We fishermen know how they felt. Donne, the metaphysical poet, must have been thinking of us when he wrote:

For thou hast done a nobler thing  
 Than all the worthies did;  
 But yet a nobler thence doth spring,  
 Which is to keep that hid.

Just to satisfy your curiosity, or whet it, I might add that I have seen an eleven-pound squaretail weighed, but this East Branch trout was the *big* one. Every summer these twenty years have I thought, "I'll go back and tent there till I catch him"; but always has something prevented, something for my good, I have no doubt. It is perhaps enough for one man and one lifetime to have felt the pull of such a trout, and to enjoy it forever. Often do I play him till he lurches out of my net and is gone. Again his red spots gleam in the sun. Again his tail waves me *au revoir*, broad as the tail of a sea salmon.

When the time comes for me to go bodily back to that wilderness pool, as a fisherman must, I shall not waste time in casting flies to such a trout. No, but I'll catch a large chub in the still water below, and use him to stir up the pool and the old boy's anger once more. Why a chub, do you ask? Because his kind are not permitted in a pool which nobler fish are using, and no chub in his senses would make a disturbance in presence of a trout big enough to swallow him. It is always a part of the annual anticipation to prepare or to revise a sinker rig for a fly rod; such a delicately adjusted rig as will hold the chub down where my trout lives, and yet break clear, leaving a free leader, at the first explosive rush downstream.

## II

Meanwhile bluebirds will soon be calling another spring, and the ice will again be going out of Moosehead. For my vacation of eight days, eight weeks are none too many for making medicine. To begin with flies, which accumulate like neckties, examination shows all sorts, sizes, and color patterns of trout flies, salmon flies, wet flies, dry flies, eyed flies, snelled flies—galore of flies to last a Methuselah to the end of his days.

But what fly fisherman ever had enough flies! Once when leaving a Newfound-land river I met an incoming Englishman who had over three thousand, in such a stupendous fly book as called for a pocket strap or, at least, a Sam Browne belt to carry it. When he saw the strange patterns in my own portly book and was told that such and such were "taking" he was not happy with the few good ones I freely gave him. He wanted to buy the whole bookful, though nine-tenths of its flies were merely ornamental. To him, as to every other incurable, there always a new pattern around the corner and with every pattern comes a new hope, a rejuvenated expectation, another lease of life.

Nor is fly fishing the only art of angling that catches perpetual youth. Up at a Moosehead camp last spring were forty-odd fishermen, and the youngest in heart was nearing ninety years. His legs were so wobbly that when he came to a log across the trail he must stoop to lift a foot over by a pull on his trouser leg; then from the other side he would drag over the other foot. As a canoe was out of the question, for he would have upset in hauling his feet aboard, he used to camp at the end of the dock, his fur collar up when the wind was chill, and fish with worm or frog or minnow all day long. The first time one saw him sitting there one felt like crying; but to talk with him at his lone sport was to find one's heart singing like a lark at his tale of good fishing, past or yet to come.

To-night, therefore (and I hope you feel the logical connection), when my day's work is done and my supper packed where I like best to carry it, I shall disappear in an attic room that looks as if some riotous wind had furnished it. No discomforting Eve ever enters that paradise, where Adam would rather have a snake at large than a broom. There, safely denned, I shall sit me down and hatch me up a symphony of gray feathers that looks like a fish.

"Crazy," you will say to that, "clean gone, poor nut, quite mad." But though



ndoubtedly somewhat lunatic, as anglers are and, therefore, allied to genius, will in such a simple matter as trout flies one knows a hawk from a heron when the wind sits in the right quarter. To prove it one might demonstrate that when Shakespearean editors make Hamlet say, "I am but mad north-northwest; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw" they are more nutty than was ever a fisherman. A heron, as Shakespeare well knew, was a heron; and a shaw was the stuffed effigy that a falconer used in training hawks to swoop and strike. What Hamlet really said was that he knew the hawk from its victim the heronshaw; which was appropriate to time and mood and circumstance. The "handsaw" is mere gibberish.

That gray symphony, on which my mind works at sundry times when the boss thinks me working at something else (appearances being especially deceitful in a fisherman), is only a new streamer fly, which must look like a fish or there's no virtue in it. The expensive streamers now found in tackle stores are not all together worth a hooraw in Ellsworth because the hackles, being foolishly tied, look like nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, unless it be a fragment of a broken kaleidoscope. That is why they sell so well. The whole art of fly-tying, in a word, is to make one fly to the trout's taste and a hundred more to the fisherman's taste. For a trout, as a Maine guide has it, is "a drefful notional critter, alluz bitin' at whodger ain't got," and is consequently hard to catch at times; but with any fly at any time you can easily catch a fisherman. Were it not for this subtle distinction, tackle dealers would pay no income tax.

As a matter of sober truth—of truth, that is, unadorned by transcendentalism, which is the very rainbow of philosophy—if from a dun-colored leaf of the fly book you pick one fly with your eyes shut and use it all season, you will get about as many rises as if you employed

twenty different patterns for different conditions of water, and as many more for changes in the weather. Nevertheless, so transcendental is your true fisherman that he can never at the same time see a new fly and keep money in his pocket.

Take a Jenny Lind now, what a pretty thing it is, what a dainty dream! On many waters have I cast it; never have I seen a trout rise to it; yet I should not think of going off on a fishing trip without a few of that sweet pattern in my fly book. They make one happy just to look at them. And what is fishing but the better part of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Thus a streamer fly is, as it were, another turn in the trail that leads to the unattainable.

Do you ask, "But what *is* a streamer?" At the risk of being as tiresome as other explanations, let me answer that the new fly has a body of silk or foil, or what you will, and behind that a long hackle which wiggles like a tail when drawn through the water. From an old fly fisherman I learned its virtue last spring, and paid well for the lesson by losing a pool that was of the jackpot rather than the trouty kind. But then, what man ever learned anything worth knowing that he did not pay for in money or experience?

In the spring of the year, let me further explain, when the ice goes out of northern lakes, there are no creepy bugs in the water and no fluttery wings upon it. Trout and landlocked salmon that come up from the depths where they have wintered are then hungry, and want a mawful, and can't be content unless they get it. That is why they haunt the shoreline or some other place where minnows are shoaling. Ninety-nine fishermen go trolling with shiner or spinner or both at this season, but the hundredth man scorns every lure but a fly. With his Parmacheenee Belle wet or his Wickham's Fancy dry he will whip the cold surface of Moosehead, hour after hour, though for all outward results he might as well be fishing with Simple Simon. Outward results are

specified, because inwardly your fly fisherman is as joyful as any other, and more satisfied with himself; for, by some freak of heredity peculiar to fly fishermen and piccolo players, he glories in his little art and looks down as from Olympus upon the abandoned fellow who likes to catch fish as well as to go fishing.

As we were saying, when explanation interrupted, one morning I paddled off alone to whip a shoal that I had discovered at daybreak, when the big lake was still as breathing, as if hushed by the coming miracle of sunrise. On one edge of the shoal, at the inner curve of a bight of deeper water were two hidden rocks, their tops near together just below the surface, their bases spread apart to form an arched den. And there was a trout in that den, just where I expected him. Uncommonly notional he was, rising to any wet fly I cast to him. No, not rising or even rising short (as trout do when they see the shadow rather than the fly) but just rolling lazily under my every offering, as if it pleased him to know how hopeful a lunatic was casting feathers and making bubbles on that glad morning. Every time he turned down from his roll he left a swirl like that of an oar blade.

It happened that I was resting the pool, thinking to tempt the trout by changing my fly to a darker pattern, when the old fisherman appeared in a canoe with his guide. With triple disdain he looked upon me, knowing that I was a newcomer, that I had somehow got ahead of him, and that I was not averse to trolling or the higher art of stillfishing if the trout thought better of it.

"How the devil did *you* find that place?" he hailed at last, with a somewhat ungracious emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"Found it before breakfast, by the help of kind heaven and a sounding line," was the soft answer to turn away wrath. He was older, you know, and had fished the lake some forty springs,

and I had evidently blundered into his pet spot; which is a thing to give any fisherman the jaundiced eye. "No doubt," I went on to mollify him, "you have often tried that rock den in the bight yonder. No?" as he shook his head but snapped to attention. "Then watch my fly."

At the word I sent a Brown Palmer over the trout, to be answered by the same underswirl of a mighty tail. "Try him with your fly from a different angle; he doesn't want anything in my fly book," I urged.

That fisherman was a good sport, one who knew and honored the rules; but even as he refused my invitation, as a sportsman should, his grinning guide maneuvered the canoe into position. Then out shot a long line from a perfect back cast. The fly, a monstrosity in my eyes, splashed over the crack in the den, a plumb-center shot, and up came the trout. No lazy roll this time, but a rush that made you tingle to your finger tips. Even as the water boiled, the fly struck home, and the fight was on—rod twitching, reel singing its war song, fisherman's face as jocund as the harvest moon when it peeps over the horizon. He "knew his onions," did that fisherman. Never have I seen a large fish better played.

Such was my introduction to the streamer fly. A monstrosity it was, in sooth, the more so as I examined it; yet it pleased the taste of one particular fish, and of others that same day, both trout and landlocked salmon. So, of course, I sent by telegraph to a tackle store; but of the dozen varieties of streamers that came to my hurry call only one was good, or even half good, and that by accident rather than by design. Or so I judged from the fact that all the others had titles, high sounding and sonorous, but the one that had virtue was nameless as a foundling. In a freakish humor, apparently, the fly tier had put a bottle-green stripe down the whole length of a white hackle, and was too ashamed of the freak to give it a name. It looked



like a bad dream to me; yet it caught two trout before it went off hurriedly in the slip of a salmon. But I am getting ahead of my tale.

The old fly fisherman warmed, expanded, became as confident of the universal goodness as a setter pup when his guide netted a four-pound trout from my den. Then he proved himself "the rale MacKye" by offering me a mate to his homemade streamer, a generosity which I refused for the better gift of his company. All that day, and for many days thereafter, we whipped the same shoals under all conditions of sun or cloud, of rough water or smooth, and steadily he won the daily pool that with his streamer he would raise five fish, at least, to the one that rose to any surface fly I might offer.

Later in the season, when the weather warmed and the under-water hatch of insects came up to see what manner of good world they lived in, the odds were reversed; for trout and salmon were then on the rise, and an ordinary fly fished wet was the more attractive. Even so we noticed this difference, that when a fish did take a streamer he was commonly much larger than those of his kind that were lured by surface flies. Our conclusion was, again, that because large fish want a mouthful when feeding, they prefer a streamer which suggests a minnow above any ordinary fly that suggests an insect.

### III

Another discovery which was new to me (though, I fancy, many fly fishermen use it when no inquisitor is looking) appeared one day when large fish were breaking everywhere on the shoals off the head of Sugar Island but made no response whatever to fly or bait or minnow. Some big motor boats came down from Kineo that day; each put overboard two or three canoes, and each canoe had its keen angler; but in hours of trolling only one small fish was struck where large fish were plainly plentiful. The old fly fisherman was being paddled

hither and yon by his guide, covering an immense stretch of water with his streamers; while I, being alone and leisurely, was content to wait till a fish broke and then flick a fly over the ripples which told where he was loafing. "Fishing to the rise" it is called; but to-day the fish were not rising. They were rolling to the surface in that odd humor, perhaps playful, which invariably spells poor fishing. After vainly offering my best surface flies all morning, I changed to a brown streamer, a poor thing, and homely as an old hat. For an hour or more I offered this ugly duckling to a dozen different fish, then for a half hour steadily to one fish, a two-pound trout, that kept breaking where the point of a shoal reached out to deeper water. Thus my duckling proved, what I expected, that she was no swan among trout flies.

It is true, as Walton said, that angling is like mathematics in that no man can ever learn the whole of it, but any man can always learn something additional. For it happened, while I was wondering how to make an unresponsive trout take something of mine, that I remembered an old wreck of a fly book in my fishing coat, one that I had found afloat in the lake, long after some angler had either lost it or left it behind him. In the crumpled pockets were a few groggy flies, some hooks on utterly unreliable snells, and a miscellany of such other "junk" as is kept in perpetual storage, being too disreputable for use and much too precious to throw away. Poking through this wreck for possible medicine, my fingers touched a hard little thing, deep in a corner, and fished out a tiny gold spinner. Most forlorn it seemed, its luster gone, its face green and greasy from long contact with damp leather.

Now I had never used a trout spinner; but on a day when trout will neither rise nor bite—well, one may fairly try anything once. Rubbing the sad little spinner on a sleeve till its eye began to wink youthfully, I put it on the brown streamer and waited till my two-pounder broke again over the point of the shoal.

Then I sent the contraption to the center of his ripples and let it sink a foot or two below the surface. And the first jerky upward motion brought a smashing rise from a five-pound salmon that had not showed himself. It seems to be a principle of trout and salmon sociology that no little fish will rise first from a place where a big fish has an intention of rising. Nor was this salmon the only fish that thought well of an ugly-duckling fly with a glittering head.

When the day comes, therefore, as come it will, in which trout refuse everything in your fly book, if you put a spinner about the size of your little-finger nail at the head of your streamer, gold for a bright day or silver for a dull—why, then, very likely, you will find yourself fast to a good one. But don't give this medicine to any inquisitorial fly fishermen, if such there are; let our brotherhood of the rod still be without envy or malice or any uncharitableness.

To be honest then, as fishermen are by inner compulsion, fishing with a streamer fly is not fly fishing but a glorified kind of bait fishing. And "glorified" because you can do it with a fly rod and still keep your fond illusion of superiority over the fellow who catches fish with a minnow, or even with a worm.

To be honest about that last, also, the only thing one should object to is the borrowed bad habit of writers who call it "worming," which is not harmless lunacy but offensive idiocy. Trouting is catching trout or trying to; woodcocking is shooting woodcock or shooting at them; and worming, at its best, must be digging worms or going out on a misty-moisty evening to pick them from the lawn by aid of a lantern. At its worst, worming is nothing now but expelling vermin from a dog, since we no longer suffer from the mental disorder of expelling them from infants by aid of a concoction which doctors, who are forever scaring us by bad names, used to call a potent anthelmintic.

*Eheu!* what childish horrors are hid in that word. In those days doctors and

parents suffered from worms on the brain, as now they suffer from psychoanalysis. Only in winter, when worms hibernate, were we youngsters freed from the affliction of our elders. At the first sign of spring, a fearful dose of some nauseous vermifuge was forced upon us as a hygienic rite, more compelling than voodoo. In the summer time, at any feverish protest from a tummy that had overdone its bit of everything, dear Grandmother, who thought she knew more about children than any doctor, and probably did, would put on her Day of Judgment look to declare, "That boy has worms." It was of no use to protest our innocence of tenants, or to confess manfully that we had eaten forbidden green apples. Earth had no mercy, and heaven was deaf to our howls. Down came that awful bottle and out came the cork, filling the kitchen with fumes as of a burnt rag quenched in a rotten egg. Let the rest be silence. Even now my stomach shudders with me at the recollection of what purgatorial torment we endured before our time.

#### IV

Pardon this digression to old, unhappy, far-off things! One meant only to beseech you by the tender mercies of God never again to apply that horrible word "worming" to the lovable fellow who follows his bait down a babbling brook, the golden glow of cowslips on his face, and in his heart the springtime.

To resume our medicine making: the streamer with its plump body and wiggling hackle, like a swimming tail, has in a trout's eye some hearty suggestion of a minnow. Fishermen who know will tell you that a good streamer must have a dark longitudinal line on the hackle, and some will declare that such a streamer is the only fly to which a trout will rise when he is "on the feed." Being right, they are content to exploit the fact without explaining the mystery; which is simple enough, as all mysteries are when you have the key. That dark center



ine of the streamer is to imitate the *tripe* on a particularly luscious kind of minnow. Such is the reason of the thing, if indeed there be any reason in a trout's psychology, or in a fisherman's.

And our gray symphony? I think how to make it a gold-gray, with body ofinsel, hackles from the neck of a Brahma rooster, and a stripe of darker tone. Then I shall make a silver-gray symphony, with a dab of red at the gills to imitate the pectorals of a redfin minnow; and with this I hope to do what I have never yet done—make a lake trout, or namaycush, rise to the fly. Soon, ah! soon now I shall be flicking this concord of sweet colors over the shoals of Moosehead and learning what the fish think of my creation. Because they are as temperamental as any singer, I shall put a second fly rod over the side of my old canoe, and under its delicate tip a real-to-goodness redfin will be swimming around, swimming around. Occasionally one strikes two strong fish on two rods at once; and then there's a merry time, like leading two bull calves, to bring one trout to net before the other tangles your leader with the anchor line.

Landlocked salmon always go in pairs, you should know. There is no record of such a couple in Noah's ark; but doubtless they were under it, as they still haunt the shadow of a boom of logs. Wherever you catch one landlocked salmon, therefore, stay there for the other. Once, when playing a noble fish that had risen to my fly, the other took my redfin. In true salmon fashion, they slanted swiftly to the surface and leaped out; then away with a rush and back again, jumping, jumping, as if a Witch of Endor were astride of each tail. Holding one rod between my knees, I had played the first fish up to the net, when the second—

No, I refuse to tell that story, because you will not believe it until a hooked salmon jumps into *your* canoe. Till then one can only say, modestly, that for the first and only time one landed two salmon from two rods at once;

which calls for more luck and leaves more happy memories than a double at flushed grouse. Some sportsmen may object to this, as they object to mouse or minnow as a trout lure, but blame them not. They are not yet young enough to know that all kinds of fishing are good, some being merely better or more to our taste than others.

It takes a boy, after all, to teach us the serenity of wisdom. Once on a trout brook, in May, I met a little fellow on his way home, his pole (for it was not a rod) over his shoulder in a dejected kind of way, as sad looking as a surrender.

"What luck, son?" I hailed him.

"Tough luck, mister. Lost my fish-hook."

Whereupon I gave him a couple of such hooks as he had but dreamed of—beautiful hooks, with snells on them, and no fear of the snells pulling out. Because you can never trust a snelled hook from a tackle store, I always "make my own" as a part of the spring medicine. The boy grew expansive as we fished together and told me his angling secrets, all but one. He knew that brook much better than I could know; for it had sung to him in his cradle, and offered to his young feet the first trail of adventure. Thinking to profit by his wisdom, I asked, "What is the best time to fish this brook?" meaning what hour of morning or afternoon or evening.

The boy snuggled up close, and for my two poor hooks gave me his whole confidence.

"Tell ye, mister, if ye won't tell, the *best* time to fish this brook is 'bout a week afore the law goes off."

Which also is trout medicine of a kind. It may explain why we oldtimers have poor luck on opening day, when we come home with the alibi that the water is too cold from melting snow, or too high or clear or what not, and proceed hopefully to make more medicine. That is how a fisherman preserves and treasures the best thing any man ever had—the boy that is left in him.



## PEOPLE WHO WANT TO BE EDUCATED

BY LOLA JEAN SIMPSON

ANY Friday evening between October and May, if you are in the vicinity of Eighth Street and Astor Place in New York City, you will see more than a thousand people moving steadily and quietly into the Great Hall of Cooper Union. You may have known vaguely that the People's Institute was a school of some sort; but surely these people are not students. Many of them are no longer young. From the rather heavy alien faces among them, their rough clothes, work-worn hands, and shambling gait they must be belated factory workers. What are they doing here?

Follow them into the vast hall. By a quarter past eight the seats are well filled—rows upon rows of quiet faces intent upon some absorbing business soon to begin upon the platform. The man seated in the speaker's chair rises and steps forward. Instantly the audience is crystallized into a fixed, rigid attention. The speaker is Everett Dean Martin, Director of the People's Institute, and his lecture has to do with the America which made Emerson and Barnum, or perhaps the Rise and Meaning of Individualism.

As he develops his subject, bringing into play the varied resources of a trained social psychologist, his listeners are a remarkable study. They are following his every word, weighing each syllable with a detachment which separates them sharply from an ordinary audience. When the long lecture at last draws to a close a motion sweeps over the throng. Hands flash up all over the hall. Some of the more

impetuous hearers leap to their feet. The speaker's statements are challenged; he is appealed to, admonished, opposed. For half an hour volleys of sharp questions from the audience are met by keen answers. Sparks fly. Almost every subject in the range of human knowledge is touched upon—history, sociology, politics, science, literature. Ideas are suggested to be thrashed out in another session.

Ten o'clock cuts short this stimulating scene. The fireworks of forensics die out as the lights are lowered. In a brief space the great basement hall, whose heavy arches suggest the catacombs, is as richly dark as are those ancient Roman crypts. You have attended the famous Cooper Union Forum, the outstanding activity of the People's Institute, justly considered one of the most celebrated public platforms in America. Its program and procedure have become a model for many forums throughout the country.

Every Friday night the same rows of questioning, absorbed faces gather in the Great Hall. More than half of the audience is foreign born—Russian, Austrian, English, Polish, German, South African, Armenian, Siamese, Japanese. Some who follow the lectures with close interest are unable to write. Many have had only elementary school training. About fifty per cent are engaged in business or professional work, twenty per cent are industrial workers, ten per cent unskilled laborers and a few are unemployed. Seventy per cent of these people have been coming to the Institute's lectures from one to twenty



years, and four per cent have a record of attendance for the complete thirty years.

What holds these people? What do they get from the work? The Institute offers no credits, no examinations, no required attendance. People come if they choose. If not, they stay away. And there is plenty to amuse them elsewhere if they wish to be beguiled. Down the street jazz ricochets from dance halls and motion-picture palaces. Lights flare invitingly. Distractions of all sorts after the day's drudgery offer a relief from the exhausting pressure of the American industrial system. And yet, from year to year the audience at Cooper Union increases. These indefatigable people, ranging from foreign-born illiterates to doctors of philosophy, sit in the Great Hall, attentive to the long lecture—the speaker makes no effort to hold them by forensic or pyrotechnic—their faces fixed in absorbed interest. And here two-thirds of them remain afterwards, ready to shoot their challenging questions. These questions fly sometimes wide of the mark, are couched occasionally in broken English, may be incoherent through the questioner's emotional intensity. But Mr. Martin transmutes the stammering, muddled phrases into real questions and then answers them, hammering home the questioner's point or revealing his mistakes and clearing the way to set him thinking in newer and more constructive lines. You have the feeling that glimmering sparks are struck here which will kindle into a blaze of concepts at the lecture the following week. For these same people—many of whom will sit up nights reading from the stiff bibliography provided—will be there to argue, question, challenge, agree.

The subjects of Mr. Martin's lectures range widely, and they are a challenge to sound thinking instead of popular bunk. Can it be that these people are interested in ideas for their own sake? Cranks there are certain to be in such an audience, but the majority of this

throng which weekly fills the Great Hall of Cooper Union are not chasers of illusive dreams. Is it possible that an ardor for learning *per se* possesses them? That they do not wish to sell what they gain? If so, here are the manner of men that make up the intellectual aristocracy of New York. A quaint idea that Cooper Union, instead of stately university or foundation buildings, should be housing the city's intellectual oligarchy—homely Cooper Union on the border of that seething quarter of New York where the intermingled nationalities of Europe move restless and bewildered through the first stages of entry on the American scene.

In spite of all skepticism one is forced to a reluctant conclusion. When nearly half an audience has difficulty in breaking through the barriers of a strange language—no slight obstacle in the educative process—and is not yet adjusted to its new environment, when many of its members work as long as ten hours a day and yet are in their accustomed seats on every Friday evening, when there is no immediate monetary value in what they learn, but one conclusion is obvious. They are moved by a desire for knowledge, a love of learning. Like the ancient Greeks or the humanists of the Renaissance, they feel that life is enriched by the pursuit of ideas. Here is a large-scale phenomenon so unique in education, so refreshingly impractical that it is worth investigating. These men and women emerge night after night from the solid arches of the Great Hall as from the gateway to a new and stimulating universe. It is they rather than people who endow colleges, who sit on regents' boards or lark as students in crowded classrooms, who are the intellectual aristocracy of New York.

## II

Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims were no more diversified in complexion and calling than are these people who for

years have streamed in and out of the Institute lectures and classes. The range of their occupations is a wide one. Salesmen, bookkeepers, school teachers, laboratory workers, dentists, commercial artists, inspectors, clerks, electricians, housekeepers, plasterers, technical-journal editors, department-store directors, shipping clerks, dressmakers, auditors, credit men, cloak operators, skilled bench workers, gamblers, private secretaries, tailors, carpenters, draughtsmen, interpreters, bakers, cigar makers, real estate dealers, doormen, college students make up the registration list. The subjects of the lectures are such as: The Psychological Influence of the Backgrounds of the American Population; The Religious "Revival" and the Crowd—from Jonathan Edwards to Billy Sunday; The Poor Man's Country—from John Jacob Astor to Henry Ford; The Psychology of the American Frontier; Do Americans Know How to Play? What Is Taking the Place of the "Older American Ideals"? With Mr. Martin's method of handling ideas, and the freedom of the open discussion afterwards, the more independent, the more fearless and intelligent are forced into the foreground. They would grow, would finally, through reading, listening, asking, challenging, reach a point of demanding more intensive treatment of the ideas which intrigued and held them.

Mr. Martin said to himself when he began his lectures, "I am going to encourage among these people a spirit of questioning, honest skepticism, criticism, and adventure in ideas. It is thus they will come to realize life in sounder terms." He has been free to do this—a freedom in one sense bought by the very poverty of the Institute. For it is without endowment, and hence is wholly unharassed by the supervision of millionaires or State legislatures.

How could it be hampered when its avowed purpose is to provide a center for free discussion for people of every religion, race, and brand of politics?

Unlike other institutions of learning, it has no endowment, conducts no drives, is dependent entirely upon voluntary contributions. Yet this lack of means, which cramps its stride, paradoxically strengthens its wings. Obligations are tied to trust funds, endowments, memorial gifts. The Institute, if poor, buys with that very poverty its freedom. It need do none of the things opposed to the intelligent judgment of its director and his associates. Therefore, it has no entrance requirements, no formal examinations, and a program uncontrolled by public board of education, political, social, or labor groups. Its program has been formed by the slow, normal adaptation of its curriculum to its students' expanding thoughts and needs.

But the penalty Mr. Martin had to pay for letting the students' demands shape the patterns of the Institute's work was the facing of that very demand. One day shortly after the completion of his first course of lectures on the Psychology of the Crowd, he found himself confronted by a group of his students. "Will you give us a critical course on the philosophy of William James?" They faced him as one. Their eyes were searching, their mien eager. Here was the demand in earnest.

They were probably unaware that the spirit which had been fostered among them by the lectures they had been attending with such avidity was strongly akin to that which existed in Athens in the fifth century B.C. when the Sophists harangued the people in the market place, upsetting their prejudices and uncovering their ignorance. But Martin was conscious of the analogy. Plato realized that it was a death blow to dogmatism to reveal to men the extent of what they did not know. Upon this realization he founded his Academy, gathering together a group of those hostile Sophists upon whose unstable doctrines he turned the searchlight of their own method of reasoning. Mr. Martin's experience at the beginning of his Institute lectures was somewhat



imilar to Plato's experiment with the Sophists. More than once he had been challenged angrily from the floor. One of the very men who now stood before him with that dogged insistent request had once flared out in the Great Hall. Before the close of one of the lectures he had sprung to his feet, barked out, "You're a liar," and stamped stormily from the auditorium. But the next day he was back, hungry-eyed and tight-lipped, and had remained ever since. And now he was here with the others, knocking at the Director's door, asking with an implied demand in his tone and look for more intellectual meat.

When the Institute was founded in 1897 by a group of New York's public-spirited citizens on the initiative of Charles Sprague Smith, its main functions were those of a lyceum and forum with various social service features and a humanitarian interest in International Literature. But as the American social and intellectual background changed, the character of the Institute was also transformed. Sharp on the heels of the War came a burst of interest in the social sciences, in politics, in social reform. The Institute, following the general current of thought, offered lectures in those fields. Then the intellectual currents veered again. People were finding their interest in still other channels—in science, psychology, and philosophy. Here was this little group of ordinary working men knocking at the door of the Institute, demanding an intensive course in the philosophy of William James. Could it be that they and other similar groups would develop into students like those who met and debated with Plato beneath the classic porticoes of ancient Athens? There was nothing in America quite comparable to the spirit of that Attic group. Could a spirit of fearless inquiry, a love of learning, a pursuit of ideas, such as the Socratic method fostered, be fanned into flame in New York, the heart of materialistic America?

The question, the demand of the group

was still unanswered. The Director, having put his hand to the plow, could not turn back. He had said that if the Institute was to be an adequate experiment in adult education it must meet the needs of its students. Here was a desire expressed in a direct question by a group of representative Institute students. And the course was promised.

The decision was one of signal importance, for soon after the class had been formed three others were in regular session in a building near Cooper Union. Thus from the hunger of a group of students for learning was born the School of the People's Institute—a natural evolution of the lectures in the Great Hall. As these lectures provided mass education, so the School would take care of individual needs. It would give the student stirred by intellectual curiosity the opportunity to explore every corner of his chosen field. The Canterbury pilgrims traveling through the sunny English countryside to the shrine of St. Thomas jaunted forward with no greater zest than did these students adventuring into the realm of ideas.

### III

The scene shifts to a week-day evening at the Muhlenberg Branch Library, where under the leadership of the assistant director of the Institute, Dr. Scott Buchanan, the classes of the School of the Institute are now held. On the third floor, a volunteer helper of Buchanan tells you that the class for this evening is in philosophy, with Voltaire the subject under discussion. You learn from him a number of things about the School. Since most of the students work all day, the courses are given in the evening. Each course is made up of from six to ten lectures, and as a rule four courses are offered on different evenings of the week. Monday evenings are devoted to literary criticism, varying from surveys of contemporary national movements to the literary products of the labor movement. Wednesday evenings there are

lectures on science. Thursdays are devoted to philosophical problems. Saturdays belong to philosophy as it is being formulated by the younger men.

Meat enough and plenty for students to set their teeth in and chew upon at length! Here are courses too stiff for most college students to handle. Is it possible that the people who attend these classes have had sufficient reading and mental training to take hold of such subjects with thoroughness and intelligence?

You watch with increasing interest the twenty odd people who have come in and taken their places quietly around the big seminar table. Not an unusual-looking group in any way, save for an intelligent eye and a thoughtful forehead here and there. All rather nondescript in their dress, some well groomed, some careless. You know already that among them are college students, ex-wobblies, clerks, factory workers, and taxi-cab drivers.

But your observation and your knowledge of the personnel of the group scarcely prepares you for the intimacy of these students not only with Voltaire, but with their Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Kant, Spinoza, and Berkeley. Before half an hour has passed you are aware that here is something as far from an ordinary classroom as the North Pole is from the Torrid Zone. This is a voyage of truth-seeking, swept by fresh winds of skepticism, healthy doubts, and questionings. Here is the same avid curiosity, the absorbed inquiries of the Cooper Union atmosphere. The air crackles with controversy, the clash of ideas.

The instructors—there are two, one acting as a whip to the other—are young philosophers from a great university faculty. But what if one of them has returned recently from a stimulating year at the Sorbonne? His opinions aren't worth a finger's snap more than another's until he has proved them so. You learn that the instructor of such a group has to be a very special kind of a

person to make a success of his job. These students have come to demand in their lectures a certain clarity, candor, and rock-bottom authenticity. As you listen to a taxi-cab driver interrupting the professor late from the Sorbonne, "But Nietzsche puts it this way," you wonder what a popular lecturer would do if faced by the Institute students' battery of critical judgment. Tricks of the platform, superficial facts, a patter of knowledge—none of these gets by. These truth-seekers are alert, and will have nothing less than the real thing. They have become connoisseurs of realities. A man who knows his subject from every angle, even though he have no oratory, commands far more respect and attention than a brilliant speaker of no originality or depth.

In this drab room, around this scarred discussion table, these plain people are weighing, balancing, comparing ideas. Here great men of the past, philosophers or poets, mathematicians or scientists, are judged not as solitary figures but taken in the stream of the intellectual life of their time and evaluated in a larger and comparative sense. Members of the class sit with faces thrust forward, driving an issue to its last point, or listening warily, ready to pounce mercilessly on the faulty reasoning of the instructors or other students. What matter that to-morrow they must be up betimes and at work? To-night they are thrilled by the high adventure of ideas, the pleasure of sharpening their thinking powers, using what they have read, increasing their store of knowledge, as well as penetrating into the thinking done in previous ages and comparing it with the intellectual progress of our own day.

Someone pulls out his watch. Midnight! And the group about the table is still going strong. Suddenly your mind clicks to an idea. Here is a group similar to Plato's—a little group of thinkers working in the Socratic method in the midst of a great city drunk with the chase after material wealth. Every



week you may find them at the Muhlenberg Library and elsewhere, the earnest upthrust faces, the rapier questions, the discussion far into the night. Outside, the motion-picture lights have flashed, the strident jazz has sounded, in vain.

#### IV

Yet if you talk with these students individually you find them curiously reticent about the Institute or the school, and its effect upon their lives. With a shrug many of them will apparently repudiate the experience which has given them an intensified feeling toward life. "We just go because we want to." But the Institute records tell a different story. You know that busy people who have no outward compulsion don't go persistently to lectures and classes over a period from one to ten years. You reflect that their silence may be due to the fact that they are an independent group sensitively fearful of patronage and exploitation.

There is, however, another and deeper reason for their reserve. This you discover only when you come to know some of them more closely.

Take the big, middle-aged man who you thought in the beginning was one of the instructors. In a quiet chat with him you learn of his father who was a horse trainer, of his own apprenticeship as office boy in an architect's office. There was the not unusual experience of the high-spirited youth of fifteen with a love of adventure and a dislike of routine work, running away and knocking about all over the country. Ten years of driving trucks in New York were then followed by the War during which he fought in the naval forces. With the Armistice he was at loose ends, all his beliefs challenged or destroyed. Why had the War been fought? What was it all about? In his confusion and perhaps despair he went to the Cooper Union lectures. His first reaction was one of defiance. "You have nothing here for me," he told Mr. Martin.

"Why, you have no definite platform, no creed. I'm after something real." But he who came to defy remained to study for five years, doing little else besides reading, listening, talking, thinking things through. He has delved deep into history, sociology, psychology, science, has become, in short, a widely read man of scholarly habits of thought. His attitude is that of the learner. He has the scientific slant of mind which takes nothing for granted and is wary of committing himself to final judgments. When you ask him about his going to Cooper Union in the beginning, he speaks with a touch of reticence. "Who can say just why I went? And how do I know just why I stayed? It was like a conversion. One of those things you can't explain. I knew I had found what I wanted. I cannot even say what the Institute has meant to me, or what I would have done had I not found it." Here he stops. But you discern in his silence the emotion of a man who has a fervent, a devout feeling about the most powerful influence in his life. He has learned to view human phenomena with detachment, to regard the foibles of our civilization with urbane amusement, to prick the bubble of his own and other people's ignorance, above all, to realize that he can go on indefinitely becoming educated.

Then there is the tall youth with aquiline features and high head who has been for six years conducting a successful business near New York. Never was anyone more determined not to reveal undue enthusiasm over his six years' attendance of the Institute lectures and classes. "This is nothing new," he insists, turning his shining eyes full upon you, "it is just a communal interest in education." He has a fine pride in the fact that his activities at the Institute are his avocation. But you get from him only the barest hint of his interest at one time in the study of the theater under Gordon Craig, his pursuit of physics which has led him to have his own laboratory, his present preoccupa-

tion with speculative philosophy. When adult education as conducted in the West is mentioned, then the lid of restraint is off for a moment. "It is nothing to the work at the Institute," he flashes, his gaze turning for a moment on the conference group in concentrated session across the room. "This is equal to any post-graduate work done in the country."

The point of view of the young post-graduate studying for his Ph.D. at a New York university and attending at the same time Institute lectures and classes interests you because he can make a comparison. "At the Institute the approach is entirely different from that at the University. There one's outlook is necessarily more social. The idea of appointments governs one's attitude and perhaps choice of studies. Here the social problems are largely those of the working man, and the play with ideas is for their own sake. If one can keep his balance between the two they make a great combination."

Some students will talk freely of the Institute as long as you keep away from its relation to their personal lives. They follow keenly the various steps in its expansion. They will tell you of the Experimental Classes for Adult Education which are the logical outgrowth of the School. "Through a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, study groups have been developed in different parts of New York," you are told by an enthusiastic high-school teacher who has attended one of the Experimental Classes, "various types of adult students gathering in numbers of from twelve to twenty-five to study and discuss subjects elected by them as being worth investigation. East side, west side, among groups of university students, social workers, and common laborers these centers have been established. And the aim has been to gain by reading and discussion a more serious educational response than the lecture method can possibly secure, to try out the plan of group discussion for its intensive worth, and to make with

the help of the students themselves a study of different types of group association to determine if possible which type holds the richest promise for future efforts in adult education."

It is too soon to draw definite conclusions from the experiment of the Extension Classes, but one of its most striking accomplishments is that it has brought students face to face with the writings of the great thinkers of the Western tradition instead of the second-hand material clamped within the covers of a textbook. The staff of the Institute reasoned that St. Augustine is more wise and spirited, Montaigne more clear and satiric, Kant more profound and logical, when met face to face than when squeezed through the mind of an interpreter. If the Institute expects of its students a spirit of inquiry and criticism accompanied by the willingness to read widely, it knows it must see to it that they are fed upon the clearest, most cogent thinking that has been done in the world's history, that they are turned loose among the mountain ranges of a whole period.

Just where this reading of the classics and the analytical study of æsthetics and art are leading neither the students nor the staff of the Institute can say. But both believe that when students come to have a love of learning for its own sake their lives are in the way of being reformed. Both have witnessed the changes which the educative process brings about in the personality of the student, the growing power of discrimination, the ability to make choices among the possibilities of experience, to think and act in ways that distinguish the wise from the foolish, the noble from the ignoble. In the midst of a social structure based on wealth and the will to material power, they see that to make education in its best sense the aim and meaning of living transforms all life, giving experience a new center of gravity. In this discovery—that education may become a self-moving, self-perpetuating thing enriching all the values and



activities of existence—the Institute, its staff, its lecturers, and its students participate together.

## V

Yet the fountain rises no higher than its source. When the full circle of the Institute's activities are rounded you turn back to Everett Dean Martin's lectures at Cooper Union as the most fundamental work done by the institution. In his series of twenty-five to twenty-eight talks during the winter, every subject developed more fully in the School and the Experimental Classes is touched upon. Social psychology is the general head under which these lectures come, but the Director draws generously from the fields of history, philosophy, political science, sociology, art, literature.

And these lectures are a matter of passionate concern to the twelve or fifteen hundred people in the audience. This is evidenced not alone by the fact that in spite of fatigue, improper housing, scant leisure, and sometimes undernourishment, they are in their accustomed seats in the Great Hall every Friday night. If you go over their registration blanks you catch the sparks of their enthusiasm in their written comments. "I know more about America than I ever did before." "My interest in history and sociology grows every day." "There isn't time enough for all the reading I want to do." "I look forward all week to Doctor Martin's talks." Here and there an individual steps forth from the written page to speak for himself. To a disillusioned liberal groping for the light the lectures are straightforward, sham-smashing talks. "Debunkers of the Martin type are a boon to the revival of what culture America ever had." A woman designer inquires why the Cooper Union activities aren't reported in the press when conventional sermons from the pulpit are given in full. Says a furrier, "I never dreamed of any place in America where

there is such an intellectual clarification of ideas as is obtainable at the People's Institute. I have met many old radical friends who are discarding their cheap collection of propaganda since coming to the Institute."

These people are independent, too—which is the Director's delight. Among the flock of suggestions, a sailor asks for a comparison of the three types of humanism: Schiller, James, and Dewey. "I should like to see the lectures published in inexpensive book form," is the idea of one who signs himself, "still a plasterer." A bookkeeper wishes more psychology lectures. Some of the talks are too abstract, according to a social worker. A salesman suggests more discussion groups. A Harvard graduate thinks the lecturer should not try to simplify his subject. The treatment should be more technical. And a mechanical engineer suggests that the treatment of the lectures be along strictly mechanical lines "without an attempt to revive mysticism or that modern folly, Bergson's creative evolution."

Through all the hundreds of pages run much enthusiastic praise, some criticism, but none of the disgruntled fault-finding of half-baked radicals. These sailors, plasterers, engineers, and people with college background are a more seasoned lot. With one of the latter you are having a chat about the Institute and its work—a subject of never-ending interest to those who attend the lectures. You are seated in a leather chair in his library with the autumn sunlight touching the rows and rows of books and burnishing the dark rich colors of a Guido Reni.

"I don't believe there is a piece of educational work like it being done in America," your host remarks. You listen with respect, for here is one with years of reading and observation as well as the tradition and atmosphere of a distinguished family back of him.

"Martin has a way of setting you thinking in new and adventurous lines about things happening right now in

this country," he goes on. "And he accounts for certain conditions as only a sound social psychologist and thinker can do. Going to the lectures is the most interesting thing I do. But I am amazed that the chaps at my club"—one of the oldest and best known in New York—"should know so little about them. When I talk of the Friday nights at Cooper Union they say, 'What do you want to go down there for? That bunch is just a set of radicals and Bolsheviks.' What is the matter with my generation anyway?"

You can picture the latter settling deeper in their cushioned ease, wrapping themselves in their newspapers. Many of these men are college bred, they endow foundations and universities, they sit on boards which shape the policies of institutions of learning. Yet as they read or drowse in the comfort of their clubs they do not realize that a few blocks away are groups of people, often overworked, sometimes underfed, who with no promise of increased income, no cant or propaganda, no illusion that there is a short cut to a civilized attitude toward life, are spending their nights in reading, listening to lectures, discussing ideas—in short, searching adventurously for truth. Their university buildings are Cooper Union, the Muhlenberg Library, and wherever else the Experimental Classes can find a place to gather. Their campus is the steps and corridors of the Public Library. Look down Forty-First Street from Madison Avenue any week day and you can see the knots of people on the broad steps beneath the warm arches and the flying pigeons—some walking, some standing, others seated talking. Among these groups you may see these Institute students, faces thrust forward, engrossed in discussions of political questions, social reform, disputed principles of metaphysics or æsthetics. Here in the heart of the world's busiest market place is this little group—oblivious to the calls for greater productivity, higher-powered

salesmanship—intent upon the pursuit of ideas. Perhaps they are migratory workers who save their summer earnings and come to New York in the winter to attend symphony concerts or read and contend in the Library. They may be college students, clerks, factory hands, or professional people. But one thing binds them together, a fearlessness of inquiry into the phenomena of a changing world, a sense of comradeship in the adult adventure of becoming more aware of life in its varied manifestations. No wonder your friend with the far-seeing eyes exclaimed, that day in the library, "Here is the intellectual aristocracy of this city."

While Mr. Martin has been working with these people they in turn have helped him to formulate his ideas regarding that much misused term, adult education. Of his observations and experiences he says:

"There comes a time in the lives of many people when they say, 'I wish I had more education.' Sometimes this wish is only an idle fancy. In thousands of cases, it is a very serious thing. People come to feel they have missed something, some secret of interpreting the daily facts of experience which would make their lives less colorless and insignificant, some knowledge which might give them better insight into the meaning of the world. They feel that somewhere there are things of beauty and truth, among which their minds might find refuge from monotony and sordidness. One of the encouraging signs just now is the fact that this hunger for knowledge, for something which is in itself and for its own sake worth knowing, is more widespread and more genuine than people suppose. It may contain the promise of a new America, less grasping and vulgar and superficial than that reflected in our newspapers. It certainly offers the possibility of transforming the lives of many people. Its potentialities, I think, should be viewed with a certain reverence and sense of duty."



## The Lion's Mouth



### I ALWAYS BUY DORMANT STOCKS

BY FRED L. SMITH, JR.

**I**T ALL started through a domestic appurtenance known as the kitty, an ancient leather collar bag which reposes on my bureau. The kitty has a draw string at the top, and it is lined with scarlet silk, now pitifully frayed and faded. Prior to the soft-collar era it was a rather essential toilet accessory, but for more than a decade it has been the repository of pencil stubs, golf scores, keys of uncertain origin and purpose, and assorted trinkets from congested pockets.

Occasionally we found it necessary to renovate the kitty, and we were invariably amazed when we dredged up from its depths a noble accumulation of pennies. Several times it yielded more than a dollar's worth, and at last it occurred to us to place my erstwhile collar bag on a sound economic basis.

We, therefore, established the custom of consigning all specie, whether of large or small denomination, at the end of each day to the kitty. Six months' strict adherence to this practice, and the kitty swelled to alarming proportions. It could be moved only at the risk of bursting its withered seams and disgorging a flood of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and even half dollars. Something had to be done. The kitty groaned at each new donation.

We took an evening off and computed the six months' spoils—\$106.44. Without the slightest exertion and joyously

oblivious of the economic miracle that had transpired in a battered collar bag on my bureau top, we had acquired a sufficient stake for a venture into the higher realms of finance.

"Let's get something cheap and a lot of it," Mary suggested. "Our chances are better that way. I'm for buying a stock that's lying dormant. Isn't that what they call it?"

"I'm not very well posted on dormant stocks," I said. "I'll get some dope on them to-morrow."

The next day I called Harry Denton.

"I'm looking for a dormant stock," I said, "one that's been good and dormant lately."

"What was that?" he asked.

"A dormant stock," I repeated; "it's got to be dormant or I'm not interested."

"I see," said Harry; "you want a dead one. One that doesn't move much."

"Not dead," I replied, "just dormant. Pick me out a good dormant stock, but it has to be cheap."

"De Witt Grocer is selling at four," Harry said. "De Witt is plenty dormant."

"I'll let you know what I want to do to-morrow," I said.

After deliberating far into the night, we definitely decided upon De Witt Grocer, although Beamer Hardware at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and Duplex Consolidated at 3 tempted us sorely. I instructed Harry to purchase 25 shares of De Witt at four.

"You must know something," he said.

"Only that it's dormant," I replied; "you told me that yourself."

"I believe you're holding out on me," he said.

"Not at all," I answered. "I always buy dormant stocks."

From day to day we anxiously ob-

served the state of De Witt Grocer. It fully justified the reputation for dormancy bestowed on it by Harry Denton, slumbering along at 4 and occasionally turning over in its sleep to drop to  $3\frac{3}{4}$ . We followed its uneventful career for a month or so, and then lost heart; if the financial section of the morning paper was mislaid or totally missing it mattered not at all. We had fallen into the habit of referring to De Witt Grocer as the sleeping beauty.

Harry Denton telephoned me one day.

"Noticed De Witt lately?" he inquired.

"No," I replied.

"It's up to six," he informed me. "I knew you had something up your sleeve when you bought it."

"I always like them dormant," I said.

For two weeks De Witt Grocer was a market sensation. It leaped to 8, fell back to 7, and then climbed steadily to 12, at which juncture we made haste to dispose of our modest holdings, and withdrew with a profit of 200 per cent.

"And now," said Mary, "what next?"

"More dormant stocks," I replied.

We consulted the market quotations, and my eye fell on the listings of mining stocks in an obscure column of the financial section.

"Look here," I said, "this is a regular bargain counter. Why didn't we ever notice it before?"

"Abigail Lee," said Mary, reading over my shoulder, " $1\frac{1}{2}$ . Gracious! only a cent and a half a share. A thousand shares for \$15."

"Mulligan Hill, 3," she continued; "let's see. That would be \$30 for 1,000 shares."

"And here's Davis," I remarked, "a thousand shares for \$10."

"It can't be a very good mine," said Mary.

"Maybe the stock's just dormant," I replied. "De Witt Grocer was that way, if you remember." We looked at each other.

"It would be so nice to own a few thousand shares of stock," said Mary

thoughtfully, "and we could do it for \$100. Think what fun it would be. Even if we lose it all, we'll still have \$100 profit from that grocery stock."

We took pencil and paper and drew up a tentative purchase schedule. Some of the names of the mining concerns listed rather carried us away.

"Vincent Reef," exclaimed Mary; "we must have some of that. I'm sure it's a dandy mine."

"It's pretty expensive," I reminded her, "four cents a share."

"That would be \$40 for 1,000 shares," she said. "I guess we'd better not."

"We might buy 500," I suggested. "That would only be \$20. I'll put it down, anyway."

"What do you think about McCreary Dome? It's quoted at 2."

"A thousand of that," I replied; "now let's see how we stand."

I added up our prospective purchases and discovered that for exactly eighty dollars we could acquire 4,000 shares of stock divided among the Abigail Lee, McCreary Dome, Vincent Reef, Davis, and Mulligan Hill mining companies.

"Well," I said, "that leaves us \$20 more. We might as well make it an even \$100."

Mary ran her finger down the column of quotations and stopped about half way.

"Norcross," she said, "what a darling name for a mine. It's  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . How much can we get for \$20?"

"Eight hundred shares."

"Just think," said Mary, "if any one of them went up to a dollar, we'd be rich. Isn't it thrilling? You put that Norcross down, didn't you? That makes 4,800 shares all told."

I telephoned Harry Denton the next day.

"Get out your pencil," I said; "I'm going to give you a real order this time."

"Say," he remarked when I had finished cataloging the 4,800 shares, "you don't want to do anything foolish."

"Certainly not," I answered; "I told you before I always preferred dormant



stocks. Look what that De Witt Grocer did."

"Just a lucky break."

"Never mind," I said; "you get that stock for me."

And thus 4,800 shares of mining stock in six companies were delivered into our hands for \$100, plus \$12 or \$15 in commissions. The commissions would have bought five hundred more, but we had to grin and bear it. Abigail Lee is still her dear old self at 1½; Mulligan Hill holds tenaciously to its original purchase price, and Vincent Reef and McCreary Dome refuse to budge. Confusion reigned in our household on the day that Davis sky-rocketed from 1 to 1½, but it is back to normal again. And as for Norcross, I doubt whether an assault by all the Livermores and Cuttens of Wall Street could shake its position on the board.

"Do you think they're ever going up?" Mary sometimes inquires rather wistfully. "Shouldn't we sell them?" To which I raise a solemn finger and reply: "Not yet. Let sleeping stocks lie."

Whoever has not accumulated 4,800 shares of stock through hoardings in a battered collar bag has yet to taste fully the joys of speculation.



## HOW TO PREACH A SERMON

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

**T**HERE seems to be a general agreement nowadays that something is wrong with the churches. The preaching, we are told, doesn't seem to take hold of people as it ought to. Desiring, though a mere layman, to do my bit to mend matters, and noting that there aren't nearly as many books on *How to Preach a Sermon* as on *How to Write a Short Story*, I have decided to repair the deficiency as best I can.

Hence the following brief notes for my forthcoming opus on pulpit technic. They lay no claim to originality; all I shall try to do in them, in fact, is to record what might be called standard practice as observed by a listener to many representative practitioners. One of the troubles with preaching, I am informed, is that ministers have little chance to study one another's methods owing to the melancholy fact that they all have to perform simultaneously, each at his own eleven o'clock service. The short-story writers, on the other hand, can (or could) read one another's stories. I therefore offer these notes on standard sermon technic in the pious hope that the clergy may learn from them how some other ministers' sermons sound, and may perhaps profit thereby.

Let us begin with

### THE TEXT

Not that the text really matters. Any competent parson can arrive at any conclusion from any text. A passage from the story of David and Goliath, for example, may be used to introduce a sermon on courage, kindness to animals, the beauties of nature, the need for a more harmonious family life, prohibition, or our relations with Mexico. In fact, I have known ministers so expert in finding their way from point to point that when they announced their texts groups of worshipers, who at once laid modest bets among themselves on the probable topic of the forthcoming sermon, would all be proved so completely wrong that the cash in the pool would have to be assigned to either the Church's Work at Home or to Missionary Endeavor. But chronologically the text comes first, so we must begin with it.

First, then, announce your text. Then repeat it, slowly. Most of the congregation won't have heard it the first time, what with the creaking of the pew in front (where Mrs. Jelliber is disposing herself at leisure), and the creaking of the pew behind (where Mr. Johnson is trying to cross his knees and

discovering that the sharp edge of the hymn-book holder stops the circulation rather painfully), and the rustling in the pew across the way (where Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are whispering about what on earth shall be done with Mr. Anderson's overcoat and trying to roll it up and stuff it under the seat), and the whispering of the Barclay children up in front over the supplies of paper and pencils with which they have just been pacified. Repeat your text, and give the guessers a chance to wonder where it will take you. Then you are ready for

#### THE GET-AWAY

Raise your voice, and smiling, begin, "You all remember the story . . ." then go on and tell it as if they didn't remember it. As a matter of fact, they will not remember it as you tell it. For this part of the sermon gives you your chance for what we may call amplification. Suppose your text (from the David and Goliath chapter to which I referred) is "Thy servant kept his father's sheep." Amplify this. Tell just how David did it, or how you think he must have done it, or might possibly have done it. With all that active work in the fields, a boy like David must have had to keep in good physical condition, mustn't he? Well, there you are on the brink of a boy scout sermon, or perhaps one on prohibition. And we may be very sure that David must have been gentle with the sheep, mayn't we? (There's your kindness to animals lead, if you want it.) And can't we imagine him coming back every night to Jesse and his brothers and telling them, as they sat about the supper table, how many lions and bears he had seen that day; and doesn't this (if you like) give us an inspiring idea of what family life might be like right here and now in America if it weren't for divorce and companionate marriage and things? David must have seen many a sunrise and sunset, too, being right out in the fields like that: in fact, aren't verses like this one about the keeping of the sheep examples of the way the Bible leads us to

appreciate the beauty of nature, which has brought us to this perfect vacation spot with its mountains or its seashore or what not, or which (if it's winter in the city) we hold in our minds as a precious memory during these strenuous months? And shepherds, you will recall, have always looked up at the stars—the first astronomers were shepherds; doesn't this practically prove that David is an inspiration to us all to be studious, or possibly that science and religion are not so far apart? Of course it does. And of course if you amplify a text like this in the right way you can make a smooth start toward almost any subject under the heavens (those same heavens, I might add, which David sat and watched as he faithfully kept his sheep).

At this point it is well to add a learned note to the discussion. Say that the original Hebrew makes the picture much more vivid. The word *disbrokak*, which has been translated "kept," means more accurately "provided food and drink for." How much light this sheds upon the wonderful picture! Can't you see David leading the sheep where the grass was greenest and the clear sparkling water ran in little rivulets through the ravines? Palestine is a dry and mountainous country, as you will now explain at some length (the congregation won't have heard it since last Sunday), and therefore it was no little task to find the green places and the rivulets, and if David succeeded in this task he must have been an industrious boy indeed.

#### BRINGING THE LESSON HOME

The time has now come to give your sleeves a sort of shake, lean forward over the edge of the pulpit, and begin the next paragraph, which opens: "To how many of us, my friends, does not this story come home!" The idea of this section of the sermon will be, perhaps, that few of us have actual sheep to care for, but that there may be someone dependent on our industry for food and drink (which will cause Mr. Johnson to sit up a little straighter), or that anyhow there may



be someone whom we can lead in the right way (which will appeal to all, including not only men like Mr. Johnson but even spinsters living on unearned income like Miss Jessup). And that although all of us have our discouraging moments when it seems as if everything went wrong, everything clears up, does it not, if we fill our minds with the thought of David among the rivulets. And so on.

#### INSPIRING INCIDENT

Having brought the lesson home, you will do well to introduce an inspiring incident to rouse the congregation to life again. This may or may not be about Henry Drummond. Suppose for the sake of argument that it is not about Henry Drummond, but about the man whom you consider "the greatest man of the twentieth century" (pause here a second to give them a chance to figure out whether you mean Theodore Roosevelt or Lenin or Henry Ford)—"I mean that marvelous leader in the mission field, Bishop Henry W. Westinghouse." It seems, you will say, that a friend of yours was traveling one day in a Pullman car, and as he neared his stop the porter approached him and said, "Brush you off, Bishop?" Your friend explained that he was not a bishop, and asked how the porter happened to call him one; whereupon the porter said that, when he was a boy in Zanzibar, one day he was walking along a country road feeling very discouraged and convinced that he was a failure, when along came Bishop Westinghouse. The Bishop didn't say much; all he said was, "How's tricks, George?" but as he said it there was a light in his eyes that made George decide to make a fresh start and lead a better life. Ultimately George succeeded and got his present position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and now whenever he sees a man whose looks he particularly likes he calls him "Bishop" in grateful recollection of what Bishop Westinghouse's example meant to him. And who shall say that this porter too was not

playing his part to the best of his ability, and, as it were, looking for the green patches in an otherwise barren landscape? And does not this incident give us a fresh realization of how our slightest word may influence others profoundly for good?

I am not quite sure who Bishop Henry W. Westinghouse is, but if it should prove that he too in his youth was a tough and everybody despaired of him until he came under the right influence (just a kind glance from a member of the Ladies' Aid would be enough for a man like Westinghouse), you might mention the fact and you will have the congregation just about where you want them.

#### THE APPEAL TO YOUNG BLOOD

Whether you are preaching to college students or not, it is well to introduce in your sermon at least one incident which will appeal to young blood. Boys and girls lap them up, and you never can tell when there may be some in the congregation. The best time to do this is after about twelve minutes have elapsed, or, let us say, shortly after the Westinghouse crisis. This appeal may be prefaced by the statement that we hear many things about the younger generation, not all of them favorable (a tremor of eagerness will run through the pews as you say this and Mr. Anderson will pause hopefully in the operation of rearranging his overcoat), but that you for your part find them honester and franker than your own generation, and that the Church sorely needs such qualities as they with their fresh vision can bring to its service. Then as Mr. Anderson resumes work on his overcoat, you can tell your football story. A few years ago this would have been about Malcolm Aldrich of Yale or about the "Praying Colonels" of the Center College team; but Malcolm Aldrich has long since graduated, and it was long since discovered that the Center College boys were not praying but going into a huddle for a little fight talk, so you had better be strictly contemporary. But there

are always plenty of pious fullbacks for your purposes. Select one of the current vintage and tell about his reply when the president of the college said, "Mr. Suplinki, what did you think about as you were running down the field with the ball under your arm?" The fullback answered, "I thought how happy it would make my mother to realize that her sacrifices on my behalf were justified, and I said to myself, if Henry Drummond could withstand temptation, I for my part will run as fast as I can toward the distant goal-line." This sort of story constitutes the appeal to young blood.

#### RELIGION AND SCIENCE

No sermon is complete to-day without a reference to the supposed conflict between religion and science. So if you have already preached for fifteen minutes or so without saying that there isn't any conflict, you had better seize your opportunity now. Drive your point home by quoting a prominent scientist. Not any scientist—there are all kinds, and you want to pick your man carefully. Pick, for example, Professor Edmund H. Blittsdorf, the man who has unlocked so many of the secrets of this wonderful universe in which we live. It was Blittsdorf, you will remind your hearers, who said recently, "Religion and science occupy different fields, and anyone who says anything to the contrary does so at his own risk." Just quote a man like Blittsdorf and you can drop religion and science until next Sunday.

#### CONCLUSION

The conclusion, of course, will be that each of us, in his own way, can become David. Each of us has his own patch of greenery to find, his own rivulet. But don't just say it flatly like that. For this is the conclusion of the sermon and your own unaided language may be inadequate to keep Mr. Anderson from reaching for that overcoat again. You had better quote poetry—Wordsworth, perhaps, or something from "Evangeline," or "I am the master of my fate." There are three ways of doing this. The first is to mention the author boldly by name. The second is to say, "As the poet has it," and leave them something to ask you about after church. The third, and best, is not to let on that you are quoting at all. That will give Mrs. Jelliber a chance to say afterwards at the front door, "Was that poetry you were quoting at the end, Mr. Spilkins? I didn't know—I thought perhaps it was just your eloquence. Such a *splendid* sermon." Which in its way is as good as greenery or a rivulet.

With the aid of such hints as these, and perhaps of a sign outside the church saying in bold letters

11 A.M. DR. SPILKINS. "Shall We Choose God or Mammon?"

(which will bring in crowds of people full of uncertainty as to whether you are going to come out boldly for Mammon), there is no reason why anybody, why even you, should not preach exactly as many of the most successful preachers do.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

# IMMORTALITY, INTERNATIONALISM, AND A NEW INSTITUTE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ECHOS of the December meeting of the scientists in New York were still reverberating in the papers and periodicals as late as the 1st of March, especially the observations of Dr. Elmer Barnes about our religious needs. A correspondent in Philadelphia thinks that Doctor Barnes "is a dangerous radical." But is he really dangerous? One observes that he spoke in the *New York Telegram* on February 26th, denying that he ever disputed the existence of God and affirming that religion will prove of great value in the future as a social control. Then, explaining what kind of a religion he wants, he said, "I believe that the idea of a metaphysical soul, which shall live on after what we know as 'death' has claimed the body, has been disproven by science. If I am right, then there can of course be no hereafter, no immortality, and no reward or punishment for obedience or disobedience to religious ethics. In other words, I am utterly opposed to the idea that our lives should be governed by desire for heaven or fear of hell, both because such motives are unworthy and because neither heaven nor hell matters if there is no metaphysical soul to go to the one or the other."

If he thinks the soul does not survive the body, he may be misleading in his religion, but surely he is not dangerous. The Sadducees seemed to think somewhat as he does about that, but they do not figure in history as important go-

getters in religion. The market is always weak for religion that does not provide for a future life after this one. St. Paul said that if there was no resurrection for us there was no use of preaching. The very pith of religion is the life to come; and if men confidently expect one they are likely to consider how they shall fare in it and what kinds of conduct will best fit them to prosper in it. Although in many people the expectation of continuing life after the body has finished may seem not much to affect conduct, and certainly does not always make men good, it is the great factor in religion.

When Doctor Barnes believes as he says above, that the idea of the soul surviving the body has been disproven by science, he is on very thin ice. The spiritists claim that survival of personality has been proven. Possibly some of the biologists think it has been disproven, but a lot of the physicists would tell them that it has not. It is interesting that the biologists, whose minds are centered on bodies and bones, should be so much less ready to believe in immortality than the physicists; but the physicists are dealing all the time with things like electricity that they cannot see and do not half understand, and with atoms, light rays, and such things as ether that can be reached only by the imagination, so somehow their minds get more stretched than the minds of the biologists. If you are clairvoyant and can see

spirits, no doubt that is helpful to belief in survival; but few people are clairvoyant as yet and, if they are to be convinced by science, the physicists are the fellows for them to look to.

Doctor Barnes is a little under forty years old. Very likely he has a number of thoughts still coming to him besides those he has expressed. He is partly right in thinking that heaven and hell are not the factors in human conduct they once were. Our ideas about them have changed. Eternal punishment and fire and brimstone have considerably faded out of our picture of the future life. The heaven of harps and crowns of the Apocalypse is not what contemporary believers expect their spirits to move into when they leave their earthly bodies. Contemporary information, such as it is, pictures a continuation of life not very unlike what we have here but better; a life in which knowledge is still pursued and in which relations formed on earth are continued when agreeable.

Another reader of this magazine, a resident of New York, writes to ask for a discussion of the "Consumer Demand in Religion for the Spring Season of 1929." This person complains that the consumers are not getting the religion they want. By consumers he means consumers not of Ford cars, boxed cereals, pork, textiles, cigarettes, and radio sets, but of religion. Speaking as a representative of such consumers, he says, "We would like to have preached to us the belief in God as He is To-day." He thinks nobody is doing that. He thinks most of the preaching is about God as he was, and that even modernism has not helped. A minister, he says, "throws away Genesis, Revelation, the Virgin Birth, the Miracles, and the Atonement; does he then throw the energy of his preaching into what is left? He does not. His whole life from this point is spent in telling how wonderful it is to be free from the weight of the creation and atonement, and that does not interest us."

This dissatisfied person as good as

says that the religion which Elm Barnes offers would not satisfy the consumer; and he is right. It might put out some fires, but certainly it would not cut any ice. And consumers want religion that *will* cut ice, for a good many of them feel frost-bitten.

WE have the evidence of remarks reported in the newspapers and made in the House of Representatives by George Holden Tinkham, representative from Massachusetts, Mayflower descendant, and resident of Boston, that the United States is drifting in a dangerous degree towards internationalism. Mr. Tinkham sees international bankers and industrialists, headed by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Owen Young, all working toward internationalism. By that word he seems to mean a consideration of the business interests which these gentlemen represent rather than of the interests, sole and particular, of the United States. Mr. Ivy Lee is the publicity agent of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and, presumably, of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Tinkham wants him questioned to discover what Mr. Rockefeller and the international bankers are up to. He finds that the Standard Oil interests, "now open propagandists against the interest of the United States, have no country, no flag, and no allegiance except to the power of money and what money can compel or buy." He views with marked apprehension the Briand-Kellogg treaties as moving to entangle this country with the League of Nations. He is alarmed for the same reason at the mission of Mr. Root to secure adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and by the employment of Mr. Hughes to represent a committee formed by Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., "to obtain control of a great international oil company." Mr. Tinkham is much moved by these developments and apparently a good deal scared. He wastes no compliments on the gentlemen he speaks of and finds in them "no love for



ational independence, no love of country, but a desire for personal power and their own selfish ends." "They and others like them represent," he declares, "the false doctrine that the end of government and of the policies of government is the acquisition of wealth and the achievement of well being, and the subordination of all national policies to this end."

Certainly Mr. Tinkham has interesting views. If Mr. Morgan, Mr. Young, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Root, and Mr. Hughes are working overtime and putting themselves to trouble and expense to get us in wrong on great matters that concern vital interests of the United States and, indeed, of all mankind, we ought to know it and ought to be grateful to Mr. Tinkham of Massachusetts for his efforts to help us to this knowledge. Persons, perhaps deluded, who look on at world events and observe the efforts of diplomats, lawyers, bankers, industrialists, and even of innocent bystanders to put mankind on the rails of life after the dislocation of the late War have come in many cases to the supposition that any successful movement to that end must take into consideration the welfare and interests of all countries and all peoples, must indeed be international. They are considerably penetrated by the notion that the old plan of every nation for itself and every banker and business man for himself and his own country is confronted by political conditions which can no longer be handled successfully on that basis and must, if future wars are to be avoided, be succeeded by some more comprehensive purpose.

It is quite extensively believed that sundry leading bankers and industrial managers of the United States have come to a state of mind where they take thought for the welfare of all the world. If that is internationalism Mr. Tinkham's accusations have foundation. Somebody said the other day in discussing members of a leading banking house in New York, "Those fellows have money

enough already and are not interested any more in proposals that merely promise to be profitable. The things they put their minds on are such as look to be constructive. They want to know what ought to happen in the world, and how, if possible, to make it happen, and that is what they mostly think about."

**I**T is a subject that seems, as subjects go, to be worthy of thought. The newspapers report the consecration of gifts and subsidies representing seven and a half millions of capital to the establishment at Yale University of an Institute of Human Relations. A good deal of the money, as Mr. Tinkham will be alarmed to hear, is derived from the Rockefeller fortunes. The purpose of the Institute is a scientific investigation of the behavior of man and the human family from the physical, mental, individual, and social points of view. The idea is, then, to ascertain why people behave as they do and what can be done about it. It is a matter that has been considerably discussed first and last and, of course, it always needs discussing. Perhaps out of this new seven-million-dollar Institute we shall get light on the prohibitionists and why they cut up as they do. Perhaps they will get light and discover the relation between human behavior and legislation. Perhaps Congress will be helped in its estimates for enforcement funds. Perhaps if Elmer Barnes goes there, he will get a line on religion, and perhaps our friend, who wants to be told about God as He is To-day, will get scientific information. Perhaps so! perhaps so! At any rate the Rockefeller Foundation is going to put up a million and a half for a building; and no doubt the money will come and the building will be built. Buildings can be and are built in these times. We can do that. And perhaps it is the first step. Evolution teaches us that the body had to be made before the soul could be developed.

How hopeful these scientific gentlemen are of getting the Absolute by the wool!

And they do learn some things, certainly! But perhaps one may be pardoned as he reads of these elaborate organizations in the search for truth if his mind goes back to the Hebrew prophet who stood upon the mount, "and, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains . . . but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a still small voice." When money has provided organization and organization has gathered all contemporary knowledge on all subjects and tried to apply it to the solution of problems of human behavior, there should indeed be results, for the effort is legitimate and the needs cry out for relief; but still, one may surmise there will be a job for the Still Small Voice, something not necessarily a product of scientific knowledge, that will penetrate the minds of men and have to do with their behavior. The organization of the pursuit of new knowledge as carried on especially by the great industrial corporations is tremendous and it is admirable and fruitful of great results; but they are mostly material results, new applications of electricity, great improvements in transportation, construction, and the like. In so far as they represent the development of the mind of man, they have relation to religion, but in themselves they do not yet quite constitute religion.

The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia is quoted in the newspapers as holding that the teachings of Christ are the poetic and moral expression of scientific truths. In our age, he says, when we are able to understand everything scientifically, we must try to build up a solid scientific basis for our Christian Faith. Christ, he says, in His teachings gave us the moral and poetic expression of the laws of life and of the evolution of our souls which are scientific truths. It is that which the Grand Duke is trying

to prove. He wants to see matter dominated by the spirit, and in that he says faith must always remain the main factor because faith stirs in us an energy out of which we gain the possibility of getting into contact with the highest power in the world. Such talk makes us wonder a little what the Russian mind is going to do for human life. One hears that many of the most notable engineers of our time are Russians, profoundly trained, and gifted apparently with imagination.

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER'S inaugural address brought shouts of approval from the Volsteaders but left some heaviness of spirit in a good many minds. His declaration of loyalty to Volstead and stress on dry law enforcement were disenchanting to some people who wished and hoped to be his approvers.

Oh, well, if Mr. Hoover tamps down the charge so as to make the explosion more effectual when it comes, that may be all to the good.

We have to get acquainted now with a new man. We got to know Mr. Coolidge pretty well. Fourteen years ago we thought we knew Mr. Hoover, but in what degree he is the man we knew then it will take time to show. We never before had a President like him; never a Quaker, never an engineer. One might call him a scientist. We don't know whether he will be limited by his professional knowledge or enlarged. He is a conundrum.

But, anyhow, he is only President. He is not also the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, and the Methodist Board of Morals; nor yet Morgan's Bank and the Rockefeller Foundation, nor Harvard College. Some large details of the regulation of life still exist outside the Presidential Office and will doubtless continue to function for the four years now to come.

Meanwhile, this is the time for persons addicted to wagers to bet whether Mr. Hoover will be his own successor.



## Personal and Otherwise



VARIOUS HARPER contributors, including Bishop Fiske and Doctor Fosdick, have recently approached on various points of view the problem of Christianity's position in the modern world;

*Katharine Fullerton Gerould's* opinions this problem—as set forth in the leading article of the month—are in sharp contrast with everything which has previously been published in our pages. Regular readers of the magazine, remembering such of Mrs. Gerould's articles as "This Hard-Boiled Era" (published last February) and "Our Passion for Lawmaking" (published last November), will not need to be reminded that she is one of the most thoughtful and trenchant of American essayists, nor that she is an uncommonly able novelist and short-story writer as well.

Some two years ago *Leland Hall*, returning on a sojourn of several months in Timbuctoo, wrote for us several studies of the active men and women of that remote African city (subsequently included in his book, *Timbuctoo*), and followed them with a remarkable account of "The Explosion on the Duquesne," a personal experience of his travels. Since then Mr. Hall, after teaching music at Smith College for a year, has made another African expedition. He went to Marrakech in Morocco with the idea of venturing south over the mountains into the little-known region of Mauretania; but illness forced him to remain in Marrakech and finally to return to this country without having crossed the Atlas range. He is now at Northampton once more, and this month he reappears in HARPER's with a Moroccan sketch.

*Lillian Symes*, a San Franciscan who has lived in New York for five years, is the author of last month's leading article, "What Shall We Tell the Children?" A feminist from the outset, she campaigned for suffrage

in her native state at the advanced age of fifteen. Her working life in recent years has been divided between journalism and industrial research.

Our first story of the month is by *Henri Duvernois*, who has often been called the leading French naturalistic short-story writer. He is also a very prominent and popular playwright; two of his plays, "Eusèbe" and "Harmonie," are now running in Paris.

A year ago this month, in an article entitled "Peace by Incantation," *Albert Jay Nock* questioned the value of the Kellogg Treaty, and argued that treaties were more ornamental than useful unless they got at the real economic causes of war. Mr. Nock now shows how, in his opinion, these "real economic causes" operate to bring about friction between two countries on whose friendliness toward each other the structure of civilization may depend. If he is right, the peacemakers would do well to spend less time on the concocting of new treaties and more time on the state of mind of Messrs. Smith and Smythe. Mr. Nock, who spends most of his time in Europe nowadays, piloted the *Freeman* during its brief but distinguished career, has written a life of Thomas Jefferson, and is one of our most frequent contributors.

The death of *Harvey O'Higgins* (on February 28, from pneumonia) brought to an untimely end his fine career as novelist, playwright, short-story writer, and essayist. Among his novels were *Julie Cane* (which appeared serially in HARPER's) and *Clara Barron*; among his plays, "Polygamy" and "The Argyle Case" (the latter written in collaboration with Harriet Ford). He was greatly interested in Freudian psychology; this interest led him to write *The Secret Springs* and (with Dr. Edward H. Reede) *The American Mind in Action*, and provided in some degree the basis of his new and aston-

ishing interpretation of Walt Whitman's character, which he completed only a few days before his death.

**Margaret Culkin Banning** (Mrs. A. T. Banning) of Duluth, is represented this month by a story, but she will be remembered by our audience for her articles as well as her fiction. Her latest article was "Extra Ladies," which appeared last October. She is also an expert novelist: witness *The Women of the Family*, *Pressure*, *Money of Her Own*, etc.

The subject with which **Emily Newell Blair** deals this month is a live issue in innumerable families, not only among the rich but among the more moderately well-to-do; we commend it to the attention—good-tempered if possible—of both generations. Mrs. Blair, who lives in Joplin, Missouri, is not only a frequent contributor to HARPER'S and other magazines (she has written for us "I Prepare to Face Fifty," "Why I Sent My Children Away to School," etc.), but an important figure in the political world. For many years she served as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

During the past few years the limits of the known universe have been pushed back to an amazing extent. Few astronomers have contributed as much to bring about this result as a young man who began his career not as an astronomer but as a lawyer. **Edwin Hubble**, a Rhodes Scholar from Illinois at Oxford during the years 1910-13, was admitted to the Kentucky bar in 1913 but soon joined the research staff of the Yerkes Observatory, and after rising to the rank of major during the war, became a member of the staff of the Mt. Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, California, where—with the aid of the most powerful telescope in the world—he has specialized in the stellar investigations which his article describes.

Only last month **John W. Vandercook** gave us a dramatic incident of his recent African travels in "Black Man Trouble." Now he turns to fiction with Liberia as his scene. Mr. Vandercook's career thus far—he is only twenty-seven years old—has been directed by his consuming interest in native negro cultures. In *Tom-Tom* he told of the life of the Bush-negroes of Dutch Guiana; in

*Black Majesty* he wrote the biography of Henry Christophe of Haiti. He returned last fall from an African trip in which he and his wife traveled afoot for weeks, studying the black men in their native country.

The article on "Teeth and Health" is the work of two distinguished collaborators, both of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. **Louis I. Dublin, Ph.D.**, the Company's statistician, has written for HARPER'S on such subjects as "The Longevity of College Athletes," "The Problem of Heart Disease," and "The Conquest of Tuberculosis," and is the author of *Health and Wealth*; **Thaddeus P. Hyatt, D.D.S.**, head of the Company's large dental division, received this year the Dental Survey Gold Medal (the highest award which the profession can make to one of its members) and is recognized as one of the ablest leaders of the new dentistry. The combination of Dr. Hyatt's technical knowledge with Dr. Dublin's ability to interpret statistical studies accurately and conservatively guarantees their conclusions as authoritative.

Now that the ice is out of the rivers **Brendan Lee** turns from the historical research that gave us "An Apology for the Puritan" (published last July) and apologizes for the peculiar madness of trout-fishermen like himself.

A new contributor, **Lola Jean Simpson**, who has made a close study of the extraordinary work of Everett Dean Martin and the People's Institute of New York, describes a process of intellectual ferment that will make many an envious educator wonder whether his methods are all wrong or whether he has merely been given the wrong people to teach.

The poets of the month are **James Stephens**, one of the leading Irish men of letters of our day, author of *A Crook of Gold*, *Here Are Ladies*, *Etched in Moonlight*, etc.; **Leonora Speyer** (Mrs. Edgar Speyer of New York, formerly Lady Speyer), author of *Fiddler's Farewell* and other volumes of verse; **Helene Mullins**, whose *Earthbound and Other Poems* has recently been published by Harper & Brothers; **Helene Margaret** of Omaha, who made her first appearance in HARPER'S in the February issue;



am *Harold McCreary* of Louisville, a contributor; and *Margaret Emerson* of New Canaan, Connecticut, who spends her time between writing and teaching in New York, and has contributed several fine short stories to the Magazine.

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The Lion, concerned as he is both with ethical and with spiritual affairs, divides his space between financial information from *L. Smith, Jr.*, a new contributor from Detroit, and advice to the clergy from *Derick Lewis Allen* of the HARPER editorial staff.

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*Louis Lozowick*, whose print "Under the Elevated" appears as the frontispiece of this issue, is a graduate of Ohio State University who studied his art at the National Academy of Design and in Berlin and Paris and has distinguished himself as painter, etcher, and scene-designer. His work has been exhibited at many of the most important museums and galleries here and abroad, three of his paintings have been bought by the Moscow Museum of Modern Art, and his print "Hoboken" has been selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the twenty-five best modern prints of 1928.

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Seldom have we printed an article which has drawn such unanimous applause from our readers as Professor Allport's "Seeing Women as They Are." Letter after letter refers to it as "the first common-sense explanation of the sex that I have ever had the good fortune to run across," or as "the most sensible article about women that I've read in my whole life." We quote herewith two letters which offer personal experience as a criterion of Professor Allport's arguments. The first is from a woman in Arizona:

Mr. Allport's admirable and clear-sighted article on "Seeing Women as They Are" I read with emphatic nods of the head. My experience corroborates many of his statements.

My brothers and sisters and I all were given the same training, and we were taught "no old notions of sex difference." What was honorable for one

was honorable for the other, and we held the same standards of right and wrong conduct.

Unless we interfered with the activities or comfort of others, our natural impulses were allowed free rein, or, what was perhaps more important, were not ridiculed. As a result the boys played with dolls when they were very young as naturally as we did. They had never heard the odious word "sissy." We girls drove nails and wielded tools and no one called us tomboys.

Although I was the youngest girl I was never teased nor tormented by my elder brothers. We had lapses from grace occasionally and fought tooth and nail—but as equals.

In their teens they did not develop "the masculine superiority complex." There was no evidence of "overbearing tolerance" or "mild contempt" for girls, and when we encountered this attitude outside our family, we resented it deeply. We in turn expected from our brothers "no special favors," receiving instead a satisfying comradeship. Who wouldn't make the exchange?

Now that they have completely grown up they do not find women any more mysterious than the rest of humanity. They are not effeminate and yet they have the so-called "feminine delicacy of perception." This makes it easy for them to "understand women"—supposedly an impossible accomplishment. I have noticed frequently that when they come into contact with a woman they regard her first as a human being more or less like themselves, and secondly as a woman.

While the boys had to make no social adjustment as they grew up, we girls found it necessary to do so. In fact, the adjustment has not been completed, for when we encounter the old attitude our resentment flares up, I am sorry to say. We discovered that we were "different," and in order to run with the pack we were obliged to conform to some extent.

Occasionally I think we wish that we had been brought up like other little girls. Nevertheless we believe our mother was ahead of her times, and no doubt we shall continue to bring up our own small daughters in the same tradition.

Although many women are unaware of it, I believe that it is the constant fluctuation between what they are, and what they are told to think they are, which makes them appear uncertain, capricious, variable creatures. Indeed, I think they often prove a mystery to themselves!

The second letter is from a woman Ph.D. in Philadelphia:

Professor Allport's article, "Seeing Women as They Are," strikes a very responsive chord in one who has lately been the victim of the male "wish-

ful thinking" in regard to women in the economic field.

For the past two years, I have been engaged in work which required scientific training but was being marketed commercially. I was the only woman on the staff of five workers. Because the venture was a new one, a number of mistakes were made in its financing, and it was necessary to retrench on various occasions. At one time, all the members of the staff accepted a reduction in salary in order to help put the organization on a more sound basis. This was done willingly because we all believed in the ultimate success of the venture. Not long ago another financial crisis occurred. I was asked to accept half salary for an indefinite period. This seemed rather drastic and I therefore inquired what "cut" the male members of the staff were to take. "None," was the reply. "You are married and have a husband to support you. You can stand the cut while none of the men can."

I considered this situation for some time. My scientific training was equivalent to that of any man on the staff—in fact better than that of some. My past experience was equally valuable. For two years I had been doing the same work as the men of the staff. The proposed cut seemed totally without sound reason. I refused to accept it and said that I would stay only at my regular salary. I was then offered a somewhat higher figure, and still refusing offered my resignation. It was accepted—and I was anathematized by each male worker both face to face and behind my back. This was the cry: "Your reaction is what one expects from a woman, a purely personal and emotional one. You are showing emotional instability."

Eight years of training—seven years of experience—fifty per cent of one's salary for an indefinite period. Surely even a woman "unfit for mathematical reasoning" could understand that, and be directed "by the arguments which reason and memory supply." But consider how clever was the defense mechanism employed by the male. Let me protest even mildly against their charge of a purely emotional reaction and I had proved their point.

I add my plea as an individual to Professor Allport's general one. Give us time and freedom from biased assumption, and more men like Professor Allport!



Out of many lively and conflicting comments on Mary Borden's paper on English and American society we select for quota-

tion Elsie McCormick's remarks in her column, "A Piece of Her Mind," in the *New York World*:

I have heard from other sources something of the glacial progress made by a family endeavoring to break into the crested circles of the British countryside. A county scion once informed me that newcomers who attended church regularly and gave other signs of being properly genteel would probably receive their first call from a socially established neighbor at the end of seven years.

(This, however, would not mean general acceptance by the county. Many decades must pass, many roses must be grown, and a large number of foxes slaughtered before the ascent can be considered complete. Even then a shot at a sitting partridge or some other *faux pas* can make one a rank outsider and nullify all the patient gardening and cattle culture undertaken by one's grandparents. . . .

Miss Borden predicts that a somewhat similar country society will later develop in America. It is already true that a large number of "Social Register" families are spending comparatively little time in New York. Eventually the way to the upper level may lie through a long line of blue ribbons taken at cattle fairs and through the egg-laying proclivities of one's well-born hens. Then, Miss Borden says, the talk in many circles will be of shooting and fox hunting, of racing and fishing, of cattle breeding and horse breeding, which is about the time this child will want to move to New Guinea.

However, the future American country set will probably not bear a too striking resemblance to its British predecessor. People whose ancestors chased buffaloes cannot give the proper tone of seriousness to fox hunting. Besides, this new society will never succeed in being quite so exclusive. One reason for this is that the American social light is usually in business, and for that reason he cannot wait seven years to acknowledge a neighbor who may be in a position to put the Indian sign on his favorite investment.

Also working against exclusiveness will be the fact that the American set can be too easily imitated. Its hallmark is smartness—a smartness that is within the reach of almost anybody who can patronize the same hairdresser and couturiers. Being somewhat more experienced, the best British sets have developed as their trade-mark a refined and glorified dowdiness. To imitate smartness is a comparatively simple matter; to imitate dowdiness and get just the right shading is more difficult.





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